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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XXI.

HOOLE'S ARIOSTO AND TASSO.
MICKLE'S LUSIAD.

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ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES:

BY

JOHN HOOLE.

00043435

TO

HARRY VERELST, ESQ.

AS A GRATEFUL MARK

OF RESPECTFUL FRIENDSHIP,

THIS TRANSLATION

IS DEDICATED;

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN HOOLE.

PREFACE TO ORLANDO FURIOSO.

The fabulous histories of wandering knights, distressed damsels, giants, enchanted castles, and the whole train of legendary adventures, that for a long time were the delight of our ancestors, are now universally exploded: the inimitable satire of Cervantes has contributed not a little to bring them into disrepute: but however justly he may have ridiculed their many absurdities, yet, perhaps, we have too rashly adopted the contempt, which almost every one now professes, for writings, from which it is certain that the greatest poets have derived many fine images; to which we are, probably, in a great measure, indebted for the Fairy Queen of our admired Spenser, and which have been the foundation of the Orlando Furioso, that has procured to its author the appellation of Divine.

The Italians have among them many works of a similar nature with this poem, being accustomed to translate, or compose romances in the octave stanza. Among others, Bernardo Tasso, the father of the great Torquato, published a free translation of the Amadis de Gaul, divided into one hundred cantos: but the much greater part of these performances are not to be considered as rising to any degree of competition with Ariosto, being little else than wild stories of chivalry, with scarce any tincture of poetical imagery and expression; or heavy dull narratives of fiction without imagination, and of events without interest.

Most of these poems, or rather rhyming romances, are drawn from the current romances of the times; such as the history of king Arthur and his round table, and the account of Merlin and his prophecies: but the chief of them are built on the romantic history of Charlemain, and the twelve peers of France, called Paladins; which was a title of honour given by Charlemain to that number of valiant men belonging to his court, who employed their arms in defence of the faith. The principal of these was Orlando, the great hero of chivalry, whose fabulous achievements filled all the books and provincial songs of that age. It is recorded, that when William the Conqueror marched with his Normans to engage Harold, at the memorable battle of Hastings, his soldiers animated each other by singing the popular ballad of the exploits of Roland, or Orlando.

Dr. Burney, in his elegant History of Music, a book not merely professional, as the title might seem to indicate, but full of general information, has presented us with a great literary curiosity in this old military song, which he thus introduces: "Charlemain had a great passion for these heroic songs, and, like our Alfred, not only had them collected, but knew them by heart. One of these, in praise of Roland, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Furioso, of Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto, was longer preserved than any of the rest. This, the French historians tell us, was begun at the battle of Hastings, by a knight called Taillefer, on whom this honour was conferred for his strong and powerful voice. Here he performed the office of herald minstrel at the head of the Norman army, and was among the first that fell in the onset." The song, to which I beg to refer the reader, so far as it is preserved, affords an admirable picture of the rough martial spirit of the times. I have here inserted one stanza, with the translation, that gives, though in a ludicrous vein, the exact character of Orlando, as drawn by the romance writers.

Pour l'ennemi qui resistoit,
Redoublant toute son audace,
A celui qui se soumettoit,
Il accordoit toujours sa grace.
L'humanité dans son grand coeur,
Regnoit après la victoire,
Et le sûr même le vainqueur
Au vaincu proposit à boire.

On stubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar;
But if for mercy once they squeak'd,
He was the first to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's soul
Each milder virtue took possession:
To vanquish'd foes he o'er a bowl
His heart surrender'd at discretion.

"The song," says Dr. Burney, "upon Roland, continued in favour among the French soldiers, so late as the battle of Poictiers, in the time of their king John, who, upon reproaching one of them with singing at a time when there were no Rolands left, was answered, that Rolands would be found if they had a Charlemain at their head[1]."

The romance of Charlemain is said to have been the production of a monk, about two hundred years after the time of that prince: to this story the author has prefixed the name of Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, a prelate of reputation, who accompanied Charlemain in most of his expeditions, and is reported to have written his life; which work is supposed to be lost.

The most celebrated of the Italian poems of the romance kind, before Ariosto, are the Morgante Maggiore of Pulci, and the Orlando Innamorato of Boyardo. The first of these was published in the year 1488, and has its name from Morgante a giant, the principal personage of the poem, whom the poet converts to Christianity, and makes the companion of Orlando in his adventures. This poem, which is of a very singular nature, concludes with the death of Orlando, and the defeat of the Christians in the valley of Roncevalles; and is thought by some to be entirely a burlesque on the fables of the Paladins: but though many parts of it may appear to be ludicrous, yet others are undoubtedly serious; as the relation of Orlando's death, where that hero, before he departs from life, utters a very devout prayer, which surely no imagination can construe into ridicule. The Italians have indeed many burlesque poems, and among others, one entitled Ricciardetto, written about the year 1700, wherein the characters of Orlando, Rinaldo, and other heroes of romance, are introduced evidently to ridicule the actions related of them, which ridicule consists in carrying the fictions to the highest pitch of incredibility: among other passages, the author describes a tree, the branches of which extended twenty miles round; at the foot of which was a damsel ready to be devoured by two toads, that are represented so large as to be capable of encountering with a whale. In another place, Orlandino and Rinalduccio, the sons of Orlando and Rinaldo, attack the dwelling of Death, have a personal engagement with him, and by force take from him his scythe and darts. In fictions of this kind the intention of the poet is apparent; accordingly Ricciardetto is placed by Mr. Baretti among the mock epics, while the poems of Pulci, Boyardo, and Ariosto, are all ranked by him in the number of serious pieces.

Baillet, in his review of modern poets[2], seems to have little knowledge of Pulci, and only quotes the opinion of Father Rapin, who affirms that Pulci, in his poem of Morgante, observes no propriety, and appears to have debauched his fancy by the perusal of books of chivalry. But Monnoye, in his notes on Baillet, delivers himself thus: "Luigi Pulci was a Florentine, and undertook his Morgante at the instigation of Lucrece Tornobuoni, the mother of Laurence de Medicis. This extraordinary poem, which is in the octave stanza, is divided into twenty-eight cantos: the author has observed no rules in the composition of his work, and this not from a designed neglect, as Vincentio Gravina professes to believe, but because he was entirely ignorant of them. He has, without any regard to the judgment of the critics, confounded time and place, united the serious with the comic, and made the giant, his hero, die in a burlesque manner, by the bite of a sea-crab in his heel; which event happens in the 26th canto, so that he is spoken of no more in the eight following. The beauty of his narrative, however, compensates for all his faults, and the lovers of the Florentine dialect are to this day delighted with the Morgante. Some writers attribute this poem to Politian, and affirm that Pulci had it from him; but this appears very improbable, as all the Italian poems we have of Politian are in a very different style."

Mr. Baretti, in his account of the manners and customs of Italy, speaks thus of Pulci: "It is reported by the biographer of Luigi Pulci, that this poet, who flourished about the year 1450, used often

[1] See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. ii. p. 275.

[2] Jugemens des savans.

to sing long cantos extempore at the table of Laurence de Medicis. It is even pretended he afterwards put into writing many of those cantos, by the advice and assistance of Laurence himself, Argyropolo, Politian, Giambullari, Marsilius Ficinus, and other learned men, familiarly admitted to the table of that famous patron of learning; and that the Morgante Maggiore was thus formed, a long poem of the epic kind, incoherent indeed and full of extravagancies, yet no less delightful than the Furioso itself."

But whatever merit Pulci may have with an Italian, he would be little relished by a mere English reader, to whom his fictions must appear highly extravagant, and his humour puerile and absurd: nor indeed could we bear, what must appear to us an unaccountable mixture of religion, heroism, chivalry, and buffoonery. The exordium of his poem is almost word for word from the beginning of St. John's Gospel[3], and every canto opens with a religious address, or allusion to some point of scripture, which unaccountable practice seems to have been pursued by most of these kind of romance writers of that age.

It is to be observed, that though many of the names in Pulci are the same in Boyardo and Ariosto, yet the actions of the first have no sort of connection with those of the last mentioned poets.

In the year 1496, Matteo Maria Boyardo, count of Scandiano, published his Orlando Innamorato, the subject of which is the falling in love of Orlando, and the great actions performed by him for Angelica, in various parts of the world, interspersed with the adventures of many other personages, most of whom afterwards make their appearance in the Furioso.

It is said by Castelvetro, that the names of Agramant, Sacripant, Gradasso, &c. given to the heroes of Boyardo's romance, were the real names of the vassals of that count, living in Scandiano, a principality of the Modenese[4].

This may perhaps be the case with respect to many of the names made use of by him; but it cannot be so with Agramant, Orlando, Rinaldo, Olivero, and others, that are known to have been popular in the current romances of the times.

This work abounds with a great variety of entertaining incidents, Boyardo being reckoned, by some, one of the greatest inventors that Italy ever produced: but as he was esteemed very inferior to Pulci in point of language and versification, though far beyond him in other respects, Dominichi attempted to reduce his poem to better Italian; and about fifty years after Boyardo's death, Francesco Berni, the modern Catullus of Italy, undertook to versify it again, and published his Rifacimento[5] of the Orlando Innamorato, which met with such general approbation, that the original poem was soon neglected, and at this time the genuine work of Boyardo is little attended to. Berni was not satisfied with making the versification of this poem better; he inserted many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each, after the manner of Ariosto, with some moral reflection arising from the subject.

Of the Orlando Innamorato no translation has appeared in English; and indeed, though it is a work highly entertaining in Berni's dress, it would scarce admit of a translation into English verse, the narrative descending to such familiar images and expressions as would by no means suit the genius of our language and poetry. In the year 1716, the celebrated Le Sage, author of Gil Blas, published in French a prose translation, or rather paraphrase, under the title of Roland L'Amoureux, in which he has taken considerable liberties with his author, not only changing the order of the incidents, but very often altering the fables, retrenching from the Italian, and adding circumstances of his own; not observing, in this conduct, the example of Berni, who has religiously adhered to the stories, as related by Boyardo, and which have not received any improvement from the imagination of the French translator.

The poem of Orlando Innamorato, though very long, consisting of 69 cantos, divided into three books, was left unfinished by the death of its author: several continuations were written by different persons, particularly one by Nicolo Agostini, in three books: but all these, being greatly inferior to Boyardo, were disregarded, till, in the year 1515, Ariosto, having taken up the same subject, gave the

[3] In principio era il Verbo appresso a Dio,
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e il Verbo lui, &c.
Morgante Magg. C. i. St. 1.

[4] Jugemens des savans.—See Monnoye's notes.

[5] A new-making or new-modelling a work.

world his Orlando Furioso, which not only eclipsed all the other continuators of Orlando, but greatly surpassed the performance of Boyardo himself.

The poems of Boyardo and Ariosto, taken together, form a complete series of events, and require little or no reference to other romance writers, to give the reader a perfect knowledge of their story. Ariosto, indeed, is intimately connected with the narrative of Boyardo in the general plan of his poem, and in the continuation of several under parts; but Boyardo does not appear, in one instance, to have taken up and continued any single story from another. It is however certain that these poets have derived their general fable from various books and poems on the wars of Charlemain, and the actions of his Paladins, and other subjects of chivalry; and that both have frequent allusions to incidents recorded in these books, and particularly in one apparently prior to Boyardo, entitled Aspramonte, in cui si contiene le guerre di Re Guarnieri et Agolante contra Roma e Carlo Magno, e di altre guerre e battaglie, massime dello avvenimento d'Orlando e di molti altri Baroni di Francia. This book is in 23 cantos, in ottava rima; the date and author are altogether uncertain; but from many peculiarities of style and idiom, which strongly resemble the very early writers, it was probably written, if not before, about the time of Pulci; and the beginnings of all the cantos have the same strange allusions to scripture doctrine and story as the Morgante. As to the performance itself, it may be classed with the greater part of the numerous publications of the same nature, but will always retain a value from the consideration that it might have been the principal source of the Orlandos Innamorato and Furioso.

With respect to the separate merits of Boyardo and Ariosto, Le Sage, in the preface to his translation, gives the following character of the two poets:

"These authors have given a free scope to their imagination, which in both was equally noble and lively: if Boyardo has the merit of invention, Ariosto, in return, has every advantage of style and manner, and the copy is doubtless greatly superior to the original. Ariosto is far more polished, his diction is chaster, and he possesses all the elegance of language: his verses are strong and sonorous; his descriptions are admirable and often sublime. On the contrary, Boyardo is always grovelling and feeble: Ariosto, whether serious or pleasant, is every where entertaining, and preserves a degree of majesty even in his pleasantry: he is the only author who has found out the art of blending the serious with the comic, and the heroic with the familiar; by which means he is truly original, and such an original as no one has yet successfully imitated."

I shall not enter upon the comparative merits of Tasso and Ariosto: the Italians, in general, give the preference to the Orlando, and other nations allot the first place to the Jerusalem, which undoubtedly has the advantage with respect to unity of design, regularity of disposition, and dignity of subject: these poems are of so different a nature, that they will not admit of a comparison. Mirabaud, the French translator of the Jerusalem, observes, that this matter cannot be more judiciously discussed, than in the words of Horatio Ariosto, nephew to Ludovico, who, however biassed to give the palm to his uncle, has delivered himself in the following manner:

"We cannot easily enter upon a comparison of these two poets, who have not the least resemblance to each other: the style of the one is throughout serious and elevated, that of the other is often simple and full of pleasantry. Tasso has observed the precepts of Aristotle; Ariosto has taken no guide but nature; Tasso, by subjecting himself to the unity of action, has deprived his poem of a considerable advantage derived from the multiplicity of events; whereas Ariosto, being freed from such restraint, has filled his with a number of incidents that are very delightful to the reader: these great poets have nevertheless both attained the same end—that of pleasing; but they have attained it by different means."

Giraldo tells us, that from the first publication of his poem in 1515, to the year 1532, when he gave an edition, with his last corrections and improvements, enlarged to the number of 46 cantos, Ariosto was continually revising and altering it, occasionally applying to the first wits in Italy for their opinion and advice, such as Bembo, Molza, Navagero, and others mentioned in his concluding book; and that, like Apelles, he submitted his work to the criticisms of all that would examine it.

Ariosto has been called by some a comic poet; but it should seem that such an opinion must be formed, for want of due attention to the several parts of his work, which is undoubtedly serious upon the whole, though occasionally diversified with many sallies of humour. But should we, on this account, deny Ariosto the essentials of epic poetry, we must, with equal justice, refuse the tragic laurel to our own Shakspeare, because his plays are not pure tragedies. Our bard, in his dramatic representation, has drawn his whole picture from the natural world, where events are blended, and where

not only the moral characters are varied, but where the same character is seen with very different aspect at different times[6].

But whatever liberties we may allow an author like Ariosto, with respect to mixture of character or style, yet proverbial and ludicrous expressions, or vulgar images, immediately mixed with subjects of pathos, or elevation, must be ever disgusting. On this occasion the author of the Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope makes some excellent remarks, which he is led to from some passages of this kind introduced by Mr. Pope in his Temple of Fame.

"Strokes of pleasantry and humour, and satirical reflections on the foibles of common life, are surely too familiar, and unsuited to a grave and majestic poem[7]. Such incongruities offend propriety, though I know ingenious persons have endeavoured to excuse them, by saying that they add a variety of imagery to the piece. This precept is even defended by a passage from Horace:

Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto[8]———

Lib. 1. sat. 10. ver. 11.

"But this judicious remark is, I apprehend, confined to ethic and preceptive kinds of writing, which stand in need of being enlivened with lighter images and sportive thoughts, and where strictures on common life may more gracefully be inserted. But in the higher kinds of poetry, they appear as unnatural and out of place, as one of the burlesque scenes of Hemskirke would do in a solemn landscape of Poussin.

"On the revival of literature the first writers seemed not to have observed any selection in their thoughts and images. Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, Ariosto, make very sudden transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. Chaucer, in his Temple of Mars, among many pictures, has brought in a strange line:

The cake is scalded for all his long ladell.

"Again,

As Æsop's dogs contending for the bone[9].

"No writer has more religiously observed the decorum here recommended than Virgil[10]."

If we examine the poems of Boyardo and Ariosto, we shall find that the second, with respect to the epic part, the wars of Charlemain and Agramant, is not defective in point of unity, as it sets forth one great action, the invasion of France by the Saracens, and concludes with the victory of the Christians by the death or defeat of all the Pagan leaders, although this great action is broken and interrupted, from time to time, by an infinity of episodes and romantic adventures, artfully connected with each other and interwoven with the general fable. But Boyardo has no pretence to unity in any part of his vast and heterogeneous composition, which, beside the lesser incidents, consists of three distinct great actions: the invasion of France by Gradasso, for the conquest of Durindana and Boyardo; the siege of Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, and the other enemies of Galaphron, and his daughter Angelica; and the invasion of France by Agramant to revenge the death of Troyano.

But, notwithstanding Ariosto has undoubtedly a better claim to unity of action and regularity of design than his predecessor, yet it is very plain that he never intended to write a regular epic poem, but that he adopted the fashionable mode of that time. As an instance of the taste then prevalent for the wild and desultory narratives of romance, it is said, that when Bernardo Tasso conceived the design

[6] See Dr. Johnson's preface to Shakspeare.

[7] What is here said of an entire poem may equally be applied to any part of a poem that comes under this description.

[8] Now change from grave to gay with ready art,
Now play the orator's or poet's part:
In raillery assume a gayer air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare.—Francis.

[9] Dryden has turned the first line thus:

And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.

But he has retained the second line.

[10] Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. page 410.

of composing a poem from the Amadis de Gaul, he had at first reduced it to the plan of a regular epic, and in that state read part of it to his friends, who gave it so cool a reception, that he thought it advisable to change his purpose, and treat his subject in the same manner as the other popular writers, or romanzatori [11].

Thus Ariosto, having undertaken to continue a well-known story, begun and left unfinished by Boyardo, was necessarily led to vary his narrative and diction as the different subjects required; and therefore in him is to be found a greater variety of style and manner, than perhaps in any other author.

From the romantic turn of this fable, and the motley character of his writing, many of the French critics, and some others, have been induced, in the cool phlegm of criticism, to pass the severest censures on Ariosto; but it will be seen that such censures are in general futile, being founded on the mistaken opinion, that the Orlando is to be tried by the rules of Aristotle, and the examples of Homer and Virgil: but as no writers of real taste, however strongly prejudiced with the idea of classic excellence, could peruse the Italian poem without sensibly feeling its beauties, it follows that their observations often appear a contradictory mixture of praise and censure, of which the reader will have some idea from the following passages of Baillet, in his Jugemens des savans [12].

"It is a general received opinion in Italy, that the Orlando Furioso has entirely surpassed every performance that appeared before it, particularly the Orlando of Boyardo, and the Morgante of Pulci: the last by dignity of incidents and majesty of versification, and the former by completing and bringing to perfection the inventions of the count [13]. M. Rosteau gives it as his opinion, that the Orlando Furioso had no superior, or rival, till the Godfrey of Tasso, which appeared afterwards in the world.

"Never was any other piece filled with so many and various events as the poem of Ariosto: the whole is a mixture of combats, enchantments, and grotesque adventures; and it is said, that the wits of Italy are still divided concerning the merits of this work and the Jerusalem Delivered.

"The Orlando seems to be a trophy raised from the spoils of every other Italian production, in which the author has neglected nothing that his genius or industry could supply him with, in order to enrich his poem, and give it the utmost perfection.

"Father Rapin has discovered many blemishes in the Orlando Furioso [14]. In one part he finds that the poet has too much fire; in another, that he is crowded with supernatural events, which are like the crude imaginations of a distempered brain, and which can never be admitted by men of sense, as bearing no resemblance of truth.

"He says, besides, that his design is too vast, without proportion or justness; that his episodes are affected, improbable, injudiciously introduced, and often out of nature; that his heroes are only Paladins, and that his poem breathes more an air of romantic chivalry than a spirit of heroism.

"In other places, he confesses that Ariosto is pure, elevated, sublime, and admirable in expression; that his descriptions are master-pieces, but that he is altogether deficient in judgment; that the beauty of his expression, joined to the other charms of his versification, has imposed upon the world, and so far dazzled our poets, as to prevent their discovering his many absurdities. 'His genius,' continues Rapin, 'resembles those fertile lands that produce, at the same time, weeds and flowers; and though the several parts of his poem are very beautiful, yet the whole, when taken together, does not deserve the title of an epic poem.'"

Gravina, an Italian critic, of great taste and judgment, gives the following opinion of Ariosto: "After Boyardo, Ariosto took up the same story, but in a far more exalted strain of poetry, and gave a complete ending to the unfinished invention of his predecessor, interspersing every part of his narrative with strong and masterly pictures of the passions and habits of mankind, in so much, that the Furioso may be considered as an assemblage of all that actuates the human mind, love, hatred, jealousy, avarice, anger, and ambition, in their natural colours, with an infinity of examples of the punishments attendant upon vice. In Boyardo and Ariosto is to be seen the true system of honour known by the name of chivalry. I shall not dwell upon the philosophical and theological doctrines in various parts of Ariosto's poem, particularly in the cantos where St. John and Astolpho are introduced together. But this poet would not have attained his purpose, nor would posterity have found in him that lesson of instruction which is ever the province of poetry, if his work had only described the exalted

[11] Romance writers in verse. See preface to the Amadigi of Bernardo Tasso.
[12] Poetes modernes. [13] Paul Jovius. [14] Reflect. critiq. sur la poesie.

scenes of life, and not descended sometimes to the familiar and common manners, that every rank and station might meet with correction or reproof. For as in Homer, Ekewise in Ariosto, the general sublimity of character does not exclude the introduction, though rare, yet sometimes necessary, of personages of a lower order. To such a diversity of matter must be joined a diversity of style, which Ariosto has properly observed. In descriptions of dignity, the dignified style must be used; but where the passage approaches to common life, an humble phrase is required. In this respect Ariosto is superior to many, always rising and sinking with his subject. He is indeed reprehensible for the disagreeable breaks in his narrative, and for mingling sometimes, injudiciously, ludicrous reflections or licentious allusions with the most serious matter, for a strain of extravagant hyperbole, sometimes for the use of low and vulgar expressions, for his long and tedious digressions on the families of Ferrara, and his mistress. But such is the power of Ariosto, that while his work is perusing, almost all his faults and blemishes are lost in the multitude of his excellencies [15]."

Among the modern writers, Voltaire has been very severe upon Ariosto, particularly in his essay on epic poetry, where he speaks of him in the following invidious manner:

"Some readers," says he, "will be surprised, that Ariosto is not placed among the epic poets; but it will be proper to observe to them, that no one, speaking of tragedy, would mention l'Avare or le Grondeur [16]; and whatever may be the opinion of some Italians, the rest of Europe will never place Ariosto on a level with Tasso, till Don Quixote is ranked with the Æneid, or Callot with Correggio."

The same Voltaire, who has so far degraded Ariosto in the above passage, has since delivered his sentiments very differently, in a work lately published [17], from which, for the uncommonness of the subject, and the manner in which he has treated it, I shall translate such passages as immediately relate to the present inquiry.

"The Odyssey of Homer," says he, "seems to have been the model of the Morgante, the Orlando Innamorato, and the Orlando Furioso; and, what rarely happens, the last of these poems is indisputably the best.

"The companions of Ulysses transformed to swine; the winds enclosed in a goat's-skin; musicians with tails of fishes, who devour those that approach them; Ulysses, who follows naked the chariot of a beautiful princess on her return from washing her garments; the same Ulysses disguised like a beggar, requesting alms, and afterwards killing all the suitors of his old wife, assisted only by his son and two servants; these are imaginations that have given rise to all the romances in verse, that have since been written on similar subjects.

"But the romance of Ariosto is so extensive, so full of variety, so fruitful in every kind of beauty, that after having perused it, I have more than once found my appetite excited to begin it again; and yet I could never read a single canto of this poem in our prose translations: such are the charms of natural poetry!

"What excited particularly my admiration in this wonderful performance, was the uncommon genius that seems to raise the author above his subject, which he treats with a kind of sportive negligence: he says the sublimest things with the utmost ease, and often concludes them with a stroke of refined and well-timed pleasantry. The Orlando Furioso is at once the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Don Quixote; for the principal knight-errant runs mad, like the Spanish hero, but is infinitely more entertaining. We are interested for Orlando, but we take no part in the fortune of Don Quixote, who is represented by Cervantes, as a madman, exposed to universal derision.

"The Orlando Furioso has a merit altogether unknown to the writers of antiquity; which merit is exhibited in the openings of the several cantos. Each canto is an enchanted palace, the vestibule of which is always in a different style, sometimes majestic, sometimes simple, and sometimes grotesque. The poet is, by turns, moral, pleasant, and gallant, but never departs from truth and nature."

Voltaire, having then asserted that Ariosto equals Homer in his battles, and given some examples to support his assertion, proceeds thus:

"Ariosto has the peculiar talent of making a transition, from these descriptions of terror, to the most voluptuous pictures, and from these last he can, with equal ease, change his subject to the refined doctrines of morality: but the greatest art of the poet appears in his interesting us so strongly for his heroes and heroines, though they are so many and various: the pathetic incidents in his poem are

[15] Gravina della Ragione poetica. [16] Two French comedies.
[17] Questions sur l'Encyclopédie, published 1770. See the article *Epopee*.

almost equal in number to the grotesque adventures; and his reader is so pleasingly accustomed to this mixture, that the change steals upon him with the least seeming violence.

"I know not who it was that first propagated the pretended question of cardinal Hippolito to the author; Messer Ludovico, dove havete pigliate tante coglionerie? Signor Ludovico, where did you find so many absurdities? The cardinal ought rather to have said, Dove havete pigliate tante cose divine? Where did you find so many divine things?

"I formerly durst not rank in the number of epic poets one, whom at that time I considered as only the first of grotesque writers; but upon a more diligent perusal, I have found him to be as full of sublimity as pleasantry, and now make him this public reparation. It is indeed true, that Leo X. published a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioso, excommunicating all those who should presume to attack that poem; and I shall be very cautious how I incur the censure of such excommunication[18]."

Thus has this lively writer signed, as it were, a recantation of some of the errours of his poetical faith, in which perhaps it will appear, that he has no less exaggerated than he had before depreciated the merits of Ariosto: however, this example may serve to show how little stability appears in the opinion of this very extraordinary genius, whose spirit so warmly animated his pen at such an advanced age, but whose writings more frequently appeal to the imagination than judgment of his reader: I have formerly had occasion to combat some of his strictures on Tasso[19]; and we have a pregnant instance of his criticisms in his several attacks on Shakspeare, which have been exposed in a most elegant and judicious dissertation on the genius of that immortal poet[20].

A remarkable letter remains of Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, in which there is this passage: Ne so io s'Aristotele nascesse a questo età e vedesse il vaghissimo poema del' Ariosto, conoscendo la forza del suo, e vedendo che tanto diletta, come l'esperienza si dimostra, mutasse opinione, e consentisse che si potesse far poema eroico di piu azione. Con la sua mirabil dottrina e giudicio, dandogli nova norma e prescrivendogli novi leggi[21].

Giuseppe Malatesta published a Dialogue on the New Poetry, or a Defence of the Furioso, and undertook to show, that this poem was composed agreeably to the several rules of poetry, and that it excelled the beauties of Homer and Virgil.

The only poem we have in English of the Gothic romance kind, is the Fairy Queen of Spenser; a poet, whose story and style bear the nearest resemblance to Ariosto: the greatest difference of these two poets is, that the adventures of the English poet are supported by shadowy characters, that set forth one continued allegory; whereas the Italian author gives a narrative of incidents, in which an allegory is only occasionally introduced. Hughes, in the preface to his edition of Spenser's works, prefers the Fairy Queen on this account, alleging, that "though his fable is often wild, yet it is always emblematical." But, perhaps, upon appealing to the sensations of the reader, Ariosto may even, for this very reason, be found to have the preference; as it will admit of some doubt, whether the constant allegory does not considerably weaken the pathetic effect of the narrative: for what sympathy can we experience, as men, for the misfortunes of an imaginary being, whom we are perpetually reminded to be only the type of some moral, or religious virtue?

With regard to the fables contained in the Italian poets and the old romance writers, the same critic before cited has the following observations, containing an opinion which had been started before by Gravina.

"The writers of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, to the Bellerophon of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furnish out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occasion for stories of distressed damsels on the point of being devoured by

[18] See life of Ariosto, for an examination into the story of this bull.

[19] See preface to the translation of Tasso.

[20] Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare.

[21] I question if Aristotle had been born in our times to have seen the poem of Ariosto, and had experienced the wonderful delight afforded by the perusal, whether he would not have altered his sentiments, and agreed that an heroic poem might consist of more than one action, and whether his admirable judgment would not have extended the poetic license, and given new laws for epic poetry.

dragons, and delivered at such a critical season by their favourite knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive through the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible but these have been the parents of the Genii in the eastern, and the Fairies in the western world. To say that Amadis and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may at first sight appear paradoxical; but if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think that the wildest chimeras in these books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connection with antient mythology[12]."

But although Ariosto's poem is acknowledged to be defective in plan and regularity, yet every particular beauty of the highest species of poetry is to be found in the several parts of it, in which respect Boyardo is greatly deficient, who seldom attains more than to amuse the imagination by the pleasing variety of his fictions. But I must not here omit to take notice of one noble passage in the Innamorato, where the encounter of Orlando and Agrican is compared to the meeting of two thunder clouds. Our great Milton has the same simile in the second book of Paradise Lost, when Satan and Death prepare to engage. The Orlando Furioso may be considered as an epic, formed on the manners of chivalry. Where the subject of Ariosto rises, Tasso does not appear with greater dignity.

All the battles and single combats in Ariosto are excellent: in the last he is greatly superior to Tasso, and indeed to most other poets; for in this respect there appears some defect even in the poems of Homer and Virgil, in which there are few good descriptions of this kind. Our own countryman, Spenser, has succeeded best in these passages, for which perhaps he is not a little indebted to the Italian.

Though the general battles of the Iliad and Æneid are supported with wonderful fire, and every circumstance of terrour inimitably introduced to keep the mind suspended and anxious for the event, yet those great poets do not seem to have attended in the same manner to the single encounters of their heroes, the issue of which, being generally soon determined, or at least foreseen, seldom raises much anxiety for the fate of the combatants. Virgil, it is true, has improved upon Homer, and the last important action between Æneas and Turnus, in the 12th book, is conducted with more judgment than any single combat in the Iliad.

Homer, indeed, introduces the duel between Hector and Ajax with unexampled sublimity: but when combatants meet, how soon is the conflict over, and how little are the readers kept in suspense!

Tasso has imitated this combat, with its attendant circumstances; and however he may fall short of his great original in some parts, he certainly has the advantage with respect to such particulars as tend to aggrandize the valour of his heroes.

I shall produce one more instance from Homer to support the foregoing assertion. When the mind has been long prepared for an engagement between the two great heroes of the poem, how must the expectation be excited from the idea of such a combat! But here, I believe, every unprejudiced reader will confess his disappointment, where Hector is represented flying at the mere sight of Achilles; and when, after having been thrice chased round the walls of Troy, he turns, at the instigation of Pallas, to engage his enemy, how little appears the prowess of the gallant Hector, who had so often stood the bulwark of his country; of that Hector who, notwithstanding the united efforts of an army, had set fire to the Grecian fleet, and whom the poet had opposed to Neptune himself!

The last combat of Tancred and Argantes, in the 19th book of the Jerusalem, excels every similar passage in the Iliad or Æneid: in the Italian poet the mind is kept in suspense for the event; and the several turns of fortune, between the two combatants, are well imagined: at the same time it must be confessed, that Tasso has not always shown equal judgment: he has sometimes, through a partial reverence for the examples of antiquity, followed his Greek master to a fault; amongst other instances, the death of Solyman by the hand of Rinaldo, in the 20th book, must in some sort offend the reader, like that of Hector by Achilles.

If we peruse Ariosto attentively, we shall find him free from every objection of this kind: his great art, in these rencounters, is to keep up the attention between hope and fear, and when he has involved the reader in distress for the danger of some favourite warrior, he, by an unexpected turn, relieves the anxiety he has raised, and gives victory to the seemingly conquered party.

Nor will our poet be found deficient in the tender and pathetic, which every reader of taste must

[12] Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. ii. p. 3.

acknowledge, when he peruses the stories of Zerbino and Brandimart, the episode of Cloridan and Medoro, and more especially the detail of Orlando's madness, in the 23d book, wherein the author has displayed the most intimate acquaintance with the human heart.

From the general plan of Ariosto's fable, which admits the agency of necromancers, witches, spirits and other preternatural powers, it will be easily expected, that the marvellous should be carried to an excessive length; and yet many of his fictions are not more incredible than those of the Greek and Latin poets. The metamorphosis of the ships to nymphs, in the Æneid, is as violent a machine as the leaves to ships in the Orlando. The stories of the Italian poet are not more extravagant than the legendary tales of the saints, which were currently believed in his time, and are still objects of faith with the vulgar. Yet let it not be supposed that this apology for Ariosto, which respects the times in which he wrote, is meant as a general defence for such kind of fictions, critically or even poetically considered, for some of these the warmest of Ariosto's admirers must give up as not to be defended.

Yet, while we candidly allow the force of objection to such passages of Ariosto as are justly reprehensible, let us not adopt the fastidious pedantry of those French critics, who having little taste for the works of imagination of other nations, and no examples of such in their own, were continually declaiming against the false style, extravagant conceits, and absurd fictions, of the Italian poets, principally Ariosto and Tasso. Father Bohours, in many respects an excellent and judicious critic, has undoubtedly produced several exceptionable passages in their writings; but has too hastily given the following most extraordinary censure of Ariosto[93]: De l'humeur dont vous êtes (repliqua Philante) vous n'approuveriez pas ce que dit l'Arioste d'un de ses heros, qui dans la chaleur du combat, ne s'étant pas apperçu qu'on l'avoit tué, il combattit toujours vaillamment tout mort qu'il étoit.

Il pover' huomo, ed non s'en era accorto,
Andava combattendo ed era morto[94].

This criticism, with the quotation undoubtedly made from memory, has been implicitly taken up by many, and produced as an example of the absurdity of the Italian poets in general, and of Ariosto in particular: but the truth is, no such lines are to be found in the whole poem of Orlando Furioso, nor was Ariosto capable of a fiction so truly ridiculous, as only to deserve a place in a burlesque composition. The passage that gave rise to this remark of Father Bohours is in Berni's Rifacimento of Boyardo, and is entirely his own, there being not the least foundation for it in the original work in Boyardo. The whole stanza runs thus:

Onde ora avendo a traverso tagliato
Questo Pagan, lo fe sì destramente,
Che l'un pezzo in su l'altro suggellato
Rimase, senza muoversi niente:
E come avvien', quand uno è riscaldato,
Che le ferite per allor non sente,
Così colui del colpo non accorto,
Andava combattendo ed era morto.

Orland. Innam. l. ii. c. xxiv. s. 60.

He with his falchion aim'd so well the blow,
And sever'd with such art the Pagan foe,
That still, as one, the separate parts adher'd,
And still, entire, unhurt, the man appear'd:
And as the limbs, while warm in action, feel
No sense of anguish from the wounding steel;
So the fierce knight, with vigour yet unbroke,
Fought on, tho' dead, unconscious of the stroke.

The champion who gave this wonderful stroke was Orlando, with his sword Durindana.

But if we consider that part of Ariosto's fable, which, independent of supernatural agents and visionary beings, exhibits merely a view of general manners so totally repugnant to the present system of

[93] Maniere de bien penser.

[94] The poor man, not perceiving what had happened to him, went on fighting, and he was dead.

political and social life, we shall find the picture much nearer than we imagined to the early times of feudal violence and oppression; and with respect to many descriptions in those writers, who are generally supposed to give us a world of their own creation, I beg to quote the following passage:

"The fictions of the Gothic romancers were not so remote from credibility as they are now thought. In the full prevalence of the feudal institution, when violence desolated the world, and every baron lived in a fortress, forests and castles were regularly succeeded by each other, and the adventurer might very suddenly pass from the gloom of woods, or the ruggedness of moors, to seats of plenty, gaiety, and magnificence. Whatever is imaged in the wildest tale, if giants, dragons, and enchantments be excepted, would be felt by him, who, wandering in the mountains without a guide, or upon the sea without a pilot, should be carried amidst his terrour and uncertainty to the hospitality and elegance of Raasay and Dunvegan[16]."

The same writer, having described the nature of the castles and fortified places formerly in use in the islands of Scotland, proceeds thus: "These castles afford another evidence that the fictions of romantic chivalry had, for their basis, the real manners of the feudal times, when every lord of a seignory lived in his hold lawless and unaccountable, with all the licentiousness and insolence of uncontested superiority and unprincipled power. The traveller, whoever he might be, coming to the fortified habitation of a chieftain, would probably have been interrogated from the battlements, admitted with caution at the gate, introduced to a petty monarch, fierce with habitual hostility, and vigilant with ignorant suspicion; who, according to his general temper, or accidental humour, would have rested a stranger as his guest at the table, or as a spy confined him to the dungeon[17]."

The characters of Ariosto are powerfully delineated, and admirably sustained; and however he may offend in the probability of his action, his pictures of the affection of the mind have the clearest historical truth. Let the reader of imagination, and only such readers are qualified to taste the beauties of Ariosto, when he opens his book, allow him in full force the ideas of chivalry and magic, and he will find infinite touches of nature in the manners of his heroes and heroines, with a discrimination and variety rarely to be excelled.

"Ariosto," says a late writer, "pleases; but not by his monstrous and improbable fictions, by his bizarre mixture of the serious and comic styles, by the want of coherence in his stories, or by the continual interruptions in his narration. He charms by the force and clearness of his expression, by the readiness and variety of his inventions, and by his natural pictures of the passions, especially of the gay and amorous kind[17]."

No one seems to have been more powerfully impressed with the merits of Ariosto than an elegant poet of our own time, who, in taking a review of the several epic writers, where, in a most spirited manner, he asserts the superiority of genius and fancy over rule and system, has characterized the author of Orlando Furioso in the following animated lines:

Indignant Fancy, who with scorn survey'd
The sleepy honours to proud Systems paid,
Smiling to see that on her rival's brow
The poppy lurks beneath the laurel bough,
Resolv'd in sportive triumph to display
The rich extent of her superior sway:
From Necromancy's hand, in happiest hour,
She caught the rod of visionary power;
And, as aloft the magic wand she rais'd,
A peerless Bard with new effulgence blaz'd,
Born every law of System to disown,
And rule by Fancy's boundless power alone.
High in mid air, between the Moon and Earth,
The Bard of pathos now, and now of mirth,
Pois'd with his lyre between a griffin's wings,
Her sportive darling Astosto sings.

[16] A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 174. [17] Ibid. p. 364.
[17] Hume, Dissertation 4.

As the light cloud, whose varying vapours fly,
Driven by the zephyr of the evening sky,
Fixes and charms the never-wearied view,
By taking every shape and every hue;
So, by Variety's supreme control,
His changeful numbers charm the willing soul:
Enchanted by his song, Attention sits,
With features catching every cast by fits,
Like the fond infant, in whose tender brain
Young Sensibility delights to reign;
While rapid joy and pain each other chase,
Through the soft muscles of its April face.
In vain the slaves of System would discard
From Glory's classic train this airy bard;
Delighted Nature her gay favour crown'd,
And Envy's clamour in her plaudit drown'd.
Severe Morality, to censure mov'd,
His wanton lyre with justor blame reprov'd;
But his sweet song her anger so beguil'd,
That ere she finish'd her reproof, she smil'd.

Hayley's Essay on Ep. Poet. Ep. iii.

But whatever may be the power of Ariosto in the original, a translator will find great difficulties; and considerable liberties are to be allowed him, if he is expected to make his author graceful to an English reader. The great praise of Ariosto, amongst the intelligent of his countrymen, is simplicity of expression and purity of diction; and it is universally allowed, that no author had ever a more absolute command of his own language. There is a certain easy negligence in his muse that often assumes a playful mode of expression, incompatible with the nature of our present poetry, though some few examples of the kind may be met with in our old poets, particularly Spenser, who has adopted much of Ariosto's manner. To this it may be added, that the Italian appears to run into rhyme with a facility altogether unknown to us, which may be seen from what has been related of Pulci, on which subject I shall give a remarkable passage from Mr. Baretti, in the book before quoted.

"Among the general characteristics of the Tuscans, I have already touched upon their love of poetry; and, what is altogether singular in them, their common custom of *improvisare*; that is, of singing verses extempore to the guitar, and other stringed instruments. I can aver that it is a very great entertainment, and what cannot fail of exciting very great surprise, to hear two of their best *improvisatori* et *cantare parati et respondere parati*, and, eager to excel, expatiate in ottava rima upon any subject moderately susceptible of poetical amplification. Several times have I been astonished at the rapidity of their expressions, the easiness of their rhymes, the justness of their numbers, the copiousness of their images, and the general warmth and impetuosity of their thoughts; and I have seen crowds of listeners hurried, as well as myself, into a vortex of delight, if I may so express it, whose motion acquired more and more violence as the bards grew more and more inflamed by the repeated shoutings of the by-standers, and by the force of the opposition which each encountered from his antagonist."

It is this ease, blended with occasional strength, that gives unspeakable grace and variety to the narratives of Ariosto; and an English translator will have frequent reason to regret the more rigid genius of his language, that rarely permits him, in this respect, to attempt even an imitation of his author. It will therefore be found, upon comparing this version with the original, that some parts are shortened, and that the style of others has been varied, retaining at the same time what was thought requisite to preserve the character of the writer; for which reason I have not omitted the puerile conceits at the end of his books, as they do not in the least affect the general merit of the work.

Concerning the compliments to the house of Este, which occur in different parts of the poem, I have endeavoured to take off from the dryness of the subject, by giving in the notes a concise account of the Italian history and families alluded to. But there is a heavy charge against Ariosto, to which no defence can be made; which is, that he sometimes gives himself up to an unwarrantable licentiousness of idea and language: however, it is hoped, that every passage of this nature is so far softened in the translation, as to give no just cause of offence.

As the far greater part of my readers must be supposed acquainted with the work on which this poem is immediately founded, I have thought it expedient to prefix to the Furioso a general view of Boyardo's principal story, as connected with Ariosto, and to insert in the notes an account of every adventure referred to in the former poem.

The reader will observe that Ariosto generally breaks off his stories abruptly, after the manner of Boyardo, and other romantic writers, in which practice he has been followed by Spenser. Some Italian writers have applauded this method, as tending to excite and keep up the attention, and prevent satiety, by a continual variation of the subject; as the poet himself says:

Come raccende il gusto il mutare esca;
Così mi par, che la mia istoria, quanto,
Or qua, or là più varia, sia,
Meno, a chi Fedirò noia sia.

As at the board, with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate excites the sickening taste;
So, while my Muse repeats her vary'd strains,
Tale following tale the ravish'd ear detains.

Book xiii.

But perhaps the generality of readers will, with Gravina [28], be rather disgusted to have their curiosity so frequently raised, and almost as constantly disappointed, and that, sometimes, in the most critical and interesting part: it is likewise to be feared that these repeated breaks, by blending the adventures with each other, must rather tend to perplex and embarrass the story; though we cannot but admire the art of the poet, in connecting such an immense variety of incidents, and bringing them at last to one point. I have, therefore, set down the several continuations, after the example of some of the Italian editors, which method has likewise been pursued by sir John Harrington in his translation.

It will be proper, in this place, to say something of the five cantos printed after Ariosto's death, in addition to the forty-six cantos of the Orlando Furioso, and concerning which there have been different opinions amongst his own countrymen of the intention of the poet. Some have supposed that they were meant to have been incorporated with his great work; but such opinion must surely be erroneous, since the first of these additional cantos opens after Ruggero had been converted to Christianity, and was made one of the Paladins of Charlemain, circumstances that certainly point out the conclusion of the Furioso. Others have, with much more reason, judged these five cantos to be the beginning of an entire new work, continued from the subject of the former: and by some writers, among whom is Porcacchi, it has been doubted, whether these cantos were the genuine production of Ariosto, to whom, however, the generality of his biographers, without scruple, give them; but it seems to be agreed by all, that they are very inferior in composition and elegance of style to his celebrated poem; nor are they ever quoted or referred to by any writer, as so frequently happens with respect to the Furioso. Some have thought that they were the work of his earlier years. It is certain that the fable appears very uninteresting after a perusal of the Furioso, and the fiction most absurdly extravagant, where he brings Ruggero into the belly of a whale, when he meets with a hermit who had been there forty years, and who relates to him, that all who had escaped from Alcina were sooner or later imprisoned in this monster. Here he meets with Astolpho, and sees a church and dwelling for the inhabitants, all in the belly of the whale. On considering these five posthumous cantos, in which the story is brought to no conclusion, I am almost tempted to subscribe to the following judicious sentiments of sir John Harrington: "For the five cantos that follow Furioso, I am partly of opinion they were not his, both because methinke they differ in sweetnesse of style from the other, and beside it is not likely that a man of his judgment, having made so absolute a piece of worke as his Furioso is, and having brought every matter to a great and well-pleasing conclusion, would, as it were, marre all again, and set them all by the ears, and bring Ruggero in the whale's belly, and Astolpho with him for company, that a little before were conquerors of the world [29]."

If novelty be any recommendation of the work now offered to the public, an English Ariosto may have that to plead, notwithstanding any translation that has yet appeared. We have indeed two versions of the Orlando Furioso; the first of which, by sir John Harrington before-mentioned, published in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, is little known; the copies are be-

[28] See page 11.

[29] Harrington's Life of Ariosto.

come very scarce, and the genius of the performance, whatever merit it might claim at the time of the publication, affords now little encouragement to multiply them by a new impression. The last translation sent into the world, was professedly given by its author as a literal version, the very idea of which will necessarily exclude the thought of its being generally read as an English book, of which every one will judge, who is acquainted with the different idioms of the two languages.

Although this poem, like all the Italian writings of the kind, is written in the octave stanza, the present translation will be found, in that respect, to differ from the two first, which are rendered in the same form of versification as the Italian. I am aware that it has been, and is still, the opinion of some, whose judgment claims no little deference, that the English couplet is improper for a work of this nature, and that the stanza is the only manner suitable to romance: to which it may be answered, that the Italians, who made use of the first, applied it, and still continue to apply it, to the highest kind of poetry; it is therefore to be considered as their heroic style. It was not only used by Pulci, Boyardo and Ariosto, in their compositions of the Gothic fiction, but is employed by Tasso in his truly epic poem of the Jerusalem; and by many of the Italian writers in their translations of the Greek and Roman poets, which, I believe, few other modern translators would think of rendering in the stanza. The genius of our heroic verse admits of a great variety; and we have examples of very different species of writing, in the works of Dryden, and Pope, from the sublime style of Homer and Virgil, to the familiar narratives of Boccace and Chaucer.

But of all the various styles used by our best poets, none seems so well adapted to the mixed and familiar narrative as that of Dryden in his last productions, known by the name of his Fables, which, by their harmony, spirit, ease, and variety of versification, exhibit an admirable model for a translator of Ariosto.

In referring to the several commentators, I have been cautious how far I adopted their allegorical interpretations, as the temper of that class of writers frequently leads them to trace out a meaning, which the poet himself was a stranger to. That allegory, which requires explanation, is certainly defective; and it is notorious, that an inventive genius can convert the plainest narrative into mystery, as Tasso has done by his Jerusalem, to which he has prefixed an allegory, that renders the whole poem as completely visionary as the Fairy Queen of Spenser.

Should the English reader become more acquainted with this celebrated Italian, he will find the Orlando no bad elucidation of the Don Quixote of Cervantes, as a great part of the customs, at least the general genius of chivalry, may be learnt from it, without the drudgery of travelling through the old romances.

Though it is not here recommended that any one should imitate the extravagances of the Italian writers, yet while the enthusiastic spirit, that hurries away the reader, continues to be regarded as the glorious criterion of true poetry, every follower of the Muses will find ample subject for admiration in the perusal of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, an author, whom, with all his faults, Dryden acknowledges to have been a great poet; an author, lately included in the highest praise of creative genius by one of our first critics, who thus describes that general effect from which the power of every poet ought to be estimated. "Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain which the reader throws away. He only is the master who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day."

THE

LIFE OF ARIOSTO:

EXTRACTED FROM

PIGNA, FORNARI, GARAFOLO, MAZZUCHELLI, AND OTHERS.

Some authors, though with little authority, maintain, that the Ariosti derive their original from the Aristi, or Arioristi: it is, however, certain that this family was very ancient in Bologna, where it had flourished in great estimation, when Obizzo III. marquis of Este, married Lippa Ariosta, a lady of excellent beauty and rare accomplishments, who, accompanying her husband to Ferrara, took with her several of her relations, and first established the house of the Ariosti in that place.

Among other branches of the name, lived Nicolo and his brothers, men of great consideration in Ferrara: Nicolo not only filled, under Hercules and Borso, dukes of Ferrara, the most important posts in the city, but was chosen to the government of Rheggio and Modena, and several times sent ambassador to the pope, the emperor, and the king of France: but nothing contributed more to deliver his name down to posterity, than being the father of Ludovico.

While he was in the government of Rheggio, in Lombardy, he espoused Daria de Malaguzzi, a lady of wealth and family, descended from one of the first houses in Rheggio. By this marriage he had five sons, Ludovico, Gabriele, Carlo, Galasso, and Alessandro; and the same number of daughters. Ludovico was born on the eighth of September, in the year 1474, in the fortress of Rheggio, where his father was governor; as Galasso and Alessandro were born while he was in the government of Modena. These sons were all well accomplished, and, for their many excellent qualities, patronised by several princes. Gabriele gave himself up to literary pursuits, and is said to have arrived at great excellence in Latin poetry, but to have been too close an imitator of Statius: he died at Ferrara. Carlo, who was of a disposition more inclined to dissipation and gaiety, led the life of a courtier, and died at the court of Naples. Galasso embraced the profession of the church, was employed in several important offices, and, at last, ended his days, ambassador from the duke of Ferrara, at the court of Charles V. Alessandro, who was of an inquisitive and enterprising genius, having spent great part of his time in visiting foreign countries, at last finished his life in Ferrara.

To return to Ludovico, the subject of our present inquiry; as he was the first-born of his father's children, so he is reported to have surpassed the rest in the endowments of the mind; giving, from his tender years, uncommon presage of a future genius. Being yet in his rudiments, he composed a kind of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he caused to be represented by his brothers and sisters.

He applied himself very early to the study of the Latin, in which he made greater progress than almost any one of his age; and, in the very beginning of his studies, he composed and recited an elegant oration in that language, which gave the highest expectations of him. Tito Strozza, a man of great learning and consummate knowledge took particular delight to hear him, and to propose difficult questions for his solution; often encouraging a dispute, on literary subjects, between him and Hercules his son, a youth whose age and studies agreed with Ariosto.

But it happened to our poet, as to Ovid, Petrarch, Tasso, and others, that his father Nicolo, having

little taste for literature, and therefore disinclined to encourage his son in pursuing the bent of his genius, was rather desirous, that, as his eldest-born, he should endeavour to establish his fortune in the world, by taking some lucrative profession; and sent him to Padua, to apply himself to the study of the civil law, under Angelo Castrinse and Il Maino; in which employment he spent five years, highly disagreeable to one of his disposition; which circumstance he laments in one of his satires addressed to Bembo.

Ahi lasso! quando ebbi al Pegaseo melo
L'età disposta, e che le fresche guancie
Non si voleano ancor fiorir du'n pelo;
Mio padre mi cacciò con spiedi e lancie,
(Non che con sproni) a volger testi e chiose;
E m'occupò cinque anni in quelle ciancie.

Ere yet my cheeks were fledg'd with rising down,
When, smit with love of verse, I sought renown
On sweet Parnassus' hill; my sire's command
Compell'd me to forsake that happy land,
And chain'd me five long years to hear disputes
Of brawling lawyers and litigious suits. Satire iv.

So Ovid complains that his father compelled him to study the law: De Tristibus, Lib. iv. Eleg. x.

At mihi jam puero cœlestia sacra placebant,
Inque suum furtim Musa trahebat opus.
Sæpè pater dixit, "Studium quid inutile tentas?
Mœonides nullas ipse reliquit opes."
Motus eram dictis: totoque Heliconе relicto,
Scribere conabar verba soluta modis.
Sponte suâ carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
Et quod tentabam dicere, versus erat.

While yet a boy, sweet verse my genius fir'd;
The secret Muse her pleasing task inspir'd.
My sire oft cry'd, "This useless trade give o'er;
For Homer left behind no golden store."
Mov'd at his words, I Pindus' hill resign'd,
And strove to write, by metre unconfin'd:
In vain—the Muse spontaneous verse bestow'd,
And all I wrote in tuneful numbers flow'd.

Milton, in like manner, desires his father to let him pursue the Muses:

Tu, tamen, et simules teneras odisse camenas
Non odisse reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quâ via lata patet, quæ proior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insanis damnas clamoribus aures.

Ad Patrem.

Thou canst not sure the gentle Muses hate,
Or bid me change, O sire! my peaceful state,
To tread the sordid paths, that open lies
To fields of wealth, where golden harvests rise.
Thou wilt not force me to th' ungrateful bar,
Where ill-kept laws supply the constant jar;
Or fix me there, long tedious days, to hear
Those sounds of discord to a poet's ear.

Yet although Ariosto durst not openly disobey his father, he could not so far conquer his inclinations, but that, during the course of this time, he found leisure to perose many authors, particularly French and Spanish romances, with which languages he was well acquainted, having translated two or

three of these authors himself into his native tongue; of which kind of performances he availed himself in his future works, making use of every beauty that occurred in these wild productions of imagination. Nicolo, at last, perceiving the aversion his son had to the profession of the law, and the little progress he made therein, resolved no longer to combat his desires, but permit him to obey the strong propensity of genius, which evidently pointed to what nature had designed him. This indulgence of Nicolo is said to have been, in a great degree, owing to the good offices of Pandolfo Ariosto, a youth of excellent endowments, and a near kinsman to Ludovico.

Ludovico, being now left at liberty, applied himself with unwearied assiduity to recover the advantages he had necessarily lost. He had now put himself, at the age of twenty, under the tuition of Gregorio de Spoleti, a person of admirable taste, and well versed in the Latin and Greek tongues, who then resided in the family of Rinaldo of Este, at Ferrara. Gregorio, observing the avidity with which Ariosto applied himself to study, took every possible care to cultivate his genius; and, by his instructions, his pupil soon made himself master of the most excellent Latin authors, particularly the poets, among whom Horace appears to have been his favourite. He explained many difficult and obscure parts in that author, which were never before understood. His intention was, in like manner, to have gone through a course of Greek literature; but as he was first desirous of perfecting himself in the Latin, he suddenly lost the assistance of his preceptor Gregorio, who was constrained to take a journey into France, at the desire of Isabella, daughter to Alphonso of Naples, as tutor to her son; where he soon after died, to the inexpressible grief of Ariosto.

About the same time died Nicolo Ariosto, the father of Ludovico, leaving behind him a numerous offspring. Ariosto, then only twenty-four years of age, found himself at once involved in the cares of a family, and obliged to take upon himself the management of domestic concerns, to introduce his brothers into the world, provide fortunes for his sisters, and, in every respect, supply to them the place of a father, who had left them but a very slender patrimony.

Mi more il padre e da Maria il pensiero
Dietro a Marta bisogna ch'io rivolga,
Ch'o muti in squarci e in vacchette Omero;
Trovi marito e modo che si tolga
Di casa una sorella e un' altra appresso,
E che' l'eredita non se ne dolga:
Co' piccioli fratelli a' quai successo
Ero in luoco di padre far l'uffizio
Che debito e pieta m' avea commesso.

My father dead, I took the father's part,
And chang'd for household cares the Muse's art;
For tuneful verse, each thoughtful hour I spent,
To husband well the little Heaven had sent:
Each sister claim'd, by turns, my guardian hand,
To watch their youth, and form their nuptial band:
While piety and love my heart engage,
To rear my helpless brethren's tender age.

Satire vi.

He was now so wholly engrossed by a multiplicity of cares, as not only to give over his intended prosecution of the Greek language, but almost to abandon the Latin, which he had but lately recovered, had not Pandolfo Ariosto so far stimulated him, that he still continued, in some degree, his studies; till death deprived him of so pleasing a companion. Yet all these disappointments did not so much damp the vigour of his genius, but that he gave signal proofs of an excellent vein of poetry. He had now attained the age of twenty-nine years, and had acquired an uncommon reputation for his Latin verses, and numerous poems and sonnets full of spirit and imagination. His conversation was courted by men of the greatest learning and abilities; insomuch that cardinal Hippolito of Este, whose court was a receptacle for the most admired personages of the age, received him into his service, where he continued fifteen years; during which time, his mind being always intent on the Muses, he formed a design of writing a poem of the romance kind; in which no one had yet written with the dignity of which the subject was capable. The happy versatility of his genius was such, that he could equally

adapt himself to every species of poetry; and an Italian writer of his life observes, that whatever he wrote, seemed, at the time, to be his particular study.

At about thirty years of age he began his Orlando; and cardinal Bembo, to whom he communicated his design, would have dissuaded him from writing in Italian, advising him to cultivate the Latin; to which Ariosto answered, that he would rather be the first among the Tuscan writers, than scarcely the second among the Latin. At the same time, it fortunately happened, that he had already written some stanzas of his Orlando; which communicating to several of his friends, he met with such encouragement, that he determined vigorously to prosecute his design. It may be here observed, that Dante, at first, intended to have written his poem in Latin; and actually composed some initial lines in that language.

He chose the subject of Boyardo, which was well known to all; and being left unfinished, had strongly excited the reader's curiosity, to see the end of a story so artfully begun. In the same manner, Virgil, of whom Ariosto appears a great imitator, formed his Æneid as a kind of sequel to the Iliad and Odyssey. And it may be remarked, that by adopting the fictions of Boyardo, Ariosto had not only an opportunity of bringing the romance of the count to a conclusion, but of celebrating, under the person of Rogero, the family of his patron.

Ariosto had proposed to write a poem in terza rima[1] (like Dante), in praise of the house of Este, different from the Furioso; but not being satisfied with the work, he laid it aside, and pursued the design of his Furioso, in ottava rima. The intended poem began thus:

Canterò l'armi, canterò 'gli affanni
D'amor, che un cavalier sottomse gravi
Peregrinando in terra e in mar molt' anni, &c.

I sing of arms, and sing the pains of love,
And all the toils a suffering hero bore,
Long destin'd far o'er land and sea to rove, &c.

In order to pursue his studies with less interruption, he chose the situation of Rheggio, retiring to a pleasant villa, belonging to Sigismondo Malaguzzi, his kinsman, where he spent his leisure in the prosecution of his principal design. In one of his satires he gives the following agreeable sketch of his retreat:

Già mi fur' dolci inviti a empir le carte
I luoghi ameni, di che il nostro Rheggio
Il natio sito mio n'ha la sua parte:
Il tuo Mauritian sempre vagheggio
La bella stanza, e'l Rodano vicino,
Da le Naiade amato ombroso seggio:
Il lucido vivaio, onde il giardino
Si cinge intorno, il fresco rio che corre
Rigando l'erbe, ove poi fa il molino.
Non mi si po de la memoria torre
Le vigne, e i solchi del fecondo Iacco,
Le valle e'l colle e la ben posta torre.

Blest be the time, when, from the world retir'd,
Fair Rheggio's peaceful scenes my Muse inspir'd:
Nurse of my infant years! Remembrance views
Thy pleasing seats, and every charm renews:
I see where Rhodan's tide delightful flows,
While sportive Naiads on the banks repose;
The fishy pool, with silvery lustre crown'd,
Whose dimpled water moats the garden round;
The living stream that pours a crystal rill
Through sprinkled herbage to the neighbouring mill;

[1] Of this terza rima of the Italians, the English reader will have a full idea, from the three cantos of the Inferno of Dante, translated with wonderful spirit and fidelity by Mr. Hayley, notwithstanding the confinement and difficulty of the metre. See Essay on Epic poetry, note to Epistle iii.

The clustering vines, that yield their purple store;
The hills, the vales, and ivy-circled tower.

Satire iv.

While he was busied in these literary pursuits, Alphonso, duke of Ferrara, having occasion to send ambassador to Rome, in order to appease the anger of pope Julius II. who prepared to make war against him, was, by his brother the cardinal, recommended to Ariosto, as a proper person to be entrusted with such a negotiation. The duke, therefore, made choice of him; and he acquitted himself so well in his commission, that he returned with an answer much more favourable than was expected. However, the pope, still continuing at enmity with the duke, made a league with the Venetians, and collected a powerful army against Ferrara: but he gained little honour in this enterprise, being defeated at the battle of Ravenna. Part of a fleet was sent up the Po, against Ferrara; but met with a repulse from the duke's party. In this engagement, Ariosto, who was present, behaved with great courage, and took one of the largest of the enemy's vessels, filled with stores and ammunition.

The papal army being dispersed, Alphonso thought it advisable to send an ambassador again to Rome. But every one being afraid to engage in his service, knowing the pope's disposition, he dispatched Ludovico a second time, who found his holiness so incensed against the duke, that his indignation was very near showing itself to the ambassador; and it was not without difficulty that Ariosto escaped with life to Ferrara.

The duke's affairs being established, Ariosto returned to his studies; though, continuing still in the service of the cardinal, he was employed, at times, in various public occupations, that often broke in upon his retirement, and obliged him to defer the completion of his Orlando. However, he found means to steal so much leisure from his more serious employments, that he at last brought it to a conclusion: and though the work was far from having that perfection which he himself desired, yet, in order to avail himself of the general opinion of the public, he was determined to give it to the world; and accordingly caused it to be first printed in the year 1515.

Some time after, the cardinal having a design to go into Hungary, was desirous of being accompanied by the ingenious men who lived under his patronage: but Ariosto openly declared his inclination to be left behind; for, being now afflicted with a catarrh, he was fearful of the consequences from the fatigues and inconveniences of so long a journey. Besides, the service of the cardinal began to grow very irksome to him; those who were about him being frequently obliged to watch the greatest part of the night. It appears, likewise, that Ariosto was in his nature averse to travelling, and had visited few countries.

Delgi uomini son varii gli appetiti,
A chi piace la chiesa, a chi la spada,
A chi la patria, a chi gli strani liti.
Chi vuol andare a torno, a torno vada,
Vegga Inghilterra, Ungheria, Francia, e Spagna,
A me piace habitar la mia contrada.
Vist' ho' Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia e un mare, e l'altro che la bagna:
Questo mi basta, il resto della terra,
Senza mai pagar Poste, andrò cercando
Con Tolomeo sia 'l mondo in pace o in guerra.
E tutto il mar senza far voti quando
Lampeggi il ciel, sicuro in sulle carte
Verrò' più che su i legni volteggiando.

Various are men's pursuits; these seek renown
In fields of death; those choose the sacred gown:
Some quit their native for a foreign shore:
Let those, that wish, unnumber'd realms explore,
To France, Hungary, Spain, and England roam,
While I prefer a peaceful seat at home.
I've view'd whate'er the Tuscan country yields,
Fair Lombardy, and wide Romania's fields:

The hills, that Italy from Spain divide,
And those extending to the surging tide.
Let this suffice—the rest I can survey,
In peace or war—nor hint nor captain pay;
With Ptolemy can safely trace the seas,
Nor need with vows and prayers the storms appease:
Better on pictur'd charts secure to sail,
Than in frail vessels dare the treacherous gale!

Satire iv.

The refusal of Ariosto to accompany the cardinal so exasperated the prelate, that he, in a manner, withdrew his protection from him; which circumstance gave our poet great uneasiness; though it is thought that Hippolito might have taken him again into favour, but for the ill offices of some malicious persons, who had the address to keep them at a distance from each other. On this difference between the cardinal and him, Ariosto strongly dwells in his satires.

A me per esser stato contumace
Di non veder Agria ne Buda,
Che si ritoglia il suo già non mi spiace.

I murmur not, to think my patron's hand
Resum'd the grace my service once obtain'd;
Since I refus'd to quit Italia's shores,
To visit Agria's[a] walls, and Buda's[a] towers.

And afterwards:

Che senza fede e senza amor mi noma
E che dimostri con parole e cenni
Ch' in odio, ch' in dispetto habbia il mio nome.

Still let him, at his will, my faith reprove,
And tax me still with breach of loyal love;
With every word and deed to all proclaim
His settled hatred of my hapless name!

The only consolation Ludovico had, was the leading a retired life, which suited his disposition far more than the continual bustle of a court. He now applied himself, without interruption, to give every improvement to his Orlando; and in the year 1521 published another edition of it, with further corrections.

In the mean time, cardinal Hippolito died; and Ariosto, who for fifteen years lived in a state of uneasy dependence, and had now reached the forty-fourth year of his age, was determined never more to be connected with a court: but being closely persuaded by his intimate friend Bonaventura Pistofolo, secretary to Alphonso, he engaged in the service of that prince, from whom he met with a most gracious and affectionate reception.

Not long after, when Adrian II. succeeded to the papal chair, Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, being torn to pieces by factions, augmented by the licentiousness into which the people had degenerated, from a total remissness of government, it was judged necessary to appoint a person, whose prudence and authority might reduce them to a due subjection. For this important trust Ariosto was chosen, who, though very averse to the journey, would not again hazard incurring the displeasure of his patron.

Ludovico continued three years in his new government, in which he acquitted himself so well, that he not only brought the people to a proper sense of their duty to their sovereign, but entirely gained their affections to himself; and was highly applauded by the duke for his good services. An extraordinary instance is here given of the veneration paid to his character by all ranks and degrees of men: At his first coming to the government, having occasion one day to cross a wood, with about six horsemen in his company, he was obliged to pass through a number of armed men, who, from their appearance, gave great cause of suspicion; the country being, at that time, all round greatly infested with robbers, the most formidable of whom were headed by Dominico Marocco and Filippo Pacchione. Ariosto had scarcely got clear of this troop, before-mentioned, when the captain demanded of one of the

[a] Two towns in Hungary.

servants, that happened to be behind the rest, who the stranger was; and being told it was Ludovico Ariosto, he immediately ran to overtake him, armed as he was. Ariosto, seeing him follow, stopped short, waiting with some anxiety for the end of this affair. His pursuer, coming up, saluted him with great respect; and, declaring that his name was Filippo Pacchione, begged pardon, that, not knowing him, he had suffered him to pass, without paying the respect due to his singular merit.

Mr. Baretti, in the preface to his Italian Library, relates this story, with different circumstances, in the following words; concluding with a reflection on the power of eloquence over savage minds, very apposite to the subject.

"Among other striking instances of the people's veneration for him, Ariosto had one of a very particular nature. The duke, his master, had sent him governor of Grafagnana, a province on the Apennine, whose inhabitants, seizing the opportunity of the general turbulences that were in Italy at that time, paid but little obedience to their sovereign. Ariosto took his residence in a fortified castle, from which it was imprudent to step out without guards; as the whole neighbourhood was swarming with outlaws, smugglers, and banditti, who, after committing the most enormous excesses all around, retired, for shelter against justice, amidst the rocks and cliffs. Ariosto, one morning, happened to take a walk without the castle, in his night-gown, and, in a fit of thought, forgot himself so much, that, step after step, he found himself very far from his habitation, and surrounded, on a sudden, by a troop of these desperadoes, who certainly would have ill-used, and perhaps murdered him, had not his face been known by one of the gang; who informing his comrades that this was signor Ariosto, the chief of the banditti addressed him with intrepid gallantry, and told him, that since he was author of the Orlando Furioso, he might be sure none of the company would injure him; but would see him, on the contrary, safe back to the castle: and so they did, entertaining him all along the way with the various excellencies they had discovered in his poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises. A very rare proof of the irresistible powers of poetry; and a noble comment on the fables of Orpheus and Amphion, who drew wild beasts, and raised walls, with the enchanting sound of their lyres."

While Ariosto continued in the government of Grafagnana, Bonaventura Pistofolo often proposed to him, by letter, to go as ambassador from the duke to Clement VII. who had been a great patron of our poet; setting before him the honours and advantages that would accrue from such an employ. But Ludovico gave little heed to these solicitations; his mind being altogether detached from the views of interest or ambition. His general answer was, "that he esteemed it better to enjoy a little, in peace and tranquillity, than to seek after a great deal, with fatigue and anxiety." Some relate, that he had a repugnance to live at a distance from his country, on account of a lady residing at Ferrara, for whom he had conceived a violent passion; and, indeed, he plainly acknowledges this himself, in his fourth satire, to Annibale Malaguzzi.

Parmi vederti qui ridere e dire,
Che non amor di patri nè di studi,
Ma de donna è cagion che non vogl'ire,
Libero t'el confesso, or chiudi
La bocca ————

Methinks you smile, and cry—nor love of home,
Nor study makes your friend averse to roam:
But some fair dame—I own the guilt at large;
Upbraid not him who triumphs in the charge.

The term of his government being expired, he returned to court, where, finding the duke took great delight in theatrical representations, he applied himself to the drama; and, besides the Cassaria and Suppositi, he composed La Lena, and Il Negromante, in prose and verse, and the Scolastica in verse; though the last was left imperfect by his death, and the fifth act added by his brother Gabriele. Of these comedies, four were first printed in prose, and afterwards turned into verse. They were performed with universal applause, before many families of rank; the actors being generally persons of condition: insomuch, that when the Lena was first acted, in 1528, signor Don Francisco of Este, afterwards marquis of Massa, spoke the prologue himself.

A remarkable anecdote is handed down, which shows how entirely his mind was, in the early part of his life, absorbed by his favourite studies. His father having taken some offence at the conduct of Ludovico, expostulated with him, one day, with uncommon warmth; to which his son listened without

the least seeming notice, or returning any answer. Nicolo being gone, his brother Gabriele, who was with him, entered upon the same subject; to whom he gave such satisfactory reasons, as entirely removed every other objection that had been brought against him. His brother then asking why he had not made use of the same arguments to his father, he replied, that, at that time he was considering whether the scene, which passed between them, might not be of use to him in a comedy he was then writing, called the Cassaria; that he thought his father would serve as an excellent model for an old man, whom he had introduced, on a like occasion, reproaching his son: concluding, that his thoughts were so engrossed by the fiction, that he had forgot the reality.

Another anecdote is told, relative to these comedies, which shows how totally the attention of the people in Italy was taken up with the merits and reputation of the Orlando Furioso. Ricoboni conceived a design of exhibiting the Scolastica of Ariosto on the stage at Venice; and public notice being given of the representation the name of Ariosto drew together a prodigious concourse of spectators. But it unfortunately happened, few of them knew that this author had written comedies; and, before the piece began, Ricoboni was informed, that they had a notion the play was taken from the Orlando Furioso; and, when the performance came on, not seeing Angelica, Orlando, Bradamant, and the other personages of their favourite poem, they began to express their dissatisfaction; which increased to such a degree, that Ricoboni was obliged to drop the curtain at the end of the fourth act[3].

Ariosto now appeared to lead a life of tranquillity; which was the more agreeable to him, as he was not so deeply engaged by the duke, but that he had sufficient leisure to pursue his studies; the service of Alphonso being far more easy than that of Hippolito. About this time he published his Satires, besides those he had formerly written; in the whole, to the number of seven; till, being again involved in family difficulties, and harassed with law-suits, he was obliged, for some time, to lay aside his compositions. At last, having brought his affairs to a happy crisis, he purchased a piece of ground opposite the church of St. Benedict, where he built a pretty commodious dwelling; which, some say, he was enabled to do by the liberality of the duke. He had a garden adjoining to this house, the usual scene of his poetical meditations. Here he passed the remainder of his life, as much as possible secluded from all public employments.

Having attained the 59th year of his age, he was seized, on the last day but one of the year 1532, with a lingering illness, though some say his illness first came upon him in October or November, about which time the ducal palace took fire, which accident consumed the superb theatre that had been built for the exhibition of his comedies; in the same year he had sent his Furioso to the press with his last improvements, corrected and enlarged as we now have it.

Some physicians attributed the cause of his malady to the custom he had of eating fast, and chewing his victuals little, that occasioned an indigestion; the means they made use of to remove this complaint, brought on a consumption, which, in spite of all the assistance of medicine, at last put a period to his life, at Ferrara, on the 6th of June, or, as others say, on the 8th of July, 1533.

Thus died Ludovico Ariosto, a man of uncommon eminence, whether we consider him as a member of the republic of society, or of the more extensive world of literature: as the first, he acquired the affection and esteem of persons of the highest consideration; he contracted the closest intimacy with the family of Medicis, and was beloved by Leo X. the Augustus of that age: as the second, he was one of the few great poets who see that reputation attend their works, during their life-time, which continues to be transmitted down to posterity; and perhaps few books have been so often printed as the Orlando, which has passed through upwards of eighty editions, and not only been rendered into all the European languages, but is said to have found its way into every part of the world[4]. The uncommon popularity of this author may be further gathered from the numbers that have drawn their subjects from his original[5].

Il Doni, an Italian writer, in a register of the manuscript works of several poets, has attributed two pieces to Ariosto[6], one called Rinaldo Ardito; and the other, Il Termine Del Desiderio; neither of which appears to have been printed[6]. Besides the 46 books of his Orlando Furioso, he left behind him

[3] See Ricoboni.

[4] In the year 1756, a translation of the Orlando Furioso was made in Latin verse, by the marquis Torquato Barbolani, a colonel of horse in the emperor's service.

[5] See Quadrio, List of Romanzatori, continuators and imitators of Ariosto.

[6] Mazzuchelli.

five books on the same story, which were first printed in addition to the original poem in the year 1545, twelve years after Ariosto's death[7].

An elegant sonnet was written by Nicolo Eugenico in his praise, which we shall here give the reader.

Porto gran tempo al mare altiero il corno
Il Mincio, e sparso le sue arene d'oro
Mentre che'l padre de Pierio Choro
Fece nel grembo suo dolce soggiorno.
Non men hor lieto, e d' egual' spoglie adorno
Va'l Po, spargando il nuovo suo tesoro,
Poi che cantando in lui regno canoro
Fa risonar le ricche sponde intorno.
L'un perche irriga Mantoa, donde uscio
Que ch' i fatti d' Enea più che mortali
Con stil divino a tutto 'l mondo aprio.
L'altro Ferrara, onde i concetti eguali
Spiegò chi l'opre di Ruggier scoprio
Mostrandole ad ogn'un chiare immortali.

Long time had Mincius, o'er his golden sand,
Roll'd to the distant sea in kingly pride;
While the great father of the Muses' band
Held his fair dwelling near th' exulting tide.
Not less elate, with equal honours crown'd,
His treasure now triumphant Po can tell;
While, as our Swan his music pours around,
Along the banks the notes seraphic swell,
Mincius to Mantua's wall his current leads,
Whence rose the bard, who blaz'd th' immortal deeds
Of great Æneas, in his deathless lays:
Po bathes Ferrara, whence the poet sprung,
Whose equal muse Rogero's glories sung,
And o'er the world diffus'd his lineal praise!

Several writers have affirmed, that he was solemnly crowned with laurel by the victorious Charles V. in the city of Mantua, in the year 1532, for his Orlando Furioso; and this circumstance has been as positively denied by others. Mazzuchelli, in his Life of Ariosto, has considered the arguments on both sides; and observes, that the silence of those authors on the subject, who certainly would not have passed over such an event, may justly render the whole suspected; that, among others, surely little attention can be paid to the authority of one writer[8], who relates that Ariosto had scarcely received the laurel crown, when, transported with joy, and inspired as it were with a poetical phrensy, he ran through the city apparently as mad as his own Orlando. Fornari speaks of the coronation; but Pigna and Garafolo make no mention of it. Il Signore Dottore Barotti thus examines the supposed fact. "Many have doubted of the coronation by Charles, and writers, who speak of it, do not agree upon the time or place: some say that the ceremony was performed at Mantua, and others at Bologna: some, that it happened in 1530, and others, in 1532; but, surely it could not be in 1530, as the complete edition of the poem, with the praises of the emperor, was not published till 1532. In a manuscript book, delivered down for the hand-writing of his son Virginio, are these words: *E non bain che fosse coronato.* But, in a public instrument between his son Virginio and his brother, in October 1542, we read as follows: *Cum annis decursis animam egerit magnificus et Laureatus D. Ludovicus Arcostus, &c.* both which, the manuscript book and instrument, are in my possession. In a letter of Galasso Ariosto it it said, that Ariosto had scarce published the last edition of his work when he fell ill, and died after

[7] Among other productions that took their rise from the poem of Ariosto, Mazzuchelli tells us, that, in 1530, the whole poem was turned into a spiritual sense, and that Giulio Cesare Croce, in 1607, formed from it another work, on the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

[8] Minchenio.

eight months. The publication was in October 1532, and it is difficult to suppose that he could be crowned in November, the time mentioned. Yet the epitaph, caused to be engraved by his nephew's son Ludovico, sets forth the coronation. If Pigna and Garaldo affirm that he fell ill in December, it may be understood that he then took to his bed; and as to the medal of Ariosto crowned, nothing can be proved from that."

To this Mazzuchelli adds, that we may refer to the declaration of Franco, who asserts that he was not crowned; and concludes the argument, by opposing to all these, the authority of the exact Apostolo Zeno, who observes, that Franco petulantly denies that Ariosto was crowned poet, though, besides other testimonies, we have the exclusive privilege granted him by Charles V.

I have thus laid before the reader the chief arguments on the subject, that he may form his own opinion of a fact, which, upon the whole, appears to me at least extremely doubtful; and, indeed, the difficulty attending the proof of a matter, that must have been of such notoriety, and surely upon public record, is to me a forcible presumption against the fact itself, since we see that the account of this kind of honour, which was two hundred years before conferred on the poet Petrarch, has been brought down to us without any equivocal circumstances.

"The custom," says Dr. Burney*, "of crowning persons who had distinguished themselves in poetry and music, which was almost as ancient as the arts themselves, subsisted till the reign of the emperor Theodosius, when the Capitoline games, being regarded as remnants of superstition, were utterly abolished. It was not till near the time of Petrarch that poetry recovered its ancient lustre or importance, or was invested with its former prerogatives."

It may not here be altogether foreign to my subject, or unentertaining to the English reader, whose curiosity may probably be excited by the mention of so extraordinary a ceremony, to give an account of this honour, which, as we have before mentioned, was bestowed on Petrarch; the particulars of which I shall transcribe from the elegant Life of that poet, published in the year 1775.

"Orso, count of Anguillara, was senator of Rome, when Petrarch arrived there in the spring of 1341, and was to continue in office but a few weeks longer. The day of the ceremony being fixed, the assembly was convoked early in the morning on Easter-day, which happened to be very serene and favourable to the solemnity. The trumpets sounded, and the people, eager to view a ceremony that had been discontinued for so many years, ran in crowds to behold it. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dressed in the most sumptuous manner, who sprinkled as much perfumed waters on the poet, as would serve for a year in the kingdom of Spain.

"Petrarch appeared at last at the capitol, preceded by twelve young men in scarlet habits. These were chosen out of the first families in Rome, and recited his verses; while he, adorned with the robe of state which the king of Naples had given him, followed in the midst of six of the principal citizens clothed in green, with crowns of flowers on their heads: after whom came the senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. When he was seated in his place, Petrarch made a short harangue upon a verse drawn from Virgil: after which, having cried three times, 'Long live the people of Rome! Long live the senator! God preserve them in liberty!' he kneeled down before the senator, who, after a short discourse, took from his head a crown of laurel, and put it upon Petrarch's, saying, 'This crown is the reward of merit.' Then Petrarch recited a fine sonnet on the heroes of Rome. This sonnet is not in his works.

"The people shewed their joy and approbation by loud and repeated shouts; by clapping their hands, and crying out several times, 'Long flourish the capitol! Long live the poet!' Stephen Colonna then spoke; and, as he truly loved Petrarch, he gave him that praise which comes from the heart.

"When the ceremony in the capitol was ended, Petrarch was conducted in pomp, with the same retinue, to the church of St. Peter, where, after a solemn mass, and returning thanks to God for the honour he had received, he took off his crown to place it among the offerings, and hung it up on the arch of the temple.

"The same day the count of Anguillara had letters patent drawn up, by which the senators, after a very flattering preface, declare Petrarch to have merited the title of a great poet and historian; and that at Rome, and in every other place, by the authority of king Robert, the Roman senate and the people of Rome, he should have full liberty to read and comment on poetry and history, or on any of the

* See History of Music, vol. ii. p. 329.

works of the ancients, and to publish any of his own productions, and to wear, on all solemn occasions, the crown of laurel, beech or myrtle, and the poetic dress. In fine, they declare him a citizen of Rome, with all the privileges thereof, as a reward for the affection he has always expressed for the city and republic.

"Petrarch was then brought to the palace of the Colonnas, where a magnificent feast was prepared for him, at which were assembled all the nobility and men of letters in Rome[28]."

To return to Ariosto. The name of this poet is still held in that kind of veneration by his countrymen with which the English consider their Shakespeare. Antonio Zatta, in his edition of Ariosto's works of 1772, relates, that a chair and ink-standish, which, according to tradition, belonged to Ariosto, were then in the possession of Il Signor Dottore Giovanni Andrea Barotti, at Ferrara, and that a specimen of his hand-writing was preserved in the public library of that city. The republic of Venice did him the honour to cause his picture to be painted, and hung up with the senators and other illustrious men in the great council hall, which was afterwards destroyed by fire.

It appears, however, that Ariosto did not finally receive from his professed patrons those rewards, or obtain that establishment, to which he thought his merits had entitled him. Probably the government of Grafagnana added more to his reputation than his fortune; and, from what he says in several parts of his Satires, he was by no means satisfied with his patrons of Ferrara. Nothing particular is recorded of the benefactions of the cardinal to him, before he incurred the displeasure of that prelate. The duke, indeed, gave him two assignments on certain gabels or taxes, the first of which ceased with the abolition of the tax; and the second, which produced him only twenty-five crowns every fourth month, collected, as he says himself, with great trouble, was contested and withheld from him during the wars of Lombardy; and some say, that the cardinal, upon withdrawing his patronage, deprived him of this slender advantage. Ariosto himself seems to impute his loss to the duke, and speaks thus on the subject, in his satire addressed to A. M. Sigismundo Malaguzzi.

Tu dei saper, che la mia voglia avara
Unqua non fù; ch'io solea star contento
De lo stipendio, che trass in Ferrara.
Ma non sai forse; come uscì poi lento
Succedendo la guerra, e come valse,
Il duca che restasse in tutto spento.

Thou know'st I ne'er was tutor'd wealth to crave,
Content with what Ferrara's patrons gave,
Th' allotted stipend——but thou 'rt yet to know
Succeeding wars had made the stipend low.
At length (so will'd the duke) the gain decreas'd
To less from little, till the whole had ceas'd.

Satire iv.

Such were the great advantages which he derived from those in whose service he had engaged, and whose names he had immortalized by his Muse.

Two medals are said to have been struck, both bearing his effigies, but the devices different; on the first was figured a serpent, over which was suspended a hand, with a pair of shears ready to cut off the head or sting; and the other representing a bee-hive, where the bees are driven from their habitation with fire and smoke, that the countryman may possess himself of their honey. The motto of both these medals was *Pro bono malum*. Some affirm, that these devices were of Ariosto's invention; the first to express the nature of his detractors; and the second, to show that, instead of honours and rewards for his labours, he met only with scoff and derision, alluding to the reception given his Orlando by the cardinal, who, having perused it, asked him, with the most tasteless indifference, where he had collected so many fooleries. Every reader of fine taste, with which fine feeling is inseparable, will form some idea of the poet's thoughts at that time, and may recollect the like illiberal reflection of the statesman Burleigh, on queen Elizabeth's bounty to our own Spenser, *All this for a song*.

Dolce relates, that he caused the device of the serpent to be prefixed to the second edition of his poem; but that in the third he changed it into the bee-hive. In an edition of the Orlando, printed at

[28] Life of Petrarch, vol. i. p. 237.

Bologna in 1540, is a device in the title-page of two serpents, with a hand and shears; the tongue of one of these serpents is cut out, with this motto round them: *Dilexisti malitiam super benignitatem.*

With respect to pope Leo X. the acknowledged patron of literature and arts, whom Fornari calls particularly liberal to poets, and by whom he relates that Ariosto was highly esteemed, he is said to have made him a present of some hundred crowns for the prosecution of his work, though Ariosto himself is silent upon that head; and yet in the verses published by Gabriele Simeoni, in his satire upon Avarice, are these lines:

Successe a lui Leon poi lume e specchio
De corte-ia, che fu la cagion prime,
Che all' Ariosto ancor porgiamo orecchio.

Leo to him succeeds, in whom we find
The light and mirror of a courteous mind:
To him we owe, that now, in tuneful strains,
Great Ariosto's page our ear detains.

And in the margin is this note: "Leo X. gave Ariosto several hundred crowns to complete his work."

Upon the exaltation of Leo X. to the papal chair, he paid a visit to that pontiff, with great expectations of advantage, as appears from his 7th satire. The pope gave him a very gracious reception, and gave him a grant of half the profits of a certain bull, the amount of which is altogether unknown; and possibly the sum arising from this may be the donation meant by Simeone. It is however certain, that he left Rome dissatisfied in his expectation: he declares that Fortune, when she raises men to dignities, dips them in Lethe: at the same time he bears testimony to the pope's honourable reception of him.

Testimonio son io di quel ch'io scrivo,
Ch'io nol 'ho ritrovato, quando il piede,
Gli baccia prima, di memoria privo.
Piegassi a me de la beata sede,
La mano e poi le gote ambi mi prese,
E'l santo baccio in amendue mi diede.
De mezo quella bolla anco cortese
Mi fù, de la qual ora il mio Bibiena
Espedito m' ha il resto a le mie spese.

This well I know, this truth can well attest,
When with my lips his reverend foot I prest'd,
He seem'd not mindless of his grace design'd,
But lowly from his blessed seat declin'd:
My hand he gracious took, on either side,
He to my cheek a holy kiss apply'd;
And more—he gave me half the bull to share,
Consign'd me, at my cost, by Bibiena's care.

Sat. iii.

But it seems that Ariosto had raised his thoughts to some great ecclesiastical preferment; on which occasion signor Rolli observes, that one reason why he was not preferred was, that he was devoted to Alphonso of Ferrara, whom the pope hated, and therefore could not give our author a cardinal's hat. Leo died in 1521, six years after the first publication, and the year in which Ariosto published the third edition of his poem. Perhaps had he lived longer, the poet might have experienced further marks of his generosity.

A very extraordinary circumstance is related, and has been received as truth by some, that pope Leo X. exerted the authority and influence of his apostolic character in promoting the success of Ariosto's poem, and that he went so far as to publish a bull in favour of the Orlando Furioso, denouncing the censure of excommunication on all those who should presume to find fault with that performance. Bayle, in his article of Leo X. gravely propagates the story in these words: Etoit ce garder le decorum de la papauté que d'expedier une bulle si favorable aux poésies de l'Arioste, Hippolite en jugea très bien, quand il dit, "D'où avez vous pris tant de fadaises." Leo fut plus debonnaire en menaçant d'excommunication ceux qui les blameroient ou empêcheroient le profit de l'imprimeur.

This matter was very likely to be caught up by Voltaire, who accordingly alludes to it, with his usual gaiety, in his last opinion given of Ariosto[11].

Upon a close inquiry it will perhaps appear, that there was no other foundation for this story than a diploma or licence granted by Leo for the sale of the work, and this merely from his authority as a temporal prince, in the same manner as patents or privileges are granted in other nations by their respective sovereigns.

We learn from Fontanini, that to the third edition of Ariosto's poem in 1521, published at Ferrara, was a diploma of Leo X. for printing the work (privativa della stampa), written by cardinal Jacobo Sadoleto, secretary of the briefs; and that other diplomas of the same nature were granted to Ariosto by the king of France, by the Venetians, by the Florentines, by the Genoese, and other powers. Apostolo Zeno relates that he had seen a fourth edition, which had once been in the possession of Peter Aretine, in the blank leaf of which were several poetical pieces by that poet; and that in the beginning was a diploma of Clement VII. written by Palladio Blosio, secretary of the briefs, dated January 1532, which grants to Ariosto the privilege of printing, publishing, and vending his Orlando Furioso, with any additions or corrections,—*imprimere, corrigere, et supplere, et in melius reformare.*

In the college library at Winchester is an old edition of a Greek Pindar, printed at Rome in 1515, the year in which Ariosto's work was first published, with a diploma or privilege of Leo X. in the title-page[12], and in 1513, a patent for printing masses, set to music, was granted by the same pope to Ottavio Petruccio.

After what has been said, I believe there can be little reason to doubt but that this pretended bull of Leo was nothing more than a common licence to a book, granted in the customary forms; which circumstance appears to have been violently exaggerated, from the religious fury of the times, to cast an odium on the papal authority in general, and on Leo in particular; and has since been received without examination.

The general character and qualities of Ariosto may be, in some sort, gathered from the foregoing narrative, to which his Italian biographers have added the following particulars.

In his conversation he was modest and affable to every body, demeaning himself in such a manner, as if altogether unconscious of that great superiority which Nature had given him: he was close in argument and ready in repartee, but was seldom observed to laugh more than became the dignity of a philosopher: yet, though his temper was rather inclined to melancholy, which is perhaps the nature of every great genius, he was very remote from a rigid disposition; being particularly open and sprightly in his conversation with women, by whom his company was much coveted. He was an avowed enemy to ceremony, though always ready to pay due respect to place and rank. He abhorred all those dignities that could only be acquired by servility: he was a sincere lover of his country, loyal to his prince, and steady in his friendships. In his diet he was abstemious, making only one meal a day, and that generally towards the evening, and was neither curious for variety or luxuries, being indeed a contemner of luxury in general.

Io non hò molto gusto di vivande,
Che scalco sia, fui degno esser' al mondo,
Quando vivevan gli uomini di ghiande.

I little heed what plenteous wealth affords,
Where costly dainties pile luxurious boards:
Well had I liv'd, when man to hardship bred,
In early times on simple acorns fed!

Sat. ii.

While he was composing his Orlando, he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and cause his servant Gianni to bring him pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote down what had immediately occurred to his imagination, which in the day he communicated to his friends.

His integrity was incorruptible, as appears by what he says to his brother Galasso of the old man,

[11] See preface, page 12.

[12] Impressi Romæ per Zachariam Calergi Cretensem, per minus S. D. N. Leonis X. Pont. Max. est etiam conditione, ut negotis aliis per quinquennium hos imprimere, aut venundare libros possit, utque qui secus fecerit, is ab universa Dei Ecclesia, toto orbe terrarum expers excommunicatusque censatur.

who, being possessed of great wealth, was fearful of being poisoned by his relations, and therefore would trust himself in no hands but Ariosto.

His affection as a son and brother, is seen from the care he took of his family, after the death of his father: concerning his mother, he thus tenderly expresses himself:

L'eta di nostra madre mi percuote
Di pieta il cuor, che da tutti a un tratto
Senz' infamia lasciata esser non puote.

I view my mother's age with pitying eye,
That draws my soul by every tender tie:
Shall she be left by all? forbid it shame,
And every duty to a parent's name!

Sat. ii.

He took great delight in building, but was an economist in his expenses that way: A friend once expressing an astonishment, that he, who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should be contented with so poor a dwelling; Ariosto answered very aptly, that "words were much easier put together than bricks;" and leading him to the door of his house, pointed to this distich which he had caused to be engraved on the portico:

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus.

Small is my humble roof, but well design'd
To suit the temper of the master's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supply'd.

Notwithstanding what has been mentioned of his personal bravery in the engagement between the pope's vessels and the duke's, he is reported to have been naturally of a timid disposition: when on horseback he would alight on the least appearance of danger: he was particularly timorous on the water; and when he went out of a vessel, would always stay till the last, frequently using this expression, *de poppe semissimus exi*: in every other respect his temper was firm and unruffled.

His son Virginio has left behind him the following particulars relative to his father, which we will insert in his own words, as the least matter of information must gratify curiosity in the life of so extraordinary a man.

"He was never satisfied with his verses, but continually altering them. He was very fond of gardening, but so frequently varying his design, that he never suffered any plant to remain above three months; at the same time he knew little of botany. I remember, that once imagining he had planted capers, he was highly pleased to see them thrive so well, till at last, instead of capers, he found that he had planted elder. Of authors he highly approved Virgil and Tibullus: he greatly extolled Horace, but thought little of Propertius.

"He made no distinction in his food, but always eat of that which was next him, and often eat a small loaf or roll after he had dined. He was in general so lost in meditation, that he attended little to what passed. It so happened that a stranger once came to visit him at dinner-time, and while his guest was talking, Ariosto eat the meat that was set before him; for which being afterwards reproved by his brother, he only coolly replied, 'That the loss was the stranger's, and that he ought to have taken care of himself.'"

Sir John Harrington has given the following anecdote of Ariosto, for which he has not mentioned his authority, and which does not appear in any of the biographers or commentators consulted in writing this life. Take the relation in sir John's own words.

"As he himself could pronounce very well, so it was a great penance to him to hear others pronounce ill that which himself had written excellent well. Insomuch as they tell of him, how coming one day by a potter's shop that had many earthen vessels ready made to sell on his stall, the potter fortuned, at that time, to sing some stave or other out of Orlando Furioso, I think where Rinaldo requested his horse to tarry for him, in the first book, the 22d stanza;

Ferma, Baiardo mio, deh, ferma il piede
Che l'esser senz di troppo mi nuoce.

Stay, my Bayardo, stay!—thy flight restrain,
Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord.

"Or some such grave matter fit for a potter: but he plotted the verses out so ill-favouredly (as might well beseem his dirty occupation), that Ariosto being, or at least making semblance to be, in a great rage withal, with a little walking-stick he had in his hand, brake divers of the pots: the poor potter, put quite beside his song, and almost beside himself, to see his market half marred before it was a quarter done, in a pitiful tone or manner, between railing and whining, asked what he meant, to wrong a poor man that had never done him injury in all his life!—'Yes, varlet!' quoth Ariosto, 'I am yet scarce even with thee for the wrong thou hast done me here before my face; for I have broken but half a dozen base pots of thine, that are not worth so many half-pence, but thou hast broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine worth a mark of gold[13].'"

A story of the same kind has been likewise told of Camöens; and Mr. Mickle observes, that "both these silly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arcesilaus, where the same dull humour is told of Philoxenus. He heard some brickmakers mistune one of his songs, and, in return, destroyed a number of their bricks[14]."

He was of an amorous constitution, and very apt to receive impressions from every beautiful object; violent in his attachments, impatient of a rival; but in his amours he was discreet, cautious, and secret. It has been said that he might possibly allude to this by the sculpture of his ink-standish, on the top of which was a Cupid, with his fore-finger placed on his lip, as an emblem of silence. This disposition to gallantry, which he retained to the last year of his life, is confirmed by many parts of his writings.

Pensi, chi vuol, ch'el tempo i lacci scioglia
Che amore anoda, e che ci dorrem' anco,
Nomando questa leve e bassa voglia;
Ch'io per me voglio al capel nero e bianco,
Amare ed esortar che sempre s'ami,
E se in me tal voler dee venir manco;
Spezzi or la parca all mia vita i stami.

There are who think, that time, with stealing hand,
Dissolves the knot of Cupid's tender band;
That frozen age ill suits with amorous fire,
When wisdom bids us scorn each frail desire:
For me, let graceful ringlets deck my head,
Or hoary snows my wrinkled temples spread;
Still must I love—still woo the melting dame,
Exhorting all to love—but when the flame
Is quite extinct, the Sisters' fatal shears
May cut my thread, and end my useless years.

Elegy xv.

The names of the women, whom he loved, do not appear to be mentioned, except one whom he is said to be strongly attached to, of the name of Geneura, to whom he is supposed to allude in his sonnet.

Quel' arboscel, che in le solinghe rive
All' aria spiega i rami ovidi et irti,
E d'odor vince i pin gli abeti e i mirti,
E lieto e verde al caldo e al ghiaccio vive,
Il nome hà di colei che mi prescrive
Termine e leggi a' travagliati spirti,
Da cui seguir non portrian' scille e sirti
Ritarmi, o le brumali ore o l'estive.
E se benigno influsso di pianeta,
Lunghe vigilie od amorosi sproni

[13] Sir John Harrington's Life of Ariosto. [14] Mickle's Life of Camoens.

Son per condurmi ad onorata meta;
Non voglio, o Febo, o Bacco, mi perdoni,
Che lor fronde mi mostrino poeta;
Ma che un Ginebro sia che mi coroni.

You tree, that near the rivulet's pleasing scene
Than pines or myrtles sweeter scents the gale,
Whose boughs, for ever gay, for ever green,
Nor drop in summer, nor in winter fail,
Bears her dear name[9], whose beauties fill my heart,
And o'er my senses boundless sway maintain;
From whom no change can force me to depart,
While Fortune shifts her vary'd face in vain!
Should some fair planet, from benignant skies,
Befriend a lover's cares, a lover's sighs,
And kindly lead him to the goal design'd,
Tho' haply Phœbus chide, or Bacchus frown,
Their slighted leaves shall ne'er my temples crown,
But this lov'd tree my happy brows shall bind.

Sonnet vii.

In his early life he contracted an intimacy with a noble Florentine called Nicolo Vespucci, whom he accompanied into Florence in 1513, being then thirty-nine years old, to perfect himself in the Tuscan dialect, and to be present at the magnificent ceremony used at the feast of St. Baptist: here he fell violently in love with a kinswoman of Vespucci, whom he found preparing a dress of silver embroidered with purple for her sons to appear in at the jousts. Ariosto, who was then deeply engaged in writing his poem, is supposed, from this circumstance, to have taken the idea of that beautiful simile in the twenty-fourth book, when he describes the wound received by Zerbino from the hand of Mandricardo.

Le lucide arme il caldo sangue intriga,
Pen sin al piè di rubiconda riga,
Così tal hora, un bel purpureo mostro
Ho veduto partir tela d'argento,
Da quella bianca man più ch' alabastro
Da cui partir il cor sepesso mi sento.

The warm blood issu'd with a crimson tide,
And, trickling down, his shining armour dy'd:
So have I seen a purple floweret spread,
And stain the silver vest with blushing red;
Wrought by her snowy hand with matchless art,
That hand, whose whiteness oft has pierc'd my heart.

It has been the opinion of some, that he was privately married, but that he was obliged to keep it secret for fear of forfeiting some church benefices which he enjoyed: some go so far as to say, that his wife's name was Alexandra, and that he alludes to her in these lines. Ori. Fur. b. xx.

Alessandra gentil ch'umida aven,
Per la pietà del giovanetto i rai.

Fair Alexandra, in whose gentle eyes,
Tears, for the youth, in sweet compassion rise.

Concerning the person of Ariosto, he was rather above the common size, of a countenance generally grave and contemplative, as appears from the admirable picture painted by Titian: his head was partly bald; his hair black and curling; his forehead high; his eye-brows raised; his eyes black and sparkling; his nose large and aquiline; his lips well formed; his teeth even and white; his cheeks rather thin, and his complexion inclining to the olive; he was well made, except that his shoulders

[9] *Ginebro*, or *Genaro*, the juniper-tree, which, by the liberty the Italians give themselves, may be supposed to stand for *Geneura*.

were somewhat large, which made him appear to stoop a little; his walk was slow and deliberate, as indeed were his actions in general.

Ariosto left behind him two sons by Alexandra, who were always considered illegitimate; Virginio before named, and J. Baptista; the first of whom being brought up under his father, who took great pains to instruct him, was made a canon of the house of Ferrara, and Ariosto resigned a great part of his benefices to him: the latter went very young into the army, and, having acquired considerable reputation as a soldier, returned to Ferrara a little while before Ariosto's death, and died himself an officer in the duke's service.

Ariosto is reported to have met his dissolution with the utmost composure, and to have told some of his friends, who were present at his last moments, that he left the world without the least reluctance; and the more so, because, as he believed, that, in another state, men would know each other, he was impatient to meet again so many friends that had gone before him.

He was interred in the church of St. Benedict, under a plain monument, which was afterwards enriched with a number of inscriptions in the Greek, Latin, and Tuscan languages, the greatest wits contending to celebrate his memory.

Ariosto, among his other Latin pieces, left the following epitaph written for himself, but which an Italian writer of his life supposes to have been considered as too ludicrous to be made use of upon the occasion:

LUDOVICUS ARIOSTUS humanitur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hoc humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,
Sive hæredis benignior comes, seu
Opportunus incidens viator;
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut curam caperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit,
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberet is sepulchrum[16].

The false thought on which the whole point of this epitaph turns, has been lately justly exposed in an observation on a similar one written by Pope for himself:

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

"When a man is once buried, the question under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made[17]."

The death of Ariosto was lamented by every good man, and the monks of St. Benedict, contrary to their usual custom, attended his body to the grave; and so great was their veneration of his name, that they would, by no means, consent that his bones should be afterwards removed to a chapel or sepulchre erected for him by his son Virginio, in the garden belonging to his house, which was afterwards destroyed by an ignorant builder, without the concurrence and to the great mortification, of the owners of the dwelling. However, many years after, signor Agostino Mosti, who had a sincere regard for the memory of Ariosto, having been early initiated by him in the knowledge of polite letters, and who was concerned that so great a man should want a monument worthy of him, resolved to build one that should be answerable to the veneration he had for his many virtues. He therefore caused a marble sepulchre to be erected at his own expense in the same church of St. Benedict, adorned with proper emblems, and a fine statue of Ariosto; and to shew the zeal with which he paid this last duty to his master, he

[16] The bones of Ludovico Ariosto are buried under this marble, under this turf, or under whatever pleases his bountiful heir, or perhaps more bountiful friend; or stranger who shall take this charge upon him: he could not look into the future, but was not solicitous, while living, to prepare an urn for his remains; yet, while living, he prepared these lines to be inscribed on his tomb, if such a tomb should ever be obtained.

[17] Dr. Johnson's Preface to Pope's Works.

deposited, with his own hands, the bones of this illustrious poet in their new sepulchre, with the following inscription, and the annexed verses composed by Lorenzo Frizoli.

D. O. M.

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO, Poetæ Patricio Ferrariensi, Augustinus Mustus tanto Viro, ac de se bene merenti tumulum et effigiem, marmor ære proprio P. C. Anno Salutis MDLXXXIII. VIII. Idus Junii Alphonso II. Duce. Vixit ann. LXX. Obiit Ann. Salut. MDXXXIII. Idus Junii.

Hic Arcostus est situs, qui comica
Aures theatris parsit urbanas sale,
Satyraque mores strinxit acer improbos,
Heroa cultus qui furentem carmine
Ducesque curas cecinit, atque prælia,
Vates corona dignus unus triplici,
Cui trina constant, quæ fuere vatibus
Græcis, Latinis, vixque Etruscis, singula.

But in the year 1612 a new and more magnificent monument was erected for him by his nephew's son Ludovico Ariosto, with the effigies of the poet, and two statues representing Glory and Poetry: to this his bones were removed, for the third time. This monument is still to be seen in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara, with the following inscription:

D. O. M.

Ter illi Maximo, atque ore omnium celeberrimo vati, a Carolo V. coronato, nobilitate generis, atque animi claro, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis publicis, in gravissimis ad summos Pontifices Legaticonibus prudentia, consilio, eloquentia, præstantissimo, Ludovicus Arcostus pronepos, ne quid domesticæ pietati, ad tanti viri gloriam cumulandam defuisse videri possit, magno Patruo, cujus cana hic vere condita sunt P. C. Anno Salutis MDCXII. Vixit An. LIX. Obiit An. Salut. MDXXXIII. VIII. Idus Junii.

Notus et Hesperiis jacet hic Ariostus et Indis,
Cui Musa æternum nomen Hetrusca dedit,
Seu satyram in vitio exacuit, seu comica lusit,
Seu cecinit grandi bella ducesque tuba,
Ter summus vates! cui summi in vertice Pindi,
Ter gemina licuit cingere fronde comas!

Here Ariosto lies, whose deathless name
From east to west the Muses crown with fame;
Whose pointed satire lash'd the vicious age;
Whose comic scenes inspir'd the laughing stage;
Whose martial trumpet, breathing loud alarms,
Could sing of mighty chiefs and bruising arms.
Hail, matchless bard! for Pindus' summit born,
Whose happy brows the triple bays adorn!

GENERAL VIEW

OF

BOYARDO'S STORY,

AS CONNECTED WITH

ARIOSTO.

CHARLEMAIN, having proclaimed a solemn feast and tournament in Paris, at which were present many foreign princes and knights from various parts of the world, as well Pagan as Christian, on a certain day, when all the nobles and strangers were assembled, an unknown knight and lady entered the hall, attended by four giants of a dreadful stature. The lady, whose personal charms dazzled all the spectators, addressed herself to the emperor; and begging an audience, told him, that her name was Angelica, that she came with her brother Uberto, from a distant kingdom, attracted by the fame of the magnificence of his court; that her brother, who earnestly desired to prove his valour with the warriors then present, was ready to meet any of them in the field, whether Saracen or Christian, upon condition, that whoever was unhorsed by him should immediately become his prisoner; but that if he himself should be overthrown, he promised to depart with his giants, and leave his sister as the prize of the conqueror: she concluded with saying, that her brother would expect them at his pavilion without the city.

The lady, having received a gracious answer, retired with her company, while every knight, captivated with her charms, felt the utmost impatience to enter the list with the stranger: but above the rest, Orlando, whose eyes had been riveted on so beautiful an object, confessed the prison of love, though he studiously endeavoured to conceal his inward emotions: even Namus could not resist the power of such perfections, nor was Charlemain himself wholly exempted from the general contagion.

In the mean time Malagigi, a cousin to Rinalda, who was deeply skilled in magic, suspecting that the uncommon visit of these strangers foreboded no good to the Christians, had recourse to his art; and upon consulting his spirits, received intelligence, that the lady was daughter to Galapheon, king of Cathay; that the knight her brother was not called Uberto, but Argalia; that the king their father, to effect a great design which he meditated, had procured for his son a suit of enchanted armour, a golden lance of such hidden virtue, that the least touch of it would dismount the stoutest warrior, and a horse of incomparable swiftness: to these gifts he added a ring of such wonderful efficacy, that being conveyed into the mouth it made the person invisible, and, being worn upon the finger, had the power to frustrate all enchantments: but that the king confided chiefly in the beauty of his daughter, not doubting but her charms would fascinate the champions of Charlemain, and that she would bring them prisoners to the throne of Cathay.

Malagigi having heard this, conceived the design of delivering his country from the impending danger: he caused himself to be transported, by his spirits, to the pavilion of Argalia, whom he found asleep, with Angelica near him, guarded by the four giants: these he soon cast into a deep slumber by the force of his spells, and drew his sword, with a determination to put an end to the life of this dangerous beauty: but, as he approached her, he began to feel sensations of a very different nature, till, every resolution giving way to the softer passions that inspired him, from a nearer view of her charms, he could no longer resist the powerful impulse, but advanced to embrace her.

Angelica, who had the ring upon her finger, which preserved her from the force of his incantations, suddenly awaked, and, finding herself in the arms of a man, uttered a loud cry: Argalia ran to her assistance, and seized Malagigi, while the princess made herself mistress of his magical book, and, call-

ing upon his spirits, commanded them to convey the prisoner to her father's kingdom; which was performed in an instant.

In order to put an end to the dissension that had arisen in the Christian court, each champion claiming the preference to enter first the list with Argalia, the emperor commanded that lots should be drawn; when the names that appeared were Astolpho, Ferrau, Rinaldo, and next Charlemain, who would not be excluded, notwithstanding his age: after these came a number more before the name of Orlando appeared.

Astolpho being armed, as the first on the list of combatants, presented himself to encounter Argalia, was unhorsed by the golden lance, and sent prisoner into the pavilion. Next morning, at daybreak, Ferrau, a Spanish knight, came from the city to try his fortune, and was overthrown in the same manner: but refusing to yield to the conditions of the combat, the giants endeavoured to seize his person; these he slew, and compelled Argalia to engage him on foot. Angelica, fearing the issue of their combat, fled; when Argalia, perceiving her flight, followed her, and was as suddenly pursued by Ferrau.

Ferrau, after some time, entering the forest of Arden, found Argalia asleep, who had not been able to overtake his sister. The Spaniard, determined that he should not escape him, turned Argalia's horse loose, and waited with the utmost impatience till his enemy awaked. An obstinate battle then ensued, till victory at last declared for Ferrau; when Argalia, finding himself mortally wounded, entreated that when he was dead, his body, with all his arms, might be thrown into the river, that no one might wear them after him, and reproach his memory for suffering himself to be vanquished when he was defended with impenetrable armour. Ferrau promised to grant his request, having first desired the use of his helmet for a few days, his own being demolished in the battle.

After the departure of Argalia, Angelica, and Ferrau, Astolpho having recovered his liberty mounted his horse, took the golden lance which Argalia had left behind him, and returned to the city; in his way he met Rinaldo, who was impatient to learn the issue of the combat; and, having heard what had passed, determined to go in search of Angelica.

Orlando, who had felt no ease since the appearance of the lovely stranger, after Astolpho's return, left the court of Charlemain, and set out likewise to follow Angelica, and in his way met with various adventures.

When Rinaldo first left the court of Charlemain to follow Angelica, he entered the forest of Arden, where he came to the enchanted fountain made by Merlin the magician, to cure sir Tristram of his passion for Isotta; but though it so happened that the knight never tasted of the water, yet the virtue of it remained ever after. Rinaldo arriving here drank of the fountain, and immediately found his love for Angelica converted into hatred: he then came to the other fountain, likewise the work of Merlin, called the Fountain of Love, which had the faculty of inspiring the breast with that passion: here, tempted by the beauty of the place, he alighted from his horse; yet, as he had before quenched his thirst, he drank not of the stream, but, stretching himself on the turf, soon fell into a profound sleep.

Angelica, who had fled while her brother was engaged with Ferrau, was led by chance to the same place where Rinaldo lay; the princess, fatigued with her flight, and invited by the clearness of the water, drank a large draught, and conceived a violent passion for the sleeping knight, whom she stood contemplating with inexpressible pleasure till he awaked. As soon as Rinaldo opened his eyes, and beheld Angelica, who was now become the object of his most bitter aversion, he remounted his horse and left the place with the utmost precipitation, in spite of the most moving entreaties which the love-sick virgin made use of to detain him.

About this time Gradasso, king of Sericana, having been long desirous to get possession of Durindana, Orlando's sword, and of Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, passed with a great army into France; and Orlando being absent, he defeated Charlemain in a general battle, and made him and many of his leaders prisoners. Charlemain promised, at the return of Orlando, to give up to him Durindana and Bayardo; but Astolpho, who was at Paris, and in possession of Bayardo, refused to resign him, and challenged Gradasso to the joust, whom he overthrew with the golden lance; when, according to the conditions of their encounter, Charlemain and all the prisoners were set at liberty: Gradasso then joined himself to Marsilius.

After the return of Angelica to India, Agrican, king of Tartary, and father of Mandricardo, demanded her in marriage; but being refused by her, he raised a great army, and besieged her in Albracca, the

capital of Cathay, inviting other nations to join him. Many gallant actions were performed at the siege. Orlando, Brandimart, Sacripant, Marphisa, Astolphe, and many others, took the part of Angelica; but Rinaldo, who at that time hated Angelica, from his having drank of the enchanted fountain, joined himself to her enemies: in consequence of which he had several encounters with Orlando. After various successes on either side, and an infinity of adventures engaged in by the several knights during the siege, Agrican was slain by Orlando in single combat; and Angelica, hearing that Rinaldo, whom she then loved, was gone to France, persuaded Orlando to accompany her thither; and after her departure, the enemies of Albracca, taking advantage of the absence of Orlando, and her other brave defenders, entered the city by storm, and reduced it to ashes.

When Angelica, after the taking of Albracca, returned to France with Orlando, she passed again through the forest of Arden, and in her way happened to drink of the fountain of hatred, which entirely obliterated her former passion. About the same time Rinaldo, meeting with the contrary fountain, drank of the waters of love.

While the siege of Albracca was carrying on, Agramant, the young king of Africa, only twenty-two years of age, and the bravest knight in the dominions of Africa, except Rodomont, king of Sarza, burning with desire to revenge the death of his father Troyano, slain by the Christians, ordered a council to be called in the city of Biserta, the capital of his empire, where two-and-thirty kings, his tributaries, being assembled, he proposed to them his design of invading the kingdom of Charlemain. After many debates it was at last resolved to transport a powerful force into France, notwithstanding the prophecy of the king of Garamanta, who declared that the expedition would prove fatal to Agramant and his army.

When the king of Garamanta had in vain endeavoured to dissuade Agramant from his designed invasion of France, he told the monarch, that there remained but one expedient by which he might hope to meet with any success against the Christians; this was, to take with him a young hero, named Rogero, who then resided with Atlantes, the magician, on mount Carena. Agramant having, in consequence of this advice, made many fruitless researches to find the fatal warrior, was directed, by the king of Garamanta, to procure the enchanted ring, then in possession of Angelica, daughter of Galaphron, king of Cathay, without which the retreat of Atlantes could never be discovered. Thereupon Agramant, offering great rewards to any one that would undertake this adventure, Brunello, a person of mean extraction, but well versed in the arts of fraud, engaged to perform it. Accordingly he went to Albracca, stole the ring from the princess, and brought it to Agramant, who, in recompence for his good service, made him king of Tingitana. In this excursion, Brunello likewise stole Sacripant's horse Frontino, Marphisa's sword, Orlando's sword Balisarda, which he had won from the enchantress Falerina, and the famous horn which he had taken from Almontes.

Agramant having got possession of this precious ring, went, with all his court, to the mountain where Atlantes was said to reside; and the ring having dispelled every mist that enchantment had cast before their eyes, they soon discovered the rock on which was the wonderful dwelling; but the height forbidding all approaches to it, Agramant, by the advice of Brunello, ordered a tournament to be held on the plain at the foot of the rock. Rogero, roused with the sound of the warlike instruments, and fired with the sight of horses and armour, which he stood for some time contemplating from the summit of the rock, at last made Atlantes, though with great reluctance, descend with him to the plain. Brunello, who carefully watched the success of his project, soon espied Rogero with Atlantes, and drawing near them, entered into conversation: Brunello was then completely armed and mounted on Frontino, when, observing that Rogero was struck with the beauty of his horse and armour, he presented them to him, and the young warrior impatiently arming himself, and girding Balisarda to his side, leaped on Frontino, and entered the lists, where he overthrew every opponent, and obtained the whole honour of the day. All the combatants were astonished at the valour of this unknown champion, till Agramant, having at last discovered him to be Rogero, whom he had so eagerly sought for, received him with open arms, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and engaged him to accompany him to France, notwithstanding all the arguments used by Atlantes to dissuade the king from taking Rogero with him in that expedition.

After encountering a variety of dangers and adventures, Orlando and Angelica arrived at the Christian camp, where Orlando and Rinaldo meeting, a dreadful combat ensued between them for the lady; but Charlemain interposing with his authority, put an end to the battle, and delivered Angelica to the care of Namus, duke of Bavaria [1].

[1] Here begins the action of Ariosto's poem.

Marsilius, king of Spain, being encamped near mount Albano, to which he prepared to lay siege, was joined by Rodomont, king of Sarza, who had passed from Africa before Agramant, and after having lost great part of his fleet in a storm, landed with the remainder of his forces near Monaco, where he met with a very warm reception from the Christians.

Charlemain, having collected the strength of the empire, marched with Orlando and Rinaldo to attack Marsilius, whose army being now reinforced by some of the bravest warriors, among whom were Rodomont and Ferrau, was able to make head against him. The battle was fought with great obstinacy on both sides. Orlando and Rinaldo, elevated with the hopes of possessing Angelica, performed prodigies of valour: Rodomont made great slaughter of the Christians, and Bradamant, sister to Rinaldo, signalized herself in a particular manner. In the mean time, Agramant, having embarked his forces at Biserta, was landed, and advanced with speedy marches towards mount Albano, bringing with him the flower of the African chivalry, among which was the young Rogero, who had been with difficulty drawn from the enchanted fortress, in which he had been shut by Atlantes, to avoid the destiny which threatened him, but whose presence, like that of Achilles, had been declared of the highest importance to the expedition. This young warrior was accompanied by Atlantes, who, since he could not divert his charge from the pursuit of glory, was prompted by his anxiety to be near him in time of danger.

The whole force of the Saracens being now united, the battle raged with redoubled fury. Rogero, having overthrown numbers of the Christians, at last singled out Orlando; when Atlantes, fearing the event of such an encounter, by his magic art fascinated the eyes of Orlando, who, believing that he saw Charlemain in danger, abruptly left the field, and was made prisoner in an enchanted garden. At this time Mandricardo joined the army of Agramant, when Rogero and Rinaldo being engaged in single combat, the Christians began to give ground; till, being entirely discouraged by the absence of Orlando, the rout became general, and the tide of fugitives and pursuers parted Rinaldo and Rogero.

During this general battle between the Pagans and Christians, Bradamant, being engaged in single combat with Rodomont, received intelligence from Rogero, who chanced to be a spectator of their battle, that Charlemain was in imminent danger; upon which she desired to go to his assistance: but Rodomont opposing this, Rogero took her quarrel upon himself, encountered Rodomont, and disarmed him, who then retired vanquished by the courtesy of his enemy. After the departure of the prince of Sarza, Bradamant, struck with the manly deportment of Rogero, was desirous to learn who he was, and received from him the account of his origin.

Bradamant, in return, discovered her birth and name, and, taking off her helmet, surprised the young warrior with her beauty. At this instant a band of Pagans fell in with them, one of whom wounded Bradamant in the head, which was then unarmed. Rogero, who had by this time conceived a violent passion for the fair warrior, and enraged at the brutality of the action, advanced furiously to revenge it on the author; the Pagans then attacked him all at once; and Bradamant, who now began to feel the tenderest sentiments for Rogero, immediately joined him: their united force soon got the better of their adversaries, who were either slain, or put to flight: but it so happened, that in the pursuit the two lovers were separated, this being their first meeting; after this Bradamant continued to go in search of Rogero, and arrived at the dwelling of a hermit, or friar, who healed the wound that she had received in her head. Afterwards falling asleep on the banks of a river, she was seen by Flordespina, daughter to king Marsilius, who was hunting in the forest, and, being deceived by the arms and dress of Bradamant, supposing her to be a man, fell deeply in love with her*.

Orlando, having been delivered by Brandimart, Rogero and Gradasso, from the enchanted garden, where he had been confined by Atlantes, arrived at Paris when the city was closely besieged by Agramant, Marsilius, Rodomont, Mandricardo, Ferrau, and the whole power of the Pagans. Orlando and Brandimart attacked the enemy with great slaughter, and Rodomont attempting to scale the walls was thrown down by Orlando. The city was however at last in imminent danger of being taken, having been fired in several places; but a great storm arising, with a sudden violent shower of rain, extinguished the flames, and put an end to the battle for that time.

Here the great action of Boyardo breaks off unfinished, and the subject is again taken up by Ariosto in the eighth book of the Orlando Furioso.

* This story is completed by Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, book xxv.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

TRANSLATED BY HOOLE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando arrives at the Christian camp with Angelica, where, to put an end to the discussion that had arisen between him and Rinaldo, she is taken from him by Charlemain, and given to the care of Namus. The Christian army is defeated, in a general battle, by the forces of Agramant and Marsilius. Angelica flies from the camp, and is met by Rinaldo, who fights for her with Ferrau, till the combat being broke off by the departure of the lady, they both go in search of her. Ferrau, endeavouring to recover his helmet from the river, sees the ghost of Argalia, who reproaches him with perjury. Angelica, having taken shelter in a bower, sees unexpectedly one of her former lovers, to whom she discovers herself: their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of a strange knight: a battle ensues: the stranger departing, they find Bayardo, Rinaldo's horse, and soon after meet Rinaldo himself.

DAMES, knights, and arms, and love! the deeds that spring
From courteous minds, and venturous feats, I sing[1]!
What time the Moors from Afric's hostile strand
Had cross the seas to ravage Gallia's land,
By Agramant, their youthful monarch, led,
In deep resentment for Troyano dead[2],
With threats on Charlemain t' avenge his fate,
Th' imperial guardian of the Roman state.
Nor will I less Orlando's acts rehearse,
A tale nor told in prose, nor sung in verse;
Who, once the flower of arms, and wisdom's boast,
By fatal love his manly senses lost.
If she, for whom like anguish wounds my heart,
To my weak skill her gracious aid impart,
The timorous bard shall needful succour find,
To end the task long ponder'd in his mind.
Vouchsafe, great offspring of th' Herculean line,
In whom our age's grace and glory shine,
Hippolito, these humble lines to take,
The sole return your poet e'er can make;
Who boldly now his gratitude conveys
In sheets like these, and verse for duty pays:
Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute small;
'T is all he has, and thus he offers all!
Here midst the bravest chiefs prepare to view
(Those honour'd chiefs to whom the lays are due)
Renown'd Ruggero, from whose loins I trace
The ancient fountain of your glorious race:
My Muse the hero's actions shall proclaim,
His dauntless courage, and his deathless fame;
So you awhile each weightier care suspend,
And to my tale a pleas'd attention lend.

Orlando[3], long with amorous passion fir'd,
The love of fair Angelica desir'd:
For her his arms immortal trophies won,
In Media, Tartary, and India known.
Now with her to the West he held his course,
Where Charlemain encamp'd his martial force,
And near Pyrene's hills his standard rear'd,
Where France and Germany combin'd appear'd,
That Spain and Afric's monarchs, to their cost,
Might rue their vain designs and empty boast:

[1] It is said cardinal Hippolito had been heard to declare that Ariosto was particularly difficult in composing the two first lines of his poem, and that he wrote them many times before he could satisfy himself. Marc Antonio Mureto, a most respectable writer of the 16th century, delivers himself thus on the subject: Audivi a maximis viris qui facillime id nosse poterant, Ludovicum Arcostum nobilissimum nobilissimæ domus præconem in duobus primis grandiosis illius poematis sui versibus, plusquam credi potest, laborasse, neque sibi prius animum explere potuisse, quam quum illos in eum partem diu multumque versasset.

[2] See General View of Bayardo's Story.

[3] Idib.

This, summon'd all his subjects to the field,
Whose hand could lift the spear, or falchion wield;
That, once again impell'd the Spanish race [4],
To conquer Gallia, and her realm declare.
And hither to the camp Orlando drew,
But soon, alas! his fatal error knew:
How oft the wisest err! how short the span
Of judgment here bestow'd on mortal man!
She, whom from distant regions safe he brought,
She, for whose sake such bloody fields he fought,
No sword unsheath'd, no hostile force applied,
Amidst his friends was ravish'd from his side.
This Charles had doom'd the discord to compose,
That 'twixt Orlando and Rinaldo rose,
Each kindred chief the beauteous virgin claim'd;
Deep hatred hence each rival heart inflam'd:
The king, who grieved to see the knights engage
With fatal enmity and jealous rage,
Remov'd th' unhappy cause, and to the care
Of great Bavaria's duke [6] consign'd the fair;
Yet promis'd he should bear the maid away,
His valour's prize, on that important day,
Whose arm could best the Pagan might oppose,
And strow the sanguine plain with lifeless foes.
But Heaven dispers'd these hopes in empty wind:
The Christian bands th' inglorious field resign'd [7];
The duke, with numbers more, was prisoner made;
The tents, abandon'd, to the foes betray'd.

The damsel, doom'd to yield her blooming charms,
A recompense to grace the victor's arms,
With terrour seiz'd, her ready palfrey took,
And, by a speedy flight, the camp forsook:
Her heart presag'd that fortune's fickle turn
That day would give the Christian bands to mourn.
As through a narrow woodland path she strayed,
On foot a warrior chased'd to meet the maid;
The shining cuirass, and the helm he wore,
His side the sword, his arm the buckler bore;
While through the woods he ran with swifter pace
Than village swains half naked in the race.
Not with such haste the timorous maiden flies,
Who, unaware, a latent snake espies;
As, when Angelica beheld the knight,
She turn'd the reins, and headlong urg'd her flight.
This was the Paladin for valour known,
Lord of mount Alban, and duke Aymon's son,
Rinaldo nam'd, who late, when fortune crost
The Christian arms, his steed Bayardo lost [8].
Soon as his eyes beheld th' approaching fair,
Full well he knew that soft enchanting air;
Full well he knew that face which caus'd his smart,
And held in love's strong net his manly heart.

Meantime th' affrighted damsel threw the reins
Loose on her courser's neck, and scour'd the plains;
Through open paths she fled, or tangled shade,
Nor rough nor bushy paths her course delay'd;
But pale and trembling, struck with deep dismay,
She lets her flying palfrey choose the way.
Now here, now there, amidst the savage wood
She wander'd, till she saw a running flood;
Where on the lonely banks Ferrau she view'd,
With dust and sweat his weary limbs bedew'd:
Late from the fight he came with toil oppress,
To quench his thirst, and taste the sweets of rest;
When soon returning to the bloody fray,
An unexpected chance compell'd his stay;
For where the flood its circling eddies toss,
His helmet [9], sunk amidst the sands, was lost.

Now to the stream the panting virgin flies,
And rends the air with supplicating cries;
The Pagan warrior, startled at the sound,
Leap'd from the shore, and cast his eyes around;
Till, earnest gazing, as she nearer drew,
Tho' pale with dread, the trembling fair he knew;
Then as a knight who courteous deeds profess'd,
And love, long since, enkindled in his breast;
Dauntless her person to defend he swore,
Though on his head [10] no fencing helm he wore.
He grasp'd his sword, and mov'd with haughty strides
To meet Rinaldo, who his force defy'd,
And oft had each the other's valour try'd.

And now, on foot, oppos'd, and man to man,
With swords unsheath'd, a dreadful fight began;
In vain did plate and mail their limbs enclose,
Not massy anvils could resist their blows.
While thus his utmost force each warrior try'd,
His foot again the virgin's palfrey ply'd;
At his full stretch she drives him o'er the plain,
And seeks the shelter of the woods again.

Long had the knights contended in the field,
Nor this nor that could make his rival yield;
With equal skill could each his weapon bear,
Practis'd alike in all the turns of war,
When Alhaz's lord with amorous fears possess'd,
First to the Spanish foe these words address'd:

"While thus on me your thoughtless rage you turn,
Yourself," he cry'd, "have equal cause to mourn;
If yonder dame, the sum of female charms,
Has fill'd your glowing breast with soft alarms,
What gain is yours?—Suppose me prisoner made,
Or breathless, by the chance of battle, laid;
Yet could you not possess the beauteous prize,
For while we linger here, behold she flies!
But if the passion you profess is true,
Then let us first Angelica pursue:
This wisdom bids—he first secur'd the fair,
And let the sword our title then declare;
Else what can all our fond contention gain,
But fruitless toil and unavailing pain?"

Ferrau with pleasure heard the Christian knight,
Then both agreed t' adjourn the bloody fight;
And now so firmly were they bound to peace,
So far did rage and rival hatred cease,
That in no wise the Pagan prince would view
Brave Aymon's son on foot his way pursue,

[4] "Marsilius, king of Spain, who being worsted by Gradasso, king of Sericane, did homage to him for his crown, and joined him: these princes afterwards turned their forces against Charlemain."
Orl. Inam. b. i. c. i, ii, &c.

[5] Orlando and Rinaldo were cousins.

[6] Namus, duke of Bavaria.

[7] At this part Ariosto takes up the story from Boyardo, but passes over the particulars of the battle, which had been fully described by his predecessor. See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[8] When Rinaldo, in the last general battle, dismounted to engage Rogero, who was on foot, his horse escaped from him,

[9] This circumstance of Ferrau leaving the battle, and losing his helmet in the river, is related by Boyardo.

[10] See note to book xii. ver. 318.

But courteous bad him mount the steed behind,
Then took the track Angelica to find.
O noble minds, by knights of old possess'd!
Two faiths they knew, one love their hearts profess'd;
And still their limbs the smarting anguish feel[11]
Of strokes inflicted by the hostile steel.
Through winding paths and lonely woods they go,
Yet no suspicion their brave bosoms know.
At length the horse, with double spurring, drew
To where two several ways appear'd in view;
When doubtful which to take, one gentle knight
For fortune took the left, and one the right.
Long through the devious wilds the Spaniard pass'd,
And to the river's banks return'd at last:
The place again the wandering warrior view'd,
Where late he dropp'd his casque amidst the flood;
Since all his hopes to find his love were vain,
Once more he sought his helmet to regain.
A tall young poplar on the banks arose;
From this a branch he hew'd and lopt the boughs:
A stake thus fashion'd with industrious art,
He rak'd the river round in every part:
When, rising from the troubled brook was seen
A youth with features pale and ghastly mien:
Above the circling stream he mis'd his breast;
His head alone was bare, all arm'd the rest:
His better hand the fatal helmet bore,
The helmet that in vain was sought before:
Full on Ferrau he turn'd with threatening look,
And thus the ghost th' astonish'd knight bespoke:
"Wretch! does this helm perplex thy faithless mind,
A helm thou shouldst have long ere this resign'd?
Remember fair Angelica, and view
In me her brother, whom thy weapon slew.
Didst thou not vow, with all my arms, to hide
My casque ere long beneath the whelming tide?
Though basely thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,
See juster fortune has my own restor'd:
Then murmur not—or, if thou still must grieve,
Lament that e'er thy falsehood could deceive."
But if thou seek'st another helm to gain,
Seek one that may no more thy honour stain:
Seek one perchance of stronger temper'd charms;
Such has Orlando, such Rinaldo arms:
Mambrino, this; Almontes, that possess'd[12];
By one of these thy brows be nobler prest!
But what I claim by sacred faith for mine,
Forbear to seek, and willingly resign."
The Saracen beheld, with wild affright,
The strange appearance of the phantom-knight;
Up rose his hair like bristles on his head,
His utterance fail'd him, and his colour fled.
But when he heard Argalia[13], whom he slew,
(Argalia was the name the warrior knew)
Reproach his tainted faith and breach of fame,
His haughty bosom glow'd with rage and shame.
Then by Lanfusa's life a sacred vow[14]
He made, to wear no head-piece o'er his brow,
But that which in fam'd Aspramont of yore,
From fierce Almontes' head Orlando tore.
And to this oath a due regard he paid,
And kept it better than the first he made.
Thence with sad steps in pensive mood he went,
And long remain'd in sullen discontent.
Now here, now there he seeks the Christian knight,
And in his panting bosom hopes the fight[15].
Rinaldo, who a different path had try'd,
As fortune led, full soon before him spy'd
His gallant courser bounding o'er the plain—
"Stay, my Bayardo, stay—thy flight restrain:
Much has thy want to day perplex'd thy lord—"
The steed, regardless of his master's word,
Through the thick forest fled with speed renew'd,
While, fir'd with added rage, the knight pursu'd.

[11] See note to book xii. ver. 212.

[12] I do not find these actions recorded in Boyardo, but, like many others mentioned in the work, Ariosto alludes to them as well-known incidents in the romance writers. In an old romance, in ottava rima, entitled Innamoramento di Rinaldo, apparently much prior to Ariosto, is a long account of a Pagan king, named Mambrino, who comes against Charlemain and the Christians with a vast army. He is at last killed by Rinaldo, but no particular mention is made of his helmet. This helmet of Mambrino, said by Ariosto to be won by Rinaldo, is the same which the reader must recollect to have seen so frequently mentioned in Don Quixote, and for which the knight of la Mancha took possession of a barber's bason. See Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iii. c. vii.

With respect to the death of Almontes, the following account is given in the romance poem of Aspramonte.

Almontes, son of Agolant, and brother to Troymo, having embarked from Africa to revenge the death of Garnieri king of Carthage, his grandfather, killed by Milo, father of Orlando, had performed many great actions and slain Milo. He one day came to a fountain called Sylvestra, which was said to be made by St. Silvester, and that by tasting these waters Constantine was converted. Almontes here fell asleep, and was soon after surprised by Charlemain. These two warriors then engaged in a dreadful combat, and Charlemain was very near being defeated; when Orlando, seeking Almontes, in order to revenge the death of his father, was met by a hermit, who incited him to go to the assistance of Charlemain. Orlando, having lost his sword, took an enormous mace or club from a dead Turk, and soon reached the fountain, where he attacked Almontes, who had just overpowered the emperor. Orlando, after an obstinate battle, killed Almontes, who, before his death, re-directed the prophecy of his sister Galicella, that he should die by a fountain. Orlando then took possession of the armour of Almontes, which was enchanted, and of his horn, together with his horse Brigliadoro, and his sword Durindana, both so celebrated in Ariosto. See Aspramonte, cant. six.

[13] For an account of the death of Argalia, see General View of Boyardo's Story.

[14] Lanfusa was the mother of Ferrau. Such kind of vows were common with the knights in romance: thus Don Quixote, in imitation of these, swears he will not rest till he has won a helmet by conquest. Don Quix. part i. b. ii. c. ii.

[15] We hear no more of Ferrau till the 18th book, ver. 169, where he is introduced as one of the knights confined in the enchanted palace of Atlantes.

Now turn we to Angelica, who speeds[16]
O'er savage wilds, and unfrequented meads;
Nor thinks herself secure, but swiftly scuds
Through the deep mazes of surrounding woods;
Starts at the leaves that rustle with the wind,
And thinks the knight pursues her close behind:
Each shadow that in hill or vale appears,
Again revolls Rinaldo to her fears!
So when a fawn or kid by chance has found,
Amidst the covert of his native ground,
His hapless dam some furious leopard's prize,
Who tears her throat and haunches as she lies;
Far from the dreadful sight, with terrour chas'd,
From grove to grove he flies with trembling haste;
While every bush he touches in his way,
He thinks the cruel savage gripes his prey.
Unconscious where she pass'd that day and night,
With half the next, the damsel urg'd her flight.
At length she came, where rose a bowery shade,
Whose nodding branches to the breezes play'd:
Two purling streams adorn the sylvan scene,
And clothe the turf with never fading green:
Along the meads they roll their easy tide,
The stones, with murmuring noise, their passage
chide.
Here hop'd the fair a safe retreat to find,
And fondly deem'd Rinaldo far behind:
O'ercome with toil, with burning heat oppress,
She sought to ease her limbs with needful rest. 250
Then lighting on the ground, she loos'd the reins,
And gave her steed to graze th' enamell'd plains.
Not distant far, an arbour struck her view,
Where flowery herbs and blushing roses grew:

[16] Tasso seems to have had a reference to this, and the former passage, ver. 95, in describing the flight of Erminia.

Mean while Erminia's rapid courser stray'd
Through the thick covert of the woodland shade;
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terrour glides.
Jerus. Del. b. vii. ver. 1.

Still flies the damsel to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind:
All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day, &c.
Ver. 13.

But our countryman Spenser more immediately follows Ariosto, in his account of Florimel, on a like occasion, in his Fairy Queen.

Like as an hind forth singled from the herd,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away, of her own feet afeard,
And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
Murmur of wind, her terrour hath encreast:
So fled fair Florimel from her vain fear,
Long after she from peril was relieast:
Each shade she saw, and each noise she did hear,
Did seem to be the same, which she escap'd whyleare.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued;
Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent,
Nor weariness to slack her haste, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey having conquered
The maist'ring reins out of her weary wrist,
Perforce her carried wherever he thought best.
B. iii. c. vii.

Close by the bower the glassy mirrour flow'd:
The bower was shelter'd with a waving wood
Of lofty oaks; the inner part display'd
A cool retreat amidst surrounding shade.
So thick the twining branches nature wove,
No sight, no sun could pierce the dusky grove:
A rising bank, with tender herbage spread,
Had form'd for soft repose a rural bed.
The lovely virgin here her limbs compos'd,
Till downy sleep her weary eyelids clos'd.
Not long she lay, for soon her slumber fled,
A trampling steed her sudden terrour bred:
When, rising silent, near the river's side,
A graceful warrior, sheath'd in arms, she spy'd.
Uncertain if she view'd a foe or friend,
Alternate hopes and fears her bosom rend.
The approaching stranger now his steed forsook,
And stretch'd his careless limbs beside the brook,
His arm sustain'd his head, and, lost in thought,
He seem'd a statue by the sculptor wrought.
An hour and more (my lord[17]) the pensive knight
With head reclin'd remain'd in mournful plight,
At length began with such a doleful strain,
To tell the list'ning woods his secret pain,
That parting rocks might tender pity show,
And savage tigers soften at his woe:
He sigh'd; his breast like flaming Etna glow'd,
While down his cheeks the tears like rivers flow'd.
"Ah me!" he cry'd, "whence comes this inward smart,
These thoughts that burn at once and freeze my heart!
What to a lowly wretch, like me, remains?
With happier speed the fruit another gains.
To me were scarcely words and looks address'd,
The last dear bliss another has possess'd.
Since then I neither fruit nor flowers enjoy,
Why slumbr her love in vain my peace destroy?
The spotless maid[18] is like the blooming rose
Which on its native stem unsully'd grows;
Where fencing walls the garden space surround,
Nor swains nor browsing cattle tread the ground:
The earth and streams their mutual tribute lend,
Soft breathe the gales, the pearly dews descend:
Fair youths and amorous maidens with delight
Enjoy the grateful scent, and bless the sight.
But if some hand the tender stalk invades,
Lost is its beauty, and its colour fades:
Nor more the care of Heaven, or garden's boast,
And all its praise with youths and maidens lost.
So when a virgin grants the precious prize
More choice than beauty, dearer than her eyes,
To some lov'd swain; the power she once possess'd,
She forfeits soon in every other breast:
Since he alone can justly love the maid,
To whom so bounteous she her love display'd.

[17] Addressing his patron.
[18] Imitated from Catullus.

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent aurae, firmat sol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae.
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae:
Si virgo dum intacta manet, tum cara suis, sed,
Quum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.
Carmen Nuptiale.

While others triumph in each fond desire,
Relentless fortune! I with want expire.
Then shake this fatal beauty from thy mind,
And give thy fruitless passion to the wind—
Ah! no—this instant let my life depart,
Ere her dear form is banish'd from my heart."
If any seek to learn the warrior's name
Whose mournful tears increas'd the running stream,
'Twas Sacripant [10], to hapless love a prey,
Whose rule Circassia's ample realms obey:
For fair Angelica his course he bends
From eastern climes to where the Sun descends.
For pierc'd with grief, he heard in India's land
With Brava's knight [11] she sought the Gallic strand;
And after heard in France, the blooming fair
Was given by royal Charles to Namur' care;
The wish'd-for prize the champion to reward,
Whose arms should best the golden lily guard.
Himself that fatal conflict had beheld,
When Pagan arms the Christian forces quell'd:
Since then through many a winding track he stray'd,
And sought with fruitless care the wandering maid.
While, grieving thus in doleful state he lies,
The tears like fountains gushing from his eyes,
Beyond his wish, propitious fortune bears
His soft complainings to his mistress' ears.
Angelica attentive hears his moan,
Whose constant passion long the fair had known:
Yet, cold as marble, her obdurate breast
No kindly pity for his woes confess'd:
As one who treats mankind with like disdain,
Whose wayward love no merit could obtain:
But thus with perils clos'd on every side,
She thinks in him that fortune might provide
A sure defence, her champion and her guide.
For who, when circling waters round him spread
And menace present death, implores not aid?
This hour neglected, never might she view
A knight again so valiant and so true.
Yet meant she ne'er t' assuage his amorous smart,
Who kept her deeply treasur'd in his heart;
And with that happiness his pains regard,
That happiness which lovers most regard:
Some other new-fram'd wile the fair design'd
To lure with hope his unsuspecting mind;
And, when her fears were past, return again
To all her cruelty and coy disdain.
Then, sudden issuing from the tufted wood,
Confess'd in open sight the virgin stood;
As on the scene, from cave or painted grove,
Appears Diana, or the queen of love.
"Hail! mighty warrior!" thus the damsel said,
"May favouring Heav'n afford me timely aid,
That you may still unsully'd keep my name,
Nor with suspicion wrong my spotless fame!"
Struck with the vision, Sacripant amaz'd
On fair Angelica in rapture gaz'd:
Not with such joy a mother views again
Her darling offspring, deem'd in battle slain,
Who saw the troops without him home return'd,
And long his loss with tears maternal mourn'd.
The lover now advanc'd with eager pace,
To clasp his fair one with a warm embrace:
While she, far distant from her native seat,
Refus'd not thus her faithful knight to meet,
With whom she hop'd ere long her ancient realms to greet.
Then all her story she at full express'd,
E'en from the day, when urg'd by her request [12]
He parted, success in the East to gain
From fam'd Gradasso, king of Sericane:
How great Orlando did her steps attend,
And safe from danger and mischance defend;
While, as she from her birth had kept unstain'd
Her virgin fame, he still that fame maintain'd.
This might be true, but one discreet and wise
Would scarcely credit such a fond surmise;
Yet Sacripant with ease the maid believ'd,
For mighty love had long his sense deceiv'd:
Love, what we see, can from our sight remove,
And things invisible are seen by Love.
"What though Anglante's knight [13] so long forbore
To seize the best occasion in his power:—"
Thus to himself in secret spoke the knight:
"Shall I so coldly fortune's gifts requite?
Or e'er repent I slighted beauty's charms
When the glad hour bad give them to my arms!
No—let me crop the fresh, the morning rose,
Whose budding leaves unsullied sweets disclose.
Midst all disguise, full well the fair approve
The soft, the pleasing violence of love.
Then let no feign'd complaints my soul affright,
Nor threatenings rob me of the wish'd delight."
He said; and for the soft attack prepar'd:
But soon a loud and sudden noise was heard:
The noise, resounding from the neighbouring grove,
Compell'd the knight to quit his task of love:
His ready helmet on his head he plac'd;
His other parts in shining steel were cas'd:
Again with rushing hit his steed he rein'd,
Remounted swiftly and his lance regain'd.
Now, issuing from the wood, a knight is seen
Of warlike semblance and commanding mien:
Of dazzling white the furniture he wears,
And in his casque a snowy plume he bears.
But Sacripant, whom amorous thoughts employ,
Defrauded of his love and promis'd joy,
Beholds th' intruding champion from afar
With haughty looks, and eyes that menace war.
Approaching nearer he defies his force,
And hopes to hurl him headlong from his horse:
With threatening words the stranger makes return,
With equal confidence and equal scorn:
At once he spoke, and to the combat press'd,
His courser spurr'd, and plac'd his lance in rest;

[10] "Sacripant, king of Circassia, one of the bravest and most faithful of Angelica's lovers. When this princess was besieged in Albracca by Agrican, he marched to her assistance with a numerous army, and performed many gallant actions before the walls. Agrican, having one night by surprise gained admittance into the city, with three hundred of his followers, Sacripant, who then lay dangerously wounded, sallied out, armed only with his sword and shield, and bravely repulsed them, till, the whole army of Tartars entering the walls, he was compelled to retire into the fort, whence, at the request of Galaphron, he soon after set out to ask assistance from Gradasso, king of Sericane."

Orlando Innam. book i. c. x, xi.

[11] Orlando, so called from having the marquisate of Brava.

[12] Alluding to a passage in Boyardo.

[13] Orlando, lord of Anglante.

King Sacripant return'd with equal speed;
And each on each impell'd his rapid steed.
Not bulls or lions thus the battle wage
With teeth and horns, in mutual blood and rage,
As fought these eager warriors in the field:
Each forceful javelin pierc'd the other's shield
With hideous crash; the dreadful clangours rise,
Swell from the vales, and echo to the skies!
Through either's breast had pierc'd the pointed wood,
But the well-temper'd plates the force withstood.
The fiery coursers, long to battle bred,
Like butting rams encounter'd head to head.
The stranger's with the shock began to reel,
But soon recover'd with the goring steel;
While on the ground the Pagan's breathless fell,
A beast that, living, serv'd his master well.
The knight unknown, beholding on the mead
His foe lie crush'd beneath the slaughter'd steed,
And deeming here no further glory due,
Resolv'd no more the contest to renew;
But turning swift, again pursu'd his way,
And left the fierce Circassian where he lay.
As when, the thunder o'er, the ether clears,
Slow rising from the stroke the hind appears,
Where stretch'd he lay all senseless on the plain,
Where fast beside him lay his coun slain;
And see the pine, that once had rais'd in air
Its stately branches, now of honours bare:
So rose the Pagan from the fatal place,
His mistress present at the dire disgrace.
He sigh'd full deeply from his inmost heart,
Not for a wounded limb, or outward smart;
But shame alone his tortur'd bosom tore,
A shame like this he ne'er confess'd before;
And once he sorrow'd, when the damsel freed
His limbs encumber'd from the murder'd steed;
Long time he silent stood with downcast look,
Till first Angelica the silence broke.
She thus began: "Let not my lord bemoan
His courser's fatal errour, not his own;
For him had grassy mead been fitter far,
Or stalls with grain surcharg'd, than feats of war!
Yet little praise awaits you haughty knight,
Nor can he justly glory in his might;
For he, methinks, may well be said to yield,
Who first forsakes the fight and flies the field."
With words like these the drooping king she cheer'd,
When from the woods a messenger appear'd;
Tir'd with a length of way he seem'd to ride,
His crooked horn and wallet at his side:
When now, approaching to the Pagan knight,
He ask'd if he had seen, with buckler white,
And snowy plumage o'er his crest display'd,
A warrior passing through the forest shade.
To whom thus Sacripant in brief again;
"The knight you seek has stretch'd me on the plain:
But now he parted hence; to him I owe
My sham'd defeat, nor yet my victor know."
"I shall not, since you wish me to reveal,"
Reply'd the messenger, your foe conceal:
Know then, the fall you suffer'd in the fight,
A gallant virgin gave, unmatch'd in might,
Of fame for deeds of arms, of greater fame
For beauteous form, and Bradamant her name."
He said; and turn'd his courser from the place:
The Saracen, o'erwhelm'd with new disgrace,
All mute with conscious shame dejected stood,
While o'er his features flush'd the mantling blood;
Till to the damsel's steed the knight address'd
His silent steps, and now the saddle press'd;
Then plac'd the fair Angelica behind,
Resolv'd some more secure retreat to find.
Ere far they rode, they heard a trampling sound,
That all the forest seem'd to shake around:
They look, and soon a stately steed behold,
Whose costly trappings shine with burnish'd gold;
He leaps the steepy mounds, and crossing floods,
And bears before his way the crashing woods.
"Unless the mingled boughs, with dusky shade,
Deceive my erring sight," exclaim'd the maid,
"I see Bayardo[93] in yon gallant horse, [course:
That through the woodland breaks his sounding
One palfrey could but ill two riders bear,
And fortune sends him to relieve our care."
King Sacripant, alighting on the plain,
Drew near, and thought secure to seize the rein;
But swift as lightnings flash along the sky,
With spurning heels Bayardo made reply.
It chanc'd beside him the Circassian stood,
Else had he mourn'd his rash attempt in blood;
Such dreadful force was in the courser's heel,
The stroke had burst a mount of solid steel.
Then to Angelica with easy pace
He moves, and humbly views her well-known face:
A spaniel thus, domestic at the board,
Fawns after absence, and surveys his lord.
The damsel was remember'd by the steed
Wont at Albracca[94] from her hands to feed,
What time Rinaldo, courted by the maid,
With foul ingratitude her love repay'd.
Now boldly in her hand she took the rein, [mane:
Strok'd his broad chest, and smooth'd his ruffled
While conscious he, with wondrous sense indu'd,
Still as a lamb, beside her gently stood,
The watchful Pagan leap'd into the seat,
And curb'd, with straighten'd reins, Bayardo's heat.
The palfrey to Angelica remain'd,
Who gladly thus her former place regain'd.
Now as by chance she cast her eyes aside,
A knight on foot in sounding arms she spy'd:
When sudden terrour on her face was shown,
Soon as the knight for Amon's son was known.

[93] Many wonders are told in the romances of this horse. It is said that he was found by Malagigi in a grotto, together with a suit of armour and the sword Fusberta, all under the guard of a horrible serpent, and that by his magic art he got possession of, and gave them to Rinaldo. See Innamoramento di Rinaldo, c. iv.

[94] Malagigi, who was made prisoner by Angelica, (see General View, &c.) being released upon his parole, endeavoured to persuade Rinaldo to return her love; but all his arguments proving ineffectual, he, in revenge, by a magical illusion, decoyed his cousin from the Christian camp: Bayardo, being left behind, came into the possession of Astolpho, who, going to the siege of Albracca, in aid of Angelica, was overthrown before the walls of that city, when his horse was seized by Agrican; who being afterwards slain, Bayardo came into the hands of Orlando, who had lost his horse Brigliadoro. Orlando at last having recovered his own, and departing from Cathay on a new adventure, left Bayardo in Albracca with Angelica, who soon after sent him to his master Rinaldo. See Orlando Innam.

Long had he woo'd, but she detests his love;
Not swifter from the falcon flies the dove.
He hated once, while she with ardour burn'd;
And now beheld their several fortunes turn'd.
This cause at first from two fair fountains[98] came,
Their waters diff'rent, but their look the same:
Amidst the shade of Arden's dreary wood,
Full in each other's view the fountains stood:
Who drinks of one, inflames with love his heart,
Who drinks the other stream contemns his dart:
Rinaldo tasted that, and fondly burn'd;
The damsel this, and hate for love return'd.

Soon as Angelica beheld the knight,
A sudden mist o'erspread her cheerful sight;
While with a falt'ring voice and troubled look
To Sacripant with suppliant tone she spoke;
And begg'd him not th' approaching chief to meet,
But turn his courser, and beshun retreat.

"Does then my prowess," Sacripant replies,
"Appear so mean and worthless in your eyes,
That you too feeble deem this slighted hand,
The force of yonder champion to withstand?
Have you forgot that memorable night[99]
When at Albraeca I maintain'd the fight?
In your defence, unarm'd, I durst oppose
King Agrican, and brav'd a host of foes."

"Not so," she said—nor to reply she knew;
As thus she spoke Rinaldo nearer drew,
Who now began the Pagan king to threat,
Soon as his eyes the well-known courser met,
And that lov'd face he view'd, whose charms had
His ravish'd bosom, and his soul inspir'd.

But cease we here: the ensuing book shall tell
What strife between these haughty warriors fell.

[98] "As many of these specious and wonderful tales in romance writers are borrowed from Greek or Latin poets, so this story of the two fountains of Ardenna, with their different effects, is borrowed from Claudian, in his description of the gardens of Venus.

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis:
Unde Cupidineas armarit fama sagittas.

Two fountains here, of different nature, rise:
This dulcet draughts, that bitter streams supplies:
While here dire poison flows to taint the heart,
Fame tells that Cupid tempers there his dart."

Upton, Notes on Spenser, b. iv. c. iii.

Spenser mentions one of these fountains in his Fairy Queen.

Much more of price, and of more gracious power,
Is this, than that same water of Arden,
The which Rinaldo drank in happy hour
Described by that famous Tuscan pen:
For that had might to change the hearts of men
From love to hate. Book iv. c. iii.

[99] See note on ver. 326. Concerning the force mentioned in romances to have been set down before Albraeca, Milton, to express the idea of a prodigious concourse, alludes to it in the following lines:

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,
Besieg'd Albraeca, as romances tell,
The city of Galaphron, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, Angelica,
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
Both Pagans and the peers of Charlemain;
Such and so various was their chivalry.

Parad. Reg. b. iii. ver. 336.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Battle betwixt Sacripant and Rinaldo. Angelica, flying, meets with a hermit, who, by a magical illusion, parts the two rivals. Rinaldo, returning to Paris, is sent by Charlemain on an embassy to England. Bradamant, seeking her lover Rogero, meets with Pinabello, from whom she hears a melancholy story of his misfortunes. She promises him assistance; and afterwards, being deceived, falls into a pit.

Ah! why so rare does cruel Love inspire
Two tender bosoms with a mutual fire!
Say, whence, perfidious, dost thou pleasure find,
To sow dissension in the human mind?
In shallow waters when I fain would keep,
Thou, to my ruin, draw'st me to the deep:
From those, that love me, dost avert my love,
To place it where no sight, no sufferings move!
Thou giv'st Angelica t'enslave the knight,
Yet mak'st him hateful in the virgin's sight:
But when she lov'd him, and his form admir'd,
He, with aversion, from her love retir'd.
With grief he now in flames mighty'd burns,
Thus equal fortune scorn for scorn returns.

Rinaldo furious thus—"Base thief! alight!
Forsake my courser, and restore my right.
Think not such theft shall unrevenge'd succeed,
Impending punishment awaits the deed:
But more—you damsel to my arms resign;
'Twere far unmeet such beauties should be thine.
Were't not a shame, that hence a thief should bear
A steed so stately, and a maid so fair!" [lies,"
"Thief! dost thou say!—take back th' opprobri-
With equal rage the Pagan made reply:
"But, if we trust the common voice of fame,
'Tis thou far more deserv'st th' opprobrious name.
This instant shall the impetant strife decide,
Who merits beats the courser, and the bride:
Yet this, so far our thoughts conform, I own,
No equal to her charms the world has known."

As when two hungry natives from afar,
By hate or envy mov'd, prepare for war;
Slowly they meet, their threat'ning teeth they show,
With livid fire their glaring eye-balls glow:
At last with snarls the bitter fray they wage,
And bite and tear in mutual blood and rage.
So, after piercing taunts and vengeful words,
The mighty warriors drew their shining swords.

One urg'd the conflict from the courser's height,
One on his feet below maintain'd the fight:
Nor think the horseman could th' advantage boast,
His force was useless and his prowess lost;
For well, by nature taught, the faithful steed
Against his lord refus'd his strength and speed;

[1] See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[2] In the Orlando Innamorato, Orlando, who had lost his horse Brigliadoro, having got possession of Bayardo, and engaging in combat with Rinaldo, a contest arising between them, the horse rushes, in the same manner as here, to fight against his master. B. i. c. xxvi.

[3] These kind of tales told of the great sagacity of horses, and the love which they bear their masters, have more than poetical warrant for their truth;

Nor could Circassia's prince, by skill or force,
With spur or bit direct the restif horse.
Now prone to earth his head Bayardo thrust;
Now wheel'd around; now furious spurn'd the dust;
When haughty Sacripant in vain had try'd
Each vary'd art to tame his headstrong pride,
His hand he laid upon the saddle-bow,
And swift alighted on the plain below.
The Pagan thus escap'd Bayardo's sight,
Between the chiefs ensu'd a dreadful fight.
Now high, now low, their rapid steel they ply;
While from their arms the fiery sparkles fly!
Not swifter the repeated strokes go round,
Which hollow Ætna's winding caves resound,
When Vulcan bids the ponderous hammers move,
To forge the thunder and the bolts of Jove.
Sometimes they feign a stroke; sometimes they stay;
Then aim the thrust, as skilful in the play.
Sometimes they rise; then stoop upon the field;
Now open lie; then crouch beneath the shield;
Now ward; then with a slip elude the blow;
Now forward step; then backward from the foe:
Now round they move; and where the one gives
The other presses on with eager pace.
Brave Amon's son[1], collecting all his might,
His weapon rais'd to strike the Pagan knight;
When Sacripant, to meet the falchion, held,
Compos'd of bone and steel, his ample shield:
The sword Fusberta[2], rushing from on high,
Pierc'd the tough plates; the sounding woods reply;
The bone and steel, like ice, in shivers broke;
His arm benumb'd confess'd the dreadful stroke.
This, when the fair and fearful damsel view'd,
And well perceiv'd the mischief that ensu'd,
A death-like paleness chas'd her rosy bloom,
Like one who trembling waits his fatal doom.
She thinks the time admits of no delay,
And fears that hour to be Rinaldo's prey;
Rinaldo, hateful to her virgin breast,
Though love of her his amorous soul distress'd.
She turn'd her palfrey to the woods in haste,
And through a narrow thorny passage pass'd,
While oft she cast behind her timorous view,
And deem'd she heard Rinaldo close pursue.
Not far she fled, but where a valley lay,
She met an aged hermit on the way:
His beard descending on his breast was seen,
Severe his aspect, and devout his mien.
He seem'd with years and frequent fasting worn,
And gently on a slow-pac'd ass was born:
While all his form bespoke a pious mind,
From the vain follies of the world refin'd:

Yet, when the fair and blooming maid appear'd,
So much her looks his drooping spirits cheer'd;
Though cold and feeble, as his age requir'd,
An unknown warmth his languid pulse inspir'd.
Of him the damsel sought the nearest way
To where in port some ready vessel lay,
That there embarking, she might quit the shore,
And never hear Rinaldo mention'd more.
The hermit, vers'd in magic, strove to cheer
The virgin's thoughts, and dissipate her fear;
Drew from his side a book his skill to prove,
With promise every danger to remove.
A leaf he'd scarce perus'd, when to their sight,
In likeness of a page, appear'd a spright:
Who, by the force of strong enchantment bound,
Went where the knights in cruel strife he found;
And when his eyes the furious fight espy'd,
Between them boldly rush'd, and loudly cry'd:
"Tell me, ye warriors! what avails the strife,
Though either should deprive his foe of life;
If without sword unsheath'd, without the fear
Of shatter'd armour, or the lifted spear,
Orlando now to Paris safe conveys
The maid, whose charms your fond contention raise?
Not hence a mile, the couple I descry'd,
Whose bitter taunts your empty pains deride.
Attend my counsel—Cease your fruitless fight,
And, while occasion serves, pursue their flight:
For know, if Paris' walls they safely gain,
Henceforth your hopes to see your love are vain."
He said: the gallant knights on either hand,
Struck with the news, abash'd and silent stand;
Condemning each his judgment and his eyes,
That thus their rival should obtain the prize.
At length, a sigh deep-issuing from his breast,
His steps Rinaldo to his steed address'd;
And sworn, o'ercome with anger and disdain,
To glut his vengeance on Orlando slain;
Nor bade farewel, nor with a courteous mind,
He proffer'd once to take the knight behind[3].
Urg'd by the well-known spur, the fiery steed
Bore all before him that oppos'd his speed:
Nor trench, nor steepy mound, nor thorny shade,
Nor crossing flood, Bayardo's passage stay'd.
Deem it not strange, Rinaldo seiz'd again
The generous courser, sought so long in vain;
Who, fraught with human sense, when first he view'd
The trembling damsel's flight, her track pursued.
Not idly from the Christian camp he fled,
But to regain the maid his master led.
Who then, on foot, a dreadful combat wag'd
With a fierce baron[4], hand to hand engag'd:
The faithful steed, to guide him where she went,
His course sagacious to the forest bent:
Nor suffer'd yet his generous lord to ride,
Lest he should turn him from his path aside.
By him Rinaldo twice the fair o'ertook,
And twice the fair his eager sight forsook:
For first Ferrau, as late my tale disclos'd,
Then Sacripant his amorous hopes oppos'd.
Bayardo now, confiding in the spright,
Whose specious falsehood had amus'd the knight,

for historians relate the same of the horses of Alexander and Julius Cæsar."

Upton, Notes on Spenser, b. v. c. iii.

[1] Rinaldo.

[2] This strange affectation of giving names to swords was common with them; thus Joyeuse is the name of Charlemain's sword, in Aspramonte; Chrysaor, is the name of Archegal's sword, in Spenser; Caliburn, of king Arthur's, in the romance of that name; Ascalon, of St. George's, in the Seven Champions; Tranchera, of Agrican's, in Boyardo; and in Ariosto, besides Fusberta, we have Rogero's Balisarda, and Orlando's Durindana. In Spenser, Arthur's sword is called Mordure; and his shield or banner, Pridwen, and his spear, Ron, by the romance writers.

[3] The postscript to Angelica. Book viii. ver. 189.

[4] We hear again of Sacripant in the 4th book, ver. 513, where he is delivered by Brademant, with the other knights, from the castle of Atlantes.

[5] Rogero, with whom Rinaldo fought at the last general battle. See General View of Boyardo's Story.

Formed his way, and patient of command,
Obey'd the spur, and answer'd to the hand.
Rinaldo, fir'd with love and stern disdain,
To Paris flies, and gives up all his reins:
So deep the tidings rankled in his thought,
Which the vain phantom of the hermit brought.
Nor ceas'd his eager journey morn or night,
Till the near city rose before his sight;
Where Charlemain, with his defeated crew,
Th' unhappy remnants of his strength withdrew:
A siege expecting now, he bends his care,
Supplies of stores and forces to prepare.
He sinks the trenches, fortifies the walls,
And every aid, in time of danger, calls;
Provides an embassy to England's shore,
With speed auxiliar prowess to implore:
Resolv'd again to tempt the doubtful field,
And try what war another day might yield;
Then sends Rinaldo to the British clime,
Known by fair England's name in future time.
Sore griev'd the Paladin at this command;
Not that he shun'd to tread the British land,
But that the hasty charge his prince enjoin'd,
Bade him, reluctant, leave the fair behind;
Yet, as his duty call'd, he takes his way,
And speeds to Calais, restless of delay.
The knight, impatient to return again,
Against the counsels of the sailor-train, [form,
Tempts the black sea, that wears a threatening
And, murmuring hoarse, foreboades the future storm.
The Wind, who sees the knight his power despise,
In dreadful tempests makes the billows rise,
And with such fury whirls them from below,
That o'er the mast th' insulting waters flow.
The skilful mariners, with busy care,
Strike their broad sails to shun the watery war;
And think th' abandon'd harbour to regain,
Whence, in ill hour, they dar'd to brave the main.
"Fools! never hope" (the Wind indignant cried)
"To unpunish'd thus my empire to deride!"
Raging he speaks, and makes the crew obey
On pain of shipwreck, as he points the way.
Before, behind, unwearied howls the blast:
With humble sails the wandering vessel pass'd,
Now here, now there, amidst the watery waste.
But since a web so various I prepare,
Where every thread by turns demands my care,
I leave Rinaldo[8] in the stormy main,
And turn to noble Bradamant the strain;
The warlike virgin, whose resistless might
Had from his courser thrown Circassia's knight.
Not Charlemain, or joyful France, survey'd
With less delight the valour of the maid,
Than the known prowess of Rinaldo's arms,
Such martial fire her daring bosom warms!
To her a gentle youth[9] affection bore,
Who came with Agramant from Afric's shore;
Whom Agolant's unhappy daughter[10] bred,
The vigorous offspring of Rogero's bed;

And she, nor nurs'd in wilds, nor savage-born,
Recurr'd not love like his with maiden scorn;
Though fortune yet had giv'n the dame and knight
But once to speak and meet each other's sight.
Now Bradamant explores with fond desire
Her lover, call'd Rogero from his sire;
And unaccompany'd securely far'd,
As if a thousand squadrons were her guard.
Soon as her arm had cast, in single fight,
Low on his mother earth Circassia's knight;
A wood she traverse'd, then a mountain pass'd,
And to a limpid river came at last,
That through the mead its gentle current drew,
Where ancient trees with spreading branches grew.
A pleasing noise the murm'ring waters made,
Inviting swains to drink beneath the shade:
A rising hillock on the left was seen,
That fenc'd from noon-tide heat the cheerful green.
Here, as the virgin turn'd her eyes aside,
On the fair bank a comely youth she spy'd:
Fast by the margin of the flood he lay,
The margin with a thousand colours gay.
Alone and silent in a pensive mood,
With steadfast gaze the crystal stream he view'd:
Not distant far a tree his courser held,
Aloft were hung his helmet and his shield:
His eyes were moist with tears, his head declin'd,
Sad indications of a troubled mind.
Urg'd by desire which prompts each generous heart
In others woes to bear a friendly part,
The virgin begs th' afflicted knight to show
His secret state, and whence his sorrows flow:
To whom the stranger all his grief display'd,
Mov'd with the courteous speeches of the maid,
And by her looks misled, that seem'd to tell
Some gallant warrior prov'd in battle well.
Thus he—"Know, gentle knight, a valiant crew
Of horse and foot, in aid of Charles, I drew,
When near Pyrene's hills the Christian force
Encamp'd t' oppose Marsilius in his course.
With me a damsel went, from whom my breast
Had long the powerful fire of love confess'd:
When, lo! we saw near Rhodan's rapid tide
A knight all-arm'd a flying steed[11] bestride.

[8] The poet returns to Rinaldo, book iv. 263.

[9] For the loves of Rogero and Bradamant, see General View of Boyardo's Story.

[10] For the genealogy of Rogero, take the following fictitious account from Boyardo.

"After the Grecians had taken Troy, and put most of their prisoners to the sword, among whom was Polyxena, daughter of Priam and Hecuba, who was sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles; in order entirely to extirpate the race of Hector, they sought for Astyanax; but Andromache, to preserve his life, concealed him in a sepulchre, and took another child in her arms, with whom being found, they were both put to death. In the mean time, the real Astyanax was safely conveyed, by a friend of his father, to the island of Scily, when, being grown to man's estate, he conquered Corinth and Argos: he established a government at Messina, and married the queen of Syracuse, but was afterwards killed by treachery; and his widow, being driven from the city by the Greeks, took shelter in Risa, where she was delivered of a son named Polydore, from whom descended Clovis and Constantius. Constantius was the head of the line of Pepin, father of Charlemain; and from Clovis came Rogero, who married Galicella, daughter of Agolant: Rogero, being cruelly murdered, and his city destroyed, his wife fled to the coast of Africa, where she was delivered of two children, a boy and a girl, and died soon after: the boy, called Rogero, was brought up by Atlantes, a magician." See Orlando Innam. b. ii. c. i. &c.

[11] The fiction of this griffin-horse is Ariosto's own, nothing like it occurring in Boyardo.

Soon as the robber (whether hellish spright
That with a human form deceiv'd the sight,
Or mortal born) beheld my blooming fair,
Swift as a falcon through the yielding air
He flew, and seiz'd her trembling with dismay,
Then bore her sudden in his arms away:
Unconscious of my loss, till with surprise
I heard in air her lamentable cries.
So from the clouds descends the ravening kite,
And gripes the chicken in his mother's sight.
"What could I do, alas! encompass'd round
With steepy mountains and a rocky ground?
His courser flew, when mine, oppress'd with toil,
Could scarcely move amidst the stony soil.
Wild with my fate, I rov'd with frantic mind,
Careless of life, and left my men behind:
Thence turning, o'er the craggy deserts stray'd,
While love's blind impulse blindly I obey'd.
Six tedious days, from morn to eve, I pass'd
O'er many a pendent cliff and horrid waste;
A pathless way, uncultur'd and forlorn,
Where not a track of human foot was worn.
At length a wild and lonely vale I found,
With hills and dreadful caves encompass'd round.
Here, in the midst, a wood'rous rock I view'd,
On which a strong and stately castle stood:
It serm'd afar to shine like glowing flame;
Nor harden'd earth, nor stone compos'd the frame.
As nearer to the mountain's base we drew,
The beauteous pile more struck my raptur'd view.
This fort, the demons, from th' infernal plains
By fuming incense drawn and magic strains,
Enclos'd with steel, to which the Stygian wave,
And Stygian fire eternal temper gave:
A dazzling polish brighten'd ev'ry tower,
Which spots could ne'er defile nor rust devour.
"The robber scours the country day and night,
Then, with his prey, he thither bends his flight:
Thither my fair, my better part he bore,
And never, never must I view her more!
What hope remain'd? In vain with longing eyes,
I see the place where all my treasure lies!
The rock so high and steep, who enters there
Must learn to wing his passage through the air.
So when the mother-fox, with anguish stung,
Hears in the eagle's nest her crying young;
She circles round the tree, with wild affright,
No wings vouchsaf'd her for so vast a flight.
"While in suspense I stood, from far I spy'd
Two champions and a dwarf[12] that seem'd their guide;
These with the hopes of praise had fir'd their mind,
But soon these hopes dissolv'd in empty wind.
They both were warriors of establish'd fame;
A monarch one, Gradasso was his name;
The other was a youth of courage prov'd,
Rogero, in Biserta's court belov'd.
'They come' (declar'd the dwarf) 'to try their power
Against the lord of this enchanted tower,
Who through the air, enclos'd in armour bright,
Directs his wondrous courser's rapid flight.'
Then I—'Vouchsafe, O generous knights! to hear
A wretch's fond complaints with pitying ear;
Or if in fight your arms victorious prove,
(As sure I trust they shall) restore my love.'
Then all my griefs I spoke; while tears that roll'd
Down my wan cheek confirm'd the tale I told.
"With courteous words they answer'd my request,
And down the mountain to the castle press'd:
Aloof I stood the battle to survey,
Beseeching Heaven to aid the doubtful day.
"Meanwhile the warriors to the rock drew nigh,
Disputing who should first th' adventure try.
At length Gradasso (whether lots design'd,
Or else Rogero to his will inclin'd)
Lifts to his mouth the horn: the cliffs around,
The rock and fortress to the noise resound!
When, lo! the magic knight, with instant speed,
Rush'd from the portal on the flying steed.
At first he seems by slow degrees to rise:
Like cranes, prepar'd to sail to foreign skies,
Till, with collected wind, at once they spring
Aloft in air, and shoot upon the wing.
With such a flight the mennmancer towers,
That scarce so high th' ethereal eagle sears!
But, when he sees his heritage best below,
With closing pinions on th' unwary foe,
He seeks precipitatorous from above
Descends the manag'd falcon on the dove.
And ere Gradasso can perceive his flight,
He feels the spear with dreadful strength alight:
The spear breaks short; Gradasso strikes again;
But furious strikes the yielding air in vain.
The stern magician, fearless on the wind
Ascending, leaves the champions far behind.
The good Alfana[13], with the force oppress'd,
Reclin'd on earth awhile the shock confess'd:
Alfana was the mare Gradasso rein'd,
The fairest beast that ever knight sustain'd.
"And now the sorc'rer mounts the starry skies,
Then wheels around, and down again he flies;
Now on Rogero falls, who seeks to bring
His needful succour to th' astonish'd king.
The swift assault disturbs the youthful knight,
While scarce his horse supports th' unequal fight;
And when he turns to strike, he sees the foe
Ride on the clouds and mock the frustrate blow.
In ample circles round he steers his course,
And threatening one, on t'other bends his force:
No pause he gives, but, rushing by surprise,
Confounds their senses and distracts their eyes
"Thus did these three the doubtful strife maintain,
That high in air, these lowly on the plain;
Till rising night her dusky veil display'd,
And wrapt each object in surrounding shade.
"Think not my words in artful fiction drest,
Whate'er I speak was to my view confest:
Yet, with reluctance now, my tongue declares
A tale that such a face of falsehood wears.
"On his left arm the foe was seen to wield,
Clos'd in a silken case, a mighty shield;
Whose polish'd orb, whene'er reveal'd to sight,
The gazer strikes with such a powerful light,
In death-like slumber on the ground he lies,
And to the foe becomes an easy prize!

[12] Boyardo tells us, that after the deliverance of Orlando, Gradasso and Rogero were led by a dwarf to an adventure of a castle, which seems to be the story here continued by our poet. See Orlando Innam. b. iii. c. vi. vii.

[13] Alfana, the name of a wild breeding mare. It was very unusual for the knights in romance to make use of mares, esteeming it derogatory from their dignity; but Gradasso is said to have taken an oath, never to mount a horse till he could get possession of Boyardo, Rinaldo's horse.

Bright as Pyropus[14] shines the buckler's blaze;
No mortal e'er beheld such dazzling rays;
Full in their eyes the flashing splendour play'd,
And prone on earth each knight was senseless laid.
Like theirs, a sudden sleep my senses bound;
But when, at length, recovering from the ground
I rose, and sought the knights and dwarf again;
Dark was the mount and desolate the plain!
Th' emptying foe had seiz'd the hapless pair,
And borne them to his castle[15] through the air.
Thus, by the light that o'er their eyes he spread,
Their liberty is gone, my hopes are fled!
Then from the place[16] despairing I withdrew,
But ere I parted took a last adieu:
Now judge, what woes with mine can equal prove
Of all the various woes that spring from love."

[14] Prince Arthur's shield in Spenser is something of this kind, which is always kept covered with a veil.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen,
\- - - - - - - - - - - - - -
The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the fight requir'd no long delay;
For sooner than his foe might him espy,
His shield flew forth in open view display,
And coming full before his horses' view,
As they upon him prest, it plain to them did show.
Like lightning flash that hath the gazer blind,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away, &c.
F. q. C. viii.

Perhaps, as Mr. Upton observes, the original may be found in the Ægis of the Greeks.

Phœbus himself the rushing battle led;
A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
High held before him, Jove's enormous shield
Portentous shone, and shaded all the field.
Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.

Again—

As long as Phœbus bore unmov'd the shield,
Safe doubtful conquest hov'ring o'er the field:
But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
Shouts in their ears, and lightnings in their eyes,
Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast, &c.
Pope's Iliad, b. iv. ver 340—360.

[15] The idea of this castle seems to be taken from the Orlando Innamorato, where we meet with a garden, made by Atlantes, on the summit of a rock, on mount Caucasus, in Africa, surrounded with a wall of glass, in which he kept it privy, to preserve him from the evil influence of his stars.

[16] The allegory of the shield and castle is thus explained by the Italian commentators. The shield shows, how the eyes of the understanding are

Thus said the knight, and thus his fortune mourn'd,
Then pensive to his silent grief return'd:
This was that earl, whose birth Maganza claim'd,
Anselmo's son, and Pinabello nam'd;
Who, like his race for wicked actions known,
Increas'd his kindred vices by his own.
The warlike virgin with attention stood,
While Pinabello his complaint purs'd; 409
When first Rogero's much-lov'd name she heard,
A sudden gladness in her looks appear'd;
But when she found a base magician's pow'r
Detain'd him thus unduly in a tower,
Her pitying bosom glow'd with zealous pain,
And oft she begg'd to hear the tale again.
Then full inform'd: "Sir knight," she cried, "give o'er
This unavailing grief, and mourn no more.
Since from our meeting here, perchance may flow
Your happiness, and ruin to your foe.
Haste; to the castle be our course address'd, 420
Whose walls are with so rich a treasure blest:
Nor shall we find in vain our labour spent,
If favouring fortune answer my intent."
"And shall I, then, your luckless feet to guide,
Again those mountains pass?" the youth reply'd.
"For me, indeed, but little were the smart
To toil my body, having lost my heart.
Yet why should you o'er rocks and barren plains
Thus rashly tread, to purchase slavish chains?
Hence, warn'd in time, if evil chance ensues, 430
Not me unjustly, but yourself accuse."
Thus having said, he mounts without delay
To lead the noble damsel on the way;
Who for Rogero means the fight to prove,
And hazard life or freedom for her love.
When lo! a messenger that swiftly rode
Pursu'd them close behind, and call'd aloud:
The same, who told king Sacripant the force
Of Bradamant had hurl'd him from his horse;
Who from Montpellier and Narbona came, 440
With sudden tidings to the martial dame,
That all the land was kindled with alarms,
And all the coast of Aquamont in arms:
That, losing her, their safety and their guard,
Marseilles was for the foe but ill prepar'd;
And, by this message, with their fears dismay'd,
Implor'd her counsel and immediate aid.
Struck with the virtues of her dauntless mind,
The king to Amon's daughter had assign'd
This town, and far many miles, that lay 450
Twixt Var and Rodan stretching to the sea.
These tidings heard, a doleful pause ensu'd,
And undetermin'd for a while she stood:
On that side honour and her friends assail'd;
On this the stronger flame of love prevail'd.
At length resolv'd to end the task design'd,
And free Rogero in the tower confin'd;
Or, if her enterprise successless prov'd,
Remain a prisoner with the youth she lov'd.
The damsel next ensu'd a short delay, 460
Then sent the messenger well-pleas'd away.

blinded by the desires of concupiscence; or represents the violence and frauds which worldly passions employ over reason and true virtue: the castle represents the carnal appetite, that holds men prisoners; as some say, that by Atlantes is figured love.

Now, turning round, her former path she took;
Her Pinabel parus'd with alter'd look;
Conscious her lineage to that house she ow'd,
For which he ever nourish'd hate avow'd;
And anxious fears perplex'd his troubled mind,
Lest she should know him of Maganza's kind.
An ancient feud between these houses reign'd,
And both the strife and hatred still maintain'd;
Full oft oppos'd in stern debate they stood,
And dy'd the ground beneath with mutual blood.
For this the caitiff bent his thoughts to frame
Some treason to deceive th' unwary dame.
Such various passions had disturb'd his breast,
With enmity, with doubts and fears possest,
Unheeding where he pass'd, he lost his way,
And through a gloomy forest chanc'd to stray;
Where in the midst a steepy mount appear'd,
That in a craggy rock its summit rear'd.
Meanwhile the dame of Clarmont's noble kind,
With heedful steps pursu'd the knight behind.
When Pinabel beheld the dusky shade,
He ponder'd in his thoughts to leave the maid;
And thus began—"While yet we view the light,
'T were best to seek a shelter from the night:
Beyond that hill, unless my memory fail,
There stands a stately castle in the vale:
Here patient wait, while from yon height I try
T' explore the prospect with a surer eye."
So saying, to the hill he bent his course,
And up the steepy summit spurr'd his horse;
Thence, looking round, he sought some path to take,
By which he might the damsel's track forsake:
When sudden here a monstrous cave he found,
Hewn out with labour in the stony ground:
Full thirty cubits deep it seem'd in show:
A fair and lofty gate appear'd below,
Which, by its ample structure, seem'd design'd
For entrance to some larger place behind,
And through the shade a glimmering brightness gave,
As of a torch that burnt within the cave.
While here in deep suspense the traitor stood,
The cautious virgin, who his steps pursu'd,
Fearful to lose the track, still kept in view
Her faithless guide, and near the cavern drew.
His first design thus foil'd, a sudden thought
Of treacherous purpose in his bosom wrought:
He makes the damsel from her steed alight,
And pointing out the cavern to her sight,
Tells her within its confines he had seen
A dame of beauteous face and graceful mien;
Whose courtly looks and costly garments show'd
Her high desir'd from no ignoble blood:
But from her eyes she pour'd a trickling shower,
And seem'd her lost condition to deplore.
And when he thought t' attain a nearer view,
And learn the cause from which her grief she drew,
One from the inner grot with fury came,
And, seizing, carry'd off the weeping dame.
The dauntless Bradamant, whose generous mind,
Unconscious of the wile the wretch design'd,
With ardour glow'd to give the fair one aid,
Revolves how best she may the cave invade[17],
When on a lofty elm she cast her eyes,
And mid'st the boughs a mighty branch espies:
This with her sword she hews, and lops the leaves;
That done, the cavern's mouth the pole receives.
She prays her treacherous guide aloft to stand,
And grasp the ruff tenacious in his hand.
Now first within the cave her feet descend,
While as she sinks, her arms her weight support:
When Pinabello, scoffing, ask'd the maid
To leap below—then loos'd his grasp, and said:
"O! would that all thy race with thee were join'd,
That thus I might at once destroy the kind."
But happier fortune than the traitor meant,
All gracious Heaven, to save the guiltless, sent:
The pole first lighted on the ground below,
And instant shiver'd with the forceful blow,
Yet thus the fury of the shock sustain'd,
That Bradamant preserv'd from death remain'd.
The sudden fall while surpris'd the maid,
As 'tis th' ensuing book is full display'd.

[17] One of the most favourite achievements of the knights of old was to search into caverns, where they met with many wonderful adventures. Thus Don Quixote descends into the cave of Montesinos, and, at his return, relates many extravagant incidents, which his distempered imagination had furnished him with in the true spirit of romance.—Don Quixote, part ii. c. xxii.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant, deceived by Pinabello, finds herself in Merlin's cave, where she meets with Melissa, who shows to her, in vision, all her descendants that were to make a figure in history. In this passage the poet pays a compliment to the most illustrious Italian families. Melissa then instructs Bradamant how to deliver Rogero from the castle in which he was confined by Atlantes, and dismisses her.

What power[1] will teach me lofty words to find
For the great subject that inflames my mind?
What power will lend my venturous Muse a wing,
In tuneful lays my high conceits to sing?
A vigour mightier far must here be shown
Than e'er my swelling bosom yet has known:

[1] This invocation of Ariosto, is apparently translated by Spenser in his Fairy Queen:

Who now shall give unto me words and sound
Equal unto this haughty enterprize?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may lofty arise,
And lift itself unto the highest skies?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wont
Here needs me, whilo the famous ancestries
Of my most dreaded sovereign I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far surmount.

Again—

Argument worthy of Maonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,
Whereon the ruins of great Ossa hill,
And triumph of Phlegræan Jove he wrote.

B. ii. c. x.

The verse my patron claims, which dares to trace
The fountain whence he draws his glorious race!
Amidst th' illustrious chiefs by fate design'd
With righteous government to bless mankind,
O Phœbus! you, whose eye the world surveys,
Ne'er view'd a line like this, whose deathless praise,
In peace and war, shall fill the lips of fame;
Whose blooming honours shall endure the same,
(Or vain the light prophetic in my soul)
While Heaven, unchanging, whirls around the pole.
To blazon all their virtues would require
Not my weak lute, but that immortal lyre,
On which, the giants quell'd, you sung above
The grateful praises of eternal Jove!
O! should you here the wish'd-for aid impart,
And to the subject raise the sculptor's art;
Each noble image shall my fancy fill,
To challenge all my genius, all my skill;
Then what at first I may but roughly trace,
By slow degrees shall ripen into grace;
Till crown'd by you, I see with joyful eyes
Each labour'd form to full perfection rise.
But let the Muse to him the story bend,
Whose breast nor shield nor cuirass could defend;
The treacherous Pinabel, who hop'd in vain
With murderous guile the damsel to have slain.
The traitor deem'd her in the cavern dead,
And, with a visage pale through guilty dread,
The place, polluted by his crime, forsook,
Then instant speeding back, his courser took:
That every action might his soul betray,
He with him bears the virgin's steed away.
But leave we him[1], who, while his craft is shown
To seek another's fall, procures his own;
And turn to her, who nearly 'scap'd the doom,
In one sad hour to find her death and tomb.
Soon as the maid again from earth was rais'd,
With the hard shock and sudden fall amaz'd,
She enter'd boldly through the gate, which gave
An entrance to the second, larger cave.
The building, square within, and spacious made,
A stately temple to the sight display'd.
Magnificent the sumptuous pile appear'd,
On pillars fair of alabaster rear'd.
An altar in the midst; and, kindled bright,
A lamp before cast round a trembling light.
Soon as the damsel view'd, with pious mind,
This sacred place for holy rites design'd,
Devoutly on her knees the earth she press'd,
And to the king of Heaven her prayers address'd.
Meantime a sudden jarring sound was heard,
When from a narrow gate a dame appear'd[2],
Unfirt, with feet unshod, with hair display'd,
Who by her name address'd the warrior-maid.
And this—"O generous Bradamant!" she said,
"Not without Heaven's appointment hither led,
Merlin foretold, that by a passage new
Thou shouldst, descending here, his relics view;
And hence I stay'd, to set before thy eyes
The glorious fate predestin'd in the skies.
Behold this ancient cave, by Merlin wrought[4],
Merlin, in every art of magic taught:

[1] The story of Pinabello is continued, b. xx. ver. 803.

[2] Melissa, an enchantress; a character introduced by Ariosto, who, throughout the poem, interests herself in all the concerns of Ruggero and Bradamant.

[4] According to Jeffery of Monmouth, the famous magician Merlin was born at Kaermardin, i. e. Caermarthen, named by Ptolemy Maridunum. Merlin's mother, who was a niece and daughter of the king of Demetia (or South Wales), giving an account of her wonderful conception of her son, a philosopher explains it, that it was some demon, or incubus, "some guileful spright," partaking partly of the nature of man, partly of angels, and assuming a human shape, which begot Merlin; and this explains what Ariosto says, that Merlin was the son of a demon.

Di Merlin dico, del demonio figlio.
C. xxiii.

Drayton, in his Polyalbion, song v., thus sings of Merlin, who was born at Caermarden:

Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear?
Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play'd
With a seducing spirit———

Thus Spenser,—
And sooth men say he was not the son
Of mortal sire, or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten and begun
By false illusion of a guileful spright
On a fair lady———
Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. iii.

It is said that Merlin intended to build a wall of brass round Maridunum; and so says Drayton, Polyalbion, song iv.

How Merlin by his skill and magic's wondrous might
From Ireland hither brought the Stonedge in a night;
And for Caermarden's sake would fain have brought to pass
About it to have built a wall of solid brass;
And set his fiends to work upon the mighty frame;
Some to the anvil; some that still enforc'd the flame;
But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by himself.
For walking with his fay, her to the rock he brought
In which he oft before his necromancies wrought,
And going in the cleft his magics to have shown,
She stopt the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone:
Whose opening strongly erst, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
She captive him convey'd into the fairy land.
Then low the labouring spirits to rocks by fetters bound,
With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers thund'ring sound,
A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
Their master to awake, supposed by them to sleep;
As at their work how still the grieved spirits repine,
Tormented in the fire, and tired in the mine.

Spenser again,
———A little while,
Before that Merlin dy'd, he did intend
A brazen wall in compass to compile
About Caermarthen, and did it commend
Unto his spirights to bring to perfect end;
During which time the lady of the lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did seek,

Here with bewitching looks, and spells prepar'd,
The lady of the lake his hanging wear'd.
"His sepulchre is here, whose womb contains
The deathless spirit, and decay'd remains:
To this he by her blandishments was led,
And what receiv'd alive, detains him dead.
His living soul must with his corse repose,
'Till the last trump the fatal angel blows:
Then shall the just award his deeds requite,
With sin polluted, or with virtue white.
His voice survives, and oft is heard to come
In tuneful music from the marble tomb.
'Tis all that question'd his wisdom shown;
He tells the past, and makes the future known:

Who therefore free'd his workmen to forsake,
Them bound till his return, their labour not to slake.

In the mean time by that false lady's train,
He was surpris'd and bury'd under hier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again, &c.
B. iii. c. iii.

This lady of the lake appears to have been a fairy or nymph, with whom Merlin was enamoured: the story of her deceiving him is thus related in the romance called Morte Arthur, or the life and death of prince Arthur, printed by Caxton in 1485.

"The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin shewed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile: And always laid about the lady for to have her favour, and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for she was afraid of him, because he was a deevils sonne, and she could not put him away by no means. And so, upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her in a roche (rock) whereas a great wonder, and wrought by inchantment, which went under a stone, so by her craft and working she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let him wit of the marvailes there. But she wrought so there for him, that he came never out, for all the craft that he could doe."
B. i. c. ix.

But in the life of Merlin, this adventure is related with circumstances nearer the account given by our author.

"Merlin's mother having secretly conceived by a demon, was, after her delivery, condemned to be put to death, for breach of chastity; but her son, an infant, defended, and set his mother at liberty. Merlin, being grown up, went to the court of Uther Pendragon, where he established the famous round table, wrought many wonderful works, and uttered a number of prophecies; here he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he used to call the white serpent; before his death, he erected a tomb, in the forest of Norton, capable to hold him and his mistress; and having showed it her, he taught her a charm that would close the stone, so that it could never be opened. The lady, who secretly hated him, began one day to caress him exceedingly, and at last made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough: Merlin being entered, she closed the stone upon him, where he died: his spirit being likewise confined by the force of the spell, continued from time to time to speak, and to give answers to such questions as were put to him."

I many days have in this cave remain'd,
To which I travell'd from a distant land;
For he, whose sage predictions never fail'd,
This hour for thy arrival prophesy'd."
She said, and Amon's daughter, while she spoke,
With silence heard, amazement in her look;
When casting on the ground her bashful eyes,
She to the dame with modest grace replies:
"Alas! what praise has my unworthy name,
That prophets my arrival should proclaim?"
Then rapt with joy at such a bless event,
Silent she follow'd where the matron went,

We shall quote one more passage of Spenser, where he gives a noble description of the cave, which was the scene of Merlin's incantations. Britomart, and her nurse old Glauce, go to consult this magician:

To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Caer Merdin call'd, they took their way;
There the wise Merlin whilom wont, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompass'd round.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous, hollow cave, they say,
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace
Emongst the woody hills of Dynevowre;
But dare thou not, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour.

But standing high aloof, low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chaines,
And brazen caudrons thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble braines;
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous stounds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains;
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.
B. iii. c. iii.

This description is not entirely the fiction of the poet, as there are sufficient vouchers to produce for the truth of the story. "In a rock of the island of Barry, in Glamorganshire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which if you get your ear, you shall perceive all such sort of noises, as you may fancy smiths at work under ground; strokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools, &c." See Camden's Britannia. Drayton, in the above lines, alludes to this story of the lady of the lake, and to this marvellous cave.

"Ariosto, with the liberty of a romance-writer, places Merlin's grot in France, and removes the scene of several of his actions to that place."

See Upton and Warton's Observations on Spenser.

Not far from Caermarthen, is a hill called Merlin's hill, near the brow of which is a rock, known by the name of Merlin's chair, in which it is said, that famous prophet used to sit, when he uttered his prophecies.

Slow leading to the tomb, in which detain'd
The ghost of Merlin with his bones remain'd
Hard was the polish'd marble, smooth and bright,
And like a ruddy flame dispell'd the night,
Though here the Sun refus'd his cheering light.
Whether some marble, by its nature, shows
A beam, that like a torch in darkness glows:
Or else by verse, and fumigating power,
Or signs impress in planetary hours,
(As best may seem) this wonder was compos'd;
The lustre many a pleasing sight disclos'd;
Pictures and statues, that with various grace,
In order rang'd, adorn'd the sacred place.
Scarce o'er the threshold pass'd the warrior-dame,
And to the cavern's deep recesses came,
When from the breathless clay with pleasing strain,
T' accost the fair the spirit thus began.
"May fortune all thy just endeavours aid,
O ever chaste, and ever honour'd maid!
From whose glad womb must spring the fruitful
That Italy, and all the world shall grace!
That ancient blood[6], which once in Ilium shin'd,
By the two noblest streams in them conjoin'd,
The joy, the flower of every race shall yield,
Between the Danube and the Nile[7] extend'd,
The Tagus and the Ind, or all that lies
Between Calisto and th' Antarctic skies.
Hence chiefs shall rise, and many a valiant knight,
Who with their counsel, and their arms in fight,
Shall on their Italy devolve their fame,
And spread in war the glory of her name.
Then righteous monarchs shall the sceptre hold,
Who, as the sage Augustus rul'd of old,
Or godlike Numa, with their gentle reign
Shall bring on Earth the golden age again.
Hence to fulfil what Heaven has long decreed,
For which 'tis doom'd thou shalt Rogero wed,
Boldly pursue the ardour of thy soul,
Nor think that night can thy desires controul;
For he who keeps thy knight in captive bands,
Shall sink opprest beneath thy conquering hands."
Here ceas'd the voice; the matron now prepares
To show to Bradamant her destin'd heirs.
A crew of spirits, summon'd by the dame,
Appear'd, (but well I know not whence they came)
Together now assembled in the place,
But differing each in habit, and in face.
Then, in the temple, by her side she plac'd
The warlike fair, but first a circle trac'd;
And, to defend her from the spirits, spread
A magic cover ng o'er the virgin's head;
She bade her silent stand, then op'd a book
In which she read, and with the demons spoke.
Lo! from the outward cave they rush'd to view,
And thickening, round the sacred circle drew;
But all attempts to enter fruitless found,
As if a fosse or rampart stretch'd around.

Then in the cavern, where the shining tomb
Contain'd the holy relics in its womb,
The demons enter'd, when, in order due,
They thrice had past around in fair review.
"Should I" (th' enchantress thus bespoke the dame)
"Attempt to tell the deeds, and every name
Of these, who by their shadowy phantoms rise
Before their birth, to pass before your eyes,
The hours were short the story to repeat,
Nor could one night the mighty task complete;
And hence, as time may serve, my lips shall tell
Those chiefs alone whose virtues most excel.
"Behold the first[8], thy likeness form'd to bear
In manly countenance and graceful air;
In Italy the leader of thy race,
Sprung from Rogero's, and from thy embrace.
I deem to see by his victorious hand[9]
Maganza's treacherous blood distain the land;
To see his justice claim the vengeance due
From those, whose guilt his noble father slew.
He him shall Desiderius be repell'd,
Who last in Lombardy the sceptre held.
The emp'ror shall his valiant deeds repay
With Calaon and Este's lordly sway.
Behold thy grandson next, Oberto near[10],
The glory of Hesperia's land in war!
He shall his arms against the Moors extend,
And from their rage the holy church defend.
Survey Alberto[11], fam'd for warlike toils,
Who decks the temples with unnumber'd spoils.

[6] Rogero and Bradamant, both descended from Astyanax: Rogero, son to Rogero of Risa, and Bradamant, niece to Charlemain. See note on B. ii. ver. 216.

[7] The Danube, a river in Germany; the Nile, a river in Egypt; the Tagus, a river in Portugal; the Ind, or Indus, a river in India, whence the country receives its name: by the Antarctic skies, is meant the south pole; and by Calisto, the north, being a constellation in that part of the heavens.

[8] It is to be observed, that this account of the descent of Rogero is fictitious; since Ruggieri of Risa (or as he is here called Rogero) left no son; and this Ruggieri, the first Paladin, lived a considerable time before Charlemain.——Dolce.

[9] The father of this Rogero was said to have been traitorously murdered by the tribe of Maganza, when this son, growing up, was made general in the service of Charlemain, and revenged the death of his father. At this time Desiderius XXII. and last king of Lombardy, rebelled against the church; when pope Adrian calling in the assistance of Charlemain, Desiderius was constrained to shut himself up in Paris, and was afterwards driven into Lyons in France. In this service Rogero is said to have distinguished himself, and to have been rewarded by the emperor with the government of Este and Calaon, two castles in the jurisdiction of Padua. Eugenico.

[10] Oberto was count of Este and Comacchio: he is said to have treated his subjects as his children, and to have preserved their obedience, rather by the affection which his indulgence excited in them, than by any severe exertion of his authority.

[11] Berengarius I. having[1] besieged and taken Milan, Alberto headed an army and defeated him: Hugo, son of Alberto, afterwards acquired the dominion of Milan, and planted his standard there, in which was painted a dragon, or serpent. Otho, a valiant leader of that family, in the holy war of Jerusalem, under Godfrey, slew Voluclus, a Saracen captain, who wore on his crest a serpent devouring a child; hence his descendants took a serpent for their arms. Eugenico.

Tasso, in his catalogue of warriors, mentions this Otho;

— Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield
That bears a child and serpent on its field.
B. i. ver. 417.

Hugo appears with him, his valiant son,
Who places his conquering snakes in Milan's town.
The next is Azo[13], who, his brother dead,
Shall o'er th' Insubrians his dominion spread.
See! Albertazo[14], who with counsel sage
Shall Berengarius and his son engage;
Well worthy to receive from Otho's hands
His daughter Alda, pledg'd in nuptial bands.
Another Hugo see[15]! O virtue known,
When the sire's courage dies not with the son!
'T is he, who shall with justice on his side
Abate the rancour of the Roman pride;
To Otho and the pope assistance give,
(Otho the third) and from their foes relieve.
See Fulco[16], who forsakes th' Italian fields
And to his brother each possession yields;
While thence he goes, with better fate to gain
A mighty dukedom on the German plain,
He props the honours of the Saxon race
Which shall at length himself and offspring grace.

Azo the second is the next in sight[17],
More fam'd for gentle peace than rugged fight.
On either hand see where his sons appear;
There Albertazo, and Bertoldo here.
By this shall second Henry be subdu'd,
And Parma's meadows stream with Belgian blood;
By that the glorious countess shall be led,
(The chaste Matilda) to his bridal bed;
From mighty Henry sprung, who brings in dower
With her one half Italia to his power.
Behold Bertoldo's dearest pledge in view,
Thy own Rinaldo[17] next; to whom is due
The fame of having freed the pontiff's lands
From impious Frederic Barbarossa's hands.
Behold another Azo, doom'd to reign
O'er fair Verona and its wide domain;
Who marquis of Ancona shall be known,
When Otho and Honorius fill the throne.
'T were long to tell the names of all they owe
That in the conclave shall obtain a place:
To tell each enterprise their arms shall gain,
What conquests for the Roman church obtain.
Lo! other Azos, other Hugos near:
See Fulco, and Obizo next appear.
Behold two Henrys, both the sire and son:
Two Guelphos[18]: this has conquer'd Umbria's town;
See now Spoleti's ducal gown he wears:
And lo! who turns to smiles Italia's tears:

[13] Azo I. who succeeded his brother Uberto in the government of Milan, till, to avoid the snares laid for him by Berengarius, he fled to Otho I. duke of Saxony, Anno 958, taking with him his wife big with child.

[14] Of three Berengariuses, who, deriving their origin from the kings of Lombardy, had the title of emperor, this, who was the third, coming into Italy with his son, at the head of a great army, seized the government, after the death of Lotharius, and reigned eleven years, styling himself emperor, and his son king of Italy. He made war against Atone, lord of Canossa, and besieged him three successive years, till the latter being ready to surrender himself, was, through the advice of Albertazo, succoured by Otho, king of the Germans; when Berengarius and his son were vanquished and confined, one in Austria, and the other in Constantinople, where they died miserably. Albertazo, for his virtue and good counsel, espoused Alda, Otho's daughter: others say, that he obtained her for his gallant behaviour at a tournament, which the emperor gave in Transilvania.

[15] Gregory V. who had been made pope through the interposition of Otho III. being insulted by the Romans at the instigation of Crescentius, fled to the emperor; whereupon Crescentius elected another pope, who, hearing that Otho had made Hugo general of his army, retired with Crescentius into the castle of St. Angelo: they were both taken and put to death by Hugo, who having replaced Gregory in the papal chair, that pontiff made a decree, that the emperor should in future be elected from the barons of Germany. Hugo having lived with great honour, died at Pistoia: to him Otho, as a reward of his merit, gave the government of all Tuscany; though some authors affirm to the contrary.

[16] Of Albertazo and Alda were born Hugo and Fulco: after the death of the emperor Otho, who, before he came to the empire, was duke of Saxony, his daughter Alda succeeded to that duchy: whereupon Fulco resigned to his brother all his patrimony in Italy, and went into Saxony to succeed to his mother's inheritance, where he made himself duke of Saxony.

[17] Azo the second, son of Azo II. opposed the emperor Henry II. who, being a cruel enemy to the church, compelled pope Gregory VII. to sell the benefices: at that time the countess Matilda, widow of Godfrey, a powerful lord, and grand-daughter of Henry I. and governess of many places, took the part of the church. Rodolpho, duke of Saxony, was made emperor in opposition to Henry, and a battle fought near Parma, with great slaughter of the Belgians, when Henry was driven out of Italy. Rodolpho fell in the battle; with him was Bertoldo of Este, a very valiant captain: Matilda married Albertazo; but a few years after, discovering that he was related to her first husband, the marriage was annulled, by the consent of the pope, and she led a holy life, leaving, at her death, her possessions to the church.

[17] Rinaldo, son of the fourth marquis of Este, Anno 1169, with many other Italian potentates, fought against the emperor Frederic Barbarossa, and Octavian the anti-pope, in defence of pope Alexander III. This Alexander is he, who, being closely pressed by Frederic, fled to Venice, where he resided for some time in the convent of Carita, in the habit of a cook, till he was discovered to the superior, and at last restored to the popedom. Rinaldo, in this enterprise, bore for his standard a white eagle, in an azure field, which was afterwards worn for the arms of the house of Este.

[18] In the faction of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, arising from the disputes between the emperor Frederic II. and the pope; the lords of Este sided with the Guelphs against the emperor, for which cause the church bestowed on them the duchy of Spoleti. This faction took its name from Guelpho and Ghibelin, the heads of each party.

Of him I speak (Azo the fifth [89] survey)
To whom shall tyrant Ezellino pay
His forfeit life; a wretch abhorr'd on Earth,
And to the demon said to owe his birth.
He shall with cruelty his kingdom fill,
And fair Ausonia [90] ravage at his will;
That Marius', Nero's [91], and Antonius' deeds,
Caius' and Sylla's crimes his guilt exceeds.
Behold the second Frederic's forces yield,
By second Azo conquer'd in the field,
While he shall o'er the happy land preside [92],
Where Phoebus, on the fatal river's side,
Invok'd his breathless son [93] with tuneful lyre,
His son, who sought to guide his father's fire:

Where the sad sisters tears of amber shed,
And Cygnus, chang'd, his snowy plumage spread.
This land he from the body see obtains,
A recompense for all his glorious pains!
But where 's his brother Aldobrandin [94] lost,
Who frees the popedom from a mighty host;
When the fierce Ghibellines, by Otho led,
Shall round the capitol their numbers spread;
Whose fury has the neighbouring lands o'er-run,
Whose force has Umbria and Picmo won?
He, wanting treasure to pursue the war,
Shall go supplies in Florence to prepare;
And there, no other pledge he has to leave,
His brother as his surety they receive.
Then shall he spread his conquering signs again,
And rout the German army on the plain;
Replace the church upon her ancient seat,
And fam'd Celano's earls with vengeance meet:
Till, while he fights the sacred pastor's cause,
He ends his youthful bloom with just applause!
He leaves his brother Azo to command
O'er fair Pisaro and Ancona's land;
Each town, from Trent to where Isaurus glides,
Between the Apennines and briny tides;
But (more than gold or gems) he leaves behind
With him his virtues and heroic mind.
Fortune all other gifts again may take,
But never can the power of virtue shake.
Rinaldo next [95], whose deeds his soul proclaim
Worthy the glorious race from which he came,
But cruel Fortune views with envious eyes;
At Naples, by conspiracy, he dies!
Then young Obizo takes his grandsire's reign,
And Modena and Reggio adds to his domain.
Such is his courage, that the people's choice
Shall make him lord with one united voice.
His offspring Azo see, the sixth [96] that wears
The name, whose hand the Christian standard bears.
Adria is his; in nuptial union tied,
Sicilia's daughter shines his blooming bride.
Lo! in yon amiable and friendly band,
The most illustrious princes of the land,

[89] Ezellino de Romano, for his unexampled cruelty, called the son of the devil, by the favour of the emperor Frederic II. entering Lombardy with a vast army, made himself master of many cities, among which was Padua; when desiring to usurp the dominion of Milan, he left it to go to the siege of Mantua. Azo V. having retaken Padua, set at liberty above two thousand prisoners, besides many women of quality. In the dungeons, above four hundred and sixty persons were found so worn with hunger, and covered with filth, as not to be known, though most of them afterwards appeared to be Paduans [97]. His prison was a labyrinth, in which he caused the person who made him the model, to be first shut up; at his return from the siege of Mantua, he commanded all the Paduans in Verona to be massacred; of eleven thousand, only twenty-eight remained alive. He then marched to Padua, but finding it not to be retaken, returned to Verona, and ordered the twenty-eight he had before spared, to be hanged in the market-place: at last being taken by Azo, who gave him three wounds, he was sent to Soncino, where refusing nourishment, and, as some say, tearing open his wounds, he ended his detestable life.

[90] The cruelties of Ezellino are testified by Pietro Gerardo, of Padua, who was his contemporary.

[91] The ancient name for Italy.

[92] Caius, Caligula, and Nero, emperors of Rome, whose reigns were one continued scene of cruelty: Marius and Sylla, the first consul, and the last dictator, in the time of the republic, massacred many Romans in the civil contest between them: by Antonius, he means Marc Antony, who after the death of Julius Cæsar, in concert with Augustus, was author of the bloody proscription, which cut off so many of the commonwealth party, among whom fell that celebrated orator, Marcus Tullius Cicero.

[93] Ferrara, situated on the banks of the Po. Frederic, persecuting the church, was excommunicated by Honorius III. and many cities were taken from him, among which was Ferrara, which was given to Azo of Este, for his gallant behaviour against Frederic.

[94] Phaeton, who, undertaking to guide the chariot of the Sun, set the world on fire: he was thunder-struck by Jupiter, and fell into the Po: his sisters, lamenting his death, were changed into trees dropping amber, and his grandfather Cygnus into a swan. See Ovid, Met. b. ii.

[95] Otho IV. making war against the church, assisted by the Ghibelline faction, obliged pope Innocent IV. to retire into the capitol. Aldebrandin of Este, the first marquis of Ferrara, with other powers, obliged Otho to return to Germany. The marquis, being in want of money to carry on the war, borrowed large sums of the Florentines, leaving his brother Azo with them in pledge; and having defeated the emperor, and killed the earl of Celano, who espoused the cause of Otho, he died in the flower of his age, not without suspicion of poison, leaving his brother Azo his heir.

[96] Rinaldo, son of Azo, and defender of the church, was confined in Naples by Frederic II. where being taken off by poison, his natural son Obizo, was by pope Innocent III. with the consent of the emperor, legitimated, and succeeded to the lordship of Ferrara: he afterwards, by force of arms, reduced Modena and Reggio.

[97] Many Christians being besieged in the city of Ptolemais in Syria, in the time of Charles II. king of Sicily and Naples, a crusade was proclaimed for their deliverance: in this enterprise Azo was made standard-bearer, and for his merits obtained to wife Beatrice, the daughter of king Charles.

Obizo, Aldobrand, for virtue nam'd:
For love and clemency, Alberto fam'd[17];
With Nicholas: but time denies t' explain
How with Parma they enlarg'd their reign;
And Adria[18] more securely made their own,
By whose proud name the briny seas are known;
With that fair town, which from the blushing rose,
To Grecian lands its pleasing title owes[19].
And, near the Po, a place whose walls contain
A crew[20] that wish for tempests on the main.
I leave Argenta, Lugo, many a town,
And many a castle of deserv'd renown.
See Nicholas[21], whom yet in early years,
To honours of command the land prefers.
He shall the vain designs of Tydeus quell,
Who rashly dares against his power rebel.
In rising dawn of youth, his sole delight
In rugged arms, and labours of the fight;
By which he soon obtains a mighty name,
Amid the greatest chiefs the first in fame.
He makes his foes their vain endeavours mourn,
And on themselves their cruel arts shall turn.
Otho the third in vain his power withstands,
(Tyrant of Reggio and of Parma's lands)
At once resigning, in the fatal strife,
To him his kingdom and his wicked life.
He shall the limits of his sway extend,
But ne'er, unjust, another's rights offend.
For this th' Eternal Ruler of the Heaven
No fated bound has to his empire given:
All his designs shall ever prosperous prove,
'Till snatch'd from Earth to grace the skies above.
See Lionel[24]; and next (a mighty name!)
Borso behold, his happy age's fame!

He shall in calm repose preserve with care
Those realms his ancestors had gain'd in war.
He cruel Mars in gloomy caves restrains,
And binds the hands of Rage in iron chains.
The great designs that fill his generous breast,
Shall all be turn'd to make his people blest,
To Hercules[22]! of whom 'twere hard to tell
If he in arts of peace or war excel.
He, by his virtues, shall at length obtain
The lordship, thirty years his right in vain!
Pallars, Calabrians, and Lucanians find
His glorious deeds, and bear them still in mind:
Conquest for him her brightest wreath prepares,
When, for the king of Catalan he dares
Th' embattled field; nor shall one deed alone
Exalt him midst the princes of renown:
For ne'er before shall ruler of the land
Deserve such honour at his country's hand:
Not that their city (with industrious toil)
He moves from fens, and builds in fertile soil;
And for his alliens extends the bound,
And sinks a fosse, and raises walls around;
Adorns with porticos the spacious streets,
With temples, theatres, and princely seats.
Not that unweary'd in his country's cause,
He frees her from the winged lion's paws[24]:
Or when proud Gallia rouses all to arms,
And Italy is kindled with alarms,
His state alone enjoys a peace sincere,
From abject tribute free and servile fear:
Not even for these, and many blessings more,
His native soil shall Hercules adore,
So much, as that he leaves, to bless mankind,
Alphonso and Hippolito[25] behind:

[17] Nicholas of Este, and Alberto his brother, purchased, for twenty thousand ducats, the city of Parma, of John Ancutt, an English captain of the pope's: they afterwards obtained many victories against Bernabo Visconti and other potentates. Nicholas is said, never to have been too much elated with prosperity, or depressed by adversity.

[18] A city, not far from Ferrara, which gives name to the Adriatic gulf.

[19] He means Rovigo, called in Latin Rhodigium, from Rhodos, which in Greek signifies a rose.

[20] Comacchio, a town in the Ferrarese, situated between Primaro and Volano, two branches of the Po, which often overflows and does great damage to the country: these people, who were most of them fishermen, are said to be desirous of storms, because at that time great quantities of fish are thrown up in the fens.

[21] Azo of Este, who had been driven from his country, seeing Alberto dead, who left only an infant son, named Nicholas, thought of returning, with the assistance of Tydeus, count of Conio; but the child's guardians opposed him, and made Nicholas lord of Ferrara, who, being grown to man's estate, slew Otho III. who had usurped Reggio and Parma, and obtained the government of these cities by the voluntary consent of their inhabitants.

[24] Lionel and Borso were natural sons of Nicholas; Hercules and Sigismund, legitimate: Nicholas, dying, left his legitimate children his heirs, and recommended them to the protection of Lionel, who, seizing the government, confined the two brothers at Naples, and reigned nine years. At his death, he left behind him a young son, named Nicholas, to the care of his brother Borso, who generously recalled the two brothers, and educated them as his own children. This prince was universally beloved for his many virtues; and having magnificently entertained the emperor Frederic, was by him honoured with the title of duke Ferrara, which title was confirmed by pope Paul II. since which time his successors retained the names of dukes of Ferrara.

[22] Hercules I. the second duke of Ferrara, after the death of Borso, succeeded to the dukedom which had been his right for thirty years, and beheaded Nicholas, the son of Lionel, who came with the aid of the marquis of Mantua, to get possession of the government. Being afterwards embroiled with the Venetians, he was despoiled of many lands, and besieged in Ferrara. A peace being made, Hercules fought in the service of Alphonso, king of the Catalans, and gained many victories for him: by his prudence and good conduct, he escaped the oppression of Charles VIII. king of France, who had subdued great part of Italy, and driven the before-mentioned Alphonso from his kingdom.

[24] The arms of the country, put, by a figure, for the country itself.

[25] Alphonso I. the third duke of Ferrara, and cardinal Hippolito, his brother, both patrons of Ariosto.

Whose friendship may be match'd with that of old
By story'd page of Leda's offspring told[36];
Who each, by turns, could seek the nether reign
To give his brother to the world again.
So shall these two for ever stand prepar'd,
Each with his own the other's life to guard;
And more defend their land in raging war,
Than stately bulwarks rais'd by Vulcan's care.
Alphonso see! the prince[37], whose soul shall shine
With wisdom and with piety divine;
That men shall deem Astræa left the Earth
To visit after ages at his birth!
Nor shall he less in adverse times require
The prudence and the valour of his sire;
For with a saucy force, he sees at hand
On one side Venice with a numerous band;
She, on the other, who may better claim
A fury's title, than a mother's name[38];
Against her offspring cruel wars to wage
With more than Progne's or Medea's rage!
Oft as he issues forth by day or night,
He puts his foes by land and sea to flight.
His forces shall Romania's power o'erthrow,
And stain with blushing streams the banks of Po.
The hireling Spaniard shall his anger feel
Who for the pontiff draws th' appuging steel.
The foe at first shall Rastia's castle gain,
The captain, in the sudden onset, slain.
But soon the victor must his conquest mourn:
See! great Alphonso swift to vengeance turn;
When not a wretch escapes the general doom
To bear the fatal tidings back to Rome.
His counsel, with his lance united, gains
The laurell'd glories of Romania's plains,
Against stern Julius, and the Spanish bands;
He gives the conquest into Gallia's hands.
The country round shall pour a crimson flood,
Where floundering steeds shall swim in seas of blood;
The dead unbury'd lie: such heaps shall fall;
The Spaniard, Greek, Pallan, Dutch, and Gaul!
He, whom his vest pontifical reveals,
Whose honour'd brows the sacred hat conceals,
Is he — the cardinal[39] in future time,
The church's great support! in prose and rhyme,
The theme of every tongue, whose boundless praise,
Like Cæsar's, shall demand a Virgil's lays.
'T is his with modest deeds t' adorn his race:
So Phœbus' beams the frame of nature grace,
Put Luna, and the fainting stars to flight,
And shining conquer every other light.
Methinks I see him with a scanty train,
Departing sad, return with joy again;
While fifteen galleys[40] captive to the shore
He brings, besides a thousand vessels more.
Behold two Sigismunds next appear;
See the five sons of great Alphonso near;
Who shall their glories through the world display,
To fill the distant lands and spacious sea.
View Hercules the second[41], first advance,
Who weds the daughter of the king of France.
See next Hippolito, whose acts shall shine,
And like his ancestors adorn his line:
The third Francisco call'd: one common name,
The latter couple from Alphonso claim.
But should I vainly thus attempt to tell
The names of all that in thy race excel,
Before my tale were done, the rising light
Most often chase the fleeting shades of night?
And now (if so you deem) 't is time to cease,
And give the spirits dismission hence in peace."

Here, when she found the damsel thus dispos'd,
Her magic book the learn'd enchantress clos'd.
At once the phantoms vanish'd from the view,
And, where the prophet's corse was laid, withdrew.
When Bradamant at length the silence broke,
And thus the sage prophetic dame bespoke:
"What mournful pair[42] was that, who plac'd between
Alphonso and Hippolito were seen?
Sighing they came, their eyes to earth declin'd,
And gloomy sadness seem'd to fill their mind;
Far from their brethren's way their steps they press'd,
As if they shunn'd to mingle with the rest."
At this demand, the prophetess appears
With visage chang'd, her eyes are fill'd with tears.

[36] Castor and Pollux: Castor was the son of Tyndarus and Leda, and Pollux the son of Jupiter, begot by him, under the form of a swan, of Leda: these brothers were celebrated for their friendship; and Pollux, who inherited immortality from Jupiter, desired that he might share it with his brother, which being granted, they are feigned to live and die by turns.

[37] Alphonso being at variance with the pope and the Venetians, the former made a league with Ferrando, king of Naples, who sent him Fabritius Colonna, with four hundred men at arms, and Pietro Navarro, with two legions of old Spanish soldiers: he likewise took the Switzers into his pay, and equipped a fleet in the Tyrrhene sea. Navarro entering, by Romania, into the Ferrarese, took Rastia by storm, a fortress belonging to the duke, cutting all to pieces. Alphonso, taking the field, routed the enemy, and recovered Rastia: being wounded with a stone, in the head, his men, who believed him slain, to revenge his death, put all the pope's people to the sword. He afterwards signalized himself at Ravenna, in defence of the king of France, where he gained that memorable victory over the forces of Spain and pope Julius II.

[38] The poet here seems to mean the pope, or mother church, that, till then, had always cherished the race of Estè as her sons.

[39] Hippolito.

[40] The Venetians going up the Po with a fleet against Alphonso, cardinal Hippolito went out of the city with some horse and foot, and coming to Volana, a castle near the Po, planted the artillery there to such advantage, that finding the enemy's gallies unprovided, most of the crews being on shore, he sunk four of them and took fifteen; but Angelo Travisano, the admiral, escaped with one.

[41] Hercules II. the fourth duke of Ferrara.

[42] Ferrante of Estè, natural brother to Alphonso and Hippolito, either through views of ambition, or because Alphonso refused to procure him satisfaction for an injury which he had received from Hippolito, had conspired with Julio, his natural brother, to assassinate the duke; but the plot being discovered, they were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Porcacchi.

"Unhappy youths! what misery," she cry'd,
"For you the wiles of treacherous men[40] provide.
O race renown'd! O great Herculean seed!
Ah! let your goodness for their errours plead:
From you their veins the richest currents prove;
Let justice here give way to brother's love!"
She then proceeded in a softer tone:
"Seek not to ask[41], what must not now be shown:
Ah! gentle maid! suffice the good you know;
Nor wish for that, which found, may cause your woe.
Soon as to morrow's dawning light we view,
The readiest path together we 'll pursue,
To where Rogero is in durance laid:
Myself will guide you through the forest-shade;
And, when we reach the margin of the flood,
Will teach you every winding of the road."
All night the virgin in the cave remain'd,
With sage discourse by Merlin entertain'd,
Who often warn'd th' attentive maid to prove
Propitious to her dear Rogero's love.
Soon as the skies began to glow with light,
She left the subterranean cave of night;
But first with sage Melissa took her way
Through gloomy paths impervious to the day;
At length, ascending, reach'd a desert place
With savage hills, untrod by human race.
The live-long day, unresting, they pursu'd
Their course, and many a rock and torrent view'd,
Still, as they went, endeavouring to allay
With sweet discourse the labours of the way.
But chief the prophetess instructs the maid
How she may best th' imprison'd champion aid.
"Though you were Mars, or Pallas' self" (she cried)
"And drew as many warriors on your side
As Afric's prince, or mighty Charlemain,
You would oppose th' enchanter's power in vain.
Not only does he roar (amazing sight!)
His tower of steel on such a steepy height:
Not only does he rule a winged horse,
That strangely through the air directs his course;
But on his arm he bears a blazing shield,
That casts the gazer senseless on the field;
And should you keep your eye-lids clos'd, to shun
The hidden force of this terrestrial sun,
How then the battle's progress could you know,
When your fire flies, or when he aims a blow?
But to withstand his arts on me rely,
Nor can the world an aid like this supply.
King Agramant a ring[42] of great import
Has given to one Brunello of his court,
Who now before us on the way is seen:
This ring (late taken from an Indian queen[43])
Is such, that he who wears it on his hand,
May every fraud of magic power withstand.
No less Brunello knows of servile guiles,
Than he, who keeps your knight, of magic wiles.
This man, so skill'd and crafty in deceit,
His monarch sends to work a hardy feat,
That, by his cunning and enchanted ring,
He from the castle might Rogero bring,
Whom much the king esteems: but shall he owe
His freedom to a Pagan, and our foe?
Three days your course along the shore pursue;
(The shore will soon appear before our view)
The third your steps will to the dwelling bring,
Where you shall meet the man that wears the ring.
His stature (keep the picture in your mind)
Is not six spans, his head to earth declin'd;
Dark is his tawny skin, and black his hairs;
On his pale face a bushy beard he wears:
His eyes are swoln; his squinting looks aside;
His eye-brows staring, and his nostrils wide:
His dress, which gives you all the man complete,
Is short and strait, and for a courier meet.
With him you doubtless must awhile discourse
On the strange castle, and th' enchanter's force.
Then speak your wish to dare th' adventurous deed,
And make in fight the necromancer bleed;
But let him no suspicion entertain
You know the ring that makes enchantments vain.
Soon will he proffer on your way to ride,
And to the rocky mountain be your guide.
Then follow him, and mark my words aright,
Soon as the rock appears before your sight,
Your fix'd resolves let no compassion shake,
But seize the wretch, his forfeit life to take:
For should his lips receive the ring, he flies
Involv'd in mist from your astonish'd eyes."
Thus speaking; to the shore at length they drew,
Where Bourdeaux and Garonna rose to view;
And here, but first some tender tears they shed,
They parted as their different purpose led.
Duke Amon's daughter, whose impatient breast
Rogero fill'd, her eager journey press'd,
Till at an inn at length she ceas'd her way,
And saw Brunello there at close of day.
Full well she knew the man she sought to find,
So well his form was treasur'd in her mind:
She questions where he goes, and whence he came,
While lies to all he frames; nor less the dame,

[40] The poet, by this equivocal expression, seems desirous to cast a veil over the guilt of these brothers.

[41] This passage is a close copy of Virgil, where Æneas, seeing in a vision his successors pass before him, in the same manner as is here related of Eradamant, asks the same question, and receives for answer,

—— Lucius ne quære tuorum. Æn. vi.
Seek not the sorrows of thy race to know.

Concerning the misfortunes of the youths here alluded to, sir John Harrington tells the following story:

"It happened that Hippolito and one of these brothers fell in love with a courtesan, who, showing less affection to Hippolito, was one day very earnestly importuned by him to know what moved her to prefer his brother before him; she answered, it was his beautiful eyes; upon which, Hippolito ordered them to be thrust out; but the youth found means to preserve his sight, and meeting no redress, by making his complaint to the duke, he, and the other brother here mentioned, conspired to kill him; but at the time of the execution, their hearts failed them, and the plot being discovered, they were kept in perpetual imprisonment." Notes to sir John Harrington's Translation, b. iii.

[42] This seems to be a new attempt of Brunello to free Rogero a second time from the hands of Atlantes. It has been before related, from Boyardo, how he was taken from the enchanted garden on Mount Carena in Africa. See Note on b. ii. ver. 495.

[43] Angelica, daughter of Galaphron.

Warn'd of his arts, for false-hood, false-hood deals,
Her country feigns; her name, and race conceals;
While watchful on his hands her eye she bends,
And every look, his treachery knows, attends.
As thus distrust on either side prevails,
A dreadful noise each startled ear assails.
But cease we here, my lord! to tell the cause;
And here awhile permit the tale to pause.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant, following the advice of Melissa, takes the ring from Brunello, defeats Atlantes, the magician, and sets his prisoners at liberty: but soon after loses her lover Ruggero, who is carried from her in a wonderful manner, by the contrivance of Atlantes. Rinaldo, who was sent on an embassy to England, being cast by a tempest on the coast of Scotland, is entertained at an abbey, where he is acquainted with the misfortune of Genevra, daughter to the king of Scotland, and undertakes to fight in her behalf.

Though we too oft dissimulation find
To' attendant vice of a degenerate mind;
Yet, since in this bad world we must oppose
A thousand perils and a thousand foes,
A blameless art, in time of need pursu'd,
Has oft been found the means of future good;
A sure defence from threatening danger prov'd;
Impending shame, and death itself remov'd.
If after proofs long try'd, and try'd in vain,
You scarce at last a faithful friend attain;
A friend to whom you truly can impart
Each little care that fills the secret heart:
How with Brunello shall the maid proceed,
Brunello, strange to every virtuous deed;
But as Melissa had display'd before,
Of treason fram'd, and vers'd in guileful lore?
She to deceive, no less her mind applies,
As best beseems with him, the sire of lies!
While thus their mutual converse they pursue,
Still on his hands she bends her heedful view;
When sudden cries their startled ears invade,
"O! glorious mother!"[a] cried th' astonish'd maid,
"O! king of heaven! from what dread wonder grows
This strange alarm?" but soon the cause she knows;
She sees the host and all the household near;
Who in the window or the streets appear
Gazing aloft, as when the vulgar spy
A dark eclipse, or comet in the sky.
And now a wondrous sight the virgin saw,
(A wondrous sight, surpassing Nature's law)
A courser through the air directs his flight,
Who bore upon his back an armed knight.
Large were his wings, with different colours grac'd,
And in the midst the magic knight was plac'd:
His shining arms of polish'd steel appear'd,
And towards the western skies his course he steer'd;
Till sinking, he behind the mountains flew.
Then said the host (and well the truth he knew)
"Behold a strange magician fam'd afar,
Oft seen to journey through the fields of air.
Sometimes he seems amid the stars to rise;
And now, more lowly, near the Earth he flies;
While every bounteous damsel in his way,
The necromancer seizes as his prey.
Thus all whose features charms transcendent share,
Or those, who give themselves the name of fair,
With terrour struck, avoid his hated sight,
And shun the face of day with pale affright.
"On a high rock" (the host pursuing said)
"He holds a castle by enchantment made;
A fortress built of stone, whose frame excels
Whate'er of wondrous, old tradition tells.
Full many knights have sought the place in vain,
For none could learn they e'er return'd again;
That much I dread, so dear th' adventure cost,
His life, or liberty, each warrior lost!"
This tale with joy th' attentive virgin heard,
In hopes (nor after, vain her hopes appear'd)
Soon, by the magic ring's assisting power,
To quell th' enchanter, and destroy his tower.
Then to the host she said: "Let one be found,
Whose steps may guide me to this fatal ground:
For know, I burn with rage to prove my might
On this magician's immediate fight."
"Thou shalt not want an aid!" (Brunello cried),
"Behold, myself I proffer for your guide.
The windings of the road I can display,
With many secrets to beguile the way."
"With grateful thanks I take you for my guide,"
(In hopes to gain the ring) the maid reply'd:
The host a courser brought the virgin-knight,
Apt for the road, and strongly limb'd for fight;
On this she mounted, and her way pursu'd,
Soon as the rising morn the day renew'd.
From steep to steep, from wood to wood they pass'd,
Till fam'd Pyrene's hills[b] they reach'd at last,
There may the sight, in skies serene, explore
Gallia and Spain, with either distant shore:
Thence from the summit show'd a rough descent,
That winding to the lower valley went;
Where, in the midst, a rocky mountain stood,
On which aloft the fort of steel they view'd,
That rear'd to Heaven, with such stupendous height,
Made all beneath seem little in its sight.
"Behold th' enchanter's tower" (Brunello said),
"In which the knights and dames are prisoners made."
Hewn in four equal sides, the mountain rose
Above the plain; nor path nor step it shows
T' assist the foot, but seem'd a place design'd
For some strange animal of winged kind.
The virgin now perceiv'd the hour was come
To seize the ring, and seal Brunello's doom:
But her great soul th' inglorious thought disdain'd,
To see, with blood like his, her weapon stain'd:
Since she might safely of his ring deprive,
And yet preserve the helpless wretch alive.

[a] The Virgin Mary.

[b] Rogardo's enchanted garden was on Mount Carena in Africa; Ariosto's castle, on the hills that divide Spain from the furthest part of France, formerly called Acquitania. The plain at the foot of these hills was called Roncevaux, (Roncevalles) where romances tell us, the Christians met with that memorable defeat from the Saracens, in which fell almost all the principal knights and paladins of France.

Then, while Brunello unsuspecting pass'd,
She seiz'd him unawares, and bound him fast
To a strong trunk beneath the beech's shade:
But from his finger first the ring convey'd.
In vain his every art Brunello tries,
And begs his freedom with unmanly cries:
She leaves him; and, with steps secure and slow,
Forsakes the hill, and seeks the plain below:
Then winds her horn, that echoes to the skies,
And having breath'd a blast, with shouting cries
She boldly to the field her foe defies.
Nor long she stays, the fierce enchanter hears,
And, issuing from the castle-gate, appears:
But Bradamant beheld with secret joy,
Her foe no weapons in the field[3] employ.
Nor lance, nor heavy mace, nor sword he wore,
To bruise the armour, and the corslet bore.
On his left arm was brac'd a mystic shield,
Whose wondrous orb a crimson veil conceal'd
His right hand held a book, and while he read,
Illusive phantoms round his foes he spread.
With spear, or sword, he seem'd to urge the fight:
And oft had dazzled many a warrior's sight.
But no illusion was his flying steed;
A griffin and a mare the mingled breed
Compos'd; and like his sire his feet before,
His head, his feathers, and his wings he wore;
(In all the rest his mother-mare was shown)
And by the name of griffin-horse was known.
Such, though but rarely, in those hills appear,
Beyond where ocean feels the freezing year.
Thence had the enchanter drawn him by his skill,
And made him soon obedient to his will;
Taught him the saddle and the reins to wear,
And o'er the earth and seas his master bear.
But all the rest that in the fight he show'd,
From airy visions of enchantment flow'd:
Yet nought against the maid avail'd his art,
Such wisdom could the sacred ring impart.
And now she seems eager'd to strike the wind;
Now darts before; then swiftly turns behind.
At last (for so Melissa had requir'd,
To win the palm which most the maid desir'd)
In fury from her steed she seems to light,
And eager on her feet pursue the fight.
This seen, the necromancer heeds his care,
With one enchantment to conclude the war;
And, thinking now the damsel to confound,
Removes the covering from his buckler's round.
Such was his wont—awhile the shining ray
He kept conceal'd to hold the knights in play:
For, with a sportive mind, he took delight
To see them wield the sword and spear in fight.

So when the wily cat[4] a prisoner draws
Some hapless mouse within her cruel claws,
Wanton awhile she joys his fears to see,
Nor yet will kill, nor set the captive free.
To that we might, in every former war,
The fool magician and the knights compare:
But not in this, the ring with powerful aid
Here gave th' advantage to the warrior-maid,
Who watchful as she fought t' escape surprise,
Attentive on the sorc'rer fix'd her eyes:
Soon as she saw the buckler's blaze reveal'd,
She clos'd her eyes, and tumbled on the field:
Nor think the splendour of the beaming light,
As with the rest, had power to hurt her sight;
But the wise virgin took this artful course,
To lure the vain enchanter from his horse.
Her wile succeeding, swiftly wheeling round,
The flying horseman lighted on the ground:
On foot he leapt, and left behind his shield,
Ty'd to his saddle, in the veil conceal'd,
Then hasten'd where th' expecting damsel lay;
So waits a wolf to make the kid his prey;
While, on the ground neglected, he forsook
(With which he wag'd the war) his magic book.
Now with a chain to bind his foe he thought,
A chain prepar'd, for such a purpose brought;
But here an unexpected difference found;
The noble damsel hurl'd him to the ground;
He far unfit a strife like this to wage;
She strong in youth, and he depress with age.
Now Bradamant her conquering weapon spread,
And from his shoulders thought to part his head;
But, marking well his face, her hand restrain'd,
As if such mean revenge her soul disdain'd.
She view'd the visage of her prostrate foe,
With wrinkles furrow'd o'er, and worn with woe;
Who, by his silver locks and reverend mien,
At least the course of seventy years had seen.
"For Heaven's sake, youth! conclude the fatal strife,"
(The lost magician said) "and take my life."
But she no less to save his life conspir'd,
Than he to leave the hated light desir'd.
Meantime a new desire possess'd the dame,
To learn th' enchanter's country, and his name;
And what he by that rocky tower design'd,
Built in a wild, to ravage all mankind.
"Alas! for no ill purpose" (thus replies
The old enchanter, mingling tears and sighs)
"On yon steep rock I built my settled home.
Nor avarice makes me round the country roam;
But fond affection would my soul incite,
To save from peril great a gentle knight,
Long threaten'd by his stars in Gallia's land
To die a Christian by a treacherous hand.

[3] Pinabello, in the second book, had described the magician as making use of weapons in the battle with Gradasso and Rogero; but it must be remembered, that his sight was deluded by magic, as Ariosto in this passage, says:

His sight hand held a book, and while he read,
Illusive phantoms round his foes he spread.
With spear, or sword, he seem'd to urge the fight, &c.
Ver. 117.

But the poet now, speaking in his own person, represents the matter as it really appeared to Bradamant.

[4] Many passages in Ariosto are of the ludicrous kind, of which this simile is an example, which is taken from the most common and familiar image in life: there is an instance of this kind still more ludicrous, where he describes the universal terror spread by Astolpho's horn in the enchanted palace of Atlantes. B. xxii. ver. 161.

In casa non resta gatta ne topo.
Nor cat nor mouse within the dwelling stay'd.

Such passages, blended with others truly epic, prove Ariosto's style and imagery to be of the mixed kind.

A youth like this, for looks and courage bold,
Ne'er did the Sun 'twixt either pole behold;
Rogero call'd: his infancy with care
I nurs'd: Atlantes is the name I bear.
Desire of fame, but more his cruel chance,
With Agramant allur'd his step to France:
While I, who love him with a parent's love,
Seek him from France and danger to remove:
For this alone I rais'd the stately tower,
To keep Rogero's life from fortune's power;
Where into I kept him prisoner safe, and where
I vainly hop'd, alas! yourself to bear!
With gallant dames and knights I fill'd the place,
With many others of the noblest race;
That, though desir'd to leave this safe retreat,
Society might make his bondage sweet.
Except their freedom, I with care provide
For every want, for every wish beside.
Whate'er the world affords each various coast
To give delight, these castle walls can boast:
The song, the dance, the costly garb, the feast;
Whate'er the heart can think, or tongue request!
Well had I sworn, and well the fruits enjoy'd;
But thou art come, and all my works destroy'd.
Alas! if, like your gentle looks, you bear
A gentle heart, in pity hear my prayer.
That buckler take, which I with joy resign,
And take that flying steed which once was mine.
Or, hast thou friends in yonder tower confin'd?
Free one, or two; remain the rest behind.
Nay, all my prisoners, if thou seek'st, receive,
So thou alone wilt my Rogero leave.
But if, alas! e'en him thou would'st remove;
Before thou lead'st to France the youth I love,
Ah! let me by thy pitying sword be slain,
And free this spirit from her house of pain."
To this the maid—"Thy fruitless plaints give o'er,
For know, I will the captive knight restore;
Nor offer shield, nor courser to resign,
No longer yours, by right of conquest mine:
Or were they yours to give, could gifts like these
For such a warrior's loss my mind appease?
For this Rogero is confin'd with care,
T' avoid the threatening influence of his star!
O blind to fate! or, grant you can foresee,
What human power shall alter Heaven's decree?
But if your own near fate you never knew,
Far less another's fate your art can view.
Request not death from me; such prayers are vain:
Or if sincere you seek to end your pain;
Though all the world denies, the noble mind
Can from itself its own dismission find.
But first set wide the castle gate with speed,
And let your prisoners all from bonds be freed."
So spoke the virgin; and without delay,
With old Atlantes took her eager way.
Chains of his own the necromancer bind;
The cautious damsel follows close behind;
For, still in doubt, some secret guile she fear'd,
Though deep submission in his face appear'd.
Now near they came, where on the rocky side,
Scarce to be seen, a narrow cleft she spy'd,
By which the steps, in windings from the mead,
To the high summit of the mountain lead.
Atlantes from the threshold mov'd a stone,
Where mystic signs and characters were shown:
Beneath were vessels, whence was seen expire
Sulphureous smoke that came from hidden fire.
All these the sorc'rer broke; and sudden grew
The country desert, comfortless to view!
As oft from nets the thrushes take their flight,
So swift the necromancer flew from sight:
At once with him, disolv'd to empty air,
The vanish'd castle left the mountain bare.
Surpris'd, themselves the knights and ladies found
From stately rooms remov'd to open ground:
While many view'd their present state with pain,
And wish'd for pleasing slavery again.
Gradasso, Sacripant were there to see:
The knight Prasildo too, from prison free,
Who with Rinaldo came from eastern lands;
Iroldo[5] join'd with him in friendly bands.
Here noble Bradamant with joy perceiv'd
Her lov'd Rogero, him for whom she griev'd;
Who, when he saw the beauteous maid, express'd
The grateful transports of an amorous breast;
As one he valu'd to his soul more dear
Than golden beams of light, or vital air,
E'er since the day[6] the fair her helm unbound,
And in her lovely head receiv'd a wound.
Each other night and day they sought in vain,
Nor till this blissful hour could meet again.
Now when with longing eyes Rogero view'd
Where she, his lov'd, his fair deliverer stood,
So vast a pleasure fill'd his ravish'd mind,
He deem'd himself the happiest of mankind.
From shameful bondage freed, the warriors came,
Where in the valley stood the conquering dame;
And where the wondrous courser they beheld,
Who wore the buckler in the veil conceal'd.
The damsel now to seize his reins essay'd,
And, till she nearer drew, the courser stay'd;
But soon he spreads his wings, and spurns the plain;
Then, at a little distance, lights again.
Eager she follows, where she sees the steed
Now here, now there descending on the mead.
Thus, on the sandy shore, in many rounds,
The wily crow the spaniel's search confounds.
Gradasso, Sacripant, Rogero try'd;
Alike each knight his several art apply'd;
Some on the hills, some planted on the plain,
As best they thought the winged steed to gain;
But he (when first he had the warriors led
Up the rough paths to every mountain head,
And in the marshy vales beneath convey'd)
At length beside Rogero gently stay'd.
This was Atlantes' work, whose aged breast
A thousand anxious boding fears oppress'd,
Who oft had sock'd his thoughts with pious care,
To save Rogero from his fatal star.
For this he bids the griffin-horse alight,
To bear from Europe's climes the youthful knight.
Rogero thought to lead him on the way,
But the steed, stopping short, refus'd t' obey.
From good Frontino[7] then he leaps with speed,
(Frontino was the champion's generous steed)

[5] Christian knights in Boyardo's poem, who had been imprisoned with Rinaldo, Dudon, and others, in a castle in the East, and being afterwards delivered, set out with Rinaldo for France, to the assistance of Charlemain, and are here supposed to have been taken prisoners by Atlantes.

[6] See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[7] The horse which Brunello stole from Sacripant, and gave to Rogero.

See General View of Boyardo's Story.

He dares the strong-plum'd courser to bestride,
And claps his goring rowels in his side;
Who runs awhile, till, rising from the plain,
He spurns the ground beneath and soars amain.
So when the master lets the falcon fly,
At once he sees his prey, and shoots along the sky.
The maid, alarm'd, beheld, with shuddering sight,
Her dear Rogero in this dangerous plight:
Such various passions in her bosom wrought,
She seem'd awhile depriv'd of sense and thought.
What she of youthful Ganymede had heard,
To Heaven by Jove's almighty will preferr'd,
She doubts may prove of her Rogero true,
Whose equal graces charm'd the gazer's view.
His course she follows through the distant skies,
While yet his course she reaches with her eyes;
Even when the distance leaves her sight behind,
She follows still, and views him in her mind.
Her tender bosom heaves with labouring sighs,
While ceaseless sorrows trickle from her eyes.
But when her lover long in vain she mourn'd,
Her looks upon his gallant steed she turn'd,
Then, parting, took Frontino by the rein,
In hopes to give him to his lord again.
Meantime the monster flew, nor knew the knight
To rule the reins, or stop his rapid flight.
He sees the face of Earth decreas'd in show,
And every lofty summit left below;
So far remov'd, no more his eye descries
Where the vales sink, or where the mountains rise.
But when the steed has gain'd so vast a height,
He seem'd a little spot to mortal sight,
He steer'd his course, to where in western streams
The Sun descends, when Cancer feels his beams.
He cuts his airy way, as vessels sail
On prosperous seas before the driving gale.
But let him go[8], and tell his voyage speed,
While to Rinaldo must the tale proceed.
Rinaldo that, and all th' ensuing day,
Was driv'n by tempests o'er the watery way:
From morn till eve the wind increasing blew:
Now to the west, and now the north they drew;
At last upon the shore of Scotland light,
Where Caledonia's forest[9] rose to sight,
That make its ancient oaks was wont to hear
The riven target, and the shiver'd spear:
Here once were seen, beneath these shades rever'd,
Each errant-knight in Britain's combats fear'd:
From regions far and near, well known to fame,
From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came

[8] He returns to Rogero, b. vi. ver. 111, and to Bradamant, b. vii. ver. 212.

[9] The forest of Caledonia, famous for its dreary solitudes, was the scene of the exploits of many of the knights errant, of which such fabulous accounts are given in the books of chivalry of those times: of these knights, the principal were the five following mentioned by our author.

Tristram, son of Meliadis, king of Leonis, and one of the first of the errant knights sworn at the round table. Marco, king of Cornwall, having engaged to marry Isotta, daughter of king Languines, sent his nephew Tristram to Ireland, to fetch over the bride. Isotta's mother, having prepared an enchanted potion to make her daughter beloved by her husband, had entrusted it to a confidante, when it happened, that Tristram and Isotta, in the voyage, tasted of the potion, and became violently enamoured of each other. King Marco, having some time afterwards surprised the lovers together, snatched up Tristram's lance, which stood without the chamber, and slew him therewith: upon which Isotta fell on the body, and expired. Tristram's companion was,

Launcelot, a knight also sworn of the round table, and son of Bando, king of Benoich: he was deeply in love with queen Guenever, wife to king Arthur, and no less beloved by her: after her death he became a hermit. Launcelot was deceived by a daughter of king Pleiatore, who, seeing his passion for the queen, by a crafty wile lay with him in her stead, and had by him a son called

Galasso, who being created a knight by his father, was the first that sat in the chair of Merlin: he is said to have obtained the holy vessel in which our Saviour ate with his disciples; and was reputed a saint.

Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, king of England: Jeffery of Monmouth informs us, that Uther Pendragon fell in love with Igerne (or Ingerne) the wife of Gorlois, prince of Cornwall. In the absence of Gorlois, Merlin, by his magic, transformed Uther into the likeness of Jordan, a familiar friend of Gorlois, himself assuming the figure of one Brycel; by means of which artifice Uther enjoyed Igerne, and begot king Arthur, who is said to have been the greatest king that ever lived: he was so renowned a warrior, that he slew with his own hand four hundred and sixty men in battle, and added other kingdoms to his own: he wore a golden helmet, with a dragon for his crest; thus Spenser in his Fairy Queen:

> His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
> Both glorious brightness and great terrour bred,
> For all the crest a dragon did enfold
> With greedy paws ——— B. i. c. vii.

On his shield was engraved the effigies of the virgin Mary: he bore a lance of uncommon size and weight, with which he slew his son Mordred, who had rebelled against him, and lay in ambush to assassinate him; hence Dante says:

> Con esso un colpo per le man d'Arth.
> With this a blow from Arthur's hand ——

This prince was the first that established the order of the round table, with so many famous knights: his end is uncertain; some say, that he received his mortal wound in fighting against his traiterous nephew Mordred; but the old Welch bards had a strange tradition, that he was not dead, but would return after a time, and reign in as great authority as ever.

Galvano (or Gawaine): there were two of this name, one the nephew of Arthur, a man of great valour, and one of the round table: the other was under Amadis de Gaule: they were both great knights, and achieved many adventures. On the beach of the sea, near Milford-haven, is a natural rock shaped into a chapel, which tradition reports to have been the burying place of sir Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur. See Porcacchi, Warton's, and Upton's notes on Spenser, &c.

Each gallant chief, who coldly scorn'd his life,
Where death or conquest crown'd the glorious strife!
Here Tristram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
Galasso, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
Galvano brave; with more that titles drew
Both from the ancient table, and the new[18];
Knights, who have left, to speak their valiant mind,
More than one trophy of their worth behind.
Rinaldo arms, his steed Bayardo takes,
And landing on the shore, the sea forsakes:
He bids the pilot Berwick speed to gain,
And there till his arrival to remain.
Without a squire the fearless knight pervades[19]
The gloomy horrour of those dreary shades;
Now here, now there, as most he hop'd to find
Adventures of a new and dreadful kind.
The first day brought him to an abbey fair,
Whose wealth was spent with hospitable care,
Beneath its roof reception to provide
For knights and dames that through the forest ride.
The monks and abbot, with a friendly grace,
Welcom'd the brave Rinaldo to the place;
Who now inquir'd (but not till grateful food
Had cheer'd his spirits and his strength renew'd),
How in the compass of that savage ground,
Adventures strange by wandering knights were found.
He might, they answer'd, 'midst the woods essay
A thousand perils in the lonely way;
But, as the place, so were the deeds conceal'd,
And seldom to the wondering world reveal'd.
"Far rather go," they cried, "where, done in sight,
Your actions may be view'd in open light;
Where after toil and danger follows fame,
With ready trump your praises to proclaim.
But if indeed your honour you regard,
Then hear the noblest enterprise prepar'd,
That ever yet, in ancient times or new,
A courteous warrior could in arms pursue.—
Our monarch's daughter needs a gallant knight,
In her defence to wage a single fight
Against a lord (Lurcanio is his name)
Who seeks to spoil her of her life and fame.
He to her father thus accus'd the maid,
(Perhaps by hatred more than reason sway'd)—
That she receiv'd, confest before his sight,
A lover at her window in the night.
Her crime in flames she expiates by the laws,
Unless a champion rise in her cause
Within a month, (now hastening to an end,)
Her life against th' accuser to defend.
The cruel laws of Scotland's realm decree
That every maid, of high or low degree,
Accus'd of yielding to the living fire
Of lawless love, in torment shall expire:
Nor aught can save the wretched damsel's life,
Unless some warrior dare the generous strife.
The king, who for Geneura's safety fears,
(Such is the name his hapless daughter bears)
Proclaims through every city, far and near,
That he who dares in her defence appear,
Whose arm shall lay her proud accuser low,
(If he his birth to noble parents owe)
Shall for his bride the royal maid receive,
With such a dower as fits a prince to give.—
A deed like this should more your sword demand,
Than wandering thus amid the forest land.
You will the flower of beauteous dames obtain,
'Twixt distant India and th' Atlantic main;
With power and wealth, and knighthood's envy'd praise,
To crown with blessings all your future days.
Our king shall fix on you his sovereign grace,
Whose arm preserv'd the honour of his race.
Yet more, the law of chivalry demands,
To save from infamous and treacherous hands
A maid, who, by the world's consent, may claim
Among the chastest minds the foremost name."
Rinaldo mus'd awhile, then made reply:
"And must a damsel be condemn'd to die
Because she circled in her yielding arms,
And kindly blest'd her lover with her charms?
Accurst be those that could such laws procure!
Accurst be those that still such laws endure!
Let cruel virgins rather cease to live,
Not those who life to faithful lovers give:
Nor ask I now if with consenting ear
Geneura deign'd her suitor's vows to hear;
In her defence shall all my force be try'd:
Procure me speedily a skilful guide;
And give me but th' accuser's face to see,
I trust, in Heaven, to set Geneura free.
I mean not now (what truth perchance denies)
T' affirm that guiltless of the deed she dies;
But mean to show what madness fill'd his mind,
Who first devis'd this law for woman-kind,
When man to multitudes his love displays,
Nor meets alone impunity, but praise.
And soon I hope, in Heaven, to prove the wrong,
To suffer tamely such an act so long."
The rest with good Rinaldo deem'd the same,
While all agreed their ancestors to blame:
Nor could the king escape from censure free,
Whose justice ne'er revers'd the harsh decree.
Soon as the rosy morn, with splendour bright,
Reveal'd the hemisphere of rising light,
Rinaldo arm'd, and mounted on his steed;
He took a trusty squire the way to lead;
Then left the abbey, and his course pursued,
For many miles along the gloomy wood,
To seek the city destin'd for the strife,
On which depended fair Geneura's life.
To make the shorter way, they chanc'd to take
A path more lonely, and the road forsake.
When near at hand they hear a screaming sound,
The forest echoes to the noise around,
One spurs Bayardo, t' other spurs his steed,
To search the valley whence the cries proceed.
Betwixt two men a damsel there was seen,
Who distant seem'd of fair and comely mien;
But ne'er before did dame or damsel show
Looks more deprest with anguish or with woe.

[18] "The round table was not peculiar to the reign of king Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. Any king was said to 'hold a round table,' when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities." See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 55.

[19] This passage has more the air of the old romances than most parts of the poem. A prince, sent from his sovereign on an embassy to a foreign power, being landed near a forest, instead of taking the nearest way to execute his commission, wanders up and down in search of adventures: however, the reader may perhaps be tempted to overlook this inconsistency for the sake of the episode thereby introduced.

On either side the ruffians ready stood
With naked swords to dye the ground with blood;
While she, with prayers and many a flowing tear,
Did for awhile the dreadful stroke defer.
Rinaldo comes, and when the fair he spies,
He hastens to her aid with threatening cries.
Soon as the murderers saw th' approaching knight,
At once they turn'd their backs in sudden flight;
Through the dark vale precipitate they flew;
Nor would the Paladin their steps pursue,
But, drawing near the damsel, sought to hear
Her deep distress, and whence her death so near;
Then, for dispatch, commands the squire to bear
Behind him, on their way, the weeping fair:
While, as they rode, he better mark'd her face,
Her beauteous features, and her pleasing grace
That savour'd of a court; though still appear
Upon her troubled looks the marks of fear.
Again Rinaldo ask'd, what cruel fate
Had so deprest her to this wretched state?
She then, with lowly voice, began to tell
What in th' ensuing book we shall reveal.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo hears, from Dalinda, the tale of the loves of Ariodantes and Genevra, with the treachery of Polinesso, who had contrived to blacken the reputation of Genevra, and caused her to be openly accused of incontinence; in consequence of which, by the laws of Scotland, she was condemned to death. Rinaldo takes up her cause before the king, and enters the list with her enemy.

The beasts that haunt the wood or graze the plain,
Or tame or savage, mutual peace maintain;
But if sometimes they wherefore to mix in war,
The generous males with females never jar:
The she bear from the other never flies,
The lioness beside the lion lies:
The she-wolf with her mate securely lives,
Nor the bull tremour to the heifer gives.
What strife, or what litigious fate possest
The deep recesses of the human breast,
That oft the husband and the wife engage
In wordy conflict; oft, with impious rage,
Against each other aim the vengeful blow,
While gushing tears the genial bed o'erflow;
Nor tears alone, but some, by fury led,
In crimson streams the vital current shed?
Account is he, and born in evil hour,
Who dares rebel against the sovereign power
Of Nature's laws, to strike the weeping fair,
Or from her tresses rend a single hair:
But he, whose breast such fiend remorse can feel,
T' attempt her life with poison, or with steel,
I ne'er can deem a man; but, 'scap'd from woe,
Some fiend infernal from the realms below.
The two assassins, such we justly name,
Driv'n by the brave Rinaldo from the dame;
Whom to that lonely vale their guile betray'd,
To hide their dreadful crime in dreary shade:—
I left the dame prepar ng to relate,
The secret cause of her unhappy state,
To good Rinaldo, her preserver-knight;
And thus, pursuing, I the tale recite.
The damsel now began: "Prepare to hear
Such deeds as never yet have reach'd the ear,
As never stain'd the most inhuman crew:
Not such Mycenæ, Thebes, or Argos knew!
If yonder Sun that darts his beams around,
Shines more refulgently on our native ground,
'T is doubtless that he shuns this hated place,
With horror viewing such an impious race.
"That men on foes exert their dreadful rage,
Examples have been seen in every age;
But that dire mind what savage fury sways,
Who friendship's warmth with fiend-like ill repays!
That undisguis'd, you all the truth may know,
I will from first the cause impartial show,
Why these assassins did with barbarous ire
Against my blooming tender youth conspire.
"Know then, my lord, I, yet a girl, was sent
To court, and to Genevra's service went;
By her receiv'd, I flourish'd in her grace,
And in the palace held an honour'd place:
But cruel Love my state with envy saw,
And soon, alas! subdued me to his law;
He made, of every youth and comely knight,
The duke of Albany my sole delight.
We hear the speech, we see the looks express,
But who can view the secrets of the breast?
His love, avow'd, my bosom first inspir'd
With tender thoughts, with gentle wishes fir'd:
So far at length my fond belief was led,
That I receiv'd him to my virgin bed.
Nor that alone; but that recess I chose
In which sometimes the princess would repose;
In which conceal'd her choicest treasure lies,
A close retreat, remote from vulgar eyes!
There by a gall'ry to the window join'd,
A favour'd friend might easy entrance find.
By this I often introduc'd my love,
A silken ladder throwing from above.
'T was thus I did th' enamour'd duke receive,
Whene'er Genevra's absence gave me leave;
Who us'd to change her bed, sometimes to fly
The burning heat, sometimes the freezing sky.
Securely oft we met, and void of fear
Indulg'd our flame, for 'gainst the palace here
Some lonely ruins stood, where night or day
None ever pass'd his visits to survey.
"For many a month to all the court unknown,
In frequent joys our secret hours had flown:
So blind was I, I ne'er discover'd yet
That little truth was his, but much deceit;
Though the base treasons of his faithless breast
Were plainly by a thousand signs express,
At length, without disguise, he durst confess
His close design Genevra to possess:
Nor know I if his love was then begun,
Or ere he yet my giddy thoughts had won.
Judge, in my bosom if he bore a part,
Or rather, if he rul'd not all my heart;
He own'd his purpos'd suit, nor blush'd with shame
To ask my friendly aid to win the dame;
But vow'd his ardour feign'd, in hopes alone
To form a near alliance to the throne;

* * *

[1] There is scarcely any part of the poem more simple and unadorned than this tale, and which admits of so little elevation in an English version.

As none, among the nobles of the blood,
Except the king, in rank before him stood:
And promis'd, should my counsel e'er ensure
His sovereign's favour, and the bride secure;
The service, ever present to his mind,
In ties of gratitude his soul should bind:
That I alone, his wife, his friends above,
Should reign th' unrival'd partner of his love.
"I (that his happiness endeavour'd still,
Nor e'er in thought or deed control'd his will)
Took all occasions that I saw to raise
In fair Geneura's ear my lover's praise.
Heaven knows how truly I employ'd my art
To serve him with a just and faithful heart!
But vain th' attempt my much-lov'd duke to grace
With many a trial in the fair one's grace.
Another love was kindled in her breast,
Another lover all her soul possess'd:
A comely courteous knight had rais'd a flame,
A knight, who from a foreign region came:
He, with his youthful brother, left the port
Of distant Italy, for Scotland's court:
Where soon in arms such vast renown he gain'd,
No son of Britain greater praise obtain'd:
The king esteem'd him, and his favour show'd,
By gifts of honour, and of wealth bestow'd:
Castles and towns he gave to his command,
And rank'd him midst the barons of the land.
This knight the name of Ariodantes bore,
The monarch lov'd him much, his daughter more:
The warrior's valiant deeds with warmth inspir'd
Her gentle soul, but more the lover fir'd:
Since well she knew, for her what flame possess'd
The gentle Ariodantes' constant breast.
Her growing passion made the virgin hear
My lover's praises with attentive ear:
The more, to gain his suit, with prayers I strove,
The more her hatred rose and spurn'd his love.
"I sooth'd his grief, and oft essay'd to make
Th' ambitious duke his vain design forsake.
I show'd him how the damsel's soul possest
With Ariodant, for him alone confess'd
The darts of love.—When Polinesso heard
(Such was his name) what little hopes appear'd
T' obtain his wish, each thought of tender kind
Driv'n from his soul, his fierce revengeful mind,
Enrag'd to see another favour'd more,
To hate converted what was love before:
Between Geneura and her favour'd knight,
Resolv'd to kindle rage and jealous spite,
And so the fire of enmity increase,
As ne'er again might be compos'd to peace:
Nor would he trust with me his treacherous thought,
But counsel only from himself he sought.
At last, he thus his speech began to frame:
'My dear Dalinda,' thus I'm known by name,
'Thou see'st the tree, though often hewn, will shoot
Fresh branches from the new divided root;
Thus sought can wholly my desires suppress,
Though lopt so often by their ill success;
Yet think not that I prize the haughty dame,
But baffled!—scorn'd—my soul rejects the shame!
This is my will: Whene'er by love inspir'd
We meet, the princess to her bed retir'd,
Take every garment that aside she throws,
And on yourself her ornaments dispose:
Like her attempt to dress your flowing hair,
Let every gesture feign Geneura's air.
Before the window take your silent stand,
And let the ladder down with ready hand:
Then will I come, in fancy possessed
That you are her you seem by mien and vest:
For well I trust, while thus myself I cheat,
To cure my fond desire with this deceit.'
"He said; and I, unconscious, ne'er perceiv'd
(So far had love my thoughts of sense bereav'd)
That what he ask'd, my treacherous lover meant,
With secret guilt t' effect some base intent;
But like Geneura cloth'd in vestment white,
Receiv'd his visits many a secret night;
Nor saw the reason working in his mind,
Till all had follow'd which his guile design'd.
"His purpose thus secur'd, the wily duke
Aside th' unwary Ariodantes took;
For once they lov'd in friendship's social band
Ere fatal rivals for Geneura's hand.
'With deep regret I find,' he thus address'd
The gentle knight, 'when singled from the rest,
Amidst my cares I show'd you most regard,
You should so ill my partial choice reward.
Full well you know what love (long time declar'd)
With nice Geneura's gentle heart has shar'd;
And see me now preparing to demand
The maid in marriage from my sovereign's hand.
Why will you then disturb my rightful claim?
Why thus indulge a rash and hopeless flame?
I swear, had Heaven reverst our fates, to thee
My juster choice had left the fair one free.'
"'It moves me more to view your fruitless pain,'
Thus Ariodantes answer'd him again,
'Since, ere your thoughts aspir'd to win the dame,
My soul had nourish'd long the growing flame;
And ne'er could sympathy more powerful prove,
To join two amorous minds in mutual love.
Why then respect not you our friendly band,
Or pay my vows the deference you demand?
Were you beheld with more propitious eyes,
Long since had I resign'd the beauteous prize:
But well I hope the princely maid to wed,
Though your possessions may be wider spread:
Not less my deeds by Scotland's king approv'd,
And by his daughter am I more beloved.'
"'O'erweening confidence,' the duke replied,
'Has but deceiv'd thy fond distemper'd mind!
Sincere the progress of thy love in quest,
And, in return, will I disclose my heart.
So he, who in success appears to yield,
Shall to his happier rival quit the field.
Whate'er thou speak'st, you' Heaven I here attest,
The tale shall safe within this bosom rest;
So shalt thou vow, thou never wilt disclose
Whate'er my friendship may in thee repose.'
"This said, each other's secrets to conceal
They swore; then Ariodant began to tell
His love's pursuit, and, ardent, display'd
His tender contract with the royal maid;
Who, if the king her sire her suit denied,
Vow'd, for his sake, to shun the name of bride.
He urg'd his hopes, by many battles won
In former fields, by trophies yet unknown,
Which still he hop'd in future fields to gain,
For the king's fame and welfare of his reign,
To rise so high in rank, the monarch's voice
Should yield his daughter, and confirm her choice.
'Behold,' he cried, 'the point my love has gain'd,
And none, I deem, has equal grace obtain'd.
I seek no other at Geneura's hand,
Till sanctify'd by Hymen's holy band:

'T were vain to ask her more, whose virtuous mind
Leaves every maid in chastity behind.'
" When Ariodantes thus with truth declar'd
How far he deem'd his love might find reward,
Duke Polinesso, who with guile devis'd
To make Geneura by her knight despis'd,
Thus fraudulent pursu'd—'Now hear me tell,
How far my happier chance can thine excel.
With thee she feigns, she scorns thy hated name,
While with vain hopes she feeds thy boasted flame;
But better proofs of love to me affords,
Than airy promises, and empty words;
Which, under secrecy, I shall reveal,
Though lady's favours we should still conceal.
No conscious mouth recedes, but sees me led
Full many a night to fair Geneura's bed;
Beholds me clasp her yielding in my arms,
And riot, uncontrol'd, in all her charms.
Judge, if thy favours can with mine compare:
Then yield to me, and seek some kinder fair,
Since love has crown'd my happier fortune there.'
" 'T is false!' thus Ariodant incens'd replies,
'Thou hast defam'd the fair with odious lies;
And hast devis'd what thou hast said, to prove
If shallow tales can fright me from my love.
But since too much Geneura's fame they stain,
It fits, what thou hast spoken, to maintain.
This instant will I brand thee, ere we part,
A liar and a traitor in thy heart.'
" 'T were weak indeed," the duke again replied,
'A stride like this by combat to decide;
When here I offer, what these lips have told,
Those eyes shall witness, and the truth behold.'
" At this to stagger Ariodant began,
While through his bones a chilling tremour ran:
And but some glimmering yet of hope remain'd,
His heart had scarce its vital heat retain'd.
His bosom throbb'd, his shifting colour fled,
As thus at length with falt'ring words he said:
'When you disclose this deed before my sight,
(Attend me here my sacred promise plight)
Thenceforth I vow to leave Geneura free,
So liberal found to you, so harsh to me!
In vain your words my constant mind would move,
Unless these eyes her fatal falsehood prove.'
" This said, they parted: soon was fix'd again
The night my treacherous duke to entertain:
When to complete the snare his craft had wrought,
My guileful lover Ariodantes sought;
And bade him take his stand th' ensuing night
Amidst those ruin'd piles, conceal'd from sight.
" But Ariodantes now in thought began
To doubt that this conceal'd some monstrous plan;
That the false duke, by rival hatred sway'd,
A secret ambush for his life had laid,
Pretending there a cruel proof to give
Of what his thoughts till then could ne'er conceive.
Yet was he firm to go, but on his guard,
Ready'd for all assaults to be prepar'd;
That, if the chance requir'd, he bravely might
Withstand his ambush'd enemy in fight.
His brother was a knight of prudence sound,
Of all the court in arms the most renown'd,
Lurcanio call'd, and love, with him, he fear'd,
Than if ten others on his side appear'd.
This gallant youth he bade his arms prepare,
And let th' adventure of the night to share.
Not that he told the secrets of his heart,
For those to him, nor none, would he impart.

" And now approach'd so near the destin'd place
As from the hand a stone might fly the space,
He plac'd Lurcanio there, and thus he said:
'When need demands, then hasten to my aid;
But till my voice you hear, forbear to move;
Be silent, as you prize your brother's love.'
'Go, fear me not,'—his brother thus replied.
Then Ariodantes, parting from his side,
Went to th' appointed place, his station took,
And on my window fix'd his anxious look.
Now, from a different part the traitor came,
So ready to pollute Geneura's fame;
Without delay the wonted signal made
To me, who little knew what snare was laid.
Then in a dress Geneura us'd to wear,
Soon as I found my Polinesso there,
I from th' apartment to the gallery drew,
And stood, on ev'ry side expos'd to view.
My vest was white, and richly to behold,
Deck'd all around with costly fringe of gold;
A golden net descending from my head
With crimson flowers, was o'er my habit spread.
" Lurcanio now, who deem'd with anxious mind
Some ill for Ariodantes' life design'd,
And partly by a natural passion led,
Desire of knowing how his fortune sped,
With wary tread his brother's steps pursued,
And silent near him undiscover'd stood.
Meanwhile I thoughtless came: the silver Moon
Resplendent on my glittering garments shone:
Nor seem'd I much unlike the royal fair,
In outward person, or in borrow'd air;
And both the brethren, by the duke deceiv'd,
The well-concerted fraud for truth believ'd.
Judge at that time what cruel pangs possess'd
The wretched Ariodantes' tortur'd breast.
Now Polinesso comes, and full in sight
Receives the ladder, and ascends the height.
Then, thinking none beheld what fondly pass'd,
Around his neck my eager arms I cast,
And, as I ever had my duke caress'd,
With many a tender kiss his lips I press'd,
Which he with warmth return'd:—Th' unhappy knight,
Who stood spectator of this hated sight,
So deeply sunk beneath the load of grief,
His soul resolv'd from death to seek relief;
Then drew the sword, despairing, from his side,
And to his breast the fatal point apply'd.
Lurcanio (who surpris'd my lover view'd
Ascend the gallery where disguis'd I stood,
But knew not for the duke) advanc'd with speed,
Soon as he saw his brother's frantic deed,
And seizing hastily his furious hand,
From his rash act the hapless knight restrain'd:
Had he been more remote, or longer stay'd,
In vain, alas! had prov'd his pious aid.
" 'Ah wretched, senseless brother!' thus he cried,
'What rage has turn'd your better thoughts aside?
Thus for a woman is your death design'd?
All false, as clouds that flit before the wind!
Far rather let her die, her sex's stain!
But for a nobler end your life retain.
Before this crime she justly claim'd your love;
But now she should alone your hatred move;
Since your own eyes have witness'd to her shame,
And seen how low she prostitutes her fame.
Then let those arms, against yourself employ'd,
Before the king her sire her fate decide.'

" When Ariodantes sees his brother nigh,
He seeks no longer on his sword to die;
With seeming calm he veils his secret pains,
But still his former purpose fixt remains.
Departing thence, he with him bears the smart
That gives no ease to his distracted heart.
" Next morning early he the court forsook,
(Nor leave of brother or of friends he took)
None but Lurcanio and the duke could know
The cause that made him thus his home forgo;
While of his absence in the royal court,
And o'er the land, was various the report.
" Eight days elaps'd:—at length a pilgrim came
With mournful tidings to the princely dame[2],
That Ariodantes in the sea was lost:
Not by the Eastern wind, or Boreas tost,
But that himself his own destruction found,
And leaping headlong in the waves, was drown'd.
'Ere this last fatal act,' the stranger said,
'He thus bespoke me, there by fortune led:
" Draw near my friend, and be Geneura told
The hidden cause of what you now behold:
Tell her 't is this; these eyes too much have seen,
Ah! happy, if these eyes had never been!"—
By chance we then upon a mountain stood
That tow'rds Hibernia bellies o'er the flood.
Soon as he ceas'd to speak, I saw him leap
From the high rock, and plunge into the deep.
Him in the sea I left; and now I come
To bring the tidings of his hapless doom.'
" Half dead with grief the news Geneura heard;
A sudden paleness on her face appear'd.
O Heaven! what did she, and what words she said,
When laid in private on her faithful bed!
She strikes her bosom, and her garment tears,
She rends with cruel hands her golden hairs;
Repeating oft what, with his latest breath,
Sad Ariodantes nam'd his cause of death;
That the strange issue of his fate was such,
His eyes in hapless hour had seen too much!
" Soon was the fame o'er all the kingdom spread,
Of Ariodantes thus untimely dead. [2]
Not with dry eyes the king his loss survey'd;
While pious tears each knight and lady paid,
At these unhappy tidings; o'er the rest
Heart-piercing anguish fill'd his brother's breast;
By such example oft his soul inclin'd
To die, and be at least in death conjoin'd;
This many a time returning to his thought,
That false Geneura such destruction wrought.
At length revenge so far possess'd his mind,
So far did rage and grief his reason blind,
That he the royal grace no longer priz'd,
But the king's hatred, and the land's despis'd.
The peers assembled now, the time he took
T' address the throne, and thus indignant spoke:
" 'Attend, my lord! while I the cause relate
That urg'd my brother to his hapless fate.
Your daughter's was the crime: 'twas she distress'd
With deep affliction Ariodantes' breast.
He lov'd the princess; (why should I conceal,
Or blush so pure a passion to reveal?)
And hop'd at length t' obtain her for his bride,
By numerous virtues, and by service tried.
But while the bashful lover thus receives
The modest odour of the distant leaves,
He sees another to the tree ascend,
And from the boughs the blooming fruitage rend.'
" He said, and instant to the king display'd
The seeming crime, so late to sight betray'd,
Attesting that himself beheld the dame
Receive the secret partner of her shame;
A wretch unknown, that veil'd in dark'd guise
Conceal'd his person from observing eyes:
Concluding, that he stood in sight prepar'd
To prove the truth of all his tongue declar'd.
" Judge if the father struck with grief appear'd,
When he this fatal accusation heard;
Both with the tale surpris'd, and that he knew,
Unless to her defence some warrior drew
To give Lurcanio in the field the lie,
He must his dearest child condemn to die.
" Our laws, my lord! have doubtless reach'd your ear,
Where every damsel is by doom severe
Condemn'd to certain death, who yields her charms
To any other but a husband's arms:
Unless some knight th' accuser dares to brave,
And from her threaten'd fate the damsel save.
" The king has caus'd his heralds to proclaim,
(As deeming falsehood wrongs Geneura's fame)
That he who clears her honour from the stain,
The royal maid, with princely gifts, shall gain.
As yet no champions in her cause appear,
Each views his fellow's face with marks of fear;
In arms so dreadful is Lurcanio's might,
That all, with terrour, seem to shun the fight.
Her cruel fortune adds this sorrow more,
Her absent brother treads a foreign shore,
The brave Zerbino, who in field displays
Such deeds as merit ever-during praise:
But could he hear in time her dangerous state,
How would he fly t' avert his sister's fate!
" The monarch, who would all his thoughts employ
By other means, than arms, the truth to try,
Secur'd some damsels of Geneura's train
In hopes the fatal secret to explain;
And hence I dreaded, if myself were caught,
The duke and I in danger might be brought.
That night, in fear, the palace I forsook,
And, privately withdrawing, sought the duke:
Declar'd how much to both it might import
That I without delay should quit the court.
He prais'd my prudence; promis'd to provide
A safe asylum where I might reside;
Appointing two, to guide me through the wood,
Where near, he said, his lonely fortress stood.
" Reflect, sir knight, if acts like mine should prove
To Polinesso marks of faithful love;
Then say, that maids must ever hope in vain
For tender love to be below'd again.
" This cruel, perjur'd, and ungrateful man
At length to doubt my constant faith began;
And fearing lest I should at length reveal
The treacherous act he labour'd to conceal;
He feign'd I should awhile from court retire,
Apart to shun the king's impending ire;
And sent me thence to this remote retreat,
Here, not my safety, but my death to meet.
For secretly he gave my guides command,
Soon as their steps had reach'd this desert-land,
To take my life—lo! how my faith was paid!
Too well his dire command had been obey'd,
Had not my cries so timely reach'd your ears:
Behold how Love his votaries prefers!"

[2] Geneura.

Thus to the Paladian[1] Dalinda told
Her mournful tale, while still their way they hold;
And if before he meant t' assist the dame,
When last suspicion seem'd to tax her fame;
More earnest now his bosom's zeal appear'd,
When thus the cruel calumny he heard.
Then tow'rds St. Andrew's town with eager haste
Rinaldo with the squire and damsel pass'd:
The king and court were there; and there the strife
Must soon decide his daughter's death or life.
As nearer to the neighbouring town they drew,
They found a squire who gave them tidings new;
That a strange champion there in armour came,
Who undertook to clear Geneura's fame;
Unknown his cuirass, and unknown his shield,
His name and lineage from his squire conceal'd;
For since he first appear'd, he ne'er expos'd
His face to view, but wore his beaver clos'd.
This heard, Rinaldo swift his way pursued,
And soon the city and the gates he view'd.
There seem'd Dalinda sore oppress'd with fear,
Till brave Rinaldo's words her spirits cheer:
Observing how the gates were closely barr'd,
He ask'd the cause, and thus reply'd the guard:
That thence the crowd were fled to view the fight
Between Lurcanio and a stranger-knight,
Which, distant, on a spacious plain they wag'd,
And that the combatants were then engag'd.
None here Rinaldo's eager course oppos'd,
The porter open'd, and the gate re-clos'd:
Through the void city pass'd the gallant knight;
But, by the way, he made the dame alight;
And bade her wait the issue of the fight.
Impatient thence he hastens to the field, [wield;
Where the two knights their wrathful weapons
Who many blows had giv'n on either part:
There fought Lurcanio with revengeful heart
Against Geneura; while on t'other hand
The stranger's courage well her cause maintain'd.
With these, six warriors in the lists appear
On foot; the cuirass on their breast they wear.
The duke of Albany there takes his place,
Upon a gallant steed of generous race:
To him, as to high constable, they yield
To keep the order of the listed field.
Fierce were his looks, exulting in his thought,
To see Geneura in such danger brought.
Through the thick press Rinaldo forc'd his way;
No multitudes Bayardo's course could stay:
Those, who the tempest of his coming found,
Appear'd not slow to give the courser ground.
Rinaldo, eminent above the rest,
Appear'd the flower of chivalry confest:
Till, near the king arriv'd, his course he stay'd;
All listning round to hear the words he said.
"My noble lord," the champion thus began,
"The hands of yonder combatants restrain.
Whoe'er shall perish in the doubtful strife,
Must undeserv'd resign a noble life.
One thinks himself by justice only led,
But treason o'er his head a mist has spread:
That fatal errour which his brother slew,
Himself to brave the dangerous combat drew:
The other knows not yet if wrong or right
Attend his cause, but issues to the fight.
The courteous prowess of his arms to try,
Rather than let such matchless beauty die.
Lo! here I come to give the guiltless aid,
Avenging on the traitor, the betray'd:
But first, bid each awhile his rage forbear,
Then audience give to what I shall declare."
The king was mov'd with what Rinaldo said,
Both by his words and noble presence sway'd;
Then, stretching out his hand, commands the peace,
And bids awhile the combatants to cease.
When to the king, and barons of the land,
The knights, and populace on either hand,
Rinaldo all the subtle snare display'd
By Polinesso for Geneura laid.
The tale explain'd, he offer'd with his sword
E'en there to prove the truth of every word.
Now Polinesso, summon'd to the place,
Appear'd with deep confusion in his face;
But yet with boldness, he the fact deny'd:
"Soon shall we," said Rinaldo, "this decide."
Thus, ready arm'd, the list prepar'd in view,
They both, without delay, to combat drew.
What transport to the king, and all the land,
To hear Geneura's innocence maintain'd!
Each hop'd, that God would openly proclaim
How falsehood had defac'd her spotless name.
The duke was known for every treacherous art,
Unjust, and cruel, fraudulent of heart,
That none could wonder such a villain's mind
A snare so horrid and so black design'd!
Now Polinesso stands with fear confest,
With bloodless visage, and with panting breast.
Thrice sounds the trump, and at the warning blast,
His lance in rest the trembling traitor plac'd.
On t'other hand Rinaldo came, and try'd
At one fierce course the conflict to decide.
Nor err'd the weapon from the knight's intent,
But through the traitor's panting bosom went:
Pierc'd through and through, he, by the dreadful force,
Was borne to earth six feet beyond his horse.
Rinaldo now dismounts; and, as he lies,
Swift from the helpless wretch his helm unties.
But he, unable more to wage the war,
For mercy then prefers his humble prayer;
And to the king and court on every side,
Confess'd the fraud for which he justly dy'd.
While yet with weak and faltering words he spoke,
His utterance fail'd, and life his limbs forsook.
The king rejoic'd his much-lov'd child to see
From threaten'd death and ignominy free.
Not with such transport (had some hostile power
Driv'n him an exile from his native shore)
Had he his crown regain'd; and hence he gave
Distinguish'd honours to Rinaldo brave;
But when, his helmet rais'd, he knew the knight,
(A face before no stranger to his sight)
With lifted hands his thanks to Heaven he paid,
That sent so fam'd a champion to his aid.
The knight, who first t' assist Geneura came,
(Unknown to all his country and his name)

[1] See Shakespear's Much Ado About Nothing, where the circumstances of the plot, so far as relates to Claudio and Hero, are very similar to this story of Ariodante and Geneura: but one of our last new tragedies, called the Law of Lombardy, is more immediately built on the incidents of Ariosto's fable. This story of Geneura was imitated by Melain de Gelais, a French poet, about 1572. Another tale was written on the same subject, entitled, Conte de l'Infante Genevre fille du roy d'Ecosse, 1536.

Who, arm'd in her defence, had sought the field,
Remain'd apart; and all that pass'd beheld.
But now the king desir'd his name to know,
And begg'd him from his casque his face to show;
That as his generous purpose claim'd regard,
He might with royal gifts such worth reward.
At length, with much entreaty, from his head
He rais'd his helmet, and to sight display'd
What in th' ensuing book we shall reveal,
If grateful to your ear appears my tale.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conclusion of the story of Geneura. Ruggero is carried by the flying-horse to Alcina's island, where he finds a knight turned into a myrtle, who gives him an account of his transformation, and warns him to shun the wiles of the sorceress. Ruggero engages in combat with a troop of monsters, who oppose his passage from the city of Alcina; and is afterwards accosted by two ladies belonging to her palace.

Most wretched man, who hopes in long disguise
To veil his evil deeds from mortal eyes!
Though all were silent else, the sounding air,
The conscious earth his trespass shall declare:
Th' Almighty oft in wisdom so provides,
The sin to punishment the sinner guides,
Who, whilst he strives t' elude each watchful sight,
Unheeding brings his lurking guilt to light.
False Polinesso deem'd his state secure,
And all his treason from discovery sure;
Dalinda thus remov'd, from whom alone
He deem'd th' important secret could be known:
With crimes increasing, to the future blind,
He hasten'd on that fate he shunn'd to find;
At once resigning wealth, the valu'd claim
Of friends, of life, and honour's nobler name!
Now each, impatient, urg'd the stranger-knight
To show his face so long conceal'd from sight;
At length he lifted up the helm he wore,
Disclosing features oft disclos'd before:
Then Ariodantes all with joy perceiv'd,
Him, for whose loss the ravish'd Scotland griev'd;
That Ariodantes, whom, by fame misled,
Geneura and his brother wept for dead;
For whom the king, the court, the people mourn'd;
So brave a knight, with every grace adorn'd!
In this the peasant's truth appear'd to fail,
Whose lips had told the fair that fatal tale:
Yet had his eyes beheld the desperate knight
Leap headlong from the rocky mountain's height.
But, as it oft befalls the wretch, whose grief
Calls death, when distant, to his wish'd relief;
To quit his purpose, when he sees him near,
So dark and comfortless his paths appear—
Thus Ariodantes, plunging in the wave,
With late repentance sought his life to save;
And strong of limbs above the waters bore
His head, and ply'd his arms and swam to shore.
Now every former thought of death he blam'd,
And senseless and unjust his fancy nam'd;
Then journey'd on with garments briny wet,
Till in a hermit's cave he shelter met;
Resolv'd awhile in secret there to stay,
Till time should to his ears the truth convey,
If for his loss suppos'd, Geneura griev'd,
Or if with joy the tidings she receiv'd.
And soon he heard so far her sorrows wrought,
As near to death th' unhappy virgin brought;
That stern Lurcanio, by resentment sway'd,
Had to the king accus'd the guiltless maid.
Now drove his wrath against his brother turn'd,
Fierce as before for love his bosom burn'd.
With grief he learnt, that yet no gallant knight
Had ventur'd in Geneura's cause to fight:
Lurcanio's wisdom and his valour known,
All seem'd with care the doubtful strife to shun;
And thought the youth in such a dangerous
stride,
T' assert a falsehood ne'er would risk his life.
But Ariodantes by despair impell'd,
Resolv'd to meet his brother in the field.
"Can I behold," the faithful lover said,
"To cruel death my fair Geneura led?
Whom still I must my queen and goddess value,
Dear as the light that shines before my eyes!
Just or unjust the cause, still let me fly
For her lov'd sake to conquer or to die.
Yet, ah! too sure I shall the wrong defend;
But be it wrong; my blood the strife shall end!
One thought alone in death will give me pain,
That, if I fall, Geneura must be slain!
This comfort yet remains,—'twill then be prov'd
How well by Polinesso was she lov'd:
Then may she view her lover's faith display'd,
Who ne'er appear'd to combat in her aid;
While me, whose truth she could so ill requite,
She sees, for her defence, thus slain in fight.
Lurcanio too his punishment shall feel,
For having kindled first this flame of ill.
Remorse and grief shall rend his torture'd breast,
When all the fatal conflict stands confest;
When, thinking to revenge his brother's death,
He finds him by his hand depriv'd of breath!"
So mov'd the knight; and, having thus decreed,
Procur'd new armour, and a horse with speed;
His scarf was black; and round his ample shield,
With yellow-green[1] was fring'd the sable field.
He next receiv'd a squire from fortune's hand
Unknown to all, a stranger in the land:
Thus well disguis'd, with him the knight pursu'd
His way, and arm'd before his brother stood.
What follow'd then, my tale before has shown,
And how he was for Ariodantes known.
Not less the king rejoic'd his face to see,
Than his lov'd daughter from her danger free;
And justly deem'd he ne'er again could view
A youth in love so valiant and so true;
Who, when such seeming wrongs inflam'd his
thought,
With his own brother, in her cause, had fought.
Sing'd by his court, and at Rinaldo's prayer
He gave to Ariodant Geneura fair;
Albania's dukedom, which the king again
Receiv'd, the traitor Polinesso slain,
Which could not chance in more propitious hour,
He gave his daughter for her marriage dower.

[1] The colour of falling leaves: in chivalry, this colour was worn as a mark of *desperation*. So Bradamant wears a scarf of the same colour. Book xxxii. ver. 225.

Rinaldo then Dalinda's cause embrac'd,
And pardon gain'd for all her errours past,
Who, weary'd with the world's unhappy state,
Had vow'd to Heaven her mind to dedicate.
Forsaking Scotland, she to Dacia went,
And there her days in hallow'd cloisters spent.
But now 't is time[1] to view Rogero's course,
Who cuts the skies upon the winged horse.
Though brave Rogero was to fear unbred,
Nor yet the colour from his cheeks had fled;
Full well I dare affirm, his heart must quake,
Like trembling leaves that to the breezes shake.
He now has left Europe's climes afar,
And past a mighty space, that region, where
Unconquer'd Hercules, in ages past,
His boundary to the mariners[2] had plac'd,
The griffin-horse, a beast most strange to sight,
With such a strength of pinion urg'd his flight;
No winged animal of swiftest breed,
Could dare to mate with him in rapid speed:
Nor can we, join'd with him, the bird compare
Whose mighty talons Jove's artillery bear.
Not swifter scarce the glancing lightning flies;
Or vengeful bolt that rends the sullen skies.
At length he seems preparing, fir'd with flight,
In airy rings upon an isle to light:
An isle like that, where, from her lover fled,
Long time conceal'd within her secret bed,
The virgin Arethusa runs in vain
By a strange course beneath the roaring main.
Midst all his way through ample fields of air,
Rogero had not seen a place so fair;
Nor, had he search'd the vary'd world around,
A more transporting clime could e'er have found.
To this the monster with his rider bends,
And, after many a spacious wheel, descends.
There culter'd plains and grassy hills appear,
Green meadows, shady banks, and waters clear;
Delightful groves where palms and laurels grew,
Cedars, and myrtles pleasing to the view:
With flowers and fruits the orange stands between;
All intermix'd, a various sylvan scene!
These, with their shade, afford a safe retreat
From all the burning of meridian heat.
Amid the boughs secure, with fluttering wing,
The nightingales with tuneful voices sing;
While midst the roses red, and lilies fair,
For ever nurs'd by kindly Zephyr's care.
The nimble hares, in wanton mazes, play'd;
And stately stags with branching antlers stray'd:
Without the fear of hostile hands they stood
To crop, or ruminate their grassy food.
The wild goats frolic; leap the nimble deer;
That in this rural place in troops appear.
Soon as the earth so nigh Rogero found,
To reach with safety, on th' enamell'd ground
With gladsome heart he leaps, but still detains
His flying courser by the straitened reins;
Till, 'twixt a laurel and a pine-tree plac'd,
He to a verdant myrtle ties him fast.
Near this a cool and crystal fountain flows,
Which fruitful palms and cedars round enclose.
His helm and buckler here aside he threw;
And from his hands his warlike gauntlets drew.
Now to the hills he turn'd, and now the seas,
Receiving in his face the kindly breeze,
Which gently in the oaks and beeches play'd,
Whose waving tops a pleasing murmur made.
Now in the limpid stream he bathes his lips;
And now his hands within the water dips,
To cool his throbbing pulse, and veins that glow'd
Oppress beneath his massy armour's load.
Nor was it strange he should so fiercely burn,
Who had no little time his cuirass worn;
But, thus completely arm'd, had made his way
Three thousand miles without a moment's stay.
Meantime his courser, that beside him stood
In the close shadow of the tufted wood,
Drew sudden back, impell'd with starting fear,
As from some object in the covert near;
But while in vain to loose his hands he try'd,
He shook the myrtle where his reins were ty'd;
Shook with such force, as made the leaves around
Fall from the boughs, and strow in heaps the ground.
As, when by chance a hollow cane is plac'd
Amid the flames by slow degrees to waste,
Soon as the heat has rarefied the wind
That in its narrow womb remains confin'd,
Hissing it raves to be so closely pent,
Till freed at length the fury finds a vent:
So writh'd with pain th' offended tree appear'd,
Till, groaning, from its bark these words were heard[4]:
"If pity in your breast can entrance find,
As sure your looks proclaim a courteous mind;
From my torn trunk unbind this monster's reins:
Enough my own afflictions give me pains!
Nor need, alas! external rage be shown
T' increase the woes I have already known."

[1] He returns again to Rinaldo, in the viiith book.

[2] The straits of Gibraltar, where Hercules was said to have planted his pillars, as the utmost bounds of navigation, the great ocean lying beyond: Thus Tasso——

Tempo verrà, che sian d'Ercole i segni,
Favola vile ai naviganti industri.

The time will come, when sailors yet unborn,
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn.
Jer. Del. B. xv. ver. 229.

[4] Spenser has a story of this kind, where Fadrubio is described as turned into a tree: on which passage Mr. Upton has the following remark:

"I believe that the reader need not be put in mind, that this wonderful tale (so well adapted to the genius of romance) is taken from Virgil, where Æneas, plucking a bough of myrtle, sees from the rift drops of blood trickling down, from whence a piteous voice was heard:

Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood——
O! fly from this inhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate, for I am Polydore.
Dryden Æn. B. iii. ver. 69.

"It is no wonder, that Ariosto, (who is an allegorical and a moral writer, as well as a romance writer) should copy this tale from Virgil. Rogero, having tied his winged horse to a myrtle-tree, the ghost, which was therein lodged by enchantment, speaks to him, and tells him he was formerly a knight; but by the witchcraft of Alcina, he was transformed into a tree; and that others were changed into various beasts and other forms; the true image of the man being lost through sensuality."

Upton's Notes to Fairy Queen, B. i. c. ii.

Rogero started at the vocal sound,
But when his ears the wondrous speaker found,
Amaz'd he hasten'd and his steed entv'd,
His glowing face with flushing colour dy'd.
"Forgive my crime, whate'er thou art," he said,
"Or parted ghost, or goddess of the shade!
Unknowing, that beneath thy rugged rind
Conceal'd, an inmate spirit lay confin'd,
I suffer'd thus thy leaves to strow the place,
And to thy greens permitted this disgrace.
But, gracious still, refuse not to declare
Thy name that dost so strange a body wear,
In which enclos'd a human spirit lies;
So Heaven defend thee from inclement skies!
If all the power I from above receive
Can ease thy suffering, or thy woes relieve;
Behold, I promise by that virgin fair
Whose image in my better part I bear,
I will with word and deed thy cause maintain,
As may deserve thy grateful thanks again."
Rogero ceas'd; and, as the warrior spoke,
From head to foot the trembling myrtle shook:
Then from the bark exhal'd a dewy sweat;
Like green wood crackling in the fiery heat.
"Thy courtesy," the myrtle thus began,
"Persuades me to reveal my secret pain;
Both who I was, and what enchanted power
Transform'd my shape upon this fatal shore.
A Paladin of France was I, by name
Astolpho call'd[1], and not unknown to fame.
Orlando and Rinaldo (who shall grace
With mighty deeds the Earth) partake my race:
And, at my father Otho's[2] death, the land
Of England would have fall'n to my command.
So fair was I, that many a damsel sought
My love, till I my own destruction wrought.
Returning from those isles, around whose shores,
Remote from hence, the Indian ocean roars;
Where good Rinaldo and myself detain'd,
With others long in prisons dark remain'd,
Till we again review'd the joyful light,
Freed by the valiant arm of Brava's knight[3]:
Against the West, along those sands we came
That feel the southern heat of Phœbus' flame;
There, as our way and cruel fortune drew,
One morn we chanc'd a stately tower to view,
And isur'd thence Alcina we espy'd
Alone, and standing by the ocean side;
Where without hook or net[4] (most strange to thought)
Whatever fish she pleas'd, to land she brought.

At her command, the dolphins left the stream;
With open mouths the mighty tunnies came;
The sea-calves, rising troubled from their sleep,
Forsook their beds, and hasten'd from the deep:
Of various forms and size, a thousand more,
In numerous shoals came swimming to the shore.
The monsters of the seas, tremendous whales,
Above the water show'd their ample scales.
Among the rest a mighty whale we view'd,
The greatest sure that ever swam the flood.
And, as he lay unmov'd, by looks deceiv'd,
We all the monster for an isle believ'd;
So huge he seem'd, so vast a distance spread
From his broad tail extending to his head!
"Alcina drew the fishes to the shore,
With nought but simple words and magic power.
Her, with Morgana[5], both for ill design'd,
One womb produc'd to punish human kind.

[1] Astolpho makes a considerable figure in the Orlando Innamorato, where, in the course of his adventures, he is imprisoned by Monodant, a Pagan king, in the East, together with Rinaldo, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Dudon: but these knights being afterwards delivered by Orlando, set out to go to the assistance of Charlemain. Astolpho, Rinaldo, and Dudon, travelling in company, arrive at the castle of Alcina, where Astolpho is decoyed from the rest, in the manner here related by Ariosto.

[2] Ariosto has this tradition of a king of England by the name of Otho, from the romance writers. See the genealogy of the house of Clarmont, Book xxiii. ver. 156.

[3] Orlando, called the knight of Brava.

[4] This passage is entirely taken from Boyardo: Alcina fishing, her deceiving Astolpho with the whale which appeared an island, &c. may be seen in the Orlando Innam. B. ii. c. xiii.

The various fishes taken by Alcina, are said to denote the different ranks and conditions of men, that are captivated by vice, and the whale which carries away Astolpho, to show that we often forsake solid happiness for fallacious appearances.

[5] Morgana, a fairy, is a considerable personage in Boyardo, though but lightly touched upon in Ariosto; the former poet calls her the Fairy of Riches; she imprisons many knights in her enchanted palace, and among the rest Rinaldo, Dudon, Prasildo and Iroldo, who are released by the valour of Orlando: she tempts Orlando with the prospect of riches, which he despises. Spenser seems to have taken his idea of Mammon's tempting Guion, from this fiction of Boyardo. Orlando being urged to prosecute an adventure that was to procure him great treasure, replies:

—— di pericol solo e di fatica,
Il cavalier si pasce e si nutrica:
Speranza d'acquistar oro ed argento,
La spada non m'avria fatto cavare.

The hardy knight to deeds of glory bred,
Is nurs'd by labour and with danger fed,
Then deem not that I draw the sword in vain,
The silver bright, or gleaming gold to gain.
Berni, Orlando Innam. B. i. c. xxv.

Guion, in Spenser, makes much the same answer to Mammon:

Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend,
And low abase the high heroic spright,
That joys for crowns and kingdoms to contend:
Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight,
These be the riches fit for an adventurous knight.
B. ii. c. vii.

Thus Rogero, in Ariosto, in the present book:

—— la cagion ch'io vesto piastra e maglia,
Non è per guadagnar terra ne argento.

—— these shining arms my limbs enfold,
Not lands to conquer or to purchase gold.

Spenser, in his description of the riches of Mammon, visited by Guion, had undoubtedly an eye upon a similar passage in Boyardo, where that poet describes at large the subterraneous palace of the witch Morgana.—See Orlando Innam. B. ii. c. viii. See likewise Note to Book xix. ver. 272.

Now on my face she cast her eager sight,
And seem'd to view my features with delight,
Then soon resolv'd me from my friends to part;
And ah! too well she prov'd her wily art!
For, near advancing, with a smiling look,
With courteous, soft deportment, thus she spoke:
"'Sir knight! if you consent awhile to stay,
And kindly hear vouchsafe to pass the day,
I'll show you, in the progress of my sport,
Of countless fishes every different sort;
Some soft, some hairy, some with scales all bright,
In number more than are the stars of night.
Or if you would a Syren view, whose voice
With tuneful music makes the waves rejoice,
Hence let us pass, and reach you neighbouring shore
To which she comes at this accustom'd hour.'
"As thus she said, the monstrous whale she show'd,
Which seem'd a little island in the flood.
While I, too rashly (which I now lament)
Believ'd her words, and on the monster went;
Rinaldo, Dudon, beckon'd, but in vain;
Not all their cares my rash attempt restrain.
Alcina, with a smile, my steps pursu'd,
And left the two as on the strand they stood.
The whale, instructed well in her design,
Began to move, and cleave the foamy brine:
Then all too late my folly I deplore,
Soon as I see retreat the lessening shore.
Rinaldo leap'd, t' assist me, in the main.
But scarce escap'd with life to land again;
For then a furious wind was seen to rise,
That swell'd the seas, and troubled all the skies;
His following fortune[10] ne'er attain'd my ear:
Meantime to dissipate my growing fear
Alcina gently strove, as all the day,
And next ensuing night, we held our way
Amidst the waves: at length this isle we gain,
O'er most of which Alcina holds her reign;
Which from her sister[11] she unjustly won,
Who claims it, by her father's will, her own;
For she alone was born in marriage bed,
The others of incestuous mixture bred.
As these are of a fraudful, impious mind,
And prone to every deed of evil kind;
So does the other chastely spend her days,
And all her soul inclines to virtue's ways.
Her sisters both conspire against her state;
And many troops have rais'd, with deadly hate,
To drive the virgin wholly from the land,
And have, at times, a hundred castles gain'd.
Nor Logistilla (such her name) had known
By this, the smallest portion here, her own;
But that a gulf her kingdom here defends,
And there a mountain's ridgy height ascends.
Nor yet Alcina and Morgana cease,
Nor let her e'en possess this part in peace.
As vice and shameful pleasures fill their breast,
The virgin for her virtues they detest,
But to return to what myself befel,
And how I first became a tree, to tell.

"Alcina gave me nameless charms to taste,
And all on me her ardent passion plac'd:
While in my arms such matchless sweets I press'd,
I seem'd at once of every joy possess'd;
Of every joy, which fortune's hands bestow
So sparingly on mortals here below.
France I forgot, each dearer care beside,
And love alone my amorous thoughts employ'd.
My eyes were fix'd upon her face so fair,
While every wish began, and centred there.
Her former lovers she esteem'd no more,
For many lovers she possess'd before:
I was her joy, was with her night and day,
And all the rest my high commands obey,
Mine was her love and mine the sovereign sway!
But wherefore do I thus inflame the wound
For which, I fear, no cure can e'er be found?
Why recollect my happy hours, and know
That all my former bliss is turn'd to woe?
Too late, alas! I found her wavering mind
In love inconstant as the changing wind!
For scarce two months I held the fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place.
Rejected then, I join'd the banish'd herd
That lost her love, as others were preferr'd:
Lest these o'er various lands and nations spread,
Should e'er divulge the shameful life she led,
Some here, some there, her potent charms restrain
In various forms imprison'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, or cedars clos'd,
Or such, as me you here behold expos'd:
In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,
As suits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
And you, sir knight, that in ill hour have found,
By ways uncommon, this enchanted ground:
For whom some hapless lover must be spurn'd,
And to a senseless stone or river turn'd;
You shall such pleasures with Alcina find,
To call yourself the happiest of mankind;
But soon the common fate must be your own,
Chang'd to a beast, a fountain, tree, or stone.
Thus have I warn'd you of your dangerous state;
Not that I think you can elude your fate;
But yet, it fits you well inform'd to go,
And part, at least, of her deceits to know.
As different features in the face we find,
So differs too the genius of the mind;
And you, perhaps, some secret have in store
T' escape, what numbers ne'er escap'd before."
Rogero, who Astolpho knew by fame
The valiant cousin to his beauteous dame,
Much for his strange unheard-of fortune mourn'd,
Whose form was to a senseless myrtle turn'd;
And for her sake whose love his bosom fir'd
T' assist th' unhappy warrior much desir'd;
But here his power no further aid affords
Than kind consoling tears, and friendly words;
Yet, all he can! and now he seeks to know
If he to Logistilla's lands might go,
By any windings over hill or plain,
To shun the snares of false Alcina's reign.
"A different path these lay," the myrtle said, [led,
"Which through rough crags and thorny thickets
If to the hill he kept the better hand.
But hard the pass, for there a numerous band
Of armed men were plac'd to guard the land."
His thanks Rogero to the myrtle paid,
Then took his leave, and parted from the shade,
Instructed well: his courser, by the rein,
He leads, but dares not press his back again;

[10] Here Boyardo entirely leaves Astolpho, and Ariosto takes up the story.

[11] Logistilla: there were three sisters, Logistilla, Alcina, and Morgana. The allegory here is obvious. Alcina and Morgana represent Luxury and Lasciviousness; Logistilla, Reason or Virtue; these are continually at war with each other.

While various schemes he fashions in his mind,
How safely Logistilla's realms to find.
Firm was his purpose every means to try,
Rather than in Alcina's bondage lie.
And first, he thought again to mount his horse,
And spur him through the air a distant course:
But fear soon made him lay that thought aside,
Nor tempt the danger he so lately try'd.
"Unless I err," thus to himself he said,
"By force a passage yonder shall be made."
Now, as he pass'd along the ocean's side,
Alcina's stately city he descried
As ample wall the whole encompass'd round,
Which wide enclos'd a mighty space of ground.
The height appear'd to reach the distant skies,
And seem'd of solid gold to wondering eyes!
When now more nearly to the walls he drew,
(Such walls as ne'er before could mortals view)
He left the plain and beaten path, that straight
Led o'er the meadow to the lofty gate;
And to the right, that tow'rds the mountain lay,
The warrior more securely took his way.
But soon an hideous crew [13] oppos'd his course
With savage fury, and with brutal force.
A crew so strange was never seen before,
That such deform'd and monstrous figures wore.
Some, from the neck below appear'd like men,
While heads of apes and cats above were seen.
Some, running, stamp'd with goatish feet the mad,
And some the shape of nimble centaurs show'd.
Lascivious youths were there, and old men mad;
Some naked, some in hairy vestments clad.
One, without reins, a speedy courser rides;
This, a slow ass; and that, an ox bestrides:
Some on a centaur's back their seat maintain;
Some press the ostrich, eagle, or the crane:
One held a bowl; a horn another blew:
Female and male; some, mixtures of the two.
A file, one bore, and one a ladder took;
A shovel, this; and that, an iron hook.
The captain of the band was there beheld,
His face was bloated, and his paunch was swell'd:
Upon a tortoise heavily he sate.
And mov'd along the field in tardy state;
His limbs supported as he pass'd along;
Drowsy with wine his heavy eye-lids hung.
Some from his face and forehead wip'd the sweat,
And others fann'd him to abate the heat.
One, form'd with human feet, with hands and breast,
But like a dog his head and ears confest,
With barking sought Rogero's course to stay,
And make him to the city bend his way.
"You threat in vain," reply'd th' undaunted knight,
"While I have power to wield this sword in fight."
As thus he spoke, his shining blade he drew,
And brandish'd it before the monster's view:
The monster thought to strike him with his spear,
But this Rogero saw, and, drawing near,
Swift through his paunch the deadly weapon sent,
That through his back, a foot behind, it went.
And now, his courage rous'd, he brac'd his shield,
But still his foes more numerous prest'd the field,
On every hand at once attack'd the knight,
Who with unyielding force maintain'd the fight;
While, as amid the furious throng he prest'd,
Some to the teeth he clove, and some the breast.
Shield, helm, and cuirass no defence afford
Against the edge of his descending sword.
But now, thick swarming, round the youth they close,
And so on every side his course oppose;
To force the throng a greater strength demands
Than huge Briareus with his hundred hands.
Yet from the covering had the knight reveal'd
Before their eyes the necromancer's shield,
(That shield whose lustre laid the gazers low,
Left by Atlantes at his sable hoe)
At once their headlong fury had been quell'd,
And prostrate all to press the earth compell'd:
But here his generous soul perchance disdain'd
To gain a conquest, not by valour gain'd.
He fought determin'd rather on the field
To die, than to such foes his freedom yield:
When sudden from the gate appear'd in sight
(Where stone the walls with golden splendor bright)
Two lovely dames [13], whose air and habit show'd
That not to lineage mean their birth they ow'd;
Nor seem'd brought up in humble cottage state,
But bred in rich apartments of the great;
Each on a beauteous unicorn [14] was plac'd,
Whose snowy hue the ermin's white defac'd.
So lovely both were form'd, so richly dress'd,
And every look such dignity express'd,
That each enraptur'd gazer seem'd to own
Their charms were worthy heavenly eyes alone.
Beauty and gallantry such forms must wear
Would they embody'd to the sight appear!

[13] This passage is copied by Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, where he describes the troop of carnal lusts besieging the fort or dwelling of Temperance.

B. ii. c. xi.

Deformed creatures in strange differences;
Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
Some like wild boars late rous'd out of the brakes,
. . . . . .
Some like to hounds, some like to apes dismay'd,
Some like to puttocks all in plumes array'd.

These monsters that attempt to stop Rogero, in his passage to Logistilla, or Virtue, signifying the different species of vice in the most brutal and sordid shapes. Their captain is Idleness, the promoter of every evil.

[13] By these two ladies, who easily persuade Rogero to turn again and enter the city of Alcina, may be generally understood, that though a good disposition will for a long time withstand the assaults of vice, which comes undisguised in its native deformity, it may, notwithstanding, yield to that temptation which appears dressed up in the garb of decency.

[14] I see no particular allegorical allusion in the unicorns, on which these ladies are seated; which seem merely inserted for the sake of poetical description, and may be very allowable in this author, when Tasso, in the historical part of his poem, has employed the same fictitious animals to draw the chariot of Armida. Jerusal. Del. B. xvii.

——Freno il dotto auriga al giogo adorno,
Quattro unicorni, a coppia a coppia avvinti.

Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.

Ver. 244.

And now the damsels near the meadow drew,
Where brave Rogero closely press'd their view.
At once on every side disperse the bands:
The ladies to the knight present their hands,
Who, while his visage flush'd with rosy red,
Return'd them thanks for such a courteous deed;
Then, at their suit, agreed to turn once more
And seek the golden gate he shunn'd before.
The ornaments that o'er the portal rise,
And jutting forward, seem to meet the eyes,
On every side are richly cover'd round,
With jewels that in eastern climes abound.
Huge stately columns, by a master-hand
Of d'mond from'd, the solid weight sustain'd.
So fair a structure ne'er before was seen
To rate the ravish'd eyes of mortal men!
Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face,
Had modesty attemper'd every grace.
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome led the knight
To this sweet Paradise of soft delight;
And sure we this a Paradise may name,
Where gentle Love first lights his lambent flame!
Where festive pleasures every day employ,
Where every moment passes wing'd with joy!
No thoughts of hoary age depress the mind,
Nor care nor want can here an entrance find;
While, with her horn, obsequious Plenty stands
To pour her riches forth from willing hands;
And with a smiling front for ever clear,
Inviting April revels through the year.
Enamour'd youths, and tender damsels, seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.
Some, by a branching tree, or mountain's shade,
In sports and dances press the downy glade;
While one discloses to his friend, apart,
The secret transports of his amorous heart.
High o'er the beech and oak with wing display'd,
High o'er the lofty pine and laurel shade,
The little Loves in sportive circles fly,
And view their triumphs with exulting eye:
One at a lover's breast his weapon aims;
With fraudful art his nets another frames:
Here in the stream they temper shafts, and there
On circling stone their blunted points repair.
A stately courser soon was given the knight,
Of colour bay, and gallant in the fight:
His costly trappings, glorious to behold,
Were all with jewels deck'd and shone with gold!
The old magician's steed, of winged kind,
A youth receiv'd, and slowly led behind.
The damsels now, whose aid dispers'd the band
That durst Rogero's purpos'd course withstand,
Thus to the knight their gentle speech address'd:
"My lord! your valiant deeds, this day confess'd,
Have given us courage from your hand to claim
A task that well befits your matchless fame:
Soon shall we come, where in our way there glides
A flood, that in two parts the plain divides.
A cruel wretch, we Eriphila[18] name,
Defends the bridge, and passage of the stream:
On all that 'tempt the pass she furious flies;
Dreadful she seems, a giantess in size!
Poisonous her bite, long tushes arm her jaws;
And like a bear's, her nails and shaggy paws:
Nor here alone her threat'ning rage she bends,
And 'gainst each passenger the bridge defends;
But oft has round the garden-shades defac'd
With giant step, and laid their beauty waste.
Know, that the monstrous crew, whose fury late
Oppos'd your course without the golden gate,
Her offspring are; like her for prey they lust,
And like their dam are cruel and unjust."
Rogero then, "Not one alone demand,
But ask a hundred battles at my hand.
Whate'er defence my prowess can afford,
Is yours—command my person and my sword:
'Tis hence, these shining arms my limbs enfold,
Not lands to conquer, or to purchase gold,
But to display, to all, my guardian care,
Much more to dames so courteous, and so fair!"
The dames return'd him thanks with grateful heart,
In words that equall'd well his great desert.
In converse thus they pass'd, till near they drew,
Where both the bridge and stream appear'd in view.
There they the guardian of the pass behold
With jewels blazing rich on arms of gold.
But, till another book, I cease to tell,
What with the giantess the knight befel.

[18] Eriphila is explained to mean Avarice: she is said to guard the bridge that leads to Alcina, to paint the avarice of women that will not satisfy the amorous desires of men, without liberal rewards.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero encounters Eriphila, and, conducted by the two damsels, arrives at the palace of Alcina, who receives him with great joy: he is seduced by her allurements, and leads a life of luxury and effeminacy. Bradamant, hearing no tidings of him, since he was carried away by the gryphin-horse, is in great affliction for his absence; she is met by Melissa, who undertakes to deliver him. Melissa assumes the form of Atlantes, and accosts the young warrior, reproaching him with his degeneracy.

Who travels into foreign climes, shall find
What ne'er before was imag'd to his mind;
Which, when he tells, the hearers shall despise,
And deem his strange adventures empty lies.
The herd unletter'd[1] nothing will believe
But what their senses plainly can perceive;

[1] The author here plainly declares, that the wonderful tales related by him have a concealed allegory: so Berni, Orlando Inam. B. i. c. xxv.

Questi draghi fatati, questi incanti,
Questi giardini, e libri, e corni, e cani,
Ed huomini selvatichi, e giganti,
E fiere, e mostri, ch' hanno visi umani,
Son fatti per dar pasto agli ignoranti,
Ma voi, ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina, che s' asconde
Sotto queste coperte alte e profonde.

These fated dragons, every magic charge,
These books, and horns, and dogs, and gardens strange:

Hence I shall ne'er with common minds prevail,
But little credit will they yield my tale.
Yet what imports to me the vulgar ear,
Wheedless my words, without conception, hear?
To you I write[1], whose judgment can descry
The secret truths that, veil'd in fable, lie.
I left you there when to the bridge and stream
By Eriphila kept, the warrior came."
A coat of mail of finest steel she wore,
With gems of various colours cover'd o'er;
The ruby red, the chrysolite was seen,
The yellow topaz, and the emerald green.
Her giant bulk no common steed bestrode;
A mighty wolf[2] sustain'd her ponderous load:
A wolf she rode; and o'er the river crost,
With stately trappings of no vulgar cost.
A beast so large Apulia never bred:
High as an ox he rear'd his towering head:
His frothy mouth no curbing bit restrain'd,
Nor knew I how his foaming course she rein'd;
Her scarf a sandy hue display'd to sight,
And o'er her armour cast a sullen light:
Rais'd on her crest, and in her targe she held
A picter'd toad with loathsome poison swell'd.
The damsels show'd her to th' expecting knight,
Where, from the bridge, she stood prepar'd for fight;
And, as her custom was, his course to stay.
Soon as she saw Rogero on the way,
Fiercely she bade him turn: he sought replied,
But grasp'd his spear, and her to fight defy'd.
Now lies the giantess, with active heat,
Spurr'd her huge wolf, and fix'd her in the seat;
And, as she ran, her spear in rest she took,
While trembling Earth beneath her fury shook:
But soon o'erthrown, supine her limbs were spread;
So strong Rogero struck beneath her head,
That, forc'd before the dreadful lance to yield,
Six feet beyond she tumbled on the field.
Then swift he drew his falchion from his side,
Her head from her huge body to divide;
As well he might, while in the flowery way,
Already senseless[4] Eriphila lay.

But here the ladies cry'd—"Enough, sir knight,
No further urge the vengeance of the fight:
Behold her quell'd—then sheath your conquering sword,
Let us our way resume, and pass the ford."
This said: they for awhile their course pursued
Amidst the covert of a mazy wood;
There through a narrow craggy path they went,
And reach'd at length the hill, with steep ascent;
Where, on a spacious plain, the youth beheld
A sumptuous pile that every pile excell'd.
First of her court, the fair Alcina press'd,
Impatient to receive the stranger guest:
Before the portal, with a comely grace,
She gave him courteous welcome to the place;
While all such honour paid the noble knight,
As if some god had left his realms of light.
The palace with resplendent lustre shin'd
Above the boasted wealth of human kind:
Fair is the dome; but fairer are the train
Whose angel-forms its stately walls contain!
Alcina yet excels the rest by far,
As Phœbus' rays obscure each feeble star.
Her matchless person[5] every charm combin'd
Form'd in th' idea of a painter's mind.
Bound in a knot behind, her ringlets roll'd
Down her soft neck, and seem'd like waving gold.
Her cheeks with lilies mix the blushing rose:
Her forehead high, like polish'd ivory shows.
Beneath two arching brows with splendour shone
Her sparkling eyes, each eye a radiant sun!
Here artful glances, winning looks appear,
And wanton Cupid lies in ambush here:
'Tis hence he bends his bow, he points his dart,
'Tis hence he steals th' unwary gazer's heart.
Her nose so truly shap'd, the faultless frame
Not envy can deface, nor art can blame.
Her lips beneath, with pure vermilion bright,
Present two rows of orient pearl to sight:
Here those soft words are form'd, whose power de-
Th' obdurate soul in love's alluring chains: [tains
And here the smiles receive their infant birth,
Whose sweets reveal a Paradise on Earth.
Her neck and breast were white as falling snows;
Round was her neck, and full her bosom rose.
Firm as the budding fruit[6], with gentle swell,
Each lovely breast alternate rose and fell.

These savage men, these shapes of giant race,
And beasts and monsters with a human face,
Are feign'd to please the vulgar ear: but you,
Whom favouring pow'rs with better sense indue,
Can see the doctrine sage, that hidden lies
Beneath these mystic fables' deep disguise.

Thus Milton:

And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Il Penseroso.

[1] Some suppose that Ariosto here particularly addresses himself to Hippolito and Alphonso; but it rather seems a general apostrophe to every reader of taste and discernment.

[2] By the wolf, which is represented without reins, may be signified the insatiable nature of avarice, which is not to be restrained.

[4] Eriphila being overthrown, but not killed, is said to denote that liberality used at the instigation of vice, is not perfect virtue, which entirely roots up avarice.

[5] This luxuriant description of the beauty of Alcina is quoted at large, as an idea of perfect beauty, by Dolce, in his dialogue on painting; of which the English reader has been favoured with an ingenious translation.

[6] The expression in the Italian is:

—— due pome acerbe
—— two unripe apples:

Spenser has much the same image in his description of Belphœbe:

Her dainty paps, which like young fruit in May,
Now little 'gan to swell, and being ty'd
Through their thin veil their places only signify'd.
B. ii. c. iii.

Dryden, in his Cymon and Iphigenia, copies Spenser:

Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd.

Thus, on the margin of the peaceful seas,
The waters heave before the fanning breeze.
Her arms well turn'd, and of a dazzling hue,
With perfect beauty gratify'd the view.
Her taper fingers long and fair to see,
From every rising vein and swelling free;
And from her vest below, with new delight,
Her slender foot attracts the lover's sight.
Not Argus' self her other charms could spy,
So closely veil'd from every longing eye;
Yet may we judge the graces she reveal'd
Surpass'd not those her modest garb conceal'd,
Which strove in vain from fancy's eye to hide
Each angel charm that seem'd to Heaven ally'd.
In all she did her ready graces were hung,
Whether she spoke, or mov'd, or laugh'd, or sung.
No wonder then Rogero's heart was caught
By her, whose show of love enslav'd his thought:
No more he can the myrtle's counsel trust,
No more believe her cruel and unjust.
He thinks deceit can never find a place
In the soft smiles of such a lovely face;
But rather now believes Alcina's power
Had justly chang'd Astolpho on the shore;
That rage and envy made the knight defame
With lying tales the fair Alcina's name.
The damsel whom he once so dearly held,
Is, of a sudden, from his heart expell'd.
The secret, by her art, the fairy found
To heal his breast of every former wound:
Then let Rogero some indulgence claim,
Since magic charms expung'd his virtuous flame.
Now, while they feast, the late and tuneful lyre
Th' enraptur'd soul with harmony inspire:
Through the wide dome the trembling music floats,
And undulating air conveys the notes.
One with soft lays would tender bosoms move,
And paints the passions, and the joys of love;
Or sweetly bids inventive fancy rise,
That brings poetic visions to the eyes,
Not all the festivals in story told,
By Syrian luxury[7] prepar'd of old;
Not that which Cleopatra's royal lord
With pomp display'd before her Latian lord[8],
Could with this sumptuous banquet claim regard,
Which for the knight th' enamour'd dame prepar'd:
Not such is seen, when Ganymede above
His service ministers to mighty Jove!
The tables now and viands thence convey'd,
The joyous train a pleasing circle made;
While each soft whisper'd in the other's ear,
Some secret, sweet to tell, or sweet to hear!
A grateful spot! by which, from all conceal'd,
The lovers well their amorous thoughts reveal'd;
Till both, at length, impell'd by soft desire,
That sight agreed t' indulge their mutual fire.
This gentle pastime done, the pages came
Before their usual hour, with torches' flame
To chase the night: a rich retinue led
The brave Rogero to a stately bed.
There they partook a slight repast anew
Of wine and fruits, and then the train withdrew;
And, due obedience paid their gallant guest,
All to their several rooms retir'd to rest.
Now lay the knight in sheets that breath'd perfume,
And seem'd the labour of Arachne's loom;
Impatient, listening with attentive ear;
At every sound he deems Alcina near;
Each fancy'd tread alarms his beating breast;
Now rais'd by wishes, now by doubts depress!
Th' alluring fair, bedew'd with odours sweet,
Prepar'd at length the longing knight to meet;
And, when each eye was clos'd with glowing charms,
She stole in secret to Rogero's arms.
When the fond youth, that held Astolpho's place,
Survey'd the beauties of that heavenly face;
And drank the poison from her sparkling eyes;
Through every vein a sudden lightning flies!
Then leaping from the couch, with eager haste,
His clasping arms enfold her lovely waist:
He gluts his ravish'd sight! the nymph undrest
Was cover'd only with a sure'ast vest,
Which o'er a thin and spotless lawn she threw,
Of finest texture and of snowy hue.
The mantle falls before the furious knight,
And leaves alone the slender lawn in sight,
Whose thin transparent folds her charms disclose,
As a clear glass the lily or the rose.
Not half so close the ivy leaves are seen
Around a plant to writhe their curling green,
As twin'd in wanton folds the lovers lay,
And in soft murmurs breath'd their souls away,
While from their lips such balmy sweets they drew
As Ind, with all her spices, never knew.
Thus liv'd in wanton bliss the lawless pair:
While, through the palace, with officious care,
All, at Rogero's nod, obsequious stand,
For so th' enamour'd fairy gives command.
Whate'er can charm the heart, or lure the sense
To full delight, these happy seats dispense.
The feast, the game, the race their joys enhance,
The scene, the bath, the tilting and the dance.
Now, by clear streams, with grateful shade o'ercast,
They read the amorous lays of ages past:
Now midst deep vales, or smiling hills, prepare
To hunt the mazes of the fearful hare:
Now with sagacious dogs the bush they beat
To rouse the whirring pheasants from their seat:
Now for the thrush fallacious springes set;
Now the sweet juniper with birdlime wet:
Now with barb'd hook, or meshy net, they try
From quiet floods to drag the scaly fry.
While thus Rogero lives a joyous guest,
King Agramont and Charles are hardly prest;
Whose story shall not yet escape my mind,
Nor must I leave fair Bradamant behind;
Who long, ah! long, bewail'd her dearest knight,
By strange adventure ravish'd from her sight.
To her, before the rest, I turn my strain,
And tell, how far she sought with fruitless pain
Through cities, towns and camps; how far she pass'd
O'er mountains, plains, and many a dreary waste;
In vain each day of all she met, inquir'd;
She heard no news of what her soul desir'd.
Oft to the host of Saracens she went,
And sought her lover there from tent to tent:
Between her lips the wondrous ring she held,
Which kept her safe from every eye conceal'd:

[7] The successors of Ninus, first king of the Assyrians, to Sardanapalus, were famous for their luxury and effeminacy, and delighted in costly banquets.

[8] The poet is said here to mean Julius Cæsar, who, after the death of Pompey, was entertained by Cleopatra with a most magnificent banquet: or, perhaps, by this may be understood Marc Anthony, with whom she was known to have lived in the most amazing prodigality.

She cannot, dares not yet believe him dead,
For such a warrior's death had doubtless spread
From where the tide of fam'd Hydaspes flows,
To where the sun descends to his repose.
Uncertain of his fate; she hopes, she fears:
Her sad conventions are her sighs and tears!
At length she fix'd once more the cave to seek,
Where Merlin, from his tomb, was wont to speak,
And round the shrine such deep affliction shew,
The marble cold should soften at her woe;
There might she learn if yet her knight survive,
Or lay, by doom severe, of life depriv'd;
And thence, inform'd, her future course pursue,
As from the sage her counsel best she drew.
With this intent she took her lonely way
Tow'rds the thick forest that by Poictiers lay;
Where deep the vocal tomb of Merlin stood,
Hid in drear caves, surrounded by a wood.
But that enchantress, whose benignant mind
Reveal'd to Bradamant her race design'd,
Each day desir'd to learn the virgin's state,
And often try'd her art t' explore her fate.
Rogero freed and lost again she knew,
And how to India's distant climes he flew;
She saw him living in luxurious peace,
In wanton feasting and inglorious ease;
Unmindful of himself, his promis'd fame,
His sovereign's welfare, and his beauteous dame; 250
And thus she fear'd the flower of youthful bloom
A knight so gentle might in sloth consume,
While that pure portion of th' ethereal ray
Which still survives, when all is breathless clay,
Th' immortal part, in sensual pleasure lost
Would soon be shipwreck'd, and for ever lost!
But that sage matron, whose attentive mind
Watch'd o'er the good himself had cast behind,
Resolv'd through irksome ways of toil and pain,
To bring him back to virtue's path again.
His mal'dies thus the wise physician heals,
And oft by fire, and steel, and poison heals:
Repining first, the patient feels the smart,
Then owns the saving aid with grateful heart.
Yet arduous was the task her thoughts design'd;
For old Atlantes, with affection blind,
Who sought but to preserve from dangerous strife
In ease inglorious his Rogero's life;
Who rather wish'd him thus to lead his days,
Than change a year of shame for endless praise,
Had sent him to Alcina's isle afar,
There to forget the sound of arms and war;
And as a sage well vers'd in magic art,
He bound in chains so firm the fairy's heart,
She ne'er again her love should disengage,
Though good Rogero liv'd to Nestor's age.
Now to the virgin let us bend our view,
Whose prophesying skill the future knew;
Who, while from realm to realm she thoughtful past,
The wandering Ascin's daughter met at last.
When Bradamant beheld Melissa near,
A sudden hope dispell'd her former fear;
Till, struck with grief, th' unhappy virgin heard
Her lover prisoner, and his mind ensnar'd
With pleasure's poison'd bait; but soon to calm
Her dread, th' enchantress pours the healing balm;
And plights her faith, ere many days are o'er,
Rogero to her presence to restore.
"Give me," she cry'd, "the ring, whose powerful charm
The wearer shields from every magic harm:
Soon will I put Alcina's arts to flight,
Who now detains your lover from your sight.
When evening rises will I take my way,
And reach the Indian climes by dawn of day."
Melissa spoke; and to the listening dame
Her purpose told, to draw the youth from shame,
And send him back once more to France and fame.
Then from her hand the noble damsel gave
The wondrous ring; nor this alone to save
The knight had given, but with an equal mind
Had sent her heart, and life itself resign'd.
She gives the ring; and to her care commends
Herself, her lover more; to him she sends
A thousand greetings that her truth display,
And, parting, to Provence directs her way.
A different path the sage Melissa pass'd,
But soon as evening shade the skies o'ercast,
She rais'd a palfrey by her magic art,
With one foot red, but black each other part:
Some fiend infernal, seeming thus in show,
Whom by her spells she drew from realms below:
On this she mounted; both her feet were bare,
Unpight her gown, and loose her flowing hair.
Then with such speed through yielding clouds she flew,
Next morn Alcina's isle appear'd in view.
Arriv'd, a strange illusion to the sight,
She adds a foot of stature to her height;
While every limb enlarg'd, like his appears
Who nurs'd Rogero in his infant years:
A hoary beard she fixes on her chin,
And fills with wrinkles all her wither'd skin:
So well she feigns his speech, his voice, his air,
It seems as if Atlantes' self was there.
This done; awhile she undiscover'd stood,
Till, as it chanc'd, one day the youth she view'd
Apart in solitude; unusual sight!
For scarce Alcina ever left the knight.
Now, to her wish, she found the youth retir'd
To taste the freshness which the morn inspir'd,
Beside a stream that from the hill's descent
To a clear lake with gentle murmur went.
His garments with effeminacy made*,
Luxurious sloth and indolence display'd;
Wrought by Alcina's hands of silk and gold
Mingled with art, and costly to behold.
A string of jewels from his neck he wore,
That, to his breast descending, hung before;
And either warlike arm, that once could wield
The heaviest weapons in the listed field,
A bracelet bound: in either ear he hung
A ring of golden wire, to which was strung
A costly pearl, whose price by far excell'd
What India or Arabia e'er beheld.
His curling locks in nicest order set,
Wav'd round his head with liquid odours wet.
His gestures and his looks a mind declare
Bred to the wanton pleasures of the fair.
Rogero now his name can only boast,
The rest is all in foul corruption lost:
So far estrang'd from what he was before
By fatal sorcery and beauty's power!
Now in Atlantes' form th' enchantress stood
Before the youth, that form he oft had view'd;

* This whole passage is a copy of Virgil, Æneid IV. where Mercury is sent by Jupiter to warn Æneas to leave Carthage. Tasso has closely followed both these poets, in his Jerusalem Delivered, b. xvi. but particularly Ariosto. Æneas, Rogero, and Rinaldo, make pretty near the same figure.

With that stern eye, and countenance severe,
Which, when a child, he us'd so much to fear.
Then thus—"Are these the glorious fruits at
Of all my cares, of all my labours past? [last
Was it for this thy infancy I bred,
With marrow of the bears and lions fed?
Taught thee in gloomy caves or forest-lands,
To strangle serpents with thy tender hands?
Panthers and tigers of their claws deprive,
And tear their tushes from the bears alive?
That, after all, thou shouldst at length appear
Alcina's Atys[18] or Adonis here!
Is this the fate which in the stars I read?
Is this what dreams and augories have said?
'Twas promis'd, from thy birth, when thou hadst gain'd
The ripening years which now thou hast attain'd,
That not a chief should match thy boundless praise:
And wouldst thou thus thy boasted trophies raise!
Thus wouldst thou rival Alexander's name,
Thus gain a Cæsar's, or a Scipio's fame?
Who could have thought (O scandal to the brave!)
To see thee here Alcina's wanton slave!
And that thy thraldom may to all be known,
Thy neck and arms her shameful shackles own.
If for thyself, fame cannot move thy mind,
Nor the great deeds that Heaven for thee design'd,
Yet wherefore from thy godlike race withhold
The future good, my lips have oft foretold?
A race (so fate decrees) to mortal eyes
More dear than Phœbus' light that gilds the skies!
Forbid not souls t' exist, which Heaven shall frame
With purest portions of ethereal flame:
Nor blast the promis'd palms, which virtue yields
In peaceful councils or triumphant fields,
By which thy sons, and each succeeding name,
Shall give to Italy her former fame.
But, o'er the rest, let two thy thoughts engage,
Two brethren, glories of their favour'd age!
Alphonso and Hippolito, whose praise,
O'er all thy line, shall bless their happy days.
On those I dwell, and joy to find thee hear
Their virtuous honours with a willing ear,
As if exulting in thy mind to trace
Such worthies springing from thy godlike race.
How has this queen thy fond affections won?
But thousands, like herself, the same had done:
Of all the numbers that her arts inflam'd,
Thou know'st what recompense their loves receiv'd.
But that you may Alcina's faith behold,
I will her frauds and each disguise unfold.
This ring receive; and to the dame repair;
Then mark if she deserves the name of fair."
She cens'd: nor aught abash'd Rogero said,
But, silent, hung to earth his drooping head.
Meantime she on his finger fix'd the ring,
That could once more his wandering senses bring:
Soon as the knight returning truth confess'd,
Such deep remorse his conscious soul depress'd,
He wish'd that yawning earth would open wide,
His visage from the face of man, to hide.
Her task perform'd, aside th' enchantress threw
Her borrow'd form, and stood disclos'd to view;
Then to the wandering youth her name reveal'd,
Nor kept the cause, for which she came, conceal'd;

[18] A beautiful youth beloved of Cybele, the mother of the gods.

"Seat by the fairest of her sex, whose care
No longer could her lover's absence bear;
To free him thence, where magic bands control,
In shameful servitude, his manly soul:
That old Atlantes' borrow'd form she chose
A deeper reverence on his sense t' impose.
That gentle maid, whose fond affects as born
For thee, and merit well a kind return:
To whom, reflect what gratitude demands
For freedom late recover'd at her hands,
This ring, a safe defence from spiteful art,
Here sends by me, and would have sent her heart,
If aught her heart avail'd to give thee aid:"
The love of Rinaldo she then display'd,
And, with her other noble virtues join'd,
Extoll'd the courage of her dauntless mind:
Till clearly banish'd from Rogero's breast,
She made him soon Alcina's name detest,
So late adore'd!—the ring his foe disarms,
Preserves him safe from future magic harms,
And strips Alcina of her borrow'd charms.
As when a child, who ripen'd fruit has stor'd,
In time forgetful of his former hoard,
By fortune to the place again convey'd,
Where many days before his trust was laid,
Beholds th' unthought of change with vast surprise,
Obscene and putrid, hateful to his eyes!
Rogero thus, by sage Melissa sent,
When to Alcina's sight again he went,
For that fair dame[19], the fairest of the fair,
Whom late he left, now, wondrous to declare,
A shape so loathsome saw, that search around,
One more deform'd and old could ne'er be found.
Her face was wrinkled, sharp, and pale of hue,
Her hair was turn'd to gray, and thinly grew;
Six spans in stature could she scarcely boast,
And every tooth her gums, disarm'd, had lost;
As if her life more length of years had seen
Than Cuma's prophetess, or Priam's queen.
Yet such the force of spells, and magic power,
She seem'd in prime of age and beauty's flower:
But soon Rogero banish'd her his thought,
When all her useless wiles to light were brought.
Yet, by Melissa warn'd, he still suppress'd
The secret purpose of his wary breast:
At length his arms he seiz'd, that long had laid
Neglected, and his manly limbs array'd:
But first, each light suspicion to remove,
He told Alcina he desir'd to prove

[19] The allegory is here closely kept up: where the eyes of the understanding being cleared by the ring (reason), vice, which before appeared beautiful to the depraved imagination, then resumes its natural deformity.

"Spenser's Duessa, who had before appeared young and beautiful, divested of her rich apparel, is discovered to be a loathsome old woman. She is a copy of Ariosto's Alcina. The circumstances of Duessa's discovery are literally translated from the Italian poet: See Fairy Queen.

A loathy wrinkled hag, ill-favour'd old
- - - - - - -
Her crafty head was altogether bald
And ———
Was overgrown with scurf and filthy scald.
Her teeth out of her rotten gums were fled."

Warton's Obs. on Spenser.

If, living thus a recreant from the field,
His hands could yet their wonted weapons wield.
Then Balisarda[12] girding to his side,
So was his falchion nam'd, of temper try'd,
He took the buckler, whose enchanted blaze
Distracts the fainting eyes of all that gaze;
And with the silken covering o'er it hung,
The massy weight across his shoulders flung.
Then to the stall he went, and bade with speed
To fit the reins and saddle on a steed
Of coal-black hue: Melissa chose the horse;
For well she knew his swiftness in the course.
Him, Rabicano[13] nam'd, and once the right
Of fam'd Astolpho, with that hapless knight
Who late was fix'd a myrtle on the shore,
The watry monster to this island bore.
Rogero might the griffin-horse unbind,
That next to Rabicano stood confin'd;
But here Melissa warn'd him to refrain,
As he but ill obey'd the curbing rein,
And promis'd soon t' instruct him to bestride
The flying courser, and his fury guide;
And lest they would suspect his flight design'd,
If, parting thence, he left his steed behind,
Rogero all the maid's advice pursu'd,
Who, still invisible, beside him stood;
Then from the fatal palace swift he rode,
That ancient harlot's infamous abode;
And with impatience to the portal fled,
That tow'rds the realms of Logistilla led.
Here, on the guard at unawares he fell,
And forc'd his passage through with pointed steel:
While some he deeply wounded, some he slew,
Then o'er the bridge with speed impetuous flew;
And soon was distant far, ere spreading fame
Could to Alcina's ear his flight proclaim.
Th' ensuing book shall tell what course he past,
Till he to Logistilla came at last.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero makes his escape from Alcina, and travels towards the country of Logistilla. Rinaldo leaves Scotland, and arrives in England, where he obtains succours from the regent to be transported to the assistance of Charlemain. Angelica is carried by magic art into a desolate island, where she is cast into a deep sleep by a hermit: from this place she is taken away by mariners to be devoured by a sea-monster. Orlando, disturbed with a dream, quits the city of Paris, then besieged by Agramant, and goes out disguised, in search of his mistress.

What strange enchanters in our times abound!
What strange enchantresses alike are found!
Who, changing features, with deceitful art
Of either sex, entrap th' unwary heart:
Nor do they work these wonders on the mind
By influence of the stars, or sprites confin'd;
But with dissimulation, fraud, and lies,
They bind it with indissoluble ties!
He, who from fortune can such grace obtain
The ring of fair Angelica to gain,
Or rather that of reason[1], should display
Their foul disguises to the face of day.
How blest Rogero then! whose ring dispell'd
Each error that his soul had prisoner held.
Rogero, as my tale before declar'd,
With Rabican came arm'd before the guard;
And when all unprovided these he spy'd,
Kept not his weapon idle by his side.
Ere far he rode the distant wood to gain,
He met a servant[2] of Alcina's train.
With ready fab'on on his fist he came,
As wont each day to scour the field for game:
Off to a neighbouring lake he let him fly;
The country round could store of prey supply.
He rode a palfrey, not with trappings gay;
His faithful dog companion of his way.
Soon as he saw Rogero's speed, his mind
Alcina's fugitive in him divin'd:
Advancing near, he, with a haughty air,
Bade him th' occasion of his flight declare:
The knight, disdaining question, nought replies;
To whom th' impatient swain indignant cries:
"What shall you say, if, spite of your intent,
I, with this falcon, should your haste prevent?"
This said, he let the falcon fly, whose speed
Not Rabican could, in his course, exceed;
The rider next, alighting from his seat,
Reliev'd his palfrey from the curbing bit;
Who, snorting, spurn'd the ground, and instant flew
Swift as an arrow from the sounding yew:
No less the falc'ner follow'd close behind;
As sent by fire, or borne on wings of wind:
The dog with Rabican pursu'd the race,
As leopards hold the fearful hare in chase.
Now stopp'd the generous youth, who blush'd to view
A man on foot so bold his flight pursue;
Who bore no weapon but a slender wand
With which he might his sporting dog command.
But when no other arms Rogero saw,
He much disdain'd on him his sword to draw.

[12] The sword stolen from Orlando by Brunello, and given to Rogero.

[13] Boyardo relates, that this horse was produced by enchantment, and nourished only with the air. He was at first the property of Argalia, but when Ferra'u drove him loose, (see General View of Boyardo's Story,) he returned to the cave where he was bred, and whence he was taken by Argalia. Rinaldo, having lost his horse Bayardo, arrives at this cave where Rabican was kept; he kills a giant and two griffins that guarded him, and gets possession of the horse: Rinaldo afterwards going to Albracca, recovers his own from Astolpho, and leaves Rabican with him in his stead. See Orlando Innam.

[1] The allegory is here plainly opened by the poet.

[2] This passage considered literally has something odd in it: neither is the allegory of the servant, horse, dog, and falcon, very obvious. An Italian commentator thus explains it:

"The four animals that attack Rogero, are the four passions that govern the soul: the servant denotes fear; the bird, desire; the dog, grief; and the palfrey, joy. The shield signifies that the passions are to be conquered by opposing to them their contraries."

The falc'ner fiercely now attacks the knight;
The dog attempts his convoy's legs to bite.
Near Rabican th' unbridled palfrey wheels,
And oft assails him with his spurning heels:
With sounding wing the falcon terrifies,
And strikes him with her talons as she flies;
The steed, whom such a strange assault dismays,
Int' ill the bridle and the spur obeys.
At length, constrain'd, his sword Rogero shows
Unsheath'd; now here, now there his irksome foes
He threats with edge or point, but threats in vain;
For still his irksome foes th' attack maintain.
He fears, if he delays, he soon shall view
Alcina, with her train, his flight pursue:
He hears loud clamours fill the vales around;
He hears the bells, the drums, the trumpets sound;
Now ill advis'd he seems, with sword in hand,
Again t a men unarm'd, and dog, to stand:
'Twere better to disclose to view, he thought,
The shining buckler by Atlantes wrought;
Theft from the shield the crimson covering rais'd;
In every eye the flashing splendour blaz'd:
The falc'ner tumbles senseless on the plain;
The dog and palfrey fall; the wings sustain
The bird no longer in his airy way;
Rogero leaves them all to sleep a prey.
The fatal tidings soon Alcina heard,
Rogero had escap'd and foc'd the guard;
At this such grief was o'er her senses spread,
That, for a time, her very soul was dead:
She tore her garments, and her face she bruis'd,
And oft of mad neglect herself accus'd.
Then swift to arms she summon'd all her crew,
Whom soon around her gather'd forces drew:
Of these two bands she fram'd, while one she sent
T' explore the path her lov'd Rogero went;
The other to the harbour took their way,
And there, with speed embarking, put to sea:
Their sails, innumber'd, all the stream o'ercast:
With these the desolate Alcina pass'd;
And, so Rogero had possess'd her mind,
Her palace left without a guard behind.
This gave Melissa, plac'd in secret there,
An ample time her mischiefs to repair;
To free the wretches who had long remain'd
In hapless state, in cruel thraldrom chain'd.
Around the palace, searching every part,
She saw the spells of her malicious art;
The magic seals from many a place she took;
A thousand mystic forms and figures broke.
Then o'er each field she pass'd, each mead or grove;
Where the sad victims of Alcina's love,
That, hid in fountains, trees, or beasts, deplor'd
Their hopeless change, she to their shapes restor'd:
These, when they once their forms recover'd, view'd
The brave Rogero's steps in haste pursu'd
To Logistilla, parting thence in peace
To Scythia, Persia, India, and to Greece,
With grateful hearts: but foremost of the train
The English duke resum'd his form again:
The duke, to beauteous Bradamant ally'd;
For him the good Rogero first employ'd
His influence with the wise enchantress-maid:
And gave his pendrons ring the knight to aid.
Astolpho thus each manly grace regain'd,
And, by Melissa's means, his arms obtain'd,
With that fam'd lance of gold[3], which forc'd to yield
The strongest warrior in the listed field.

Argalia first, Astolpho next the lance
Possess'd, by this they both acquir'd in France
A mighty name: the lance Melissa found,
Kept in the palace of th' enchanted ground,
With all his other arms, which from the duke,
At his arrival there, Alcina took.
This done, she mounts the horse that cuts the wind,
Then seats Astolpho on the steed behind;
And thence to Logistilla they repair,
Arriv'd an hour before Rogero there.
Meanwhile through rugged ways, with steep ascent,
Rogero to sage Logistilla went;
Till, numerous toils o'erpast, at noon of day
Beside the seas he held his weary way;
Slow pacing o'er the dry and barren strand,
The flood on one, the hills on t' other hand:
From the steep hills the beams reflected came;
The earth was parch'd, the air was all on flame!
The silent birds were hid in groves profound;
The grass-hopper alone, with tedious sound,
While in the leafy shades conceal'd he lies,
Deafens the hills, the vales[4], the seas and skies!
There heat, and thirst, and toil (an irksome crew!)
The warrior's steps along the sand pursue.
But since, my Muse most various tales rehearse,
Nor one alone can claim my partial verse,

[3] This was the lance which Argalia brought with him into France, (see General View of Boyardo's Story,) which after his death came into the possession of Astolpho, who at the tournament, made by Charlemain, overthrew with this all opposers. Boyardo, in Orlando Innam. calls it *una fiamma d'oro*. So the unerring spear of Cephalus, *cujus fuit aurea cuspis*. Ovid Met. b. vii.

Britomartis, in Spenser, has a lance of the same kind:

——— a mighty spear,
Which Bladud made, by magic art of yore,
And us'd the same in battle ay to bear,
Sith which it had been here preserv'd in store,
For his great virtues proved long afore:
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore.

[4] In this hyperbole Ariosto seems to allude to the following line of Virgil:

Sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis!

To this passage in the edition of Virgil by Dr. Warton, is subjoined the following note, which is well worth transcribing, as it may be thought in some sort to apologize for the strength of Ariosto's expression.

"I don't know how every body almost in England come to imagine that the cicada in the Roman writers was the same with our grass-hopper, for their characters are different enough to have prevented any such mistake. The *cicada* is what the Italians now call *cicala*, and the French *cigale*. They make one constant uniform noise all day long in summer time, which is extremely disagreeable and tiresome, particularly in the great heats. Their note is sharp and shrill in the beginning of the summer, but hoarse and harsh towards the latter part of it. They are supposed to feed on the morning dew, and then fix on some sunny branch of a tree and sing all day long. It is hence that this insect is opposed to the ant in the old Æsopian fables, which is as industrious and inoffensive as the other is idle and troublesome. Virgil calls the cicada *garrula* and *rauca*. Martial *ergotæ* and

I leave Rogero here, and hasten o'er
To seek Rinaldo on the Scottish shore.
The king, his daughter fair, and all the land,
With great regard Rinaldo entertain'd:
At length the knight his embassy display'd
To beg from Scotland and from England aid; 150
He shew'd, beside his monarch's earnest prayer,
How glory call'd them to support the war.
To this the king reply'd without delay,
That to the farthest limits of his sway
His soul was ever ready to maintain,
The empire's rights, and weal of Charlemain;
With promise to prepare, ere many days,
Whatever force his utmost power could raise;
And had not years deprest his strength, he said,
Himself would combat at his army's head. 160
Yet should not age so damp his martial flame,
To keep him from the dangerous field of fame,
But that his son his absence well supply'd
With prudent counsel and with courage try'd.
Though distant now from his paternal reign,
He hop'd to see him soon return again;
While he th' auxiliar troops assembled drew,
To pass before his sight in just review.
The monarch spoke; and instant gives command
To levy horse and foot throughout the land; 170
Equips a numerous fleet to stem the tides,
And various stores for every need provides.
Now brave Rinaldo hastening to depart
For England's realm, the king with grateful heart
To Berwick's town convey'd the valiant peer,
There, parting, shed for grief a tender tear.
Soon in the poop the prosperous breezes blew;
Rinaldo went on board, and bade adieu.
The busy mariners their anchors ship,
And plough securely through the briny deep 180
With rapid course: the silver Thames they gain,
Where first he mingles with the briny main:
Along the stream with oars and sails they fly,
Till London's stately towers salute their eye.
Rinaldo did from Charles and Otho bring
(Otho besieg'd in Paris with the king)
Commission to the prince, whose honour'd hand
By deputation rul'd the English land,
To raise supplies; and from fair Albion's coast
Embark for Calais' shore the friendly host, 190
To Charlemain and France a welcome aid:
The prince, who then the regal sceptre sway'd
In Otho's stead, to brave Rinaldo's name
Such honours paid, as Otho's self might claim;
Then, answering his demands, he summon'd all
The neighbouring forces that obey'd his call;
With those that in the subject islands lay,
To meet together on a certain day.
But here, my lord[6], with various themes my Muse
Th' example of the lyrist's art pursues, 200

Who, shifting off the strings, with skilful hand
Now high, now low, the changing note commands.
While to Rinaldo was my verse confin'd,
Angelica again employ'd my mind,
Whom late we left, where, flying from his sight,
She on an aged hermit chanc'd to light.
Then to pursue her tale—she ask'd the way
That led to where some ready vessel lay:
Such anxious fears possess'd the tender maid,
She deem'd all Europe could not yield her aid. 210
Pleas'd with her wondrous charms, the hoary sire
Through his cold veins confess'd a sudden fire;
Then strove with heavenly converse to detain
The parting fair—me, but he strove in vain.
A hundred times he struck his ass, but still
The stubborn beast was restive to his will:
His walk was heavy, and his trot was worse;
Nor could he make him mend his tardy course.
The virgin goose; when scarce his sight survey'd
The late-worn track her palfrey's feet had made 220
A cave he sought, remote from human eyes,
There caus'd from earth unhallow'd fiends to rise:
From this infernal band a sprite he chose,
On whom he best might his commands impose;
And bade him on the palfrey act his part,
That with the damsel bore away his heart.
As the staunch hound that through the mountain
With open mouth the hare or fox pursues, [drives
When wheeling round he sees the flying prey,
Oft seems to bend his speed a different way, 230
Till, unawares, upon the wretch he flies,
And gripes with cruel jaws the bleeding prize:
The hermit thus, by hidden craft, design'd
Where'er she fled, Angelica to find,
His secret purpose well methinks I trace,
And shall discover in some future place.
The subtle demon, with his charge possest,
Now crept within th' unwary damsel's breast.
So lurking sparks at first in secret lie,
Till bursting sheets of flame involve the sky. 240
Near the salt flood her lonely path she held,
Where on the Gascon shore the billows swell'd:
But soon the fiend, that in her palfrey lay,
To the deep seas[7] impell'd his headlong way.
With terrour struck, she strives to turn the rein;
But further still he plunges in the main.
What should she do, but firmly fix her seat?
Her robe she gathers round; her timorous feet
She draws aloft; while o'er her shoulders flow
Her locks, and in her face the Zephyrs blow! 250
The rougher winds are hush'd; the surges cease
Their fury, by her charms compos'd to peace.
While flowing tears her cheeks and breast bedew,
Back to the shore she cast a mournful view;
She sees it now, alas! no longer near;
Still less and less the flying hills appear:
Till, wheeling to the right, a desert strand
The courser reach'd, and bore her safe to land,
Midst rocks and caves; what time the sinking light
Of Phœbus' beams resign'd the world to night. 260
Soon as the damsel found herself conveyed
To these drear wilds, whose sight alone dismay'd
The gazer's heart, immoveable she stood;
So fix'd, had any eye her figure view'd,
She seem'd a statue on the lonely sands:
Her hair was hanging loose; her clasping hands
Together join'd; in silent grief she mourn'd
With lips unmov'd: her eyes were upward turn'd,

inhumane. Their note is the more troublesome, because in the great heats they sing alone. Any one who has passed a summer in Italy, or in the south of France, will not think the epithet inhumane too severe for them. Spence.

See Dr. Warton's Eclog. II. ver. 16.

[6] He returns to Rogero, book x. ver. 231. Rinaldo was last spoken of in the vith book.

[6] A fresh address to his patron: this frequently occurs in the course of the work. Rinaldo is mentioned again at the review of the forces, book x. ver. 507.

[7] This whole passage is copied from Ovid, in the fable of Jupiter and Europa.

As if t' accuse the high decrees of Heaven,
That all her days to misery had given!
At length she gave a vent to mighty woe,
Words found their way, and tears began to flow.
"Relentless Fate! what would'st thou more," she cries,
"Since life itself will not thy rage suffice?
Why hast thou sav'd me from the gaping wave,
Where now my griefs had found a peaceful grave,
But that my life preserv'd might means supply
To persecute me more before I die!
By thee I'm banish'd from my regal seat,
Nor e'er must hope my native land to greet:
And O! far worse! have lost my spotless name;
For though my conscious thoughts are void of blame,
Yet, wandering thus, I give too just pretence,
For slander to defame my innocence!
What has that wretched damsel left to boast,
What good on Earth, whose virtuous praise is lost!
Alas! that fame which speaks me young and fair,
(Or true or false) but adds to my despair!
Nor can I thanks to Heaven for charms bestow,
For luckless charms, whence all my sorrows flow.
Through these, my brother, poor Argalia, dy'd;
No succour his enchanted arms supply'd.
For these did Agrican, the Tartar king,
My father Galaphron to ruin bring,
Once monarch of Cathay[8]: 'tis hence I range
Forlorn, and every day my dwelling change.
My wealth, my friends, my honour, all is flown!
Yet lies I still preserv'd for woes unknown.
Glut then thy utmost rage! O Fortune! send
Some savage beast these wretched limbs to rend.
From loathsome light my weary soul relieve,
And for my death my grateful thanks receive."
Thus in deep sorrow mourn'd the hapless dame,
Till in her sight the wily father came:
Her, from the summit of a rock, he view'd,
As on the plain below she weeping stood.
Six days before, arriv'd the hermit there,
Borne by a demon strangely through the air;
And now such looks of deep devotion wore,
Not holy Paul, or blest Hilario[9] more!
When nearer fair Angelica he drew,
Nor she the features of the hermit knew,
The welcome sight her drooping spirits cheer'd,
Though still deep anguish on her face appear'd.
"O holy father!" with thy pitying aid
Relieve," she cry'd, "a helpless, lonely maid;"
Then, with a broken voice, began to tell
That mournful story, which he knew so well.
In pious strains, with hypocritic air,
He now began to sooth the weeping fair;
While, as he spoke, his roving fingers press'd
Her alabaster neck and heaving breast;
Till, bolder grown, he clasp'd her in his arms:
But here, resentment kindling all her charms,
Back with her hand the feeble wretch she threw,
While every feature glow'd with rosy hue.
Then from his scrip[10] he takes, of sovereign use,
A little vial fill'd with magic juice;
In those bright eyes, where Love was wont to frame
His sharpest darts, and raise his purest flame,
A drop he sprinkles that had power to steep
Her heavy eye-lids in the dew of sleep.
Now prone on earth she sinks, a lovely prize,
Defenceless at his lawless will she lies;
While, at his pleasure, he can wander o'er
Each nameless beauty, every grace explore.
Oft to her mouth his trembling lips are prest;
And oft his kisses print her ivory breast.
None view his actions, on that desert coast:
But the soft hour of love with him is lost.
The hoary dotard, whose impure desire
Forgets what age and reverend years require,
Shame of his kind! with drowsy age oppress,
By slow degrees resigns his limbs to rest,
And every sense in dull oblivion laid,
Soon lies in slumber by the slumbering maid.
But now a fresh disaster Fortune sent,
Who seldom leaves till all her darts are spent:
And here I must th' occasion first display
That draws me something from the path away:
In seas remote, beneath the western skies,
Beyond the Irish coast an island lies,
Ebuda call'd, on whose ill-fated ground
Th' inhabitants are now but thinly found.
A dreadful orc[11], and numerous monsters more,
By Proteus sent[12], have ravag'd all the shore.
The ancient stories (strange to hear!) relate,
A powerful monarch govern'd once the state:
This prince a daughter fair and young possess'd,
With every grace and every virtue blest;
Whose heavenly charms, as on the strand she stood,
Inflam'd the heart of Proteus midst the flood:

[8] Albracca having been long besieged, was at last taken by storm, though not by Agrican, who was slain by Orlando, but by the enemies of Angelica, who took advantage of the absence of Orlando, Sacripant, and the other brave defenders of that princess. See Orlando Innam.

[9] "Paul, the first hermit, retired into the desert, in the time of the emperor Valerian, where he lived holily for one hundred and two years, in company with the blessed abbot Antonio. Hilario, bishop of Gallia, was sent into exile with Eusebius, by the emperor, who was an enemy to the Christians: he led an exemplary life, and wrought many miracles." Percivenis.

[10] Ecyardo has a story something similar to this of Ariosto, where Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, meets with such another hermit, who casts her in a deep sleep, and carries her away from her husband, when she is afterwards delivered by a lion, who terrifies the hermit that had conveyed her to a cave. See likewise the old Fisherman and Florimel in Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. viii.

[11] The word orco in the Italian has no particular signification, but is applied to any monster or creature of the imagination: in the xviiith book, orco is used for a deformed and dreadful giant: the word orc occurs in Milton:

The haunts of seals and orcs and sea-mews' clang!
Par. Lost, b. xi. ver. 835.

[12] Ariosto makes a strange mixture of the Christian and Pagan theology: Neptune, Proteus, and the other marine gods, are here introduced without scruple. Spenser in like manner employs the fables and symbols of the ancients, and makes the Heathen deities agents in his poem; and, like Ariosto, brings Proteus into the above-mentioned tale of Florimel and the Fisherman:

Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty herd;
An aged sire with head all frory hore,
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard, &c.

The bloomy virgin by his love compell'd,
Her pregnant womb a growing burthen swell'd.
Most hateful to her sire was this to bear,
Above all others impious and severe!
Nor would he by remorse, or love, be led
To save his hapless child's devoted head.
His grandson (harmless object of his spite)
Was murder'd ere he yet had seen the light!
Proteus, to whom 'tis given in charge to keep
The herds of Neptune, ruler of the deep,
For his lov'd consort's death indignant burn'd,
And to revenge her all his fury turn'd.
With speed he sent ashore his savage train,
The phocæ, orcs, and monsters of the main;
That not alone their rage on herds employ'd,
But villages and husbandmen destroy'd.
The soldiers arm'd, by night and day prepar'd,
High on the city's walls maintain'd the guard.
While from the fields the trembling people flew:
At length to learn what course they most pursue
To end their plagues, the oracle they sought;
And thence the deputies this answer brought:
"That Heaven requir'd them with unweary'd care
To seek a damsel, like the former, fair;
A victim doom'd beside the roaring tide,
T' appease the god for her that guiltless dy'd.
So might th' offended power the maid receive,
And from their woes th' afflicted land relieve.
But if the scourge remain'd, they must present
Another dame, till Proteus' wrath was spent."
I dare not true, nor false, this story hold,
Which former annals have of Proteus told:
Thus far 'tis known—in this unhappy place,
A law prevails against the female race,
To nourish daily with their guiltless blood
An hideous monster, rising from the flood,
A dreadful orc, that near the isle remain'd,
When every other had the seas regain'd.
Hard is the lot of woman ever found,
But harder still on this unpitying ground.
O wretched virgins! in a luckless hour
By fortune cast on this ill-omen'd shore,
Where, by the waves, in cruel watch they stand
To seize on strangers with an impious hand;
Whose lives may for the nation's guilt atone,
And thus preserve the numbers of their own.
From port to port the vessels scour the main,
New victims for the sacrifice to gain.
Some maids by force they win, and some by stealth,
By flattery these, and those by hopes of wealth;
And thus they drew such numbers in their power,
As every prison fill'd, and every tower.
A pinnace, that had sail'd from land to land,
Passing before the solitary strand,
Where on the grassy turf the lovely maid,
Unblest Angelica, asleep was laid,
Their anchor cast, the seamen stopp'd, to bring
Wood from the grove, and water from the spring.
And there beheld the flower of beauty's charms
Clasp'd in the holy father's reverend arms!
O precious prize! adorn'd with every grace!
Too precious far for such a barbarous race!
O cruel Fortune! canst thou then maintain
Thy sway on Earth with such relentless reign,
To yield an offering to a monster's rage,
Those graces that could Agrican engage
From Caucasus Albracca's force to brave,
With half of Scythia there to find a grave!
That beauty priz'd by Sacripant before
His martial glory and his regal power;
That beauty, which the mighty fame defac'd
Of Anglant's knight, and laid his armies waste;
That beauty, which had rous'd such chiefs to arms,
And fill'd the Eastern empire with alarms:
Now lies forlorn, to woe and death betray'd,
Without a friend to hear, a friend to aid.
The damsel sleeping on the senseless ground,
Before she wak'd, with ready chains they bound;
They seiz'd the hermit too; and with their prey
Back to the strand again resum'd their way.
To the high mast the bellying canvass strain'd,
The vessel soon the mournful island gain'd.
Yet pity wrought so far her charms to spare,
For many days they kept the virgin-fair;
Till now, exhausted all their hapless store,
Weeping they led her to the destin'd shore.
What tongue can tell the sorrows, tears, and sighs,
The lamentations loud that pierc'd the skies!
'Twas strange the pitying rocks did not divide,
When to the stone her lovely limbs were ty'd.
I can no more—such pangs my breast assail,
The Muse must leave untold the piteous tale;
And to a theme less gloomy turn the strain,
Till her torn mind recovers strength again.
Nor squalid snakes, nor spotted tigress stung
With dreadful fury for her ravish'd young,
Or aught that in the tract of Afric lands
Envenom'd wanders o'er the burning sands,
Could view without remorse this maiden's cruel bands.
Had fame the tidings[13] to Orlando brought,
Who late in Paris' walls his fair-one sought;
Or the two warriors, whom the friar misled
With lying forms in Stygian darkness bred:
For her a thousand dangers had they dar'd,
And flown with speed to be the virgin's guard:
But should the fatal news their souls surprise,
The distance now their timely aid denies.
Meantime was Paris[14] close besieg'd around
By king Trojano's son in arms renown'd:
One dreadful day the foes so warmly press'd,
They nearly entre'd and the town possess'd:
Then had not Heaven fulfill'd the Christian prayer,
And pour'd a deluge[15] through the darken'd air,

[13] See the before-cited book in Spenser, where Florimel falls into the hands of the old fisherman:

O ye brave knights, that boast this lady's love,
Where be ye now ———
But if that thou sir Satyrane didst weet,
Or thou sir Peridure, her sorry state,
How soon would ye assemble many a fleet,
To fetch from sea what ye at land lost late!
Towers, cities, kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and despiteous rage;
Ne aught your burning fury mote abate:
But if sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

"This apostrophe to the knights of Fairy Land, and calling on them by name, to assist the distressed Florimel, seems imitated from Ariosto, who twice uses the same kind of apostrophe; where Angelica is going to be devoured by a monster, and where Rogero is flung into prison."
Upton's Notes on Spenser.

[14] He returns to Angelica, the 8th book, ver. 647.

[15] In this short account of the siege of Paris, Ariosto alludes to a more particular description

That day had sunk before the Pagan lance,
The sacred empire, and the fame of France!
The great Creator turn'd his eyes, and heard
The just complaint by aged Charles preferr'd,
And sudden, where all human help was vain,
The fire extinguish'd with tempestuous rain.
The wise will ever to th' Almighty bend,
Whose power can best the falling state defend.
The pious monarch own'd, in grateful thought,
The hand divine that had his safety wrought.
At night Orlando, on his restless bed,
Revolves distressful fancies in his head;
While here and there his thoughts each other chase,
And never long maintain their fitting place.
So from a water clear [16], the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the silver queen of night,
Along the spacious rooms with splendour plays,
Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.
Angelica returning to his mind,
Who scarce was ever from his thoughts disjoin'd,
He feels with double force the pain increase,
That seem'd awhile by day compos'd to peace.
With her from India to the West he came,
Where fortune robb'd him of his beauteous dame:
And vainly trac'd her steps, since Bourdeaux' field [17]
Compell'd the banded powers of France to yield.
For this Orlando's careful breast was mov'd,
And oft for this his folly he reprov'd.
"My life's best joy! how have I err'd!" he said,
"Why have I thus so fair a nymph betray'd?
When on thy charms each day to feed my sight,
On thy dear converse dwell with fond delight,
Thy goodness gave—e'en then—O fatal hour!
I tamely gave thee into Namus' power!
Well might my soul have such an act excus'd;
Not Charles himself had my desires refus'd.

which had been given by Boyardo, in the latter end of his poem. See General View of Boyardo's Story.

The continuation of this siege is resumed by Ariosto, b. xxiv. ver. 491.

[16] See Virgil. Æn. viii.

Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat late loca: jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.

So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
Reflects the lunar or the solar beam;
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies;
Thence to the cieling shoot the glancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering splendour plays.
Pitt.

Cowleen, as Mr. Mickle observes, has the same simile:

As in the Sun's bright beam the gamesome boy
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,
Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,
The living ray with viewless motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the roof, the floor, by turns,
The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns.
Mickle's Lusiad, b. viii.

[17] The great battle in which the Christian army was defeated, described by Boyardo, and mentioned by Ariosto in the beginning of the poem.

1

First had I every chance of battle try'd;
First let them from my breast my heart divide!
But Charles, and all his force, too weak had prov'd
To ravish from my arms the maid I lov'd!
At least I might have plac'd her with a guard
In Paris, or some strong retreat prepar'd:
Who like myself, should every danger brave
From threatening ills the virgin-fair to save!
Far dearer than the blood that bathes my heart;
How ill have I perform'd a lover's part!
Ah! whither now, without my aid, alone,
Whither, so young and beauteous, art thou gone!
As when the Sun [18] withdraws his evening rays,
A lamb, forsaken, midst the forest strays
With tender bleats, in hopes the shepherd's ear
At length may chance the plaintive notes to hear;
Till from afar the wolf the sound receives,
And for his loss the hapless shepherd grieves.
Thus art thou fall'n to cruel wolves a prey,
Thy faithful knight Orlando far away!
That dear, that virgin treasure, which possest
Had made Orlando with th' immortals blest,
Which at thy chaste desire I kept unstain'd,
Some cruel spoiler now perhaps has gain'd.
Forbid it Heaven! all other sufferings shed,
All other plagues, on my devoted head!
But should it be—this hand shall yield relief,
And end at once my being and my grief."

Now lost in sleep the whole creation lay,
And cheer'd their spirits from the toils of day.
Some sunk in down; and some the herbage press'd;
While some on rocks, on oaks, or myrtles rest.
Yet thou, Orlando, seek'st in vain to close
Thy wakeful lids, distracted from repose:
Or, if a moment seals thy weary eyes,
In thy short slumber painful visions rise.
Orlando dreamt, that on a river's side,
With odorous flowers and shrubs diversify'd,
He gaz'd transported on that heavenly face,
Which Love himself had tinged with rosy grace;
On those bright stars, whose glances food supply
To souls that in his nets entangled lie;
On that dear virgin, whose all-conquering eyes
Could in his breast his amorous heart surprise!
While thus he seem'd possest of every joy
That can a happy lover's thoughts employ,
A sudden storm the cheerful day o'ercast,
The tender flowrets wither'd in the blast,
The forest shook, as when, in wintry skies,
South, East, and West with mingled fury rise!
Now while he shelter sought, the mournful knight
Seem'd in the gloom to lose the damsel's sight.
Now here, now there, he search'd the woods around,
And made the country with her name resound.
But while a thousand fears his soul dismay'd,
He heard her well-known voice imploring aid:
Swift to the sound he turn'd, but turn'd in vain,
His eyes no more the object lov'd regain;
When to his ears this dreadful warning came,
"Ne'er hope on Earth again to see the dame!"
The lover, waking, found the vision fled,
And saw his falling tears bedew the bed.
Unmindful now that dreams are empty shade,
By fancy form'd, he deem'd his dearest maid
With danger press'd, and from his couch he flew,
And o'er his limbs his plated armour drew;

[18] This is a tender beautiful simile, and altogether original.

Then Brigliadoro [19] took without delay,
But not a squire attendant on his way.
From prying eyes the more to hide his name,
Nor give each vulgar tongue t' asperse his fame,
He wore not those known arms [20], and ample shield
With red and white distinguish'd in the field;
But arms of sable hue, whose darkness shows
A just resemblance to his inward woes.
Not many years elaps'd, his matchless might
From Ancostante [21] won this suit in fight.
Now midst the silence of the midnight hour,
He left his sovereign Charles; the Christian power
He left; nor bade adieu to Brandimart [22],
Once his lov'd friend and partner of his heart!
But when, with golden tresses round her head,
The Morn arose from rich Tithonus' bed,
And from Earth's face the humid curtains drew,
Orlando's flight, inform'd, the monarch knew:
With deep concern his nephew's loss he heard
When honour call'd him now, where danger rear'd
Her dreadful front, to guard from hostile hands
His king, his country, and his social bands.
Nor could he hide his anger, but express'd
The just resentment kindled in his breast;
With threats, if absent long, the recreant knight
Should dearly mourn this ill-concerted flight.
But noble Brandimart, whose faith well try'd
No chance could shake, whom nothing could divide
From his lov'd friend; who only hop'd once more
Orlando to his fellows to restore;
And scorn'd to hear reproach his fame upbraid,
Swift from the host his eager steps convey'd;
Nor would to Flordelis his thoughts disclose,
Lest her fond love should his design oppose.
His wedded dame was she, his soul's delight,
Scarce was he ever absent from her sight:
The charms of beauty in her person shin'd,
And every prudent grace adorn'd her mind!
Yet, parting thus, he hop'd ere close of day
Again to measure back his former way:
But many a chance the wandering warrior prov'd,
That long detain'd him from the fair he lov'd.
A tedious month his consort stay'd in vain,
In hopes to see her Brandimart again;
Till fear and love her breast so strongly rend,
She quits the walls without a guide or friend;
And seeks him long in many a distant state,
As, in its place, the story shall relate:
Of these no more—the Muse with nobler flight
Now turns the strain to great Anglante's knight;
Who, having chang'd his arms of well-known fame,
Won from Almontes, to the portal came,
And to a chief, who there maintain'd the guard,
In a low voice his mighty name declar'd:
Soon at the word, he let the draw-bridge down,
When swift Orlando issu'd from the town,
And took the way to pass the slumbering foe:
What follow'd then th' ensuing book shall show.

[19] Briglia-d'oro, *i. e.* golden bridle: the name of Orlando's horse in Boyardo, whence Spenser calls sir Guyon's horse, Brigadore: this horse was formerly the property of Almontes. See note to book i. ver. 202.

[20] The armour which Orlando won from Almontes, brother to Troyano.

[21] The name of this warrior, who is not mentioned in Boyardo, appears in a muster of the forces brought over by Almontes: after the death of Almontes he was killed by Orlando.

See Aspramonte, c. v. xx.

[22] Brandimart is one of the principal personages in the Orlando Innamorato, where he makes a more conspicuous figure than in the Furioso. Brandimart and Flordelis are described by Boyardo, as a pattern of conjugal affection, and this character of them is preserved by Ariosto: they were Pagans by birth, but Flordelis was first converted by Rinaldo, and Brandimart afterwards by the joint arguments of Orlando and Flordelis. Brandimart is introduced as the almost inseparable companion of Orlando, whom he accompanies to the siege of Albracca. See Orlando Innam.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando seeking Angelica, hears of the cruel custom of the people of Ebuda, who every day sacrificed a virgin to a sea-monster. He resolves to go against those islanders, but, in his way, being cast ashore by a tempest, meets with Olympia, who relates to him a melancholy tale of her misfortunes and expulsion from her hereditary dominions. Orlando undertakes to restore her to her possessions, and revenge her on her enemy.

To what will cruel treacherous Love constrain
A heart, once taken captive in his chain,
Since he can thus Orlando's breast divide,
And turn his duty from his lord aside!
He, who was once with deepest wisdom stor'd,
The holy church defending with his sword,
For since in love's bewildering path he trod,
Forgets himself, his sovereign, and his God!
Yet would I gladly here acquit his fame,
O'erjoy'd, with mine, to find so great a name:
For still with eyes averse the right I view,
But with a ready will the wrong pursue.
Now, cloth'd in sable arms, his course he took,
Without remorse his dearest friends forsook,
And saw the troops of Africa and Spain
Encamp'd, unnumber'd, o'er the spacious plain:
In shelters from the storm [1] dispers'd they lay;
Some distant far, and some a nearer way:
Deep sunk in sleep was every weary hand,
These stretch'd on earth, those leaning on the hand.
Then might the earl have slain a numerous crew,
Nor yet his Durindana [2] once he drew.

[1] See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[2] Durindana, or Durlindana, the name of Orlando's sword, so called in Pulci and Boyardo; this sword was made by enchantment, and would penetrate every kind of armour. See note to book i. ver. 202.

[3] Durinda is the name of Roland's sword in Turpin's romance, which Ariosto and Boyardo copy so faithfully. As a specimen of that historian's style and manner, I shall present the reader with Roland's soliloquy addressed to this sword, when he was mortally wounded by a Saracen giant. O ensis pulcherrime! sed semper lucidissime,

Too noble was Orlando's soul, to show
Inglorious hatred on a slumbering foe!
Through every part he sought the royal maid,
While those he waking found he gently pray'd
(Her form describing and her garb) to tell,
What chance the virgin, whom he lov'd, befell.
The next returning morn the knight again
Explor'd the camp of Agramant in vain:
Where in the Arabian dress from all conceal'd,
And in the language of the country skill'd,
Three days he rov'd secure from place to place,
And seem'd a native of the Moorish race.
Through towns and cities next his course he bends,
Where'er proud France her ample realm extends;
Through Britanny, Provence, the Gascon's reign;
From fruitful Picardy to distant Spain.
What time November strips the flowery field,
And bids the Earth her verdant covering yield
To hoary frost; when trees dishonour'd stand,
And birds in clusters seek a foreign land;
His friends he left; nor yet his labours ceas'd
With wintry skies; nor spring his cares releas'd.
While thus the knight his eager search pursu'd,
He came one day to where a stream he view'd
That slowly to the seas was wont to glide,
And Britanny from Normandy divide.
But now the waters, swell'd with heavy rains
And melted snows, had deluged all the plains;
And loudly foaming, with resistless force,
Had borne the bridge before them in their course.
Orlando, passing here, awhile explor'd
Each neighbouring part to cross th' opposing ford:
As thus he linger'd, midst the flood appear'd
A slender bark, whose helm a damsel steer'd:
The Paladin besought her from the land
To give him passage to the further strand.
"This bark," she answer'd, "ne'er receives a knight
Unless he first his sacred promise plight,
At my request, the noblest war to wage,
That ever can a champion's arms engage.
If here, sir knight, you seek the further shore,
First give your faith that, ere this month is o'er,
You to th' Hiberuian monarch will unite
Your force, who now assembles all his might
The fatal isle Ebuda to confound,
The most inhuman which the seas surround.
Know that afar, midst many a neighbouring isle,
Ebuda lies beyond the Irish soil;
That, by an ancient law, to foreign lands
Sends many vessels fill'd with warlike bands,
To seize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd for a dreadful monster's living prey:
Merchants and corsairs to the coast repair,
And traffic with them for the wretched fair:
There, on the strand, each day a virgin dies;
Think then what numbers fall a sacrifice!
But if soft pity can your bosom move,
Or if your soul is not averse to love,
Consent your name with those allies to join,
Who now for such a glorious cause combine."
Scarce had she ended, when th' impatient knight
Vow'd to be foremost in so just a fight;

As one whose soul detested cruel deeds:
And soon a new alarm his fancy breeds;
He fears, lest, thither by ill fate betray'd,
That island crew had seiz'd the lovely maid
Whom late he sought; and now his anxious mind
Resolves with speed the cruel realm to find.
Then, ere the Sun descended to the deep,
He reach'd Saint Malo, and procur'd a ship.
The billying canvass catch'd the driving blast,
And in the night Saint Michael's Mount they past:
Breco and Landriglier, behind they leave,
And now by Britanny the billows cleave;
Then steer directly tow'rd the chalky shore
Whence England once the name of Albion bore.
But soon the southern breeze begins to fail,
And adverse winds from west and north prevail:
The sails are furl'd to shun the furious force
That drives the vessel from its destin'd course.
Four days in vain they plough the foamy sea,
In one they measure back their former way;
While from the land the careful pilot steers,
Where secret shelves and dangerous rocks he fears.
At length the wind that o'er the stormy main
Four days had driv'n them, chang'd its course again;
And let the shatter'd bark securely ride
Where Antwerp's river seeks the briny tide.
Soon as the crew, reliev'd from care and toil,
Had safely anchor'd on the friendly soil,
Lo! from the right, before them, came in view
An ancient sire with locks of silver hue.
Who, first to each his courteous greeting paid,
Bespoke Orlando whom he deem'd their head;
And, in his mistress' name, besought the knight,
To glad her sorrows with his welcome sight;
Who not alone the prize of beauty held,
But all her kind in virtuous gifts excell'd:
Or, if he rather chose awhile to stay,
Herself would to his vessel take her way:
For never warrior yet, by tempests tost,
Or led by land to that unhappy coast,
Refus'd to hear the dame her tale relate,
And give her counsel in her woeful state.
The gallant chief, whose pitying aid to gain
Misfortune never su'd, and su'd in vain,
Consents to quit the vessel, and pursue
The sage's steps, till near a pile they drew
Of stately frame, but fill'd with mournful gloom,
Where funeral black was held in every room.
Orlando here beheld a damsel fair,
Whose looks and gesture spoke her deep despair:
With gentle welcome she receiv'd the knight,
Then thus began her sorrows to recite:
"Know first, my lord, the hapless wretch you view
From Holland's earl her birth disastrous drew:
Two brothers did with me the blessing prove
Which children find in fond paternal love.
While thus domestic peace each hour endear'd,
The duke of Zealand at our court appear'd;
Who went a war against the Moors to wage,
In flower of beauty and in blooming age:
His person pleas'd, but more his passion gain'd,
And soon my easy heart in fetters chain'd.
While adverse winds forbade his purpos'd way,
Our mutual love beguil'd his lingering stay:
The time an age to his impatient crew,
With me, alas! how swift the moments flew!
And oft we vows exchang'd to join our hands,
At his return, in solemn nuptial bands.
"Scarce from our country was Harro gone,
(The name by which my faithful love was known)

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capulo eburneo candidissime, cruce aurea splendidissima, superficie deaurata, pomo beryllino deaurato, magno nomine Dei insculpto, acumine legitime, virtute omni praedito, quis amplius virtute tua utetur? Quis, &c." Turpini Hist. de Gestis Caroli Mag. cap. xiii.

Warton's Observ. on Spenser.

When Friza's king, who long with artful mind
To wed me to his only son design'd,
Arbantes nam'd, dispatch'd a courtly train
My hand in marriage of my sire to gain:
But I, who ne'er could change my constant love,
Or so ungrateful to Bireno prove,
Soon with my father all my power apply'd
To set this fatal embassy aside:
And said, 'I rather far would yield my life,
Than e'er in Friza's realms be made a wife.'
My loving sire, who all I ask'd approv'd,
Who ne'er would view my breast with sorrow mov'd,
To make me from my tears and plaints desist,
Without consent th' ambassadors dismiss'd.
At this with rage the king of Friza burn'd,
And all his haughty soul to vengeance turn'd
Our lands he enter'd, and with carnage fill'd,
In which, alas! my kindred all were kill'd.
Besides his mighty strength, in arms beheld,
That few his vigour, in our age, excell'd;
He weapons us'd, to former times unknown,
And, in the present, us'd by him alone.
An iron tube he bore, whose womb enclos'd
A ball and nitrous grain, with art compos'd.
Now to a vent, scarce obvious to the sight,
Behind the barrel he directs a light:
A surgeon thus the lancet's point applies;
The fatal bullet from the concave flies,
With lightning flashes and with thunder's sound,
And scatters death and desolation round.
With this device our bands he twice o'erthrew
In open field, and both my brethren slew.
The elder first was doom'd the stroke to feel,
His heart transpierc'd through plates of jointed steel:
In vain the second strove from fate to fly;
He, like his brother, was condemn'd to die.
Sent from afar, the ball its force impress'd
Full at his back and issu'd at his breast.
One only castle to my sire remain'd,
Each other part the cruel king had gain'd.
This while he sought to guard with fruitless care,
He fell the last sad victim of the war.
The traitor mark'd him as he walk'd the round,
And pierc'd his forehead with a mortal wound.

"My sire and brethren slaughter'd, I remain'd
The hapless heiress of my father's land.
The king of Friza, who desir'd to gain
A lasting footing in his new domain,
On friendly terms propos'd the war to cease,
And grant to me and mine a lasting peace,
Would I consent to what I late deny'd,
And yield to be his son Arbantes' bride.
But this I still refus'd—my steadfast mind
Detested justly him and all his kind.
By him my sire and brethren's death I mourn'd,
My country wasted and my cities burn'd.
Still was I fix'd to shun the marriage bed,
Till he return'd whom I had sworn to wed.
To shake my stern resolves my people try,
And every art of prayers and threats employ:
When all their prayers and threats they found in vain,
But saw me still my purpose firm maintain,
The terms with him agreed, themselves to save,
Me and the fort into his hands they gave.

"The King receiv'd me mildly, and assur'd
My life and lands alike should rest secur'd,
Would I my stubborn purpose yet forsake,
And, for my spouse, his son Arbantes take.
Thus cruelly beset on every side,
I gladly would t' escape his power have dy'd.
Yet unreveng'd to die, had griev'd me more
Than all the sufferings I endur'd before:
But finding, when I every thought had weigh'd,
Dissembling could alone my purpose aid;
To ask forgiveness of the past I feign'd,
And gave consent to take Arbantes' hand.

"Two brethren in my father's court were bred,
Of loyal heart and of inventive head:
To these my thoughts disclos'd, they vow'd to join
Their mutual aid to second my design.
One, to secure my flight, a ship retain'd:
One, near my person, at the court remain'd.

"While strangers now, and natives all were led
T' attend the nuptial rites, a rumour spread
That, in Biscaia rais'd, a naval power
Bireno brought t' invade the Holland shore:
For when in luckless fight our army fail'd,
In which I first a brother's death bewail'd,
With speed I sent to let my lover know
The fatal inroad of our barbarous foe.
Meanwhile the ruthless king his course pursu'd,
Till all our realm his conquering arms subdu'd.
Bireno, now, who heard not all was lost,
Had loos'd his vessels from Biscaia's coast:
These tidings to the king of Friza known,
He left th' approaching nuptials to his son;
And sailing with his fleet engag'd the duke,
His ships destroy'd, and him a prisoner took.

"Now had the youth my hand receiv'd, and led
At night impatient to the nuptial bed.
Soon as my faithful friend, who stood beside
Conceal'd, the bridegroom drawing near espy'd,
Behind him with an axe so fierce he struck,
That life and speech at once the wretch forsook;
As sinks the slaughter'd ox besmear'd with gore,
So fell Arbantes, born in luckless hour!
Spite of Cymosco, doom'd his end to find,
So call'd the king, the basest of mankind!
By whom my sire and brethren found their fate,
Who now, t' ensure possession of my state,
Espous'd me to his son—some future day
To take perhaps my wretched life away.

"My choicest treasures then secur'd, I flew
The hated place, and with my guide withdrew,
Whose trusty care my hasty steps convey'd
To where his brother with the vessel stay'd.
We court the winds, our oars divide the main,
Till Heaven decrees us safe this land to gain.
'Twere hard to tell which bore a greater part,
Or grief, or rage, in fell Cymosco's heart:
Grief for his hapless son deprive'd of breath,
Or rage against the author of his death.
He, with his joyful fleet, the land regain'd,
Elate with conquest, and Bireno chain'd.
He came prepar'd a nuptial feast to share,
And view'd his triumph chang'd to black despair.
Nor day, nor night, he found a moment's rest,
Revenge and sorrow rankling in his breast:
But since the dead regard not all our grief,
And hate from vengeance only finds relief;
He murder'd those that friends to me were held,
Their wealth he seiz'd; or from the realm expell'd
The hapless train; a thousand schemes engage
His cruel thoughts on me to sate his rage.
The tyrant doubtless had Bireno slain,
The greatest woe he knew I could sustain:
But while he spar'd his life, he surely thought
He held a net by which I might be caught.
Before the youth he sets these terms severe:
His fate he respites for a single year.

But death denounces them with lingering pain,
Unless he first, by fraud or force, attain,
By any means, my person to secure,
And, sacrificing me'er, his life ensure.
Whate'er I could, except myself, I gave,
Each art I try'd his dearest life to save.
Six castles have I since in Flanders sold,
And part employ'd in secret sums of gold
To bribe his guards; and part employ'd t' excite
German and English powers to do me right.
Whether my envoys ea'd their charge but ill,
Or wanted means their purpose to fulfil,
Instead of succour, words I found alone,
Till with my riches all my hopes were flown.
And now the fatal time is nearly clos'd,
The period to Bireno's life propos'd,
When force or gold will come too late to save
My plighted consort from th' untimely grave.
For him my all is lost;—and nought remains
But now to yield these hands to cruel chains!
Yet, ah! could this redeem the youth I love,
My bosom dares the stern condition prove!
But when th' usurper has my person gain'd,
When I have all his vengeful wrath sustain'd,
I fear he ne'er will set Bireno free,
To owe his freedom and his life to me;
That all I feel of *slow-consuming* pain
Unblest Bireno must endure again.
For this to you my fortune I unfold,
And then with many a warrior counsel hold,
In hopes that some their succour may engage,
That when I'm yielded to the tyrant's rage,
He may not still in bonds my love detain,
Or, when I'm dead, command him to be slain.
But to this hour I ne'er have found a knight
Who dared the sacred faith of knighthood plight,
To guard me from the king Cymosco's power
Should he refuse Bireno to restore.
So much his fatal arms their courage quell'd,
Whose force no temper'd cuirass e'er repell'd.
Now, if your valour not unlike is seen
To your fierce semblance and Herculean mien;
Vouchsafe with me to seek the Holland strand,
And their resign me to his hated hand:
So shall I firmly on your aid rely,
That, though I fall, my lover will not die."

The damsel here her mournful story clos'd,
While oft her sighs and tears were interpos'd.
Orlando then no time in speech affords,
As one by nature little us'd to words [4];
But instant vows, by generous pity fir'd,
To grant that aid her helpless state requir'd;
Nor means she shall, to save Bireno, go
A willing prisoner to her cruel foe;
But thinks their both to safety to restore,
If still his sword retain its wonted power.

Now tow'rds the port they bend their eager way,
The prosperous winds their vessel swift convey:
Orlando hastened, whose impatient mind
To seek Elosa's island had design'd.
Now here, now there, the pilot shifts the sails,
And cuts the deep before the driving gales.

The isles of Zealand soon appear'd in view,
Some sunk behind, as others nearer drew.
The third auspicious morn the coast they gain'd:
The champion landed, but the dame remain'd.
Orlando will'd her, ere she trod the shore,
To hear her foe Cymosco was no more.
Himself descends the deck with ready speed,
And sheath'd in armour mounts a dappled steed,
In Flanders nourish'd, and of Danish race,
More strong and bold than active in the chase:
For when to cross the stream the bark he took,
In Britanny his courser he forsook;
The gallant Brigliadoro, who for fame,
Alone was equall'd by Bayardo's name.

Orlando soon the guarded fortress view'd,
Where ready arm'd the hostile squadron stood
T' oppose invading force: for fame declar'd,
A kinsman to th' imprison'd lord prepar'd
From Zealand with a fleet and numerous host,
To make a bold incursion on the coast.

Orlando, fearless, one of these requir'd
To tell the king, a wandering knight desir'd
With sword or pointed spear to prove his might,
On these conditions to commence the fight:
The king, if he the challenger o'erthrew,
Should have the lady that Arbantes slew:
But on the other part the king should swear,
That if himself were vanquish'd in the war,
He would Bireno from his chains release,
And give the youth to leave the realm in peace.

The soldier swift the bold defiance bore:
But he, who ne'er was train'd to virtuous lore,
Whose churlish soul no courteous deeds could bind,
To fraudful arts apply'd his treacherous mind,
In hopes, if first his arms the knight detain,
The hated damsel in his power to gain.

Now from the gate he sends a chosen force,
That wheeling round the plain with silent course
Cut off the foe's retreat; while vainly there
Orlando waits to wage an equal war.
The king deludes him still with fraudful lies,
Till he the foot and cavalry espies
Rang'd at the destin'd place; and then in view
Himself with others from the portal drew.
As crafty fishers in Volana's tide [5]
Surround the fish with nets on every side;
Thus all his guile to seize alive the knight,
With care providing to prevent his flight,
Cymosco proves; and thinks the deed to find
So certain, that he leaves his tube behind.
Nor would he now those thundering arms employ,
Where here he meant t' imprison, not destroy.
So cautious fowlers, bent on greater gain,
Preserve the birds that first their arts detain,
Whose sportive play and songs may lure from far
Their thoughtless fellows to the fatal snare.
But little here his treacherous schemes avail'd;
Against Orlando every treason fail'd.

The knight of Anglant now has couch'd his spear
Where closely prest the men and arms appear:
First one, and then another, helpless dies;
Through six at once the lance impetuous flies,
And in the seventh inflicts so deep a wound,
That prone he tumbles lifeless to the ground.

[3] A French story on this subject was published in 1584, called Olympie; and another in 1605, called Les Amours d' Olympie et de Birene.

[4] Orlando is painted in the same manner in the Innamorato, ever ready to succour the distressed, but sparing of professions.

[5] Volana, a town situated on the Po, near Primaio and Volano, two branches of that river. See note to b. iii. ver. 225.

Thus by some standing pool or marshy place,
We see an archer slay the croaking race
With pointed arrow, nor the slaughter leave
Till the fell weapon can no more receive.
Orlando now his broken spear forsakes,
Grasp'd in his hand his fatal sword he takes.
That sword, which never yet in vain he drew,
Whene'er it fell, a foot or horseman slew:
At every blow he aims, the streaming blood
Stains their gay armour with a crimson flood.
Cymosco wishes now his tube and fire,
Where present dangers most their aid require;
He bids them straight be brought; but bids in vain,
Who once a shelter in the walls can gain,
Returns no more: when thus their fears he view'd,
The king, with equal fear, their steps pursu'd:
Swift through the gate he bent his eager flight,
And bade the bridge be rais'd t' oppose the knight;
But close behind, the knight with equal haste
Had gain'd the bridge and through the portal pass'd.
First of the troops the king impels his speed,
Blest in th' excelling swiftness of his steed.
Orlando heeded not th' ignoble crowd,
His vengeance only on the traitor vow'd!
But now the chase his horse so slowly plies,
One scarcely seems to move, while t' other flies.
Cymosco now is vanish'd from the view,
Yet soon, with different arms, returns anew;
With dreaded engine to resume the fight,
And lies in secret ambush for the knight.
The huntsman thus with dogs and sylvan war
Expects the boar descending from afar,
Whose rage upturns the soil, the trees destroys,
While all the wood rebellows to the noise!
Soon as the king the warrior near espies,
He fires the tube, and swift the bullet flies:
At once the lightning flashes, shakes the ground,
The trembling bulwarks echo to the sound.
The pest, that never spends in vain its force,
But shatters all that dares oppose its course,
Whizzing impetuous flies along the wind,
Yet miss'd the fatal mark the wretch design'd:
Whether his eagerness or haste conspir'd,
To make him fail where he so much desir'd;
Or whether, inly prest with panic fear,
His trembling heart had caus'd his hand to err;
Or whether Heaven's high will might so ordain,
That his lov'd champion should not thus be slain;
Beneath the knight the ball resistless flew,
And, through the belly pierc'd, the courser slew. 470
Both horse and horseman fell with clashing sound;
One press'd, the other scarcely touch'd the ground:
As once Antæus, on the Libyan strand,
More fierce recover'd when he reach'd the sand:
So seem'd to rise again with added might,
Soon as he felt the earth, the Christian knight.
Whoe'er has seen the winged lightning fly
By Jove in thunder brandish'd from the sky,
And penetrate some secret cavern, stor'd
With nitrous powder and a sulphurous hoard, 480
At once inflam'd, with vast explosion driven,
The ruin seems to mingle Earth and Heaven;
The bursting fires the walls and buildings rend,
And to the stars the shatter'd stones ascend!
Resistless thus th' indignant chief appear'd,
When from the plain his mighty limbs he rear'd;
And with such rage to instant vengeance flew,
That Mars had trembled at the dreadful view.
The Frizeland monarch, struck with pale affright,
Wheel'd round his horse to urge his eager flight:
With rapid speed his feet Orlando plies; 491
Less swift an arrow from the bowstring flies!
And where before his tardy courser fail'd,
(Wondrous to see!) his lighter feet prevail'd[*].
Full soon th' impatient knight o'ertook the foe,
Then at his helmet aim'd a deadly blow:
Deep in his head the sword a passage found,
And sent the lifeless body to the ground.
Within the city now was heard afar
A different clamour and alarm of war: 500
Rinaldo's kinsman, who had gain'd the coast,
And found the guards deserted from their post,
The portal enter'd with his eager band,
And scour'd the city round on every hand:
While none attempt his purpose to molest,
Such dread Orlando on their minds impress'd:
Nor less the Holland troops confess their fear,
Unconscious whence or why these foes appear:
But when they noted, by their speech and dress,
These came from Zealand's isle, they sued for peace;
And proffer'd to the chief their willing aid 511
'Gainst those who had their lord in prison laid.
This people ever to the Frizeland power,
And to their king, a settled hatred bare;
Urg'd by his avarice, cruelty, and pride,
By whom their lov'd, their hapless sovereign died.
Orlando, friend to either, interpos'd;
And soon in lasting peace the parties clos'd;
Thus join'd, they then their common foes pursue,
And all of Friza prisoners made or slew. 520

[*] As bold as this hyperbole may appear in Ariosto, instances may be found equally strong in the poets. Aruns, in Virgil, terrified at the slaughter made by Camilla in the Trojan army, in order to escape, craftily urges her to alight from her horse to engage him on foot: Aruns then claps spurs to his horse, and flies with all speed from the battle: but the virgin, though on foot, soon outstrips him, and kills him in the same manner as is here related of Orlando and Cymosco:

He, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while fortune favour'd his deceit)
Cries out aloud, "What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forgo the vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man."
He said: she glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain;
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And marching lifts aloft her maiden shield:
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse and urges all his speed,
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
"Vain fool, and coward!" said the lofty maid.
"Caught in the train, which thou thyself hast laid:
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With taunting lies to thy fallacious sire."
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head;
Then, turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grovelling on the plain.

Dryden, Æn. b. xi. ver. 1038.

The prison gates they from their hinges broke,
And threw to earth: Bireno now forsook
His dreary cell; and gave, for life restor'd,
His grateful praises to Anglante's lord.
Then, with a numerous train, he sought the strand
Where fair Olympia in the ship remain'd:
So was the virgin nam'd whose rightful sway
The Holland realms should by descent obey.
The people honour her with duteous zeal;
What fond endearments pass'd, were long to tell;
How oft with joy the tender pair carress'd;
Or to the valiant earl their thanks express'd.
Her subjects then, their vow'd allegiance paid,
To her paternal seat restor'd the maid;
While she consign'd to love Bireno's hand,
Herself, her people, and recover'd land.
He, other thoughts revolving in his mind,
The earldom to his cousin's care resign'd.
To Zealand thence he purpos'd to remove
With her, the dearest object of his love;
To tempt his fortune next in Friza's land,
For which he held a precious pledge in hand,
A daughter to the king deceas'd, whom there
A captive found, he took beneath his care,
And to his brother meant to wed the blooming fair.
The Roman warrior[7] now the place forsook,
The day Bireno he from prison took:
But nothing would the champion bear away,
From all the spoils of that victorious day,
Save that device, whose unresisted force
Resembled thunder in its rapid course.
Yet not for his defence the gallant knight
Ever meant t' avail him of such arms in fight:
His generous soul th' ignoble thought disdain'd,
To seek the field, with such an aid sustain'd;
For different purpose thence the prize he bore,
The powder, balls, and all the deathful store;
Resolv'd the murdering engine to remove,
Where man might never more its fury prove.
Soon as he saw the ship forsake the coast,
When to the sight the loosening land was lost;
When nought appear'd but waves on every side;
He held it in his hand, and thus he cry'd:
"That ne'er again a knight by thee may dare,
Or dastard cowards, by thy help in war,
With vantage base, assault a nobler foe,
Hurl'd for ever in th' abyss below!
O curst device[8]! base implement of death!
Fram'd in the black Tartarean realms beneath!
By Belzebub's malicious art[9] design'd,
To ruin all the race of human-kind;
Hence, to thy native seat!"—He said, and gave
The ponderous engine to the greedy wave.
Now the swift winds the swelling sails extend,
And to the cruel isle their course they bend.
So burns the knight impatient to explore
The fatal prisons of Ebuda's shore,
For her, whose charms above the world he priz'd,
For whom he every joy of life despis'd!
He fears to touch Hibernia in his way,
Lest some adventure should prolong his stay:
Nor England then, nor Ireland's coast he makes,
Nor any respite in his voyage takes.
But let him go, with Love his blindfold guide,
Whose arrows in his bleeding heart are dy'd.
Of him no further here the Muse proceeds,
But now our steps again to Holland leads:
For 't would displease us to be absent thence,
When festive mirth and sport their joys dispense.
Though the bright pomp that riches can display
Was us'd to celebrate the nuptial day,
With more magnificence the Zealand race
Prepar'd the union of their lord to grace.
Yet all in vain such thoughts their mind employ,
A sudden change must damp each promis'd joy!
Which in th' ensuing book shall next appear;
If you th' ensuing book vouchsafe to hear.

[7] Orlando, called by Pulci and Boyardo, *il senator Romano*, *il cavalier Romano*: the Roman senator, the Roman knight.

[8] Mr. Mickle observes very well on this passage: "Orlando, having taken the first invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the sea with the most heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no disgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour." Note to xth Lusiad.

On this subject see further her note to book xi. ver. 170, of this translation.

[9] Thus Milton imputes the invention of artillery to the devil. See Paradise Lost, b. vi.

It is very extraordinary that Mr. Addison, in his observations on Paradise Lost, should take no notice, that Milton apparently took the hint of his artillery among the devils from Ariosto; but the truth, I believe, is, that Italian literature was then little attended to.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Conclusion of the story of Olympia. Rogero travels towards the country of Logistilla, and arrives safely at her castle, Alcina in vain endeavouring to oppose him. Description of the beauties of the habitation of Logistilla. The departure of Rogero and Astolpho, the former of whom returns with the griffin-horse to Europe; in his flight, he visits England, where he is present at a review of the forces that had been raised to assist Charlemain. He then passes near the island of Ebuda, where he sees Angelica bound to a rock, ready to be devoured by the sea-monster.

Across the faithful hearts whose constant love
Nor time can change, nor fortune's frowns remove,
Olympia fair may boast the brightest name:
Or should another equal merit claim,
Yet past nor present days e'er set to view
A flame more tender and a breast more true.
What stronger tokens could Bireno find
To speak the firmness of a lover's mind?
Whose faith untainted, for its just reward,
Repair'd his gratitude and sole regard.
No other dame should lure him from her arms,
Not she, whose face[1] fill'd Asia with alarms;
Or one, could one be found, of more exalted charms;
Far rather let him quit his life and fame,
And every good that bears the dearest name.

[1] The celebrated Helen, wife to Menelaus king of Sparta.

But if Bireno, faithful to the maid,
With equal warmth her matchless truth repay'd;
If, join'd with her, he stemm'd the constant tide,
Nor ever turn'd his changing sails aside,
Soon shall we tell; and when the truth you know,
Rage shall contract the lip and bend the brow.
Who, gentle virgins! will again receive
The words of lovers, or their oaths believe!
The youth, who pants to gain the amorous prize,
Forgets that Heaven with all-discerning eyes
Surveys the secret heart; and when desire
Has, in possession, quench'd its short-liv'd fire,
The devious winds aside each promise bear,
And scatter all his solemn vows in air!
Warn'd by the Muse's voice, with cautious ear,
The well-feign'd plaints and seeming sorrows hear!
Reflect, ye gentle dames! that much they know,
Who gain experience from another's woe.
Ah! fly the dangerous train, whose looks disclose
The flowery bloom that early youth bestows;
Where each warm passion bursts with sudden blaze,
Which soon again, like stubble fir'd, decays.
As on the hill or plain the hunter's race
The trembling hare, in every season, chase;
But view, when taken, with a cold survey,
And only seek with joy the flying prey:
So while you shun their love, the youthful crew
Attend your every glance, with ardour sue,
To gain your smiles—but when your smiles they gain,
Lost are the trophies of your boasted reign!
From your high state to abject slaves debas'd,
While on another's charms their wavering hearts are plac'd!
Yet think not that my verse forbids to love,
Such thoughts far distant from your hand remove!
The lonely maid is like the vine, that knows
No friendly elm with tendrils to enclose,
But creeps neglected—yet, ye virgin-fair,
The down of young inconstancy beware;
Let not th' unripen'd fruits your care engage,
Nor gather those too far matur'd with age.
Bireno, as my tale before explain'd,
Cymosco's daughter in his power detain'd,
Whom, in his secret soul, he first design'd
In marriage with his brother to be join'd.
But soon new passions in his bosom rise,
He views, and envies him so rich a prize;
Nor thinks another should by him obtain
That treasure, which himself aspires to gain.
Scarce fourteen summers had the virgin seen,
Sweet were her looks, her gesture and her mien.
So infant roses from the bud display
Their opening beauties to the genial ray,
When first he view'd her lovely features spread
With pious tears to wail a father dead,
What sudden warmth possess'd his beating heart!
Not half so swift the flames their rage impart,
Where hostile force or envious hands conspire
To give the ripen'd corn to wasting fire!
Satiate with love and cloy'd with full delight,
Olympia now was hateful in his sight:
But yet so far he veil'd his guileful thought,
Till time his purpos'd scheme to action brought,
He seem'd for fair Olympia still to prove
A tender truth that answer'd all her love!
Or if, perchance by sudden impulse sway'd,
Unguarded he caress'd the Frizeland maid,
None censur'd what they saw, but each inclin'd
T' ascribe it to a good and pious mind.
To every gracious deed our praise we owe,
To raise the wretch when fortune whirls below;
To watch the anguish of a heart distress'd;
Much more an orphan with her woes oppress'd.
O gracious Heaven! how oft do clouds abuse
Weak mortals' eyes, and bound their partial views!
Bireno's foul and impious deeds appear
The pious tokens of a soul sincere.
Now seize the ready mariners their oars,
And, lanching in the waves, forsake the shores;
With joyful strokes they cleave the briny main
To bear along Bireno and his train.
Behind they leave low Holland's marshy coast,
Which quickly to the flying sight is lost:
To shun the Frizeland realm aside they steer,
While nearer Scotland to the left they veer.
At length o'ertaken by a devious blast,
Three days uncertain, o'er the billows cast,
The third they saw, as near the evening drew,
A wild and desert isle arise to view.
Soon as the vessel to a creek they bore,
Bireno with Olympia went on shore:
Beneath a tent the slaves their cates prepar'd,
The unsuspecting dame the banquet shar'd,
Then to the couch, for gentle slumber drest,
Contented, with her lord retir'd to rest;
While to their bark the weary crew retreat,
And, sunk in sleep, their former toils forget.
In sweet oblivion lost, Olympia lay,
Tir'd with the labours of the watery way:
In her calm breast no irksome fears arose;
Such fears as once had banish'd her repose.
Herself she view'd in safety on the shore,
'Midst the deep silence of the midnight hour,
Her lover at her side; but slumber shed
His eyes, whose waking thoughts deep treason bred.
Soon as he sees her wrapt in sleep [1], he takes
With speed his vesture, and the bed forsakes;
Then, as if borne along the wings of wind,
Flies to the ship, and leaves the tent behind:
Silent he wakes his mates, and gives command
To launch into the deep and quit the land.
Unblest Olympia on the shore remain'd,
Whom long the pleasing bands of sleep restrain'd,
Till from her golden wheels [2] Aurora threw,
On verdant meads, the drops of sparkling dew;
And on the margin of the wavy flood
Alcyone her ancient plaints renew'd:
When now, nor scarce asleep, nor yet awake [3],
She thought Bireno in her arms to take:
Her touch deceiv'd; again she backward drew;
Then fondly stretch'd her longing arms anew.

[1] The reader will see that this whole passage, where Bireno forsakes Olympia, is copied from the story of Theseus and Ariadne.

See Ovid's Epistles, Ariadne to Theseus.

[2] Thus Ovid:

Tempus erat, vitrea quo primum terra pruina
Spargitur, et tectæ fronde queruntur aves.

Now earth first glitters with the morning dew,
And birds, in bowery shades, their plaints renew.

[3] Ovid exactly:

Incertum vigilans, a somno languida, movi,
Thesea prensuras semisupina manus.
Nullus erat: referoque manus, iteremque retento,
Perque torum moveo brachia: nullus erat.

See the whole Epistle.

At length, dispell'd by fear, her slumber fled;
She looks, and looking sees the abandon'd bed.
Her griefs increasing as her fears augment,
She quits the couch, and issues from the tent.
While to the sea she runs with headlong pace,
And finds, alas! too certain her disgrace.
She beats her breast and face, her hair she rends,
While on the shore her frighted look she bends.
The favouring Moon her trembling beams supplies,
Yet naught but sea and desert land she spies;
She calls Ebreno's name; the caves around
With pity to Ebreno's name resound.
A rock beside the ocean's limits stood,
That, worn by surges, hollow'd o'er the flood:
To the high summit swift Olympia flew,
Such added vigour from despair she drew:
Thence from afar beheld the parting sails
Of false Ebreno drive before the gales:
She saw, or seem'd to see: for yet the light
Could scarce dispel the sullen shades of night.
Trembling she falls: a chilly sweat invades
Her alter'd visage, and her colour fades.
But, when recover'd, with her fruitless cries
She calls the vessel, while the vessel flies;
And where her lips refuse their accents weak,
Her clasping hands and frantic gestures speak.
"'O whither fly'st thou, treacherous and unkind!
Thy bark has left her dearest freight behind!
Return—return—and since thou bear'st away
My better part, O take this lifeless clay."
While thus she spoke, her garments in her hand
She wav'd, to lure the vessel back to land.
But the same winds that through the billows bear
His swelling sails, disperse her plaints in air.
Thrice, cruel to herself, she thought to throw
Her wretched body in the seas below.
At length she cens'd to view the shores in vain,
And sought, with feeble steps, the tent again.
Her face reclining on the conscious bed,
She pour'd a show'r of plenteous tears, and said:
"Last night in thee, alas! two lovers lay;
Why did not two together rise to day!
Forsworn Ebreno! fatal was the birth
That gave accurst Olympia to the Earth!
Where shall I turn!—no human forms appear,
No marks of human industry are here!
From pining hunger must I find my doom,
Where none shall lay me in the silent tomb;
But savage wolves, that howl in every cave,
Shall in their wombs afford a dreadful grave!
Now, now, methinks, so swift is fear, I view
You dreary shades send forth their murderous crew:
Bears, lions, tigers, beasts that Nature arms
With sharpen'd teeth and claws for human harms,
But ah! what death so dire can these bestow
As thee, ungrateful author of my woe!
These will but once my wretched carcase tear,
By thee, alas! a thousand deaths I bear.
What if some pilot, wandering o'er the deep,
Should take me hence in safety to his ship;
That thus the lions, bears, and wolves I 'scape,
Or want, and death in every horrid shape;
Shall I to Holland fly, where thy command
Defends the harbour, and forbids to land?
How shall I seek again my natal shore,
When thou, by fraud, hast made it mine no more?
How ready did thy troops their post maintain,
To take possession of their new-found reign!
Shall I to Flanders turn? for thee, the rest
I sold, the little that I there possess'd:
All was employ'd, ingrate! to set thee free—
What clime will now receive unhappy me!
Shall I the realm of Frisa seek to gain,
Where once for thee I scorn'd a queen to reign,
And hence my brethren and my sire were slain?
But wherefore should I seek my deeds to tell,
Or paint th' affection thou hast known so well!
Then claims a love like mine no more regard?
Is this, unjust Ebreno, my reward?
Perhaps some pirate, that infests the wave,
May seize and snatch me hence a helpless slave:
Ah! rather, come each roaring savage here!
Let dreadful lions, tigers, wolves appear;
With rending claws this panting body tear,
And to their den my limbs dismember'd bear!"
While thus she spoke, her furious hands she spread,
And rent the golden tresses from her head: [2]
Again she sought the beach in wild despair,
Loose to the breezes flow'd her scatter'd hair.
With more than mortal rage she seem'd possest,
As if some demon struggled in her breast:
Like Hecuba, when on the Thracian shore
Breathless she view'd her murder'd Polydore;
Till, seated on a rock, in doleful mood
She seem'd a statue hanging o'er the flood.
But let her for awhile [2] her sorrows mourn,
Now to Rogero must the story turn;
Who midst the burning of meridian day
Along the sands pursu'd his weary way.
On his bright arms the Sun its beams impress'd,
And his hot cuirass glow'd upon his breast.
While thus beside the ocean fared the knight,
Fatigue and thirst companions of his flight;
Beneath the shadow of an ancient tower
He saw three damsels landed on the shore,
Whom, by their vestments and their outward port,
He knew belong'd to false Alcina's court.
On Alexandrian carpets vases plac'd,
With wines and costly cates allur'd the taste.
Their bark attending at the strand was ty'd,
Where the calm waters gently lav'd its side,
In expectation till the sleeping gales
Should rise again to fill the flagging sails.
When near Rogero drew, whose lips appear'd
All parch'd with thirst, his face with dust besmear'd,
With courteous mien the dames address'd the knight,
And begg'd him from his courser to alight,
With them awhile in sweet retirement laid,
To rest his weary limbs beneath the shade.
And now prepar'd a smiling damsel stands
To hold his stirrup with officious hands;
Another lifts on high the sparkling bowl,
And with a fiercer thirst inflames his soul.
But he, who knew the time forbade delay,
Regardless of their wiles, still held his way.
Not with such fury, touch'd by sudden fire,
From nitrous salt or sulphur, flames expire:
Not with such rage the foamy waves ascend,
When o'er the deep tempestuous clouds extend;
As one amidst the damsel train, with spite,
And vow'd revenge, pursu'd the warrior's flight.
"Thou art not," loud exclaiming, thus she cry'd,
"A knight, nor yet to gentle blood ally'd!
The arms thou wear'st, thy theft alone could gain;
Thy theft alone that generous steed obtain:

[2] He returns to Olympia in the next book, ver. 216.

Soon shall I see thee yield thy dastard breath
By caitiff hands and by a shameful death!
Thy worthless ashes scatter'd to the wind,
Ingrate and proud! the scandal of thy kind!"
These words and more, from passion swelling high,
Rogero heard, but deign'd not to reply:
Then, with her sisters[6], where their vessel lay,
She went on board, and through the watery way
Urg'd all her speed, and, hastening every oar,
Pursu'd his course along the winding shore;
While her foul lips, accustom'd well to rail,
With every keen reproach his ears assail.
Now view'd Rogero, with a glad survey,
Where 'cross the narrow seas his passage lay
To Logistilla; whence he soon espy'd
An ancient sire, that from the adverse side
Usmoor'd his bark: the knight's approach he knew,
And gladly waited till he came in view.
Soon as he saw him pacing o'er the sand,
He came prepar'd to waft him from the land.
A man might in the pilot's features find
The traces of a just, benignant mind.
With thanks to Heaven the bark Rogero takes,
And leaving to the sea the strand forsakes;
Still as he pass'd discoursing with the sage,
By long experience taught and wise with age.
The pilot much extoll'd the youthful knight,
Who timely from Alcina took his flight,
T' escape her snares; and now with purer thought
The virtuous domes of Logistilla sought;
Whose everlasting joys such sweets dispense,
As feed the soul, yet never cloy the sense.
"Where she," he cried, "can once her power impart,
With reverential awe she fills the heart:
Till by her beauties fir'd, the purer mind
Casts every abject pleasure far behind!
Reverse from earthly love her love appears,
That fills the breast with anxious hopes and fears;
In this, desire can claim no greater store,
It views, is happy, and can ask no more!
She will to nobler feats your thoughts advance,
Than singing, bathing, tilting, and the dance;
Teach how th' expanded soul can mount on high,
Beyond the cloudy vapours of the sky;
And how on Earth the mortal part may prove
A taste of peace that crowns the blest above."
Thus speaking, through the flood the pilot steer'd,
While distant yet the safer shore appear'd:
When lo! a numerous sail of ships they spy'd,
That with spread canvass skimm'd along the tide.
With these Alcina came; and with her drew,
Fir'd with her past affront, a powerful crew;
Resolv'd t' expose her person and her reign,
Her lately ravish'd treasure to regain.
Though love not slightly urg'd her secret heart,
Yet indignation bore an equal part:
Their dashing oars so swift the seamen ply,
To either land the frothy waters fly:
Resound the seas; resounds each crooked shore,
And Echo, from her caves, returns the roar.
"Now, now, thy magic shield, Rogero, show,
Or yield thy life, or freedom to the foe!"
Thus Logistilla's pilot eager cried,
And at the word, he threw the veil aside,
Reveal'd the dazzling light, whose beams expos'd
In darkness every hostile eye-lid clos'd:
Some headlong quit the prow; while others fall
From the high poop: one sleep o'erwhelms them all!
A sentinel, that on the watch-tower stood,
Beheld Alcina's vessels in the flood:
The bell then gave th' alarm—a warrior band
Pour'd from the fort and crowded all the strand;
Th' artillery[7] from the walls its rage employ'd,
Which, like a storm, Rogero's foes annoy'd;
And thus from every part assistance came,
To save his life, his liberty and fame.
Of bounteous form, four virgins[8] trod the shore,
Whom Logistilla timely sent before:
Fair Andronica, first in valour plac'd,
The wise Phronesia, and Dicilla chaste,
With pure Sophrosyne, who ever press'd
In sacred virtue's cause above the rest.
Beneath the castle, in the sheltering bay,
A numerous fleet of mighty vessels lay:
At every signal given by day or night,
Prepar'd to sail and ready mann'd for fight.
Thus either force once more to combat drew,
And both by land and sea the war renew;
By which the kingdom was again restor'd
Which once Alcina conquer'd by the sword.
What various chances in the field are tried,
And who the fate of battles can decide!
Alcina, anxious to prevent his flight,
Not only lost her lover and her knight,
But from that fleet, whose countless sails display'd
Cast o'er the subject seas a dreadful shade,
While on the rest the flames resistless fed,
Scarce with one bark, alone, escaping fled.
Thus fled Alcina, while her bands were slain,
Enslav'd, or burnt, or whelm'd beneath the main.
But for Rogero most her plaints she pour'd,
His loss, o'er every woe, her soul deplor'd.
For this, each night, each day she breath'd her sighs,
For this the sorrows trickled from her eyes:
While oft reflection added to her grief,
That death refus'd to yield her pains relief.
No fairy's life the hand of fate restrains,
While Phœbus shifts his place or Heaven remains;
Else Clotho[9] sure a welcome aid had sped,
And parted with the shears her fatal thread:

[6] "By these three damsels are figured the allurements and flatteries of the world; and by Rogero, who refuses to comply with their invitation, a wise man, who adheres to the path of virtue: the ill language given to Rogero is the abuse thrown out by the vulgar on those who despise common pleasures: the pilot, that takes him on board, denotes perfect judgment." Valvasori Porcacchi.

[7] It appears doubtful what the poet here means by artillery; some commentators explain it to be the machines used by the ancients for throwing great stones.

[8] Andronica represents Fortitude; Phronesia, Prudence; Sophrosyne, Temperance; and Dicilla, Justice: these are the four virtues that deliver men from the hands of Alcina or Vice. Dolce.

[9] One of the Parcæ, or three fatal sisters, whose office was to preside over the thread of life; their names were Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis wound off the wool; and Atropos cut the thread: but Ariosto has ascribed this task to Clotho.

Her own right hand had rais'd the sword, t' expel
Her sufferings, as Phœnician Dido fell:
Or like the queen of Nilus [10], had she prov'd
The poisonous asp, and every care remov'd!
But let us leave Alcina [11] in her pain,
And to renown'd Rogero turn the strain,
Who, disembarking, trod the friendly shore
With grateful thanks to Heaven's protecting power,
And with impatient steps his way pursu'd
To where the fairy's stately palace stood.
For strength or show no place with this could vie,
But the bright mansions of th' eternal sky.
Thick-set with stones that dart their mingled rays,
The walls, with more than mortal lustre, blaze!
Not so the diamond shifts its trembling beam;
Not so the ruby flashes with ruddy gleam.
On these immortal gems who turns his eyes,
Beholds the mind in all her colours rise;
Each fault, each virtue views; nor flattery's dress
Can bind his soul, nor envy's tongue depress.
And he, O Phœbus! who can these display,
Without thy aid, creates another day:
'T were hard to tell which claim'd the nobler part,
The rich materials, or the forming art!
Here rais'd aloft, on sumptuous arches high,
That seem'd the vast supporters of the sky,
Were spacious gardens, which for beauteous show
Might vanquish others stretch'd on plains below.
Amidst the shining battlements were seen
The trees of odorous scent, with branches green,
Where the fruit ripens, and the blossom blows,
Through every season that the Sun bestows.
No plants like these in earthly soils arise,
Nor autumn there such grateful shade supplies;
Like these no violets or lilies bloom,
No roses breathe like these a rich perfume;
Not such the mortal amaranthine bowers,
Or fragrant jessamine, where short-liv'd flowers
Shrink with each blast, with every heat decay'd,
Ere yet they flourish, droop their heads and fade:
But here perpetual verdure clothes the ground,
And with perpetual sweets the flowers are crown'd.
Not that benignant Nature so ordains,
Or with a kindlier power their life sustains,
But Logistilla, by her skilful care,
Without the help of suns or genial air,
What to a vulgar thought may strange appear,
Maintains eternal spring throughout the year.
The fairy-dame her pleasure testify'd
To see with her so brave a knight reside:
While every one by her example strove
To show the warrior greater marks of love.
Astolpho, who ere this her palace gain'd,
With friendly looks Rogero entertain'd;
Soon came the rest, who, in a happy hour,
Regain'd their shapes by sage Melissa's power.
Rogero and Astolpho now address
The dame with grateful thanks, and humbly press
Their fair dismission thence: Melissa joins
The just request, and seconds their designs.
To whom the fairy courteously replied,
She would for either warrior's way provide.
Then with herself she secret counsel took
How best t' assist Rogero and the duke;

At length resolv'd the horse that soar'd in air,
To Aquitanian shores the first should bear.
She now prepar'd a bit, with curbing rein,
To rule the courser and his speed restrain;
This done, with care she next instructs the knight
To bid him rise or lower in his flight;
To urge his swifter pace, or in a ring
To make him wheel, or hang upon the wing:
Till as the experienc'd horseman rules the horse,
And o'er the plains below directs his course,
With equal ease the warrior soon bestrides,
And through the fields of air the courser guides.
The brave Rogero hasten'd to depart,
But first his leave he took with grateful heart,
And, flying, left her pleasing seats behind,
Her goodness ever treasur'd in his mind.
Now let us follow his adventurous flight,
And after tell how England's noble knight,
With greater length of time and heavier pain,
Return'd to Gallia's court and Charlemain.
A different way the champion meant to soar
Than that which late compell'd he pass'd before,
When the fierce griffin whirl'd him first away,
While lands and pathless seas beneath him lay.
In his first flight he left the Spanish strands,
And pass'd direct to India's distant lands;
To India's lands where swells the Eastern main,
Where the two fairies held divided reign;
But now would visit other climes than those
Where blustering Eolus for ever blows [12];
Nor thinks his purpos'd journey to conclude,
Till, like the Sun, he round the Earth has view'd.
O'er spacious Quinsai he directs his way,
Thence viewing Mongiana and Catha;
And now o'er Imaus his flight he takes,
Then Sericana to the left forsakes:
Still more declining from the Scythian cold,
To where th' Hircanian sea his billows roll'd;
At length Sabnatia's ample realm he found,
And, leaving Asia, enter'd Europe's bound;
There, stretch'd beneath his eyes in wide survey,
Russia, Prutenia, and Pomeria lay.
Though Bradamant with love Rogero fir'd,
Though every hope to see the maid conspir'd;
Yet could he not the pleasure now restrain
To journey thus o'er cities, land, and main,
But he to Poland and Hungaria flew,
Till wide Germania's plains appear'd in view;
And every other barbarous region crost,
He came at length to England's distant coast [13].
Yet deem not here, my lord, th' advent'rous knight
Unceasing still pursu'd so long a flight,
Each closing eve, his courser's speed repeast,
He chose some fair retreat for ease and rest:
One morn he reach'd fair London's stately towers,
And stay'd his course by Thames' fair winding shores,

[10] Cleopatra, queen of Egypt.

[11] Alcina appears no more in the course of this work.

[12] Rogero, in his first flight, had passed over the vast Atlantic ocean, where Eolus is said to blow continually, as the sea is supposed to be more particularly under the dominion of the winds.

[13] L'ultima Inghilterra—
Thus Horace:

——— in ultimos
Orbis Britannos———

Likewise Virgil, Eclog. 1.

———penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Whose neighbouring meads display'd a mighty force
Of hardy warriors, mingled foot and horse,
That to the martial fife and trumpet's sound
In beauteous order stretch'd their ranks around.
The good Rinaldo [16] these to battle led,
The first of knights, and of a host the head!
Who came, ambassador from Charlemain,
Assistance on the British coast to gain.
Ruggiero near the place, by fortune, drew,
Just as each squadron pass'd in fair review:
And now alighting with a swift descent,
He ask'd a warrior what the concourse meant.
To him the courteous stranger thus replied:
"These troops, whose banners all the country hide,
From Scotland, Ireland, and from England's soil
Arrive, and some from every neighbouring isle;
The ready vessels in the harbour stand,
To waft them safely to the Gallic land.
The powers of France, besieg'd by Pagan force,
In these supplies have plac'd their last resource:
But that your eyes may every squadron know,
Attend while I their different nations show [18].
"You ensign view, where waving in the wind
Appear the fleur-de-lys and leopards join'd:
That trophy'd sign the gallant chief displays,
Whose sovereign rule each subject hand obeys:
Amidst these warriors mighty is his fame,
And Lionel his ever honour'd name;
The duke of Lancaster, of valour try'd,
In counsel sage and to the king ally'd.
The banner next behold, that, rang'd behind,
Streams tow'rds the hills and trembles in the wind;
With three white wings upon a verdant field,
By mighty Richard, earl of Warwick, held.
Intrepid Gloster's duke the standard rears,
Where the stag's head with branching horns appears.
The duke of Clarence brings a torch of light;
The duke of York reveals a tree in sight:

See! Norfolk's duke the banner'd sign advance,
That, in three pieces, gives a shiver'd lance.
The noble earl of Kent the thunder bears:
The griffin next, the earl of Pembroke wears.
The balance there the duke of Suffolk shews;
The earl of Essex holds the yoke and makes;
And yonder garland in an azure shield
Northumberland produces in the field.
Behold the earl of Arundel, who shows
A sinking vessel where the ocean flows:
See! Berkeley's gallant marquis next appear;
The earl of March, in equal splendour near;
The first, in white, has giv'n a cloven mound;
A palm is in the second banner found,
And in the third a pine in surges drown'd.
The earls of Ancaster and Dorset, known
One by the car, the other by the crown.
That falcon on his nest, with plumage spread,
By Raymond earl of Devonshire is led.
See Winchester the black and yellow wear;
Derby the hound, and Oxford has the bear.
The prelate of the Bath, amidst his peers
For riches fam'd, a cross of crystal rears.
There Somerset's great duke attracts the gaze,
Who, strange device! a broken seat displays.
Of heavy arm'd, and archers on the steed,
Full forty thousand to the fight proceed;
And thrice as many of the footmen-train,
Beat with their steps the far-resounding plain.
See! where they throng, with various ensigns spread;
By Godfrey, Henry, Herman, Edward, led.
The first for duke of Buckingham is known;
The next is for the earl of Salisbury shown.
Then Abergan'ny comes, advanc'd in years;
Last Edward, earl of Shrewsbury, appears.
All these that stretch along the eastern lands,
Compose the numbers of the English bands.
Now view the west, and forty thousand there
Of hardy Scotchmen wave their signs in air.
You lion, plac'd two unicorns between,
That rampant with a silver sword is seen,
Is for the king of Scotland's banner known;
Zerbino [16] there encamps, his gallant son!
No form so graceful can your eyes behold,
For Nature made him, and destroy'd her mould.
The title of the duke of Ross he bears,
No chief with him for dauntless mind compares.
The earl of Athol next unfolds to view
A gilded bar upon a field of blue.
The neighbouring banner by the duke of Mar
Is rais'd, who brings a leopard to the war.
See! gallant Aberdeen, his standard brought
With various fancy'd birds and colours fraught;
Of no degree of earl or marquis train,
But first in place amid the sylvan train.
The duke of Stafford shows the bird to sight
That dares with steadfast eyes Apollo's light.
Lavanio, lord of Angus, shows a chase,
Where the fierce bull two nimble greyhounds trace.

[16] Rinaldo is mentioned again in the sixth book, ver. 705.

[18] The following review of the forces, it is feared, will appear but ungraceful in English, from the familiarity of the names and titles, which are with difficulty to be reduced to English verse, though they have a different effect in the original: the Italians, from the genius of their language, and the liberty they are accustomed to take with proper names, give a uniformity to different sounds, and soften them to their own tongue: but it was thought a license of this kind could not be taken in the translation with the well-known English titles.

This passage is imagined by some to be intended by the poet as a compliment to the British nobility. The description of the several leaders, with their arms, banners, and whimsical devices, is exactly in the spirit of chivalry: thus Don Quixote, taking the two flocks of sheep for armies, paints their fancied appearance, in the following manner, to Sancho: "The knight you see yonder with the gilded armour, who bears in his shield a lion crowned couchant at a damsel's feet, is the valorous Laurcalco, lord of the silver bridge: the other, with the armour flowered with gold, who bears three crowns argent in a field azure, is the formidable Micocolambo, grand duke of Quiracia, &c." See Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iii. c. iv.

[16] Zerbino, son to the king of Scotland, and brother to the princess Geneura, who was delivered from death in the fifth book by Rinaldo. The character of Zerbino appears to be entirely Ariosto's own, and is one of the most amiable in the whole poem: the loves of this prince, and the chaste Isabella, make a very beautiful and affecting episode. See note to b. xiii. ver. 99.

The duke of Albany [17], his banner view,
Who fills his field with colours white and blue:
Buchanan's earl amidst his standard bears
Yon vulture that a speckled dragon tears.
Valiant Armano next upon the field
Appears, with white and sable on his shield.
The earl of Arrol, on his right, is seen,
Who gives a flambeau in a field of green.
"Now, in two bands behold the Irish spread,
The first is by the earl of Kildare led:
The second, by the earl of Desmond brought
From savage mountains, has the battle sought:
The first has, in his sign, a flaming brand;
In white, the second, a vermilion hand.
Nor do the English, Scotch, and Irish here
Alone in aid of Charlemain appear,
But Sweden's realm and Norway send their powers,
And e'en the climes remote of Iceland shores,
With many a land, in distant regions far,
By nature foes to peace and friends to war.
Near seventeen thousand to the battle come,
Drawn from the hollow caves and forest gloom.
Round their white banner throng'd, the plain appears
A wood of arms, a grove of bristled spears:
His banner white the chief Morato bore,
Ready'd to dye it soon with Moorish gore."

While thus Rogero sees the bands, and hears
The names and titles of the British peers,
First one, and then another, with surprise
Approaching views his beast with steadfast eyes,
Amaz'd at such a strange unusual sight,
And soon the circle thickens round the knight.
But now Rogero, with design to raise
His pleasure, and increase the crowd's amaze,
Gives to his steed the rein, and makes him feel,
With gentle touch, the goring of the steel;
He, swiftly mounting, soars upon the wind,
And leaves the gazing multitude behind!

Then, having past the soil of England o'er
From side to side, he reach'd the Irish shore,
The fabulous Hibernia; where, 'tis said,
The holy sage a secret cavern made [18],
In which, such grace th' offended mortal wins,
He, purging there, atones for all his sins;
And thence he guides his courser o'er the waves,
Where the rough sea the lesser Britain laves:
When, looking down, a doleful sight he spy'd,
The fair Angelica in fetters ty'd!
Ty'd to a rock on sorrow's fatal isle,
For sorrow's name well suits the hateful soil;
Whence (as my tale but late display'd before)
Arm'd vessels coasted round from shore to shore,
To seize and bear unhappy dames away,
Doom'd to devouring jaws a daily prey!

That morn the virgin on the rock was plac'd
To glut the monster of the watery waste;
The virgin who in hapless hour was bound
By those that view'd her prostrate on the ground,
Beside th' unhallow'd sire in magic sleep profound.
Th' inhuman race, of unrelenting mind,
To brutal rage the hapless fair resign'd,
And on the shore her tender frame expos'd,
As Nature first her naked limbs disclos'd;
Nor, cruel, left one slender veil, to spread
O'er the white lilies, and the roses red;
Flowers that with her can equal lustre boast,
In heats of July or December's frost!

Rogero first [19] the distant virgin thought
Some lovely form, of alabaster wrought,
Or purest marble, which the sculptor's hand
Had fix'd with art to grace the desert strand.
But soon he view'd, midst animated snow,
And roses red, the dewy sorrows flow,
Which, trickling, down her panting bosom stray'd,
While in her golden hair the Zephyrs play'd.
When now on hers the champion fix'd his eyes,
The thoughts of Bradamant began to rise:
Pity and love, by turns, his soul detain,
And scarce his kindly tears their course restrain:
He first his winged courser's speed repress'd,
Then gently thus the weeping maid address'd:
"O damsel! worthy only of the chains [20]
With which his captives conquering Love restrains!
Unworthy this, or any woe to find!
What wretch so harden'd with obdurate mind
Could by the rugged force of iron bands
Compress the softness of those lovely hands?"

While yet he spoke her rising blushes spread,
So polish'd ivory shows when stain'd with red:
Abash'd she found those latent charms espy'd,
Which modesty, though beauteous, strives to hide;
Her face had from her hands concealment found,
But to the flinty rock her hands were bound.
Yet (all she could!) a shower of tears she shed,
And strove to earth to bend her drooping head.
While mingled sobs and plaints her fate bewail,
A sudden noise cuts short her mournful tale.
For, lo! the monster ploughs the watery field,
Half rais'd above the waves, and half conceal'd,
As fearing Boreas' rage or Auster's force,
The vessel to the harbour steers her course:
So hastening to his welcome prey is seen
The ravenous orc, and swift the space between.
The damsel views, half dead with chilling fear,
Nor can the knight her drooping spirits cheer.

His brave, but not in rest, Rogero held,
And on the furious orc the stroke impell'd:
How shall my Muse his dreadful form explain,
A bulk enormous! floundering in the main!
His eyes and pointed tusks a bear proclaim,
The rest, a mass unshap'd, without a name.
Between his brows the stroke Rogero try'd;
The monster, moveless as a rock, defy'd

[17] Ariodantes, brother to Lurcanio, married to Geneura, and after the death of Polinesso created duke of Albany, as related in the sixth book.

[18] Pope Celestine sent bishop Germano into England, to convert the inhabitants to the Catholic faith, and Palladio to the Scots: he likewise sent bishop Patrick into Ireland: this last, after having exemplified many virtues, at last miraculously caused a well to appear, into which every day all those entered, who had committed any great sin, and proclaimed that they thereby obtained remission: this well was called St. Patrick's purgatory. Ireland, or Hibernia, is here called fabulous (favolosa), because whoever came out of this cave related many marvellous things.—Dolce, Percacchi.

[19] Compare the remaining part of this book with the latter end of the fourth of Ovid's Metamorphoses, where Perseus delivers Andromeda from the sea-monster.

[20] Thus Ovid:

——— non istis digna catenis,
Sed quibus inter se cupidi jugulantur amantes!

The baffled spears; and now the fearless knight
Prepar'd on closer terms to wage the fight.
The ape, who saw the winged courser's shade,
That here and there upon the waters play'd,
Forsook the certain helpless prey in view,
And raging at the empty shadow flew;
While, as he turn'd, Rogero sunk below,
And watchful ply'd with strokes his dreadful foe.
As when an eagle darting from the skies,
Amidst the grass a wandering serpent spies,
Or sees him on the sunny bank unfold
His azure glories and his scales of gold;
Eager to seize, yet cautious still, he fears
Where from his mouth the hissing tongue appears.
At length he gripes the prize, then spreads his wing,
Nor dreads the terrours of the forky sting.
Rogero thus, with sword and spear, pursues
Not where his teeth and threatening tusks he views;
But 'twixt his ears the forceful blow descends;
Now on his back, now where his tail extends,
Off as the monster turns, aside he flies,
And watches when to sink and when to rise:
But all in vain! his labour nought avails,
No steel can pierce th' impenetrable scales.
With the gaunt mastiff thus the fly maintains
Audacious fight when August dries the plains:
In July's month when ripening harvests shine,
Or rich September yielding generous wine:
Now on his jaws he flies, or his eyes;
And still in ever-wheeling circles flies,
T' elude the teeth, that vainly bite the air;
For one dire stroke would finish all his care!
Lash'd by the monster's tail the surges fly,
And dash with sprinkling foam the distant sky:
Scarce knows Rogero if his courser waves
His wings in air, or in the ocean laves:
Full oft he wishes now to gain the shore:
For much he fears, if still the billows soar,
When the damp plumes no more his steed sustain,
No friendly bark will bear him from the main.
But soon far better thoughts his mind engage
With other arms to quell the brutal rage;
He now resolves the buckler to display,
And strike his senses with th' enchanted ray;
Then flies to land, and first to screen the maid
(Whose naked limbs were on the rock display'd)
From the fierce light, he fixes on her hand
The ring that could the magic power withstand,
The ring, which noble Bradamant before
To save her lover from Brunello bore[81];
And next to free him from Alcina's bands,
By sage Melissa sent to India's lands[81];
Who many youths, with this, from fate reprieve'd;
From her the knight the wondrous gift receiv'd.
This, with forecasting care, he gave the dame,
To screen her from his buckler's blazing flame;
And save those lovely eyes, whose soft regard
Already had his amorous heart ensnar'd.
Then swift he turns to where the monster prest
One half the sea beneath his ample breast;
And, standing on the shore, the veil he rears,
When, lo! another Sun on Earth appears!
Full on th' astonish'd orbs the splendour plays;
His senses vanish with the dazzling blaze!
As, when the skies with sultry vapours glow,
The panting fishes faint and sink below;
So, midst the billows of the deep, is shown
The hideous monster, horribly o'erthrown!
Rogero then no rest, no pause allows,
But plies him close with unavailing blows.
The beauteous damsel now besought the knight
With earnest prayers to cease the fruitless fight:
"Ah! turn," she weeping cry'd, "and loose my chains,
Before the cruel ore his sense regains.
Ah! rather whelm me in the gaping flood,
Ere these poor limbs be made his trembling food."
Rogero, pitying, heard the dame deplore,
Then burst her bonds and took her from the shore.
He spurs; the courser spurns the sand, and flies
Aloft in air, and travels through the skies.
While on the saddle sits the gallant knight,
Behind, the crupper bears the virgin bright.
Then brave Rogero snatch'd the maid away
To rob the monster of so fair a prey;
And, as he flew along, full oft he prest
With kisses sweet her eyes and snowy breast.
No more his purpos'd voyage fills his mind,
He seeks no more the Spanish coast to find;
But to the neighbouring land his courser guides,
Where lesser Britain breaks the briny tides;
Where branching oaks a peaceful covert screen,
And Philomela warbles through the scene.
Along the meadow pours a purling rill,
On either hand appears a lonely hill.
Th' enamour'd warrior here repress'd his speed,
And soft descended on the verdant mead;
His griffin wings he now restrain'd from flight,
These wings that never more must bear the knight!
Alighting from his steed, he burns to prove
A greater voyage on the coast of love.
And now the glowing youth with eager haste
Impatient from his limbs the steel unlac'd;
By turns this plate, confus'd, then that he try'd,
And while he loosen'd one, another ty'd.
But since my lines beyond the bound extend,
And may, perchance, my lord, your ears offend,
No longer will I now my tale pursue,
But at a fitter time the verse renew.

[81] See book iv. and vii.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Angelica, by the help of her ring, leaves Rogero, who loses his flying horse, and afterwards, being deceived by the appearance of Bradamant engaged in combat with a giant, is decoyed to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Orlando, in pursuit of Angelica, arrives at the island of Rhoda, where he finds Olympia exposed to be devoured by the sea-monster: he kills the monster, and delivers her. Oberto, king of Ireland, arriving at the same time, falls in love with Olympia, and marries her. Orlando departs to continue the search of Angelica.

In mid career the rider oft restrains
The fiery courser's speed with gentle reins;
But seldom reason's curb will hold confin'd
Th' unruly passions of an amorous mind.
So when a bear, that feeds with honey stor'd
A welcome vase, can taste the luscious hoard,
Or from afar the odorous scent receive,
His feet refuse th' enticing bait to leave.

No sage reflection can suffice to make
Rogero now th' alluring bliss forsake,
The bliss, with fair Angelica to prove,
In friendly shades, the gifts of lawless love.
No longer Bradamant his thoughts possess'd,
Once the sole object reigning in his breast;
Those charms that might Xenocrates inspire[1],
Inflam'd the gentle youth with fierce desire:
His buckler and his lance aside he threw,
And from his limbs the mail impatient drew;
When, casting down by chance her bashful eyes,
The maid the ring upon her finger spies;
The ring, which at Albracca from the dame
Brunello stole[2]; with which to France she came;

When the first Christian court her brother[3] gain'd
And with his goblets lance such fame obtain'd;
Which next the Paladin Astolpho held:
This ring the charms of Malagigi quell'd:
By this Orlando, with a knightly train,
One morn she freed from Dragontina's chain;
With this unseen she left the castle, where
An old enchanter[4] kept th' imprison'd fair.
But wherefore should I these adventures tell,
Adventures which yourselves must know so well?
From her Brunello stole the wondrous ring,
Urg'd by command of Agramant the king;
Since when, by adverse fortune ever crost,
The hapless maid at length her kingdom lost.
When now she view'd, and view'd with ravish'd eyes
The ring long lost, o'erwhelm'd with great surprise,
She fears some empty dream her sense deceives,
And scarce, by sight or touch, the truth believes;
Then from her hand she took with eager haste,
And 'twixt her lips the shining circlet plac'd,
And instant vanish'd from Rogero's sight,
Like Phœbus, when a cloud obscures his light.
The youth, abandon'd thus, with looks amaz'd
Around the mead awhile in silence gaz'd;
But when remembrance to his thoughts return'd
The magic ring, too late his loss he mourn'd,
Too late the change he rail'd—"Ungrateful maid!
Are thus," he cry'd, "my services repaid?
Say, wouldst thou rather of my ring bereave
This hand by theft, than as my gift receive?
Not that alone—but take my horse and shield—
To thee whate'er is mine I freely yield;
Yet from my sight no more those charms remove.
Thou hear'st, alas! but answer'st not my love!"

[1] Xenocrates, a disciple of, and successor to Plato, celebrated for his probity, wisdom, and chastity. He refused the presents of Alexander the Great. It was a saying of his, that we often repented of speaking too much, but never of having held our peace. He was so eminent for continency, that having been one day left alone with Phryne, a beautiful courtezan, who made use of every enticement to seduce him, she afterwards declared that she had not been with a man, but a statue. Others relate that he underwent the same trial with Lais, another famous courtezan.

[2] Boyardo relates that Brunello climbed secretly up a steep and almost inaccessible rock, to the walls of Albracca, and making his way where Angelica stood, amidst her people, to view the battle from the ramparts, took the ring from off her finger, unperceived by her, and, returning by the way he came, escaped with his prize, though the princess had now taken the alarm, and commanded him to be pursued.

Orl. Inn. b. ii. c. v.

The ancients appear to have had great faith in the art of making rings, under the influence of particular planets or stars, accompanied with certain mysterious ceremonies, that should communicate qualities and virtues to the wearer, preserve him from sickness, poison, or enemies, and guard him from every attack of demons or evil spirits. Philostratus relates, that Lares, a prince of India, gave Apollonius seven rings, with the names and virtues of the seven planets, of which he every day wore one by turns, and maintained his youth a hundred and thirty years. Aristotle likewise speaks of the ring of Battus, which inspired the wearer with gratitude and honour. In another we read of a certain philosopher, named Eudamus, who made rings that were preservatives against the bite of serpents and the spells of sorcery or witchcraft. We read that Gyges, king of Lydia, had a ring of wonderful virtue, that upon turning the stone inwardly towards the palm of his hand, he immediately became invisible, and that by help of this ring he seduced the queen, slew the king Candaules, and gained possession of the kingdom of Lydia. Other writers relate, that Candaules, through an extravagant vanity for the uncommon beauty of his wife, concealed Gyges in her chamber, that he might behold her naked. The queen coming to the knowledge of this, compelled Gyges to enter into a conspiracy against Candaules, whom he slew, and afterwards succeeded to his crown and bed.

[3] Argalia.

[4] Orlando going to the assistance of Angelica, whom he understood to be besieged in Albracca by Agrican king of Tartary, whose suit she had rejected, arrives at a bridge where he drinks of the water of oblivion, offered by a damsel, and is decoyed into the garden of Dragontina, a powerful enchantress,—where many other knights are detained prisoners by the force of her spells. Angelica leaves Sacripant, with two other kings, to defend Albracca, and privately sets out to procure further assistance. In her way she is enticed by an old man into a castle, from which she escapes by means of her ring, which is afterwards stolen from her by Brunello. She arrives at the garden of Dragontina, where she finds Orlando, Brandimart, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many other knights, all whom she delivers from the power of the enchantress, and engages them to go with her, and endeavour to raise the siege of Albracca.

Orlando Innam. b. i. c. vi. ix. xi. xiv.

[*] Some of the old romance and legendary writers speak of a ring that gave to its wearer the knowledge of the language of birds, thus mentioned by Chaucer,

Canace
That own'd the virtuous ring of glass.
And fuller by the old poet Lydgate:
And evermore devising might see
How, with her ring, goodly Canace
Of every fowle the lesson and the song
Could understand as she hem walk'd among."

Warton's Observations on Spenser.

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So saying, by the fountain's side in haste
He search'd around, and oft in hope embrac'd
Her lonesome form; but when his arms would feel
The fleeting fair, he clasp'd th' impassive wind!
Meantime Angelica at distance pass'd,
Till to a spacious cave she came at last,
Beneath a mountain hollow'd in the ground,
Where all provisions for her need she found.
In this his life an aged herdsman led,
Who numerous mares beneath the mountain fed:
Along the vales, in pastures green, they play'd,
By crystal streams that through the herbage stray'd:
Around the cave were stalls, to which they run
T' avoid the fervour of the mid-day Sun.
Her dwelling here, unseen, the virgin chose,
Till day declin'd, and shadowy night arose;
Then, cover'd with rest and food, no longer stay'd,
But her fair limbs in humble weeds array'd;
Weeds far unmeet for her, who once could boast
The richest garments wrought with skilful cost;
Yet, through her lowly vestments beauty shin'd,
And grace that spoke her of no vulgar kind.
Let ancient bards no longer tune the verse,
Neæra's charms or Phyllis' to rehearse;"
The sweets of Amaryllis to recite,
Or Galatea lovely in her flight;
Let Maro's shepherds cease their boasting strains,
Since Iulla's queen without a rival reigns.
Around the vales the damsel cast a look,
And from the grazing mares the fairest took;
For now a sudden thought inspir'd her breast,
Alone to travel tow'rds her native East.
Awhile Rogero stay'd, in hope to view
The royal fair, that from his sight withdrew,
Again return; but, ah! in vain he stay'd,
Nor reach'd his fond complaints the absent maid.
Once more he purpos'd thence to steer his course,
And turn'd to where he left his winged horse;
Where there he found, so ill his fortune sped,
The reins were broken, and the courser fled[1];
Loss heap'd on loss! forlorn and wretched left,
At once of mistress and of steed bereft;
But most to lose his wondrous ring he griev'd,
The wondrous ring from Bradamant receiv'd,
Which less he valued for its secret power,
Than for her sake whose hand the token wore.
With heavy heart he brac'd his armour on;
His radiant targe behind his shoulder thrown;
He leaves the seas, and through the verdant meads,
All pensive, to a spacious vale proceeds;
Then takes a path that midst the forest leads.
Not far he pass'd, ere, echoing from the right,
Where thickest trees perplex'd the doubtful sight,
A dreadful clash of arms he hears; he flies,
And through the gloom two combatants espies
With fury clos'd: a giant one is seen,
A knight the other, and of fearless mien.
This seems to dare the fight with sword and shield,
And with undaunted skill maintain the field,
While oft he shuns the club's impending stroke,
Which, grasp'd with either hand, the giant shook.

Beside him lies his horse depriv'd of life;
Rogero stands spectator of the strife:
The knight he favours; but his noble mind
Awaits to see how fortune's lot inclin'd,
In silent gaze: at length a dreadful blow
The monster aims to crush th' unwary foe;
The club his helmet strikes; to earth he lies:
To end his life the cruel giant flies,
His helm unloses, and reveals to sight
What to Rogero, in the prostrate knight,
Appears the roseate bloom, the golden hair,
And well-known features of the martial fair,
His Bradamant below'd, that seems to lie
A victim by the giant doom'd to die;
At once the champion darts around his eyes,
And to the fight the tow'ring foe defies:
But he, who seeks not to renew the fray,
Takes from the ground his senseless conquer'd prey,
And in his arms the prize resistless bears:
So with a wolf the lamb unpity'd fares;
So the fierce eagle, while he soars above,
In his strong talons gripes the helpless dove.
T' assist the virgin, at her seeming need,
Rogero follows with impatient speed;
But with such swiftness the stern giant flew,
Rogero scarce retains him in his view.
While thus (pursuing one, one held in chase)
Thro' winding ways the savage gloom they trace,
Wide and more wide the lengthening path extends,
Till in a spacious plain their labour ends.
But here we pause[2]—the story hastes to tell
What chance to great Orlando next befell,
Who to the seas Cymosco's pest consign'd,
No more to be restor'd, and curse mankind;
Yet little this avail'd—th' infernal foe,
Who fram'd the engine in the shades below,
To imitate the forky bolt, that rends
The sable clouds, and from the sky descends;
With this no less could human race deceive,
Than with the fruit of old th' unhappy Eve:
He, in our grandsires' time, to second birth
Th' invention drew[3], to plague the sons of Earth;
This many a year engulph'd in seas was laid,
Till, taught by him, a sorc'rer thence convey'd
The pest ashore'd; which first the Germans try'd,
And, by the demon's aid, to arms apply'd.
Thence Italy and France, and every part
Where war extends, has learnt th' inhuman art.
For some the hollow wombs of brass they make,
Wrought in the fire; for others iron take:
Capacious some, and some of lesser frame,
That from their various authors hold their name.
"O! wretched soldier[4]! now your armour bright
Forsake, and only gird your sword in fight:

[1] The poet does not seem here wholly inattentive to his moral, since in consequence of Rogero's yielding to the temptation before him, forgetting his faith to Bradamant, and indulging his pursuit of unlawful pleasure, he loses his ring, and flying horse.

[2] Mention is again made of Rogero in the xliith book, ver. 114, where the enchanted palace is fully described.

[3] The invention of gunpowder is ascribed to a chemist, who, as some say, was a monk of Germany; this man, making experiments with a mixture of nitre, sulphur, charcoal, and other inflammatory matter, in which he chanced to drop a spark of fire, discovered such effects as were soon afterwards applied to new engines of destruction called fire-arms, which were first made use of in the war between the Venetians and Genoese, anno 1380.

[4] This apostrophe of the poet, and likewise the

But this dread weapon on your shoulders bear,
Or never hope the victor's wreaths to share.
How couldst thou, curst invention, ever find
Reception in the brave, the generous mind?
By thee the glorious war is turn'd to shame,
By thee the trade of arms has lost its fame!
By thee, no more shall gallantry or might
Avail the warrior in the field of fight.
By thee so many lords and knights are slain,
By thee such numbers yet must press the plain,
Before the war shall cease, whose rage has torn
The world, but caus'd Italia most to mourn.
Accurst be he, who first this mischief hred!
Heaven, sure, on him its deepest wrath has shed,
And doom'd his wretched soul to endless woe,
Near impious Judas in the realms below!"

But let us to the knight; who seeks the shore,
Each dreadful day besmear'd with virgin gore.
Against Orlando now the wind prevails;
Now on the poop it blows in gentle gales;
And now by turns a sudden calm succeeds;
That little on her course the vessel speeds.
For Heaven's high will forbade the crew to land
Before th' Hibernian king had reach'd the strand,
To forward that event, which since befell,
And which, in order due, the Muse shall tell.

Now near the coast the prow the billows brake,
When thus Orlando to his pilot spoke:
"Haste! launch the boat, and here the ship detain,
While to you rock I hasten through the main:
The largest cable to my hand consign,
The largest anchor to the cable join;
And mark my purpose, when in dang'rous fight,
I dare with yonder monster prove my might."
This said; with anchor and with cable stor'd,
The boat they launch'd amid the dashing flood:
Then all his arms, except his sword, he leaves,
And tow'rd the rock, alone, the billows cleaves:
Close to his breast he draws the sturdy oars;
And turns his back upon the destin'd shores.
Aurora now had rais'd her radiant head,
And to the Sun her golden tresses spread;
Half seen above the waves, and half conceal'd,
To old Tithonus' jealous eyes reveal'd:—
When to the barren rock approach'd so nigh,
As from the vigorous hand a stone might fly;
He heard, and yet he scarcely seem'd to hear,
A tender plaintive voice assault his ear:
Sudden he view'd against the rock's steep side
A lovely dame in cruel fetters ty'd:
Naked she stands above the briny wave,
While her fair feet intruding waters lave.
He sees, but vainly strives from far to trace
The downcast features of her bashful face;
Then plies for nearer view his eager oar—
When, hark! the seas, the woods, the caverns roar!
The billows swell; and from the depths below,
In open view appears his monstrous foe.
As from the humid vale black clouds ascend,
When gathering storms their pregnant wombs distend:
So through the liquid brine the monster press'd
With furious course; beneath his hideous breast
Vex'd ocean groans*—Orlando, void of fear,
Nor chang'd his colour, nor his wonted cheer:
Firm in himself, to guard the weeping maid,
And her dire foe with powerful arm invade,
Between the land and orc his course he ply'd,
But kept undrawn the falchion at his side.
Soon as the monster, that to shore pursu'd
His deathful way, the boat and champion view'd,
He op'd his greedy throat that might enhume
A horse and horseman in its living tomb!
Near and more near Orlando dauntless rows;
Then in his mouth the ponderous anchor throws,
Whose width forbids the horrid jaws to close.
So miners, while they urge their darkling toil,
With needful prop support the crumbling soil.
His teeth secur'd, Orlando with a bound
Leap'd in the yawning gulf; and whirling round
His trenchant blade, the dark retreat explor'd,
And with repeated wounds the monster gor'd.
What city longer can defence maintain,
Whose foes within the walls an entrance gain?
Mad with the pain, he rises o'er the tides,
And shows his jointed back and scaly sides;
Then downward plunging in the bottom laves,
And throws the troubled sands above the waves.
The Paladin, who felt the rushing streams,
Forsook the orc, and ear'd with nervous limbs
The billowy brine, while in his hand he bore
The anchor's cable till he reach'd the shore.
There firmly fix'd, upon the rock he stood,
And strain'd each nerve, while struggling through the flood

* Thus Ovid,

—— Unda
Insonuit: veniensque immenso bellua ponto
Emicat, et latum sub pectore possidet æquor.
Metam. lib. iv. ver. 687.

Concerning this battle between Orlando and the orc, though some part must be acknowledged to be highly extravagant, and bordering upon the ludicrous, particularly the manner in which the knight gives him his death's wounds, yet, in general, the description is undoubtedly worked up with great strength of imagination.

speech of Orlando in the 15th book, on the same occasion, are in the true spirit of chivalry, and may remind the reader of part of Don Quixote's oration on arms and letters, where speaking of the invention of guns, he inveighs, almost in the words of our author, against the use of such weapons.

"A blessing on those happy ages that were strangers to the dreadful fury of these devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, *I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention*; by means of which it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest knight, and to which is owing, that without knowing how or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery which inflames and animates gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one, who perhaps fled, and was frighted at the very flash of the pan, and in an instant puts an end to the life of him who deserved to have lived for many ages: and therefore when I consider this, I could almost say I repent of having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as this in which we live; for though no danger can daunt me, still it gives me some concern to think, that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole Earth."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iv. c. xi.

The monster follow'd, by that arm compell'd
Whose strength the strength of mortal man excell'd.
As when a bull at unawares has found
With straiten'd cords his horns encompass'd round,
Furious he leaps, he bounds from side to side,
The bauliers all his fruitless pains deride:
So far'd the orc, while from his mouth he shed
A tide, that dyes the ocean still with red;
Lash'd by his tail with many a sounding blow,
The parting sea reveals th' abyss below;
Now dash'd aloft the briny waves are thrown,
Pollute the day, and blot the golden Sun.
The neighbouring forests, and the mountains hoar,
The winding rocks rebellow to the roar.
Rous'd at the tumult, from his pearly bed,
Old Proteus o'er the water rais'd his head:
Soon as his eyes beheld so strange a fight
Between the monster and the Christian knight,
He left his flock and urg'd his fearful flight.
E'en Neptune on his car (such terrour spread)
With dolphins rein'd to Æthiopia fled.
Ino, whose breast her Melicerta bears;
The sea-green sisters, with dishevell'd hairs;
Glaucus and Triton; all the watery train,
In diverse parts, fly scatter'd o'er the main.
Anglante's warrior now, the conflict o'er,
Had drawn the dreadful monster to the shore;
Which scarce he reach'd, when spent with toil, and spread
Along the sand, his shapeless bulk lay dead.
Soon swarming o'er the coast the island crew
Came hastening down the wondrous sight to view;
And loudly cried, that mighty Proteus' rage
Would once again his savage herds engage
To waste the land, unless with humble prayer
They mov'd the god, themselves and race to spare;
And, as an offering for his monster slain,
They whelm'd th' offending champion in the main.
As spreads from torch to torch th' increasing light
Till all the region with the blaze is bright;
So through the madding vulgar swiftly ran
The fierce contagion, caught from man to man.
One takes a sling, a bow another takes;
This draws a sword, and that a javelin shakes.
They shout, they run, they cumber all the strand,
And close him far and near on every hand.
The generous Paladin surpris'd beheld
Th' ungrateful throng with hostile thoughts impell'd:
Instead of meeting fame and high regard,
He sees them thus his valiant deeds reward.
But as a bear, for public pastime bred,
In Russia or in Lithuania led,
Contemns the yelping cur; with like disdain
Orlando near beholds the dastard train,
Against him leagu'd, with stupid anger wield
Their idle weapons to dispute the field.
Soon Durindana from the sheath he drew,
And midst his foes with noble fury flew,
Who hop'd with ease t' oppress a single knight,
Nor fenc'd with shield, nor cas'd in armour bright.
They little deem'd his skin from head to heel,
Like adamant, could no impression feel:
But while himself secure unwounded stood,
He dy'd his weapon in th' assailants' blood.
At ten fierce strokes, beneath his conquering hand
Full thirty fell, and soon he clear'd the strand.
While thus th' unequal strife the knight maintain'd,
Hibernia's troops the fatal island gain'd,
And disembark'd where none to oppose they view'd;
A dreadful slaughter through the land ensu'd:
Justice their plea to veil the soldier's rage,
All pity lost, they spar'd nor sex nor age!
The wretched natives here were seen but few,
And their nor discipline nor order knew:
Their goods were pillag'd by the Irish train,
The houses set on fire, the people slain:
The walls were raz'd, and scarce remain'd behind
A man alive of this devoted kind.

Orlando hastens now the dame to free,
Prepar'd for death beside the roaring sea:
Near and more near he draws, and thinks he spies
Features he'd late familiar to his eyes;
Lo! imag'd to his thought Olympia's face,
She, most unhappy of the female race
By man betray'd—Olympia born to prove
The woes and changes of ungrateful love.
'T was her, whom fortune gave the pirate band
Their lovely victim on Ebuda's strand.
Full well the damsel knew th' approaching knight,
Bet from his look she turn'd her bashful sight;
Confus'd and mute she hung her drooping head,
While burning blushes on her cheeks were spread.

The warrior then inquir'd what curious power
Had led her step to that inhuman shore,
From where he left her crown'd with joy and peace,
Partaking with her consort every bliss?
"Alas! I know not," she began to say,
"If for my life I grateful thanks should pay,
Or rather mourn the day again must close,
And not behold a period to my woes:
My grateful thanks for these poor limbs I owe,
Sav'd from the jaws of my unnatural foe:
But little I rejoice that still I live,
Since death alone to me can comfort give.
Then let thy hand, in pity to my grief,
With welcome death afford the sole relief."
She said; and sobbing deep, her sorrows spoke,
How her false lord his faith and honour broke,
To leave her sleeping on the desart shore,
Whence to the ship their prey the pirates bore.
While this she told, she turn'd, and blushing show'd
A form like Dian, pictur'd in the flood
With naked beauties, when incens'd she threw
On rash Actæon's brows the sparkling dew.

Orlando, pacing on the shelly strand,
Awaits his ship to anchor near the land;
That thence with vestures he may clothe the dame:
While this his thought employ'd, Oberto came[18],
Hibernia's king, who heard, the monster slain
There lay extended by the dashing main;
That, swimming thro' the seas, a knight unknown
Had in his jaws a ponderous anchor thrown,
And drawn him to the beach, as barks, secur'd
With twisted cables, on the ground are moor'd.

Now tow'rds the shore, to learn the truth, in haste
Oberto came; meanwhile the land to waste,
His soldiers, unrestrain'd, their rage employ'd.
And towns and men with fire and sword destroy'd.
Soon as th' Hibernian king Orlando view'd,
(Tho' drench'd with water and deform'd with blood,
With blood which from the monster's throat he drew)
By every look the Paladin he knew.

[18] Oberto, king of Ireland, mentioned in the ninth book to have collected a force to invade the island of Ebuda.

When first the deed he heard, his noble mind
The glorious author from the dead divin'd.
Him well he knew, with him in Gallia bred,
At Charles' high court his infant years were led,
Which late he left to seek his native land.
(His father dead) the sceptre to command.
Oft had he seen the knight, and oft before
With him in converse past the social hour.
His helmet rais'd, he ran with eager pace
To fold Orlando in a warm embrace;
Nor less Orlando felt, the king to view,
And round his neck his friendly arms he threw.
Orlando to Oberto then display'd
The cruel sufferings of the fair betray'd;
From false Bireno doom'd her wrongs to mourn,
From whom she least deserv'd such base return.
What proofs Bireno of her love could boast;
For him her kindred slain, her country lost;
For him prepar'd her dearest life to yield:
All this he knew, and part himself beheld.
While thus he speaks, the gushing sorrows rise,
And trickle from the fair one's weeping eyes:
Like vernal skies her lovely visage show'd,
When, gentle showers descending from a cloud,
Frequent and soft, the Sun with cheering gleams
Darts through the watery veil his trembling beams:
As then in foliage wet with glistening dews,
Sweet Philomel her plaintive note renews;
So Cupid in her grief reviv'd appears,
And bathes his plumage in her pearly tears.
His golden shaft he kindles in the flame,
That from her pleasing eyes like lightning came,
And tempers in the crystal stream that flows
Between the lily fair and blushing rose.
His arrow now prepar'd, the bow he bends,
And at th' unguarded youth his weapon sends;
For whose defence no arms could here avail,
Nor plated shield, nor double coat of mail:
While rapt in gaze he stands, he feels the dart,
He knows not how, infix'd within his heart.
Olympia's form was such as few can find,
For every part was perfect in its kind.
Her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, her nose, her hair,
Her shoulders, neck, beyond description fair,
Her skin as ivory smooth, and white as snows,
Which yet smoothly'd winter's bosom shows!
Her lovely breast's with frequent heavings seen
As in the rustic vase the trembling cream
When gently mov'd: the licentious space between,
Like that, where frost has silver'd o'er the green,
Which some fair vale discloses to divide
Two little hills that rise on either side:
Her limbs, so truly shap'd, might justly claim
The skill of Phidias, or a greater name.
Had she been present in th' Idean grove,
And seen by Paris, though the queen of love
From either goddess beauty's triumph held,
Her charms had scarce Olympia's charms excell'd:
Nor had he sought perhaps the Spartan lands,
In breach of sacred hospitable bands;
But thus declar'd,—[14] "You fair one let me gain,
And Helen with her consort still remain."
Or had she in Croton's town been found,
When Zeuxis gather'd all the beauties round,
Culling each grace from many a naked dame,
For Juno's fane a faultless shape to frame:
She for his model had alone sufic'd,
Since all perfection was in her compris'd.
What beast will think Bireno e'er could view
Her charms unveil'd, or half his blessing knew;
So far to steel his unrelenting mind,
And leave her in that desert isle behind?
Oberto, fir'd with love, no more suppress'd
The passion struggling in his amorous breast.
He bade th' afflicted fair no longer mourn,
But hope her sorrow soon to joy might turn;
With vows t' attend her steps to Holland's shore,
And there replace her in the sovereign power;
Nor cease till in her treacherous spouse he gain'd
A just revenge for all her wrongs sustain'd.
And now he sends fair female robes to find;
Nor long they sought for robes of various kind,
Since every day the vestment there was stor'd
Of some hot virgin by the foe devour'd.
From these the king Olympia's limbs attir'd,
But could not clothe her as his soul desir'd;
For should the choicest silks from far be brought,
With every cost of art and genius wrought,
Should e'en Minerva all her skill unfold,
And Lemnos' god supply the purest gold;
Yet to th' enamour'd prince 't would scarce appear
A covering worthy for the dame to wear.
With secret joy Orlando saw confest
Th' increasing passion in Oberto's breast;
For hence he knew the monarch would be led
T' avenge her wrongs on false Bireno's head;
That thus, himself, releas'd from further stay,
No longer need his amorous search delay;
Who came not thither in her cause to prove
His prowess, but from death to save his love;
Whom vainly there he sought, nor yet could tell,
If thither brought, or what the fair befell:
For, slaughter'd by the foe's destroying hand,
Not one surviv'd of all Ebuda's band.
Next morn the king, the dame, and friendly crew,
Embarking, from the cruel port withdrew:
With these Orlando to Hibernia went,
Who thence to France his speedy voyage meant.
Scarce on the island he remain'd a day;
Not all their friendly prayers could bribe his stay:
Cupid, the wandering lover's constant guide,
No longer there permits him to reside;
Hitherto he went, he to Oberto's care
The cause intrusted of the injur'd fair:
The king, already by her quarrel fir'd,
In zeal exceeded what the earl requir'd:
A league with England and with Scotland made;
He rais'd a force the traitor to invade,
Drove him, an outcast, from the Belgic shore,
And next in Friza ruin'd all his power:
He rous'd his native Zealand to rebel,
Nor ceas'd, till in the war Bireno fell:
He fell; yet scarce his wretched life could prove
A forfeit equal to his breach of love.
Olympia soon Oberto's bride is seen,
A countess late, and now a powerful queen[15].
But let us to Orlando turn the strain;
Who sailing night and day divides the main,
Till in the port again his vessel rides,
The port from which he first had plough'd the tides:
He leaps on shore, and Brigliadoro takes,
All arm'd he mounts, and wind and sea forsakes.
Ere winter's months in due succession roll'd,
Full many an action worthy to be told,
The knight achiev'd, but blame not here the bard,
If worth conceal'd should pass without regard:

[14] The poet speaks no more of Oberto and Olympia in the course of this work.

Far readier was the Paladin to court
From deeds true glory, than those deeds report;
And never yet, without some witness near,
His great exploits had reach'd the general ear.
But when the Sun with circling course attain'd
The prudest beast that Phryxus once sustain'd[11]
Through narrow seas, and to our joyous sphere
His beams diffus'd renew'd the laughing year;
When gentle Zephyrus with genial wing
Return'd to lead again the blossom'd Spring;
Then, with the rising flowers and budding green,
Orlando's matchless fame again was seen.
On hill, on plain, on champaign, field and shore,
A tedious tract of land he journeys o'er:
When entering now a forest's gloomy shade,
Distressful cries his startled ears invade;
He grasps his sword, he spurs his fiery steed,
And to the sound impels his eager speed.
But till some future time I here suspend
The cause to tell, if you the tale attend.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Orlando, deceived by the likeness of Angelica, is drawn to the enchanted castle of Atlantes. Angelica arives at the same place, where she finds Orlando, Sacripant, Ferrau, Gradasso, and many other knights. By the virtue of her ring she delivers Orlando, Sacripant, and Ferrau, from the power of the magician. Battle between Orlando and Ferrau. Angelica leaves the combatants, and Sacripant departs in search of her. The battle being stopped between Orlando and Ferrau, they separate. Orlando meets two bands of Pagans, which he defeats: he then continues his pursuit of Angelica, and finds a damsel detain'd in a cave of outlaws.

Wars Ceres from maternal Ida flew,
And swiftly to th' accustom'd vale withdrew,
Where thunder-struck Enceladus remains,
Who burning Ætna on his limbs sustains,
And there no more her Proserpine beheld,
Sequester'd late in Enna's flowery field,
With grief she rav'd, and, frantic with despair,
Her bosom beat, and tore her golden hair:
Two pines she lighted then at Vulcan's fire,
And bade the kindled torches ne'er expire:
These, seated in her car, the goddess took,
(Two scaly dragons harness'd to her yoke)
Then search'd the fields, the mountains, plains, and woods,
The vales, the streams, the torrents and the floods;
Till having circled earth and ocean round,
She sunk beneath, and reach'd the Stygian sound.

If good Orlando power in love could claim
But equal to the Eleusinian dame[1],
No region would escape his piercing sight,
Nor lands, nor seas, nor shade of endless night:
But since forbid to guide thro' viewless air
His flying snakes; with unremitting care,
As far as man could seek, he sought the fair.
France has he search'd; and next, with ceaseless toil,
Would range the German and Italian soil;
The new and old Castile he means t' explore,
Then cross the Spanish main to Libya's shore.
Such thoughts revolving in his anxious breast,
He seem'd to hear the cries of one distress'd:
He spurr'd his steed, and soon before him spy'd
A knight upon a strong-limb'd courser ride;
Who bore by force across his saddle-bow,
A female form with every mark of woe:
She struggled in his arms, she wept, she pray'd,
And call'd Anglante's valiant prince to aid.
Now on the dame Orlando bent his view,
And well the features of her face he knew:
At least it seem'd Angelica the fair,
Whom long he sought with unavailing care.
When he, in semblance of a maid distress'd,
Beheld her image that his soul possess'd
Thus borne away,—fire flashing from his eyes,
He call'd the knight with loud and threatening cries:
He call'd aloud, and, thundering on his steed,
Let loose the reins to Brigliadoro's speed.
The felon nought reply'd, nor deign'd to stay,
But all intent upon his lovely prey,
Through the thick forest held so swift a pace,
The wind had lagg'd behind him in the race.
Thus flying, one pursuing, one pursu'd,
While shrill complainings echo'd thro' the wood,
They reach'd a mead, where in the midst appear'd
A stately pile, with various marble rear'd.
Here pass'd the stranger through the golden door,
Who in his arms the seeming virgin bore,
And soon the entrance Brigliadoro gain'd,
That fierce Orlando on his back sustain'd:
Orlando, entering, cast his eyes around,
And neither knight nor damsel more was found.
With fury fir'd, alighting from his steed,
He rushes thro' the dome with restless speed:
Now here, now there, his step impatient bends,
Till, all below explor'd, the earl ascends
The winding stairs, and round with equal pain,
Each gallery, hall, and chamber views in vain.
Of silk and gold he sees each costly bed,
Rich figur'd hangings o'er the walls are spread,
And, for the floor, the feet on tap'stry tread.
Above, below, unweary'd seeks the knight,
Yet finds not what alone can glad his sight,
Nor sees Angelica, nor him espies
Who snatch'd her beauties from his longing eyes.
While thus intent he rov'd the palace round,
Ferrau[2] and king Gradasso[3] here he found:

[11] The fable relates that Phryxus and Helle his sister flying to escape the persecutions of their step-dame, by the advice of Juno mounted upon a ram, the fleece of which was gold, and attempted to cross a narrow arm of the sea. Helle fell into the water, which was afterwards called the Hellespont; but Phryxus arrived safe at the court of Æates king of the Colchians, and there, in gratitude for his safety, sacrificed the ram, which was placed among the signs of the zodiac. The golden fleece remained in possession of Æates, and was afterwards won by Jason.

[1] The ancient poets often gave titles to their deities, derived from the several places where they were worshipped. Ceres is here called the Eleusinian dame, because in Eleusis, a city of the Athenians, her name was held in great veneration.

[2] We have not heard of this knight since book I. ver. 223, where he sees the ghost of Argalia.

[3] Gradasso was last mentioned as one of the prisoners in Atlantes' castle, delivered by Brademant, book iv. ver. 233.

King Sacripant[4] and Brandimart he view'd,
With various warriors, who like him purse'd
A fruitless search, and of the wrongs complain'd
They from the master of the dome sustain'd;
Who still, himself unseen, their sight abus'd,
Whom each of some discourteous theft accus'd.
One for his courser stol'n with anger burn'd;
Another for his ravish'd mistress mourn'd:
From various causes others there remain'd;
And many knights were weeks and months detain'd.
Still search'd Orlando round; and oft he cry'd:
"My cares, perchance, are all in vain apply'd
For him who by some secret gate withdrew,
And, distant now, defies me to pursue
The virgin fair."—Debating thus, with speed
He left the dome, and travers'd o'er the mead,
Still gazing round with downcast look to trace
What tracks of feet had lately mark'd the place.
A voice he heard, that call'd Orlando's name;
He look'd, and thought he view'd his much-lov'd dame;
That much-lov'd dame, whose beauty's power so
His manly heart, and every thought estrang'd.
High at a window stood the seeming maid,
And thus, in moving words, implor'd his aid:
"Ah! help!—I give to thy protecting care
My honour, dearer than the vital air!
Shall this vile ravisher his will pursue
Unpunish'd, in my dear Orlando's view?
Ah! rather let thy sword prevent my shame,
And save by timely death my virgin fame."
These words repeated oft in mournful strain,
Impell'd the knight with frequent steps again
T' explore the dome, by turns with anger fir'd,
By turns with vain, yet pleasing hope inspir'd.
Anon he stopp'd, anon he seem'd to hear
The well-known accents breaking on his ear.
While thus he listen'd, though th' imploring dame
Appear'd not for his needful aid to claim,
He knew not whence the sounds distressful came.
But turn we to Rogero; who pursu'd
The maid and giant through the shady wood;
Whence to a spacious mead his course he bore,
(The place to which Orlando came before)
Within the gate the tow'ring giant pass'd,
Him close behind Rogero press'd as fast;
The portal entering (wondrous to the knight)
The maid and giant vanish'd from his sight.
In every part he sought with fruitless care,
And much he marvell'd how his foe could bear
So sudden from his view the captive fair.
Through chambers, halls, and fair saloons he went,
Then search'd beneath the winding stairs' ascent;
At length he turn'd him to the neighbouring wood,
In hope—but soon a voice his steps pursu'd;
A voice, that late Angelica's knight appall'd,
And now Rogero to the dome recall'd.
The form and speech illusive that deceiv'd
Orlando, for Angelica believ'd,
To good Rogero seem'd the Dardan dame,
Whose virgin charms his amorous heart inflame.
This strange device, the like unknown before,
By old Atlantes of Carena's lore
Was fram'd, to keep Rogero safe from war,
Till past the influence of his evil star
That menac'd early death: Atlantes' power
For this had rais'd the steel-embattled tower;
For this had try'd Alcina's guileful chain,
In love the youthful champion to detain.
Not him alone, but all whose martial fame [name,
For valorous deeds had spread thro' France their
Atlantes here confin'd in magic thrall, [fall;
Lest by their hands[5] the much-lov'd youth should
And all provisions due prepar'd so well,
That knight and dames might here with pleasure dwell.
Now to Angelica the tale we bend,
Whose finger wore the ring that could defend
From deepest spells, that in her mouth convey'd
Conceal'd her person like a viewless shade.
The virgin in the cave her limbs attir'd,
And found such food as nature's wants require'd:
A mare she singled from the grazing train,
Resolv'd to view her native seats again,
Fair India's realms—and gladly would she take
King Sacripant, or brave Orlando make
Guide of her way; tho' neither knight she priz'd,
But both their amorous suits alike despis'd.
Yet bending eastward her adventurous course,
By towns and castles girt with hostile force,
Some guard she wish'd, that danger could defy,
And well their valour might her want supply;
Them long in cities, towns, and woods she sought,
Till chance at length the wandering virgin brought
Where Sacripant, and where Orlando bound
By fated spells; where join'd with those she found
Gradasso stern, Rogero and Ferrau,
And many more in abject state she saw.
The gate she fearless pass'd, to none reveal'd,
E'en from Atlantes by her ring conceal'd.
Orlando here and Sacripant she view'd,
Who thro' the dome their fruitless search pursu'd.
She knew Atlantes, by her likeness feign'd,
Orlando and king Sacripant detain'd
With covert wiles; of these she long revolv'd
The doubtful choice, and scarce at length resolv'd
On whom to fix, but stood in deep suspense,
Between Orlando and Circassia's prince.
Full well she knew Orlando's dauntless might
Could best defend her in the day of fight;
But knew not how hereafter to displace[6]
A lover thus exalted in her grace,

[4] The last we heard of this knight was when he was left by Angelica, after their duel for Angelica, book ii. ver. 136.

[5] It may appear very extraordinary, that Atlantes should bring together in one place with Rogero the knights, from some of whom he feared the prophecy might be fulfilled that threatened the young warrior's life: the commentators have observed, that during their abode in this enchanted dwelling, the knights were totally unknown to each other, and that consequently Rogero was in no danger from any national hostility; and that every person, being engaged by the spell, on his own particular loss, had no leisure to attend to Rogero, who therefore continues perfectly safe: but surely it is difficult to understand how his safety is more secured by this device of Atlantes.

[6] It appears to me that Angelica was not meant for an amiable character, but is rather a natural lively picture of, and covert satire on, the coquetry and levity of many of the fair sex; and I believe every reader will confess, through all the course of the adventures, or even in any misfortunes which befall her, that she never takes hold of the

When, danger past, she meant t' abridge his power,
Or send him back, repuls'd, to Gallia's shore:
But let her raise Circassia to the skies,
Again submissive at her foot he lies,
Should she command; and hence each reason weigh'd
Inclin'd to him the long debating maid;
Then sudden from her mouth the ring she took,
And, lo! the mist king Sacripant forsook;
But while she meant from Sacripant to draw
Th' obscuring veil, Orlando and Ferrau
She near him view'd, who both had long explor'd
The magic roof for her their souls ador'd.
Around the princess throng'd th' impatient three,
No more deny'd their lov'd-one's charms to see.
Two warriors on their breast the cuirass wore,
All arm'd in proof, their heads the helmet bore;
Nor night, nor day, they cast aside their arms,
Since first they reach'd this seat of magic charms;
Nor seem'd, by use inur'd, their limbs to feel
The weighty pressure of encumbering steel.
The third, Ferrau, in radiant mail was cas'd,
But o'er his brows no temper'd helmet lac'd:
All helmets he renounc'd, till that he gain'd
Which once Orlando's valorous arm obtain'd
From great Almontes; such the oath he took,
When for Argalia's casque he search'd the brook.
Now stood Anglante's champion at his side,
Nor him to battle yet Ferrau defy'd:
For neither (such th' illusions of the place)
While there detain'd, could in his mind retrace
The least resemblance of another's face.
Here night and day the ponderous mail they wore,
And constant on their arm the buckler bore;
In stalls at hand their harness'd coursers stood,
By plenteous cribs surcharg'd with generous food.
No longer could Atlantes' baffled power
Detain the champions captive in his tower;
Who, lightly leaping on their steeds, withdrew
In haste, the rosy damsel to pursue,
The black-ey'd virgin, bright with golden hair,
Who now to flight impell'd her gentle mare:
Displeas'd the knights she view'd, nor wish'd to prove
At once three rival-suitors for her love.
When these so far were led, she fear'd no more
Th' enchanter's arts could work their baleful power:
The ring, in danger ever prov'd her shield,
The fair between her ruby lips conceal'd;
That done, she vanish'd from their longing sight,
And mute with wonder left each gazing knight.
The wayward damsel who so late design'd
Orlando or king Sacripant to find,
Now, sudden chang'd, far other thoughts pursu'd,
And both the chiefs alike disdainful view'd,
Resolv'd to neither's arm that aid to owe,
Which, in their stead, her ring might well bestow.
Meantime the lovers, who deluded stood,
On either side amid the gloomy wood,
Alternate gaz'd: like hounds that lose the trace
Of hare or fox, which long they held in chase.
Herself invisible, the sorceful maid
Their baffled plight with secret smiles survey'd.
One only path amid the forest led,
That seem'd to point the way by which she fled.
Orlando and Ferrau with eager speed
The search pursu'd, and Sacripant his steed
As swiftly spurr'd, while left behind, the dame
Her bridle check'd, and softly pacing came.
But, branching now in tangled brakes, was lost
The winding way, that through the woodland crost:
With heedful eyes the champions sought around
What track of horses' feet had mark'd the ground:
Ferrau, of kings the proudest midst the proud,
Thus, turning tow'rds the two, exclaim'd aloud:
"Say--whither would ye go?--your course refrain--
Unless you breathless mean to press the plain.
Think not in love a rival will I view,
Or let another her I love pursue."
Then to Circassia's king Orlando spoke:
"Who dares our wrath unpunish'd thus provoke,
Must deem us, sure, a vile and abject pair,
More fit the distaff than the lance to bear.
Thou wretch!" indignant, to Ferrau he said,
"But that I view no helm defends thy head,
This arm should teach thee to repent the wrong,
And curse th' ungovern'd license of thy tongue."
To whom the Pagan—"Lo! I stand prepar'd,
Nor think my head defenceless I regard:
Tho' here without a helm, I trust full well
This hand your force united can repell."
Then thus Orlando Sacripant address'd:
"Lend him awhile your helm at my request,
Till with this weapon I chastise in fight
Th' unequall'd folly of yon boasting knight."[cry'd;
"Great were my weakness then," the monarch
"But if thou seek'st to have his wants supply'd,
Thy own bestow—nor deem me less prepar'd
Than thou, to give a fool his just reward."
Ferrau rejoin'd—"Insensate both! for know
Did I a helmet seek to meet the foe,
Yourselves had prov'd my prowess to your cost,
And each had now his casque in combat lost.
Bare-headed thus, and bound by solemn vows,
Learn, never covering must surround my brows
But what Orlando wears, the glorious prize
I seek to gain."—With smiles the earl replies:
"Wilt thou secure, with head defenceless dare
Assail the Paladin in equal war,
To win from him such honour as he won
In Aspramont from Agolante's son?
I rather deem his near approach would make
From head to foot thy frame with terrour shake;
Make thee the helmet's boasted claim forgo,
To yield thyself and weapons to the foe."
To whom the Spanish boaster thus reply'd:
"Full oft this arm Orlando's force has try'd;
When I at pleasure, not his helm alone,
But all his armour might have made my own;
Then little priz'd,—though now I seek to gain
The temper'd helm, and trust shall soon obtain."
His patience lost, enrag'd Orlando cries:
"Thou infidel! artificer of lies!
When was the time, and where the fatal ground
On which thy arms o'er mine th' advantage found?
Behold that champion, little thought so near,
Behold in me the Paladin is here!—
Prove if thy force can make this helmet thine,
Or this right hand thy shield and armour mine;
Nor seek I any vantage?"—Thus he said,
And swift the casque unlacing from his head,

heart like Bradamant, Flordelis, Isabella, and others, evidently drawn by the poet for models of female excellence.

? Both the poet and Orlando, and likewise Ferrau before, ver. 271, seem to have forgot the enchantment, by which each knight was incapable of being wounded. But one general observation will serve for all these circumstances, whenever they occur; they are such slips as will be found in every

He hung it on a tree in open view,
And Durindana from the scabbard drew.
No less Ferrau was seen his sword to wield,
While o'er his head he rais'd the fencing shield:
They rein their steeds, they strike, they ward by turns;
Their fury kindles as the combat burns.
Where best their force can plate or joint invade,
They speed the thrust or whirl the brawny blade.
Not all the world a fearless knight can show
Like each of these to meet a fearless foe:
For courage both, for prowess both renown'd,
And both alike incapable of wound.
Oft have you heard, my lord, that magic art
Secur'd Ferrau in every vital part,
Save that alone, which first the mother gives
Whilst in the womb the helpless infant lives.
Not less Anglante's knight[8], by potent charm,
Was kept in combat safe from every harm
Of weapon's edge; while pervious to the steel
His feet, beneath, the piercing wound could feel:
But each secur'd, in every bloody strife,
With double plates, the place endangering life.
Thus less for need than pomp of outward show,
They went in arms array'd against a foe.
More dreadful grew the war—Ferrau so well
His weapon aim'd, it struck, wherce'er it fell,
With point or edge: nor less at every stroke
Orlando's sword the mail in shivers broke.
There stood Angelica, conceal'd from sight,
The single witness of so fierce a fight.
For Sacripant, who deem'd the royal maid
Not far remote, amid the forest strayd,
Soon as Orlando and Ferrau he view'd
Engag'd in strife, her fancy'd course pursu'd[9].
Angelica awhile in equal scales
The conflict sees, where neither side prevails:
At length desire some new device to prove
Invites her thence the helmet to remove;
In harmless pastime, meant alone to view
What part the rival warriors would pursue.
Then in a sportive mood the casque she took,
And soon the place and combatants forsook,
Unseen of each, so eager in the fight:
At length Ferrau, who turn'd aside his sight,
First held his hand, and to Orlando said,
"Lo! how our late companion has betray'd
The faith of knights! What price for us remains,
When he, by fraud, the victor's meed obtains!"
Then on the tree Orlando bent his view;
The helm he miss'd, and fierce his anger grew;
And with Ferrau agreed, that this, in scorn
Of either's claim, Circassia thence had borne.
The earl his Brigliadoro through the wood
Impatient urg'd; as swift Ferrau pursu'd;
Till different tracks of horses' feet they found,
Left by the knight and damsel on the ground.

Here to the left his course Orlando bore,
The course Circassia's king had held before;
Ferrau, by chance, more near the mountain stray'd,
Through late worn traces of the flying maid.
Meantime the virgin to a fountain drew,
Where verdant lovers with leaves o'ershading grew:
Where pilgrims, shelter'd from the sultry beam,
With draughts refreshing from the limpid stream
Allay'd their thirst: here, fearless of surprise,[10]
Angelica (who on her ring relies
In every danger) to the bank descends,
And on a bough the glittering helm suspends;
Then seeks a place where, ty'd at ease, her heart
Might crop from flowery meads the verdant feast.
The Spanish knight, who close pursu'd the dame,
By equal windings to the fountain came,
Not unobserv'd, for instant from his sight
She vanish'd, and prepar'd her speedy flight;
But vainly strove the helmet to regain,
That roll'd to distance bounded on the plain.
When first the Pagan prince with raptur'd eyes
Beholds Angelica—he hastes, he flies
To meet the fair-one, who his hope deceives,
As some light form th' awaken'd dreamer leaves.
He seeks her round in covert, shade, and bower,
But seeks in vain—blaspheming every power,
With Trevigant and Mahonnet[11], ador'd
By Pagan votaries, as gods implor'd,
And every name his sect repeats with awe,
The priests and teachers of this impious law.
Now near the fount again the warrior drew,
And, cast on earth, Orlando's helmet knew,
By characters that round its edge explain'd
When, and from whom, the precious prize was gain'd;
While much he griev'd to lose the lovely maid,
Who unapparent, like a phantom shade,
Escap'd his sight, he seiz'd with eager haste,
And on his head the long-sought helmet plac'd.

great work; and to which, though the reference is rather common, we may always apply the words of Horace:

— aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

— sometimes good Homer sleeps.

[8] He makes Orlando and Ferrau invulnerable, according to the common fable of Achilles and Cygnus. See this matter discussed at large, book xxix. note to ver. 199.

[9] Sacripant appears again, book xxii. ver. 92.

[10] The name of Trevigant is common in the romances of chivalry and in the old ballads, where Trevigant and Mahound (Mahomet) frequently occur.

So likewise Spenser:

And oftentimes by Termagaunt and Mahound sware.
Fairy Queen, book vi. c. vii.

"Termagaunt (or as here called Trevigant) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens, in which he is constantly linked with Mahound: thus in the old Legend of Sir Guy,

So help me Mahoune of might,
And Termagaunt my god so bright.

"Perhaps Termagaunt had been a name given to some Saxon idol, and our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily Pagans and idolators, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name Termagaunt to the god of the Saracens: the French romancers, who had borrowed the word from us, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: the Italians called it Trevigante."

See Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 76, 3d edit.

One only wish remain'd yet unpossest,
To feel his mistress and in love be blest.
He search'd the woods, till every hope was lost,
Then turn'd to Paris, to the Spanish host:
But though depressing with a lover's grief,
His vow fulfill'd afforded some relief,
Since thus the helm he gain'd from great Anglante's chief.
Soon as these tidings to the earl were brought,
Long time from land to land Ferrau he sought,
Now cross'd, till from his head the prize he drew,
And him between[11] two neighbouring bridges slew.
Angelica with sad and pensive look,
Alone, invisible, her journey took:
The helmet lost employ'd her anxious mind,
Which near the fount her haste had left behind.
"My too officious care," exclaim'd the maid,
"His trusty head-piece from the earl convey'd:
And is it thus his merits I regard,
And claims from me his service such reward?
Heaven knows my secret heart! (though now th' event
Has other prov'd) my blameless purpose went
To stay the fight; but ah! I little thought
To give you brutal knight the prize he sought!"
Repentant thus she mourn'd the deed that left
Anglante's champion of his helm bereft;
And eastward journey'd, now to sight reveal'd,
Now by her ring from every eye conceal'd;
Through many a region, many a city pass'd,
Till to a lonely wood arriv'd at last,
Between two warriors slain a youth she view'd,
Whose wounded breast a crimson stream bedew'd.
But here Angelica we leave[12], and tell
What new adventures many a knight befell:
Nor of Ferrau, nor Sacripant[13] we sing,
But turns to different themes the various string.
For other task demands me to record
The valiant deeds of Brava's noble lord[14];
What long laborious search he yet sustain'd
To gain that blessing which he never gain'd,
Another casque the careful hero bought,
(For still to keep himself unknown he sought)
But not the metal, nor the temper try'd,
His fated skin the edge of steel defy'd;
Them follow'd her, whose love he held so dear,
Through every season of the changing year.
As Phœbus from the fields of Ocean drew
His smooth-hair'd coursers wet with briny dew;
What time Aurora stream'd with ruddy light,
And stars yet glimmer'd in the rear of night:
Not far remote from Paris' regal town,
Orlando gain'd new laurels of renown.
Two lands he met: one Manilardo led,
A Pagan reverenc'd for his hoary head;
Of Norway king; once gallant in the field;
But better now in arts of council skill'd.
To lead the other, with his standard came
The king of Tremizen, of mighty fame
In Afric, and Alzirdo was his name.
These troops, with all the numerous Pagan host,
In towns and castles held their winter's post;
Some near the walls, which Agramant in vain
Had waited long with powerful siege to gain;
And now resolv'd, in all the dreadful form
Of horrid war, at once assault to storm.
For this intent he summon'd every power;
Not those alone that came from Afric's shore,
Or those by king Marsilius brought from Spain;
But those which France had added to his train:
For late, from Paris' walls to Arle's flood,
He many a town in Gascony subdu'd.
When now, unchain'd from winter's icy cold,
Within their beds the murmuring currents roll'd;
When the glad meads resum'd their vivid green,
And budding leaves to deck the trees were seen;
Then gave king Agramant his wide command,
To muster all his forces, band by band:
For this the king of Tremizen in haste,
And king of Norway, o'er the country pass'd,
To lead their squadrons, where the army drew
To pass before their chiefs in just review.
When now Alzirdo had the earl espy'd,
Whose like in arms not all the world supply'd,
Whose limbs and mien beside from afar
Denounc'd defiance, like the god of war;
He deem'd him first of every martial band,
And rashly long'd to meet him hand to hand.
Young was Alzirdo, and of lofty pride,
Of daring courage, and of vigour try'd,
His social ranks, in evil hour, he left,
And spurr'd his steed, of better sense bereft,
At once the foe's prevailing force to feel,
And sink transpierc'd by great Anglante's steel.
The courser flies affrighted o'er the plains,
No master on his back to guide the reins!
Now rose a dreadful tumult, when they view'd
The youth all pale and weltering in his blood:
Some couch'd their spears, and some their falchions drew;
And on the knight with headlong fury flew;
While some with darts and arrows gall'd from far
The flower of champions in a mimic war.
As gathering round with hoarse destructive cry
Appear the swine, when from some cavern nigh
The wolf or bear, to seize their prey descends,
And with fell jaws a bleeding porker rends:
So seem'd the crew, inflam'd with barbarous spite,
And urg'd each other on t' assault the knight.
A thousand darts, and spears, and swords rebound
From his broad shield, or on his cuirass sound.
One struck behind him with a ponderous mace;
One stood beside; one met him face to face:

[11] The incident here mentioned appears no where in the Orlando Furioso, but probably Ariosto alludes to a story in some popular romance, familiar to his Italian readers, though not known to his translator. Fausto de Longiana, an Italian commentator, tells us that Ferrau was of a gigantic stature, and came over with Agramant against Charlemain, in which war he made many French nobles prisoners, but was afterwards slain by Orlando. Some say that he invaded France with twenty thousand Saracens, sent by the admiral of Babylon, that he had in himself the strength of forty men, and was stabbed by Orlando in the navel, in which part only Boyardo and Ariosto tell us that he was vulnerable. We have the testimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a noted writer of the fifteenth century, that there was a Moorish Spaniard, named Ferrau, a redoubted champion of the age of Charlemain.

[12] He returns to Angelica in the sixth book, ver. 122.

[13] Ferrau appears again in the review of the Pagan army, book xiv. ver. 111; and Sacripant is spoken of, book xxvii. ver. 92.

[14] Orlando.

But he who ne'er a thought of fear allow'd,
With careless eye beheld th' ignoble crowd:
Thus, leaping o'er the fence in nightly fields,
A wolf the number of the sheep beholds.
His hand was seen the thundering sword to wield,
By which such numerous Pagans press'd the field.
Hard were the task, amid the throng, to tell
The warriors that beneath his weapon fell!
A purple torrent all the plain o'erflow'd,
That scarce suffic'd to bear the ghastly load.
No quilted vest, nor fencing turban roll'd
Around the head in many a winding fold,
Nor plated shield, nor temper'd casque defends,
Where Durindana's trenchant edge descends.
Loud groans and cries the dying soldiers yield,
And heads and arms are scatter'd o'er the field.
Death stalks amidst the crimson ranks of fight,
In various forms, all horrible to sight;
"Yon weapon in Orlando's hand," he cries,
"With my fell scythe in copious slaughter vies!"
The wounded fly, nor longer will await
A second wound, but fear the stroke of fate;
While those who thought a single knight to make
Their easy conquest, now the plain forsake.
Nor one remains with him his dearest friend to take.
Regardless of the way, with fearful speed
This flies his feet, that spurs his rapid steed.
Lo! Virtue bears her mirror in the field,
Which every blemish of the soul reveal'd:
None look'd therein, except a hoary sire;
Age shrunk his nerves, but could not damp his fire:
He saw 'twas nobler far in fight to die,
Than with dishonour turn his back to fly.
This sage was Norway's king, who grasp'd his lance,
And fearless met the matchless peer of France.
Against the shield's round boss the weapon broke;
Unmov'd the Paladin receiv'd the stroke.
As Mandardo pass'd, Orlando slim'd
His deadly falchion that like lightning flam'd;
But fortune favour'd here the king so well,
The blade fell flat, yet with such fury fell,
The reverend warrior senseless lay for dead,
And swooning darkness o'er his eye-balls spread.
Orlando left him there, and eager flew
To chase the remnant of the dying crew.
As birds affrighted wing their airy way,
When the fierce hawk pursues his trembling prey:
So far'd these bands before the Christian knight,
Some maim'd, some slain, and some disperc'd in flight.
Orlando now, tho' well the land he knew,
Uncertain where his mistress to pursue;
To left or right, where'er his course inclin'd,
On other parts still ran his anxious mind;
Through woods, through plains, he sought the beauteous dame,
Till near a mountain's craggy steep he came;
Thence, from a cleft, a stream of yellow light
Pierc'd the dun shadows of surrounding night.
As in the shelter which the bushes yield,
Or midst the stubble of the new-reap'd field,
In brake or dell, th' unweary'd hunter's care
Winds the deep mazes of the fearful hare:
So, with a beating heart, by hope betray'd,
The knight, who saw the sudden gleam that play'd
Amidst the trees, the hill explor'd, and found
A spacious cavern hewn within the ground,
The mouth with brambles fenc'd; a safe retreat
For those that fix'd in woods their rustic seat
From human haunts!—the taper's ray reveal'd
With glimmering light the cave by day conceal'd.
Orlando, while he mus'd what savage race
Might there reside, resolv'd t' explore the place.
His Brigliadoro first securely ty'd,
He clear'd the branches that across deny'd;
Then in the tomb, that held the living, went
By many steps a narrow deep descent.
Large was the cave, but scarce at noon of day
The winding mouth receiv'd a feeble ray;
Yet from an opening to the right appear'd
A beam of sunshine that the dwelling cheer'd.
Here, seated near a blazing hearth, he found,
In budding prime, a tender virgin crown'd
With beauty that might every heart entice,
And make this gloomy grot a Paradise;
Though in her eyes the starting tear confess'd
Some hidden anguish rankling in her breast.
With her an aged beldame seem'd to jar
(As women oft are wont) in wordy war:
But when Orlando in their presence came,
Each held her peace: the knight to either dame
Fair greeting gave, as one whose noble mind
Was ever gentle to the gentle kind.
They rising sudden, his salute repaid,
Though each at first appear'd with looks dismay'd,
To hear his voice, and entering there behold
A man all arm'd whose mien might freeze the bold.
With wonder fill'd, Orlando sought to know
What savage wretch, to human race a foe,
Could keep entomb'd in such a lonely place,
The sweet attractions of such virgin grace.
Scarce to the knight the damsel can reply,
Her words cut short by many a heavy sigh,
Which from her coral lip her griefs exhale,
While still she strives to speak her woeful tale.
Tears stain her lovely cheek; as oft we view
The rose and lily wet with morning dew.
Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows,
For time requires that here the book we close.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Isabella relates her story to Orlando, who delivers her from the outlaws. Bradamant, lamenting for the absence of Rogero, is comforted by Melissa, and instructed how she may set him at liberty from the castle of Atlantes. Melissa, at the request of Bradamant, tells her the names of many illustrious women that are to descend from her race. She then conducts her near the castle of Atlantes, and takes leave of her. Agramant prepares to muster his forces.

Rare venturous were the knights of old renown'd,
Who in the desert shade, the vales profound,
The gloomy cavern, or the forest dell,
Where serpents, bears, and roaring lions dwell,
Found many a dame of such exalted mien,
As rarely now in palaces are seen,
Who, in their earliest bloom of charms, might bear
The prize from all—the fairest of the fair.
I told how to Orlando was reveal'd
A tender virgin in a cave conceal'd,
Of whom he sought the hidden cause to know
That kept her there; and now with heart-felt woe,
She spoke her griefs, enforc'd by many a sigh,
And made, in pleasing accents, this reply:

"Though, courteous knight, my mournful tale disclos'd,
To certain punishment I stand expos'd,
Since yonder woman will my words relate
To him, who holds me in this captive state;
Yet let it come—what can I fear his hand,
More grateful than the stroke of death demand? 20
Hear first, that Isabella's name I own,
Daughter of him who fills Galicia's throne:
Once was I his—but now, alas! the heir
Of desolation, sorrow, and despair!
From love I trace the cause of all my smart,
From love, that steals the virgin's gentle heart.
Once was I young and beauteous, rich and blest,
Now poor and low, with fortune's frowns oppress.
Yet let me, undisguis'd, sir Knight, disclose
The early cause of all my present woes; 30
And should you fail to care, at least my grief
May from your generous pity first relief.

"Twelve months are past, since in Bayona's land
My royal sire a tournament ordain'd,
To which, invited by the trump of fame,
From various regions various champions came.
But, whether love misled my partial mind,
Or that his virtues o'er the warrior kind
So brightly blaz'd—Zerbino[1] singly won
My soul's dear praise. Zerbino only son 40
To Scotland's king, whose knightly feats of arms
My throbbing bosom fill'd with soft alarms.
I lov'd—yet happy seem'd to place my heart
Upon an object of such high desert.
Zerbino, every kind my eyes beheld,
In comely form and bravery excell'd.
Not less sincere than mine his passion glow'd;
And though forbid to meet, our flames we vow'd
By message oft, and while we liv'd disjoin'd,
We felt the tenderest union of the mind. 50

"Zerbino now, when clos'd the solemn feast,
To Scotland's realm again his course address'd.
If e'er your soul the hour of parting knew,
Reflect what sorrow must his loss ensue.
He night and day was present to my thought;
While like affection in his bosom wrought,
And bade him every secret means employ
With my lov'd sight to crown his future joy.
Our different faiths forbade him to require
My hand in marriage of the king my sire. 60
A Pagan I, and he a Christian bred;
With open rites he ne'er must hope to wed
Galicia's princess; hence his fearless mind
To bear me from my native land design'd.

"Oft in a garden, deck'd with summer's pride,
Where near the gay parterres a crystal tide
Meandering roll'd, upon the banks I stood,
And view'd afar the hills and surgy flood.
This place t' effect his bold design he chose,
That nothing might our union more oppose: 70
To me his secret thoughts he first declar'd,
Then, well equipp'd, a rapid bark prepar'd,
By Odorico the Biscayan's care,
On sea and land a master of the war.
Zerbino, by his aged father sent,
With all his powers in aid of Gallia went:
Himself forbid to stay, he left behind
This Odorico, and to him consign'd
Th' important charge: as one he still had found
By every act of love and duty bound; 80
On whom he deem'd his friendship might rely,
If benefits conferr'd could fix the tye.

"Now, in my garden, on th' appointed day,
Till night I stay'd, a voluntary prey:
When Odorico near the city drew,
And up the river with his chosen few,
Advancing silent, sudden leapt on shore,
And me in triumph to his galley bore,
Ere yet the tumult had the town alarm'd;
My household train, affrighted and unarm'd, 90
Part in the skirmish fell, while others fled,
And part, surpris'd, with me were captive led.
Joyful I bade my native soil adieu,
In hopes my lov'd Zerbino soon to view.
Scarce had our ship the cape of Mongia past,
When, rising from the left, a stormy blast
Drove clouds on clouds, made mountain-surges rise
And dash their spumy foreheads in the skies.
While from her track the wind our vessel bore,
And gather'd strength with every dreadful hour:

[1] "A Scotch author, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his History of Scotland says, that though Ariosto did not know him personally, he complimented the virtues of James V. in the character of Zerbino; and having cited Ariosto, he adds some verses from Ronsard in praise of that prince. Another author says, that when James V. married the duke of Guise's daughter, he made an excursion from France into Italy, and became acquainted with Ariosto. James was a most accomplished prince: Latin was, in his time, the favourite study of Scotland, and to the utmost gallantry of disposition he added a singular love for polite literature, and was himself a poet. Christ Kirk on the Green, and some of his other ballads, contain genuine description and humour. James died, at the age of thirty-one or two, of grief. Just as his army was going to give battle to the English, he sent one Oliver Sinclair, his favourite, with a commission to supersede the general; upon which the whole army yielded themselves prisoners of war, without one blow being struck: his high spirit could not brook this affront, and he expired in a few days in the fever of indignation."

For the above note I am indebted to my friend Mr. Mickle, the excellent translator of Camoëns; but on further examination of the matter, there appeared a great objection to the account of Drummond. James died in the year 1542 or 1543, being then thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, so that when Ariosto published his Furioso in 1515, James was only five or six years old; unless we suppose that any characteristic compliment was inserted by the author in the last edition, which passage may be cited by Drummond. The last edition published in the life of the poet was in 1532, at which time James was about twenty-one years of age, but had not entered upon public life, being detained in the power of the earl of Angus. With respect to the journey made by James into Italy, mentioned by the other author, on the prince's marriage with the duke of Guise's daughter, it is certain this marriage did not take place till about the year 1539, and that Ariosto died in 1533. Hence we may observe, how little dependence is to be had on these kind of stories so readily adopted by the partiality of historians, to do honour to a favourite national character.

See Hume's History of England, vol. iv. oct. edit.

Not all the sailors' art could stem the tide,
Nor could the cordage work the bark to guide:
In vain we strike the sail against the mast,
We bind the courses, from the deck we cast
Each useless load; we find, as thus we strive,
Our ship against the rocks of Rochelle drive.
Swift as a shaft before the storm it drove,
And none could save, but he who rules above!
"Struck with our peril, the Biscayan try'd
A last resource, too oft in vain apply'd:
With him he bade me from the ship descend,
And to the shallow skiff our lives commend.
Two more descended; and a numerous band
As soon had follow'd, but with sword in hand
Compell'd, alas! their entrance we deny'd,
Our cable cut, and floated on the tide,
Till safe we landed on the rocky coast;
But with the vessel wreck'd the crew were lost
And all her freight—my hands to Heaven I rais'd,
And for my life preserv'd my Maker prais'd,
Who left me not to perish far from shore,
And never see my dear Zerbino more.
Though with the sinking ship remain'd behind
My vests and jewels, wealth of every kind,
Yet blest with hopes to find my prince again,
Unmov'd I saw them swallow'd by the main.
"Wild was the land, uncultivate and rude,
Nor track of feet, nor roofs of men we view'd;
Nought but a mountain, round whose craggy brow
The loud winds blew, the billows roar'd below.
"Here cruel Love, that false perfidious boy,
Prompt to deceive, and watchful to destroy,
With suit dishonest, by his froward will,
My joy to sorrow chang'd, my good to ill.
That friend, in whom his trust Zerbino plac'd,
Froze in his faith, and burst with flames unchaste.
Whether at sea he felt th' unhallow'd fire,
But durst not then avow his black desire:
Or whether this remote and lonely place
Inspir'd his bosom with a thought so base:
The traitor now a secret plan revolv'd,
T' accomplish what his impious soul resolv'd;
And hence of two that 'scap'd with us the flood
Would one dismiss, a youth of Scottish blood,
Almonio nam'd, and by Zerbino lov'd,
In faith unsully'd, as in arms approv'd:
Him Odorico bade to weigh the shame,
Should they to Rochelle's walls a princely dame
On foot convey; and begg'd him hence with speed
From Rochelle to supply our present need.
"Almonio, fearing nought, his course pursu'd
To where, conceal'd from view beyond the wood,
Six miles remote, the peopled city stood.
His friend remain'd: to him the traitor meant
Without disguise t' unveil his foul intent:
Corebo of Bilbon was his name;
Whom Odorico, nothing aw'd by shame,
Would tempt to break his faith; with him he led
His early life; with him from childhood bred,
He hop'd to see him prize his friend's desire
Above the ties that virtue might require.
Corebo, great of soul, and nobly born,
Abhorr'd the deed, and with indignant scorn
Reproach'd his breach of faith, and firmly strove
By every means t' oppose his impious love.
From threat to threat increasing passion grew
In either breast, till each his weapon drew:
When, struck with terrour to behold the fight,
I turn'd me to the woods in speedy flight.
"Soon Odorico, long to battle train'd,
By skill superior, such advantage gain'd,
He left Corebo on the ground for dead.
And follow'd me who thence so swiftly fled.
Love surely lent him pinions to pursue;
Love taught his tongue with soothing speech to woo;
But fruitless all—for rather than comply
With such desires, I stood resolv'd to die.
When prayers, and threats, and flatteries nought avail'd,
With open force my honour he assail'd.
In vain I wept—implor'd—in vain I press'd
The sacred friendship to his lord profess'd;
Bade him reflect that to his faith sincere
Zerbino trusted all he held most dear,
Entreaties lost, and every hope of aid
Far, far remote to save a wretched maid;
While he with impious rage and force increas'd,
Assail'd my virtue like some ravenous beast,
With hands and feet in my defence I strove,
With teeth and nails repuls'd his brutal love:
His hair and beard I tore, his flesh I rent,
And pierc'd with shrieks the vaulted firmament.
I know not if by fortune thither led,
Or by my voice that round the country spread
Its piercing notes; or wont to scour the strand
When vessels bulg'd, or strew'd with wrecks the sand;
But from the summit of the hill I spy'd
A crew descending to the ocean's side:
Th' impure Biscayan, seiz'd with guilty fright,
His purpose left, to save himself by flight.
Behold me by this hand in happy hour
Preserv'd, my lord, from that false traitor's power,
Yet but preserv'd the proverb to fulfil;
'Who 'scapes one mischief meets another still.'
'T is true—I am not yet so curst to find
My honour wrong'd, though this degenerate kind
No virtues hold in awe; but thirst of gain
Incites them from my person to abstain,
Which kept, as now, in maiden lustre pure,
Will for my purchase ample sums secure.
Eight months elaps'd, I see the ninth arrive,
Since here I wretched dwell entomb'd alive.
All hopes of my Zerbino now must fail—
From these I learn, my beauty set to sale,
And terms agreed, a merchant will receive,
And me, unhappy, to the Soldan give."
So spoke the lovely maid, and as she spoke,
Sighs following sighs her angel speeches broke:
Her tender grief compassion might infuse
In asps and tigers, while she thus renews
Her tender sorrows, or in plaintive strain
Allays the anguish of her secret pain.
Thus they; when sudden in the cave appears
A crew with knotty clubs, with staves and spears:
Th' ill favour'd leader of the brutal crew
His single eye around the cavern threw;
A wound that chanc'd upon his face to light,
Had crept his nose and clos'd one eye in night.
Soon as he saw the chief, who listening sate
To hear the virgin-fair her tale relate,
He turn'd, and joyful to his fellows said:
"Behold a bird for whom no net was spread!"
Then to the earl—"For me in luckier hour
No stranger ever reach'd this place before:
Thou mayst have heard I long have sought in vain,
Such radiant arms and vest like thine to gain:
And gladly I behold thee thus at hand,
To answer now whate'er my wants demand."
Swift starting from his seat with noble pride,
Orlando smil'd severe, and thus reply'd:
"These arms I value at a price so high,
Who hopes their purchase must full dearly buy."
Then from the blazing hearth a brand he took,
All red with fire and hissing from the smoke,

And sudden threw—above the caitiff's nose,
By chance it strikes between the meeting brows;
And instant quenches in eternal night
His only wretched minister of light;
And sends his ghost to join the dreary train
By Charon[3] doom'd to lakes of fiery pain.
A table, form'd in square, of ponderous wood,
Of size capacious, in the cavern stood;
Which, ill-sustain'd with rude misshapen feet,
The thief and all his fellows held at meat:
Easy, as from his hand dismist in air,
The dextrous Spaniard sends the cane afar[3],
Wondrous to tell! this weight Orlando threw,
Where throng'd together press'd th' ungodly crew.
The shatter'd limb, crush'd head, and gory breast,
The crackling bone the thundering mass confess'd;
Some cripple every part, some slain outright:
Who least is hurt attempts to 'scape by flight.
So when in clustering knot, a snaky brood,
Reviving joyful with the spring renew'd,
Bask in the sun, if by some peasant thrown
Amidst them lights a huge unwieldy stone,
On all the curling heap what mischief flies!
This leaves his sever'd tail; that, mangled dies:
Another crush'd and bruis'd attempts with pain
To drag behind his sinuous length of train:
Another happier 'midst the grassy way
Escapes, and hissing glides anew for prey.
Such was the havoc here—less strange to tell,
Since from Orlando's arm the ruin fell.
Good Turpin's page declares that sev'n alone
Escap'd the weight by fierce Orlando thrown.
While to their feet their safety these commend,
The champion stands the passage to defend;
With pointed arms he drags them forth to view,
Where with thick boughs an aged service[4] grew:
The leaves he clears, and hangs them quivering there
A living prey to all the fowls of air.
Nor needs he iron bands, or strong link'd chain,
To purge the Earth of such an impious train;
The tree its branches yields, with these supply'd,
Orlando by the neck the struggling wretches ty'd.
That aged baldame, to the thieves a friend,
Who saw their ill-spent lives disastrous end,
With shrieks and outcries, tearing from her head
The hoary hairs, to woods and deserts fled;
Till near a stream she met, as chance befel,
A knight, whose name[5] I here forbear to tell,
And turn to her, who still Orlando pray'd
With guardian power to watch a helpless maid;
And vow'd her steps should all his steps attend:
The noble warrior, like a tender friend,
Her sorrows sooth'd; and when Aurora drest
In rosy garland and in purple vest,
Resum'd her wonted track through morning air,
The knight departs with Isabella fair.
Then many a day they journey'd ere befel
Adventures worthy of the Muse to tell.
At length, amidst a mingled crew, they found
A champion dragg'd along, in fetters bound.
To Anon's daughter now[6] we change the strain,
To her, whom late we left in amorous pain.
The valiant maid, whom every breast must mourn,
Who vainly hopes Rogero's swift return,
Still near Marseilles resides in anxious woe,
And every day annoys the Pagan foe,
That wide o'er hill and dale with plundering hands
O'er-run Provence and all the neighbouring lands,
Where the bright maid a great example gave,
Of prudent leader as of warrior brave.
Long has the time elaps'd that to her sight
Should once again restore her dearest knight;
In dread suspense, a thousand thoughts molest,
For lov'd Rogero's stay, her tender breast.
One day, of many a day, retir'd to mourn
Her fate alone, she sees that dame return,
Who in the wondrous ring the med'cine bore,
To heal the heart that felt Alcina's power.
But when (such tedious hours of absence past)
She sees her come without the knight at last,
Swift from her cheek the fading roses fly,
And scarce her trembling knees their aid supply.
Soon as th' enchantress sees the virgin's fear,
She hastes to meet her with reviving cheer,
Where every look such speaking comfort wears,
As his are wont who happy tidings bears.
"Let no vain doubts," she cry'd, "thy bosom shake;
Rogero lives, and lives but for thy sake;
Yet lives, compell'd his freedom to forgo,
Again the prisoner to thy constant foe.
Now wouldst thou seek him, mount thy ready steed
Without delay, and follow where I lead.
Soon shalt thou, virgin, well instructed see
The means to set thy lov'd Rogero free."
This said; she all the magic guile declar'd
Which for the knight Atlantes had prepar'd,
Who Bradamant's resembling features wore,
The seeming captive in a giant's power,
When to th' enchanted dome the youth he drew,
Then instant vanish'd from his wondering view;
And how, with like device, th' enchanter wrought
On knights and damsels to his castle brought;
Who from his sight such various passions prov'd;
Who view'd in him, by strange deception mov'd,
Friend, squire, companion, steed, or dame belov'd.
Urg'd by delusive hope they fondly trace,
With ceaseless toil, the visionary place.
"Soon as thy feet," she cries, "shall reach the land
Where, near, the wondrous pile is seen to stand,

[3] Of these burning lakes in which thieves and murderers are punished, an account is given in Dante, Canto xxv of his Inferno; where he assigns to these the seventh gulf, and where, he tells us, Chiron the Centaur, and his companions, stand armed with darts, which they shoot at the damned, as often as they attempt to escape from the lake of torment. Some commentators read in this passage of Ariosto, Chiron instead of Charon. Zatta, in the last edition of 1772, tells us, that in the editions of 1516 and 1532, both corrected by the author, it is printed Chiron and not Charon; and Fornari, in his commentary, gives it Chiron.

[3] The poet alludes to an exercise used among the Spaniards, requiring much dexterity and agility; it was performed on horseback, and consisted chiefly in throwing canes or reeds to a great distance.

[4] *Vecchio sorbo*—a tree bearing a fruit like a pear or medlar.

[5] He resumes this story, Book xx. ver. 779.

[6] He returns to Orlando and Isabella, Book xxiii. ver. 386.

Th' enchanter shalt thou meet, who to thy sight
Will seem thy love, opprest by stronger might;
But lest, by magic guile, thou here shouldst fall
In snares, that till this hour have fetter'd all,
Distrust thy sense, and when thou see'st him nigh,
Unsheath thy sword, and bid the traitor die.
Nor think of life Rogero to deprive,
But him from whom thy woes their source derive.
Hard must it prove to aim the mortal blow
On him whose looks thy knight's resemblance show:
Then ere I lead thee hence you dome to find,
Firm to the purpose steel thy constant mind,
For ne'er to thee may Fate Rogero give,
If through thy weakness now thy foe should live."
The warlike virgin, with determin'd will
To free her lover and the sorc'rer kill,
Appears in arms, impatient to pursue
Her guiding steps whose truth so well she knew.
Melissa leads her thence with eager haste,
O'er many a cultur'd land and dreary waste,
Thro' wood and lawn; while sage discourse beguiles
The tedious journey, and relieves their toils.
Much of the virgin's race th' enchantress tells,
On this, her lov'd, her favourite theme, she dwells:
That from Rogero and herself should rise
Heroes and demi-gods to claim the skies.
As to Melissa every power was given
To view the secrets of mysterious Heaven;
Her searching eye could each event presage,
Long hence decreed in time's succeeding page.
"O friend approv'd! O ever prudent guide!"
Thus to the prophetess the virgin cry'd,
"Whose art has many a famous man foretold,
My unborn sons, when years on years have roll'd:
Vouchsafe to speak of some illustrious dame
(If such my line may boast) whose future fame
Among the virtuous and the fair may rise."
She ceas'd—the matron mildly thus replies:
"Great dames from thee descend, of whom shall spring
The potent emperor and sceptred king;
All these, in sweeping vest, have equal praise
With crested knights, that bright in armour blaze:
For wisdom, piety, and courage, crown'd
With fame, but most for chastity renown'd.
Hard task to name, where many stand so high,
Not one I see to pass in silence by.
Yet, midst a thousand, let me (to pursue
What time permits) select the nobler few.
O! hadst thou in the cave thy thoughts display'd,
Thine eyes had then each passing form survey'd.
"See! from thy glorious stem a dame descend,
To virtuous deeds and liberal arts a friend:
With her for grace and beauty rests the prize,
Chaste with the chastest, with the wisest wise;
Fam'd Isabella[7], whose resplendent light
Shall gild with equal beams, by day, or night,
The walls which Mincius' silver waters lave,
The land whose title[8] Ocnus' mother gave.

There shall she long a bright example give,
And, with her lord, in sweet contention live,
Who best shall rear, who dearest Virtue hold,
Who widest of Benevolence unfold
The sacred gates: in Rheims or Taro's land,
While Gauls repuls'd confess his conquering hand,
She, like Penelope, the purest dame,
Not less than her Ulysses lives to fame.
Of her great things, and many I reveal,
Compris'd in little space, but more conceal,
Which when I left the busy world, and sought
The cavern'd dome, prophetic Merlin taught.
In this vast ocean should my vessel dare,
Not Tiphys' voyage[9] could with mine compare.
Let this suffice—what Virtue can bestow
Of good or great, shall Isabella know.
Nor less her sister Beatrice[10] shall claim
Each gift, that well befits a sister's name;
Blest is herself, shall equal bliss afford
To all around, but chief her plighted lord;
Who, at her death, a sad reverse shall know,
And sink from height of bliss to depth of woe:
While she survives, Calabria's earls remain,
Unquell'd, with Moro and with Sforza gain
A dreadful name, from Hyperborean snows
To where remote the gulf of Persia flows
O'er ruddy sands—from India's farthest bound
To where your seas in Gades' straits resound,
Her death lamented shall reverse their fate,
And whelm, with them, in bonds th' Insubrian state.
All Italy its sufferings shall deplore,
And wisdom like her own be seen no more.
Before her birth shall many a matron claim
With worth no less the like illustrious name.
Of these must one (a dame rever'd) enclose
With fair Pannonia's crown her honour'd brows:
And one, when low in earth[11] her frail remains
She leaves behind, shall on th' Ausonian plains
Amidst the saints with hallow'd rites be plac'd,
Her votive shrine with gifts and incense grac'd.
The rest I pass—though each might singly ask
The lofty trump, and all the Muse's task.
Still in my breast I bear each generous dame,
Of Constance', Lucrece', and Bianca's name;

[7] Isabella, the wife of Francisco Gonzaga, who was general of the Venetians against Charles VIII. in aid of the Genoese: she was daughter to the first Hercules duke of Ferrara, and sister to Alphonso and Hippolito, a lady of great qualities and virtue. Porcacchi, Eugenico.

[8] He means Mantua, built by the fairy Manto, mother of Ocnus, according to the words which he puts in the fairy's mouth, Book xliii. ver. 723, in the tale of Adonio:

Lo! I, whom men the fairy Manto call,
Who founded first yon city's favour'd wall,
Which thou must oft have heard from flying fame
Has since been Mantua call'd from Manto's name.

Some say that this city was founded by her son.

[9] Tiphys was pilot of the ship Argo, in which the Argonauts sailed with Jason to Colchis for the conquest of the golden fleece: he was esteemed the most expert navigator of his age.

[10] Beatrice was daughter of duke Hercules, wife of Ludovico Sforza, surnamed Il Moro, duke of Milan. This lady was a woman of great spirit, and interfered, rather more than became her sex, in matters of government. She died in the year 1476, in child-bed, and not long after Ludovico lost his dukedom under Louis XII. Eugenico.

[11] Beatrice of Este, esteemed a saint, and whose body was deposited in the mountains of Padua, in a place called Gasola, four miles from Este, where, on the top of a hill, was a nunnery richly endowed. Porcacchi.

All that through wide Italia's states shall shine,
Mothers and saviours of their noble line.
Above each favour'd race thy house shall most
In female issue glorious fortune boast:
Each mother in her sons not happier found,
Than each fair consort in her spouse renown'd: 460
"Behold Richarda[12], left in widow'd youth,
Pattern of courage and connubial truth;
Left by her lord in luckless hour behind
To Fortune's frowns, which oft the virtuous find.
She sees her sons deprive'd of native home,
And exil'd far in foreign regions roam:
Left in the hands of their insulting foe,
Till all their wrongs a happy period know.
Nor midst these heroines I forget to place
Th' illustrious queen[13] of Aragonian race; 470
Than whom, for chaste reserve and counsel sage,
None more adorn'd the Greek or Roman page.
Not one shall more the smiles of Fortune see;
She, mother of a beauteous progeny,
Shall with Alphonso give, to bless the earth,
Hippolito and Isabella birth:
This shall be Leonora—doom'd to twine
(So Heaven decrees) her happy branch with thine.
How shall my words an equal tribute raise
To her, the next in order, next in praise? 480
Lucretia Borgia[14]—who in beauty's power,
In virtue, fortune, and in fame shall soar
Above her sex—who spreads her fostering shade
Like the green sapling in a fruitful glade.
As dross to gold, as lead to silver shows;
The field-bred poppy to the garden rose;
The willow pale to ever verdant bays;
Or painted crystal to the diamond's blaze:
E'en so to her, of whom unborn I tell,
Shall each appear that else might most excel. 490
Of every virtue, whose transcendent fame
Shall grace, alive or dead, her spotless name,
Be this the chief, her Hercules to raise
With all her sons to deeds of martial praise;
To plant the seeds that future wreaths may yield
To bind their brows in council and in field.
Nor must I here Renata[15] fail to place,
(Lucretia's near ally'd) of Gallia's race,

Of Lewis born (the twelfth that bears the name)
And her, of Brittany the lasting fame. 500
Each virtue woman has been found to know,
Since fire was seen to burn, or streams to flow,
Since yon bright orbs have circled round the pole,
I see compris'd in fair Renata's soul.
Of noble Alda (Saxon born) to tell
I pass; nor on Celano's countess dwell:
Bianca sage, in Catalonia bred,
The royal offspring of Sicilia's bed;
And lovely Lippa, of Bologna's strain,
With numbers more that yet untold remain: 510
For should I singly count their praises o'er,
I venture on a sea without a shore."
Thus to the listening maid the dame reveal'd
Names yet in Time's remotest womb conceal'd:
At length, arriving where Atlantes made
His near abode, her course Melissa stay'd;
Nor would she further now her way pursue,
But shunn'd to meet the false enchanter's view:
Then having warn'd the dame, and urg'd once more
Her pressing counsel, urg'd so oft before, 520
Her leave she took—the martial maid alone
Pursu'd a narrow track her guide had shown.
Not far she rode, when lo! before her sight
Appear'd the likeness of her much-lov'd knight,
Her dear Rogero, clos'd in fight between
Two mighty giants, who with dreadful mien
Wield their huge weapons, while he pants for breath,
And seems just sinking in the jaws of death.
Soon as the virgin sees so sorely prest
One, in whose form Rogero stands confest, 530
Her faith is vanish'd, new suspicion wakes,
And every late resolve her breast forsakes.
She thinks through hatred to Rogero grown
From some strange cause, from some offence unknown,
Melissa this unheard-of snare had spread,
By her, who lov'd him, to behold him dead.
"Is that Rogero," to herself she cries,
"Still at my heart—and sure before my eyes?
If 't is not him I see—if thus deceiv'd—
Henceforth can aught be known or aught believ'd? 541
And shall I (every certain sense deny'd)
Too blindly in another's faith confide?
Unseen my sympathising heart can tell,
If near or absent he I love so well."
While thus she thinks, she hears or seems to hear
Rogero's well-known voice assail her ear
Imploring help—and now she sees him wheel
His courser round, and with the goring steel
Urge all his haste, while each gigantic foe
As swift pursues: nor was the virgin slow 550
To mark their course, but urges all her speed
Till at the magic gate she checks her steed.
No sooner enter'd, but Atlantes' wile
Involves her senses in the common guile.
In vain her search, now here, now there she bends,
Explores each part below, and now ascends.
Nor day nor night her anxious rest she took,
Yet oft the virgin with Rogero spoke,

[12] This Richarda might justly be called an example of fortitude. She was daughter of a marquis of Salazzo, and wife of Nicholas of Este: being left a widow, she saw the inheritance of Hercules seized by Lionello and Borso, and her sons expelled and driven in search of some new establishment; all which she supported with the utmost courage. Hercules retired to the court of Alphonso of Aragon, till by a change of fortune he was put in possession of the government.
Porcacchi, Eugenico.

[13] Duke Hercules retiring to the court of Alphonso, by his virtue and valour gained to wife Leonora, daughter of Ferrando king of Naples: by her he had three children, Hippolito, Alphonso, and Isabella, here celebrated by Ariosto.

[14] Daughter of Pope Alexander VI. of the house of Borgia. Her first husband was Giovanni Sforza, lord of Pesaro: her second was Alfonso of Aragon, natural son of king Alphonso, and after his death she married Alphonso duke of Ferrara. Eugenico.

[15] Lewis XII., after he came into possession of the realm of France, having divorced his first wife, who was sister to Charles VIII., he married Anna the daughter of Francis duke of Bretagne, with a view to gain the hereditary dominions which that princess held from her father. Of Lewis and Anna was born this Renata, who was daughter-in-law to Lucretia Borgia. Eugenico.

And oft they met, though neither (strange to tell)
The other knew—so strong the magic spell!
Here leave we Bradamant[18], nor vex thy mind
To leave her thus by fraudful spells confin'd:
When time shall serve, behold the charm we break,
And lock the lovers from their bondage take.
As, at the board with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after cate allures the tickening taste;
So, while my Muse repeats her varied strains,
Tale following tale the listening ear detains.
Full many a thread my busy fingers weave,
To form the various web my thoughts conceive.
Then hear, how drawn from every winter's post,
Before king Agramant the Moorish host
Pass in review, by different names enroll'd,
And throat with arms the fleur de lys of gold.
From these what gallant leaders late were lost,
Of Æthiopia, Spain, and Libya's coast!
These to replace, with all the unnumber'd train
That breathless lie on many a well-fought plain,
Marsilius calls from Spain his subject powers,
And Agramant from Afric's distant shores,
Appointing each, to every marshall'd band,
(As need requires) new leaders to command.
Here cease, my lord—the tale awhile we close;
Th' ensuing book their names and order shows.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The review of the Pagan forces by Agramant and Marsilius: names and characters of the several leaders. First appearance of Mandricardo, king of Tartary: he hears of the defeat of the two bands by Orlando, and engages to go in search of that knight: in his way he meets with Doralis, daughter to the king of Granada, betrothed to Rodomont; he attacks her guard, and carries her off by force. In the mean while Agramant prepares for a general assault of Paris: the behaviour of the emperor Charles upon the occasion: God commands his angel, with the assistance of Silence, to conduct the Christian army under Rinaldo to the walls of Paris, and bids him send Discord amongst the Pagans. Description of the house of Sleep. Agramant begins the assault: the appearance of Rodomont, king of Sarza, who is the first to win the works, and makes a dreadful slaughter of the Christians: the gallant defence made by the besieged.

In many a fierce assault and cruel fight,
When Spain and Afric prov'd with France their
might,
Unnumber'd warriors pale and breathless lay,
To hungry wolves and ravenous birds a prey!
But while the Gallic legions, to their cost,
The Pagans met, and mourn'd the battle lost,
The boastful foes, though victors from the plain,
More wept their valiant chiefs and princes slain.
Such, great Alphonso, if the verse may dare
With present times the times of old compare,
Such was the victory our arms obtain'd,
Due to thy glory, by thy virtues gain'd:
Such was the slaughter, that for rolling years
Must fill Ravenna's heavy eyes with tears[1]!
When first the Christians in the sanguine field
Began before their haughty foes to yield,
Thy conquering arms oppos'd the Spanish force,
And check'd their banner in its midmost course;
Whilst thy undaunted youths (a glorious band)
Pierc'd thy steps, to merit from thy hand,
That fateful day their great reward to hold,
The golden falchion and the spurs of gold[2]:
These with such ardour join'd thy arms in fight,
They shar'd each danger, when, with dauntless
might,
Thy warlike arm the golden acorns shook,
The yellow and vermilion truncheon broke[3].
To thee, that guard'st the fleur-de-lys from shame,
To thee alone is due the laurell'd fame;
While, for his Rome Fabritio sav'd[4] bestows
Another wreath to deck thy honour'd brows:
This mighty column of the Roman state,
By thee subdu'd, by thee preserv'd from fate,
Gives thee more praise than if thy single hand
Had crush'd the numbers of that threatening band
Who with their blood Ravenna's furrows fed,
Or those, who trembling from their standards fled,
When nought avail'd to chase th' ignoble fear
Of Aragon, Castile, and proud Navarre!
Though many a blessing from our conquest
flow'd,
Our arms successful little joy bestow'd;
Too much we mourn'd our Gallic leader slain,
And numerous princes lifeless on the plain;
Who, from beyond where cold the Alps arise,
Had pass'd to guard their kingdoms and allies.
Our weal, our lives we to our conquest owe,
Though dearly won—by this full well we know
The clouds dispers'd, whence Jove prepar'd to shed
The wintry storms on our devoted head.
But ill in joy or festival we share,
When round we hear the cries of deep despair,
From Gallia's widows clad in sable stole,
Down whose wan cheek big tears of anguish roll.

[18] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxii. ver. 141.

[1] The poet here alludes to the siege of Ravenna, held by Mark Antonio Colonna for the pope, and attacked by M. de Foix, general of the French army. The capture of this city was chiefly owing to the valour and conduct of Alphonso of Este, though both sides suffered greatly, and the victors, as well as vanquished, had long reason to lament the loss they sustained.

[2] Alphonso rewarded the valour of those who had fought under him with presents of rich swords and spurs, the ornaments of knighthood.

[3] By the golden acorns the poet means pope Julius II. who bore an oak for his arms, and whose power was greatly shaken by the defeat at Ravenna: by the yellow and vermilion truncheon, said to be broken, is meant the power of Spain, which received a greater wound than that of the church: by the fleur-de-lys is figured the empire of France defended by Alphonso I. duke of Ferrara.

[4] Fabritio Colonna surrendered himself prisoner to Alphonso on condition that he might not be given into the hands of his ancient enemies the French, to which condition Alphonso agreed, and notwithstanding the most earnest solicitations from the French, afterwards generously gave him his liberty, and sent him safe to the pope. Eugenico.

Now comes the hour when Lewis must provide
New leaders his forsaken troops to guide,
Then to his country's praise, his vengeful hand
Shall punish those, whose sacrilegious band
Wives, matrons, daughters durst alike invade,
The holy brotherhood and cloister'd maid,
To make each silver vase[5] their impious prize,
While cast on earth their great Redeemer lies!
Unblest Ravenna! why the victor's power
Didst thou resist?—Why not, in happier hour,
Rather example take from Brescia's fate,
Than Rimini's and sad Faenza's state,
Warn by thy ruin, though Trivultius sage
By Lewis sent, essay'd with words of age
To rule thy people, and persuasive tell,
For crimes like theirs what mighty nations fell?
As now our Gallic king, opprest with cares,
New leaders for his powers encamp'd prepares,
So Spain and Afric's monarchs to provide
Such chiefs as best befit their troops to guide,
From where they long maintain'd their winter's post,
In order summon'd all the numerous host
By squadrons rang'd, t' appoint for every band
Such chosen chieftains as the times demand.
Marsilius first, then Agramant to view
Bids every squadron pass in order due,
Before the rest the Catalans appear,
And Doriphebus' waving banners rear:
Then march (no more by Fulvirantes led,
Their gallant king by brave Rinaldo dead)
Those of Navarre; the Spanish king's command
Commits them now to Isolero's hand[6].
Next Balugantes Leon's people leads:
Grandonio then Algarbi's troop precedes,
Marsilius' brother: Falsirones arm'd
The less Castile; around his banner swarm'd
Those that with Madarasso Seville leave,
And peopled Malaga; from Gades' wave
To where her pastures green Cordova shows,
And Betis o'er his flowery border flows.
Then Stordilano and Tessira lead,
With Barricondo, numbers that succeed,
In proud array—the first Granada sway'd;
The second Ulisbona's rule obey'd;
The third Majorca held—in blood ally'd,
Tessira reign'd a king when Larbin dy'd.
Galicians came, that, Maricaldo lost,
On Serpentino fix'd to guide their host;
Then Calatrava, and Toledo's bands,
Whose streaming ensign Sinegon's commands
But late confess'd—with all the tribes that lave
In Guadiana's flood or drink his wave,
Whom Matalista rules—Astorgo's train
By Bianzardin guided, press the plain,
Form'd in one troop—these Piaganza yields;
Those Salamanca and Paloncia's fields;
And those Avila and Zamora send:
Beneath one leader all their ranks extend.
The Saragozan troops and household bands
Of king Marsilius' court, Ferrau commands,
All strongly arm'd, and well in combat known:
Here Malgarino, Balinverno shone.
Here Malzarises and Morgantes, led
By equal fate a foreign sod to tread;
Whom each, of kingdom and of wealth bereav'd,
Marsilius in his regal dome receiv'd.
Here Follicones, great Marsilius' son,
Whose sire to lawless love Almeria won.
There Doricantes, Analardo here;
And Argalifa and Bavartes near.
The noble earl of Sagontino's name,
And Langhiran esteem'd in fields of fame.
With Archidantes Ammarantes stands;
And Malagur, of all the martial bands
Deep vers'd in guile—with numbers more whose praise
The Muse shall blazon in recording lays.
These numbers marshall'd, next in fair review
The chiefs of Agramant their forces drew.
Oran's huge king appear'd upon the plain,
A giant-leader o'er his vassal train.
The following squadron march'd with sorrow fill'd
For Martasia, whom Bradamant had kill'd;
And much they griev'd that ever woman's breath
Should count the king of Garamanta's death.
Marmonda third sends forth her mourning host,
In Gascony their chief Argosto lost:
These leaders slain, king Agramant to guide
The widow'd bands, would other chiefs provide,
Though few be boasts—at length three names arose:
He brave Buraldo and Ormido chose,
With these Arganio, whom at utmost speed
He sent, as time requir'd, the troops to lead.
Arganio rules the Libicanian train,
Who wept for sable Dudrinasso slain.
With eyes cast downward and with cloudy hue,
Brunello brings his Tingitanian crew:
For since beneath the near o'ershading wood,
Where on the rock Atlantes' castle stood,
He lost to Bradamant the fatal ring,
He liv'd disgrac'd with Afric's potent king;
And had not Isolero, who beheld
Brunello bound, to Agramant reveal'd
The truth at full, a gibbet had receiv'd
The wretched culprit, and of life bereav'd.
The king to mercy by their prayers dispos'd,
Releas'd the fatal noose already clos'd;
But solemn vow'd, the next offence he gave,
No plea again his forfeit life should save.
Next Farurantes see! with him a force
Maurina sends of mingled foot and horse.
Libanio, near, his new-made king defends;
And with him Constantina's troop attends.
On him, but late, the crown and golden rod
Which Pinadorus bore, the king bestow'd.
Hesperia's nation Soridano leads:
With those of Setta, Dorilon proceeds.
O'er Nasamoni's Pulian's hand presides,
Amonia's train king Agricaltes guides.
Fizana's race Malabuferzo shows:
The following troop to Finadurus owes
Its martial discipline, who brings the bands
From far Canaria and Morocco's sands.
Balastro leads the powers who lately knew
Tardocco king—two squadrons these pursue
From Mulga and Arzilla—this retains
Its ancient lord; to that no more remains
Its leader mourn'd; brave Chorineus try'd,
His ancient friend, the king elects their guide.
O'er Almansilla, where Tanfirion reign'd,
Caicus now the kingly power obtain'd:
To Rimedon he gave Galicia's land:
Then Balinfrontes came with Caxca's band.

[5] Alluding to the rapacity of some of the soldiers, who carried off the vessels of the sacrament, and threw the consecrated wafer on the ground.

[6] Isolero, a Spanish knight, one of the personages in Boyardo's poem.

The rule o'er those who came from Bolga's field,
(Clarinda lost) to Mirabald he yields.
Next Balkiro march'd, and not a name
Of all the throng so stain'd the list of fame.
No nobler honour through the camp was spread,
Than that which valiant sage Sobrino led.
Through all the host could few with him compare,
In tents to counsel, or in fields to dare.
The troops by Gualciotto late display'd,
Now Rodomont's imperious rule obey'd;
Of horse and foot he led united powers,
New rais'd by Agramant, from Afric's shores.
What time the Sun obscur'd[7] his glorious light
In dreadful tempests of surrounding night,
From mountain billows his afflicted hand,
But three days since, he safely brought to land.
No bolder Saracen in all their host,
No stronger warrior Afric's camp could boast;
Nor midst their countless legions could they show
To Christian faith a more inveterate foe,
And Paris more his cruel prowess fear'd,
Than all the forces that combin'd appear'd,
By Agramant and by Marsilius led,
Their hostile banners on our plains to spread.
Then Prusion, Alvarecchia's king, proceeds:
Zamana's sovereign Dardanello leads
His forces next—sure luckless birds of night,
Or crows, or ravens of ill-omen'd flight,
To these from mouldering roof or lonely bower,
Prolong'd the chance of some disastrous hour!
For Heaven decrees, to morrow's fatal field
Shall see each chief his life in battle yield.
The squadrons past, in numerous order train'd,
Save Tremizen and Norway none remain'd:
Of these no martial standards yet appear'd,
Of these no tidings in the field were heard.
When Agramant awhile in anxious thought
Had weigh'd their absence, to his sight was brought
A squire, who serving late (amidst his guard)
The king of Tremizen, the truth declar'd;
That Manilardo and Alzirdo quell'd,
With numbers slaughter'd press'd the sanguine field.
"Scarce have I scap'd by headlong flight," he cried;
"And had not Fortune turn'd his course aside,
The knight, O King! whose conquering arm alone
O'erthrew these troops, had all your camp o'erthrown.

No more can horse or foot oppose his rage
Than goats or sheep the prowling wolf engage.
"Few days had past, since to the Turkish host
A champion came, in arms his country's boast;
None mightier strength or firmer courage knew,
And from the West his glorious birth he drew:
Him Agramant with honours due caress'd,
The valiant heir of Tartary confest,
The son of Agrican, of story'd fame,
And Mandricardo[8] his redoubted name.

[7] The character of Rodomont is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the features are the same in both poets, and appear to originate in the Mezentius of Virgil. Boyardo relates, that Rodomont, after having waited some days at Algiers for a fair wind to embark his troops for France, at length compelled the pilot to leave the port in the middle of the night with his whole fleet, when he met with a terrible storm, and that while the rest were imploring Heaven for their safety, he vented his fury and impatience in blasphemies, according to what Ariosto says of him further in this book, ver. 873.

——— when others to the skies
Breathe fervent prayers, he God's high power defies.

The fleet having been some time tost about at the mercy of the waves, at length made the coast of France, where the landing of the troops was for some time opposed by the Christians; till Rodomont, after incredible efforts of valour, effected a landing, having first lost numbers by the sea and by the enemy. Orl. Inn. book ii. c. vi.

[8] This character is a continuation from Boyardo; he was son of Agrican king of Tartary, who laid siege to Albracca for the love of Angelica, and was slain by Orlando. Boyardo gives the following extravagant account of him.

The pride and cruelty of this prince was such, that, disdaining to reign over any but those that were strong and courageous in battle, he gave command for all others to be put to death; for which cause his subjects fled from their country till the whole land became almost a desert: at length an old man had the courage to remonstrate with him, representing that while he was thus venting his fury on the innocent, he forgot to revenge the death of his father Agrican, killed by Orlando. Mandricardo, struck with the reproach, resolved to go in search of Orlando.

The manner in which he gained possession of the armour of Hector, with the wonders he met with in achieving that adventure, are thus related in the third book, and first and second cantos of Orlando Innamorato.

Having committed the government of his kingdom to the care of a viceregent, he set out one day on foot, and without armour, like a pilgrim, determining to expiate his neglect hitherto by the greatest exertions of valour in encountering every difficulty. Thus travelling alone, he passed through Armenia, and came at length to a fountain of green, blue, red, and yellow marble, the water of which was transparent as crystal, and near the fountain stood a pavilion, where he immediately entered with a resolution to seize by force the first horse or armour he should find. No person appeared, but he heard a voice from the fountain that addressed him in these words: "Sir knight, thou art now made a prisoner, thy rash courage has betrayed thee into a danger from which thou never canst escape." Mandricardo, without attending to the voice, continued to search the pavilion, and found a suit of complete armour, with the weapons befitting a knight, and soon perceived a horse ready caparisoned tied to a pine-tree. He immediately put on the armour, and, mounting the horse, was preparing to depart, when a sudden fire sprung up which consumed the pine-tree, and, spreading wider and wider, burnt all the trees and shrubs, the fountain and pavilion alone remaining unhurt: this enchanted fire now began to enclose the knight, and at last seizing on his armour, he felt such intolerable heat, that, unable longer to support it, he leaped in fury from his horse, and, running to the fountain, plunged himself headlong in the water; but the fire had such effect upon his arms and vesture, that cuirass, helmet, shield, and every part of his dress shrunk to ashes; and he remained naked in the water, where he soon found himself in the embraces of a

His deeds had through the world diffus'd his praise;
But one eclips'd each deed of former days;

When at the Syrian fairy's drear abode,
The seat of magic, dauntless might he show'd,

beautiful lady, who having kissed him, told him that he was prisoner in the fountain of a fairy with Gradasso, Gryphon, Aquilant, and many more; but that, if his valour was unshaken, it rested with him to set all the knights at liberty. She told him, that near was a stately castle belonging to a fairy, in which were preserved all the arms of Hector except the sword; that after the death of Hector (whom Achilles slew by treachery) the sword named Durindana was taken by Penthesilea, was afterwards possessed by Almontes, and then by Orlando. After the destruction of Troy, the armour of Hector came to Æneas; but Æneas by misfortune falling into the power of an inhuman king, who kept him confined in a sepulchre, he was delivered by this fairy, who opened the sepulchre, and as a reward for the service done demanded these arms, which she had ever since kept by enchantment: the lady concluded her account by offering to conduct the knight where he might prove his courage in so marvellous an adventure, as to attempt the conquest of Hector's armour.

Mandricardo, upon hearing this, declared his resolution to undertake the adventure; but expressing some uneasiness at being thus exposed naked, the damsel unbound her hair, and, clasping the knight to her, entirely covered herself and him with her long and beautiful tresses; and thus, concealed as with a veil, they issued together from the fountain, and entered the pavilion, where having remained some time, the knight being afresh provided by his companion with horse, armour, and other apparel, and she mounting on a palfrey, they began their journey towards the castle of the fairy; where he was informed that he must first enter the list with Gradasso the fairy's champion, before he was admitted to attempt the conquest of the arms.

Mandricardo being arrived at the castle engaged Gradasso, and came off victorious; but the night drawing on, the lady told him he must defer the further proof of his valour till morning, as the castle gates would not be opened that night: she then carried him to the palace of a lady that inhabited near, and was accustomed to receive with hospitality all knights and damsels that wandered that way: the lady gave him a courteous welcome; but soon after his arrival her dwelling was attacked by a cruel giant named Malapresa, who was used frequently to molest her: Mandricardo engaged with and slew the giant; and after being refreshed with a night's repose, he and his guide next morning returned to the castle of the fairy, where the enchanted arms were kept.

The knight and his companion having reached the castle, now passed the bridge, and entered the gate without molestation: here as soon as any knight had past the threshold, he was sworn upon the faith of knighthood to touch with his sword the shield of Hector, which shield, of a bright azure colour, was placed in the middle of a spacious court, supported by a golden pillar, on which were these words: "Do not presume to touch this shield unless thou art another Hector, for he who first bore this shield had not his equal in the world."

The damsel here alighted from her palfrey, and bowed herself with great reverence to the earth; and Mandricardo doing the same by her example, advanced, without meeting with any resistance, to the middle of the court, where drawing his sword he lightly touched the boss of the shield, and immediately a violent earthquake shook the building, accompanied with most dreadful thunder, as if the world was hastening to its final dissolution; a secret portal, called the gate of the treasure, flew open and discovered a field of corn, the blade and ears of which were of gold; but the portal of the east by which they had entered, suddenly closed. The damsel then addressed him thus: "Most noble and valiant knight! no one must ever hope to escape from this place, unless he first shall mow the field of corn, and tear up by the roots that spreading tree, which you see placed in the middle of the field." She had no sooner ended these words, but Mandricardo entered the field with his sword in hand, and began to cut the corn, when a strange enchantment followed: every ear that fell to the ground became alive, and was immediately changed into the form of some fierce and dreadful animal, a lion, a tiger, or wild boar, and attacked the knight. Mandricardo exerted his utmost valour; but his strength, incredible as it was, must have been at length exhausted in such a conflict, his enemies continually increasing as the ears fell: at length, stooping down, he took a stone in his hand, which stone was enchanted, though the virtue was unknown to him: he cast this among the army of beasts, and immediately they attacked each other with great fury, and in a few hours the knight beheld his formidable assailants slain by themselves.

Mandricardo then prepared to pursue the adventure and root up the tree that had a thousand branches, every branch covered with blossoms: he grasped the trunk and endeavoured with all his force to tear it from the ground, while, as he shook it, the leaves and blossoms fell in great abundance round him, and, as they fell, changed into every species of ravenous birds, ravens, falcons, vultures, and eagles; all which assailed the knight, and, notwithstanding he was covered and defended by his armour, so effectually molested him, that it was long before he could, with his utmost efforts, put an end to his labour. At length, redoubling his force, he tore the tree up by the roots, and suddenly a loud thunder was again heard, and a rushing wind arose that beat all his feathered enemies to the ground. Turpin relates that the wind issued from the womb of the earth, where the root was buried, and the ponderous stones were hurled aloft as if cast from an engine. The champion then cast his eyes down, and beheld an enormous serpent issuing from this subterraneous cave with one head, but branching into ten distinct bodies. Mandricardo, eager to put a speedy end to the adventure, attacked the serpent with his sword, and aimed a stroke at his head; but the scales, which were impenetrable, defeated his intent. The monster then leaped upon the knight, and winding two of his tails round the champion's legs, others round his body, and others round his arms, drew

Amidst a scene, whose wonders but to hear
Would strike the boldest heart with chilling fear,
What time he won the cuirass, which, of yore,
In fields of battle Trojan Hector wore."
This chief the squire's unwelcome tidings heard,
And, fir'd with rage, his haughty visage rear'd;
Resolv'd at once the knight unknown to foil,
But kept his purpose secret in his mind, [thought
Whate'er the cause — perchance he fear'd his
Disclos'd, in others like design had wrought,
He bade to ask the squire, what vestments o'er
His mailed arms the dreaded champion bore;
To this he answer'd—" Black his mournful vest,
Black was his shield and unadorn'd his crest:"
And true he spoke, for with dejected mind
Orlando left his blazon'd shield behind,
That by his outward garb might stand reveal'd
The hidden sorrows which his breast conceal'd.

To Mandricardo late a beauteous steed
The king Marsilius gave, of generous breed,
His colour bay, but black his feet and mane,
His dam of Frize, and his sire of Spain.
This, Mandricardo sheath'd in steel, bestrode,
And spurr'd impetuous o'er the field, and vow'd
To view the camp no more, till he survey'd
The unknown knight in sable arms array'd.
Soon many a wretch he met that, smit with dread,
From fierce Orlando's prowess trembling fled:
One mourn'd a son's, and one a brother's death,
Before their eyes deprive'd of vital breath:
Speechless and pale around the plain they rov'd,
While every face their dastard terrours prov'd.
Ere far he pass'd, he came where he beheld
A dreadful field with sanguine torrents swell'd,
And mingled carnage, where too plain appear'd
What Agramant so late with anguish heard.

him forcibly to the earth, and, fixing his teeth in Mandricardo's side, began to crush his armour like some brittle substance. The knight, exerting all his remaining strength, struggling with the monster, at last fell with him into the cave, and by good fortune falling with all his weight upon the serpent's head crushed him to death in an instant.

The serpent being dead, the knight examined the cave on all sides, and by the light of a carbuncle discovered it to be a sepulchre cut out of a rock, covered over and adorned with coral, amber, silver, and gold. In the middle appeared a kind of tomb of polished ivory, supported by a gold and azure dragon: on the tomb appeared to lie an armed knight, but, upon nearer inspection, instead of a body was deposited the empty armour: this was the armour so celebrated of Hector, but without the shield or sword; the first, as has been related, was suspended to the golden pillar in the court of the castle, and the last was in the hands of Orlando: these arms were of most inestimable value, adorned with pearls and emeralds, and in the front of the helmet was the large carbuncle which gave light to all that gloomy habitation.

While Mandricardo was gazing with admiration on these unparalleled arms, he heard a noise behind him; when suddenly a gate opened, and many damsels issuing forth with instruments of various sorts congratulated the warrior in songs and dances for the great victory which he had obtained, and having finished their songs and dances fell on their knees before him. Then one of them rising gave the knight infinite praises for the achievement of so perilous an adventure, and two other damsels, having disarmed him, led him out of the cave; then covering him with a mantle of fine silk, and scenting him with the most exquisite perfumes, they resumed their songs and dances, and reconducted him by a stair-case of marble into the palace where the shield of Hector was suspended in the court; and here he found a great number of knights and ladies assembled, who, as soon as Mandricardo appeared, paid every honour to him as to a prince. In the midst of this company, on a rich throne sate the fairy, who calling the victor before her spoke to him thus: "Sir knight, thou hast this day won a treasure that has not its equal in the world; but as it behoves thee to add to these arms the sword, thou must here swear to me upon thy faith, that thou wilt by force take from the earl Orlando the enchanted sword Durindana, formerly the property of Hector; and know that till thou hast achieved this adventure, thou shalt not wear by thy side any other weapon, or place the regal crown on thy head: but take heed never to be deprived of the silver eagle painted on that glorious shield, for remember that in possessing these arms and that device, thou hast the noblest treasure that ever recompensed the valour of a knight."

King Mandricardo then, making a low obeisance to the fairy, pledged the oath imposed upon him, and immediately the damsels, in her presence, buckled on him the famous armour: the knight, being completely armed, took leave of the fairy, having thus dissolved the enchantment by which many lords and knights had been so long detained, among whom were Isolero the Spanish knight, king Gradasso, young Gryphon, and his brother Aquilant. Gradasso and Mandricardo departed together from the castle of the fairy, and performed many and great exploits before they arrived in France. Orl. Inn. book iii. c. i. ii.

This adventure of Mandricardo exhibits one of the most romantic stories of chivalry, at the same time attended with many circumstances that speak strongly to the imagination: it is to be observed, that although Ariosto has taken up the general story of Boyardo, and continued the same characters, yet he has no fiction so out of nature in all his poem, unless we except the battle between Astolpho and Orilo, (book xv.) which is not of his own invention, but taken up and continued from Boyardo.

In the Fairy Queen is a passage not unlike that part of Boyardo, where Mandricardo is burnt with the enchanted fire, and leaps into the fountain. Pyrrochles, having been engaged with Furor, contracts an inward heat that seems to prey upon his vitals, and seeks relief by plunging into the water.

——— to the flood he came,
There without stop or stay, he fiercely leapt
And deep himself beducked in the same.
——— ——— ———
I burn, I burn, I burn! then loud he cry'd,
O how I burn with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench my inly flaming side, &c.
Fairy Queen, b. ii, c. v

The warrior cast his angry eyes around,
Survey'd the slain, and measur'd every wound
With greedy gaze, while envy rent his breast,
To see such numbers by one hand oppress.
As when a wolf or mastiff gains the field,
Where sturdy hinds the laboring ox have kill'd,
When dogs and fowls have rent the flesh away,
And only left the fragments of their prey,
The hoofs and hide: the longing beast in vain
Beholds the spoils: thus on the rocking plain
The cruel Pagan stood, and curs'd his fate,
That brought him to the feast of death so late.
That day and half the next, in eager thought,
Inquiring oft, the sable knight he sought:
When lo! he view'd a meadow, crown'd with shade,
Where a deep stream with circling waters stray'd:
Thus fair Otricoli the Tyber laves[9],
And near encloses with circumfluent waves.
To guard the narrow pass, a numerous band
Of hardy warriors, clad in armour, stand.
The Pagan asks what chief had thither sent
So strong a force, and what the concourse meant?
To him their leader scorn'd not to reply,
Mov'd with his lordly speech; whose presence high,
And arms, enrich'd with gold and gems[10], proclaim
Some mighty warrior not unknown to fame.

"Sent by our lord," he cried, "we hither bring
The royal daughter of Granada's king;
Whom now, though scarce the tidings yet have spread,
He gives to bless the king of Sarza's[11] bed.
When evening casts her welcome shadows round,
And grasshoppers surcease their grating sound,
We to her sire encamp'd shall lead the maid,
Meanwhile she lies repos'd in yonder shade."
But he, whose daring heart the world despis'd,
Resolv'd to prove how far those warriors priz'd
Their sovereign's treasure; if their force avail'd
To guard their mistress, or in combat fail'd.
He thus—"The virgin doubtless them is fair:
Fain would I view the charge that claims your care;
Lead me to her, or here the dame convey,
For haste forbids me longer to delay."
"What madness has thy better thoughts misled?"
Granada's captain said—nor further said:
The Tartar plac'd his eager spear in rest,
Which furious rush'd against the speaker's breast:
Before the stroke the shatter'd cuirass flies,
And, prone on earth, a lifeless corse he lies.

[9] A piece of land near Rome, where the Tyber winding forms a peninsula.

[10] Boyardo gives a most splendid description of these arms of Hector, in the adventure related in the former note: the words of Berni are,

Forbite eran quell' armi luminose,
Ch'el occhio a pena soffre di vederle,
Fregiate d'oro, e pietre preziose,
Di robini, smeraldi, e grosse perle.
Mandricardo le voglie avea bramose,
E' mill'anni gli pare indosso averle:
Se le volge per man, si meraviglia,
Ma sopra tutto all'elmo alza la ciglia.

In cima all'elmo, d'oro era un fiore,
Ch'un bacco avea d'argento in una zampa,
Di sotto a lui par d'oro era il torchione,
Con vente sei formagli d'una stampa:
Nell'mezzo della fronte era il carbone,
Ch'a guisa riluceа di chiara lampa,
Faceva lume, com' è sua natura,
Per ogni canto della grotta scura.

Orl. Inn. lib. iii. c. ii.

These glorious arms were polish'd beamy bright,
That scarce the eyes could bear the flashing light,
Bedeck'd with gold and many a costly stone,
Where rubies, mix'd with pearls and emeralds, shone.
Fierce Mandricardo with impatience glow'd
To feel his limbs sustain the radiant load.
He turn'd the ponderous mail with looks amaz'd,
But on the helmet chief in rapture gaz'd:
A golden lion on the crest dispos'd,
A silver label in his paw enclos'd:
Beneath the crest was seen a wreath of gold,
Enrich'd with sparkling studs of semblant mould.
Full in the front the carbuncle appear'd,
Whose ruddy blaze the lonely dwelling cheer'd,
And (such its wondrous kind) a light display'd
That pierc'd the murky grotto's dismal shade.

"In this manner," says Mr. Upton, "sir Tristram feeds his eyes with the bright spoils and goodly armour of a dead knight, handling them and turning them a thousand ways.

But Tristram then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
Of the bright metal shining like sun rays,
Handling and turning them a thousand ways, &c.

Fairy Queen, b. vi. c. iii.

"It seems to me that Mr. Pope, when he translated that beautiful passage in Homer, where Thetis brings to her son his arms, just as they came from the forge of Vulcan, had his eye on this passage of Spenser, for he uses his words; the verses are very harmonious, and well worth transcribing.

Then drops the radiant burthen on the ground,
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes;
Unmov'd the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow:
He turns the radiant gift, and feeds his mind
On all th' immortal artist had design'd.

Iliad xix. ver. 15.

"This passage in Homer has been borrowed by Virgil, where Venus is in like manner introduced bringing armour to her son.

Ille Deæ donis, et tanto lætus honore,
Expleri nequit, atque oculos per singula volvit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat
Terribilem cristis galeam, flammasque vomentem,
Fatiferumque ensem; loricam ex ære rigentem,
Sanguineam, ingentem. Æn. lib. viii.

Proud of the gift he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight:
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm that vomits radiant fires.
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold;
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright —

Dryden, ver. 819."

See Upton's Notes on Spenser.

[11] Rodomont.

The son of Agrican his spear regain'd,
Nor other weapon in the field sustain'd:
Nor sword nor mace he held: that fated hour,
When, won by conquest, Hector's arms he bore,
The sword he miss'd, and vow'd that never blade
Should grace his side (nor vain the vow he made)
Save Durindana, by Almontes borne,
Orlando's now, and once by Hector worn.
Great was the courage of the Tartar knight,
On such unequal terms to wage the fight.
"Who dares dispute my pass!" enrag'd he cries,
And with couch'd spear amid their battle flies.
This drew the sword, that plac'd the lance in rest,
And round him chose the furious numbers press'd.
In heaps they fell—at length the javelin broke,
The broken truncheon in each hand he took.
As Hebrew Sampson, wielding in his hand
The fatal jaw, o'erthrew the hostile band
Of stern Philistines—shields and helmets fly;
And oft at once the horse and horseman die.
To death these wretches run with headlong pace,
Nor though one falls, another shuns his place.
Less hard it seem'd to yield their vital breath,
Than thus to perish by so strange a death:
Nor could they bear, beneath a splinter'd spear
To fall, and lose whate'er in life was dear;
To perish thus like frogs or hissing snakes,
In reedy marshes or entangled brakes.
But since, by fatal cost, too well they find
That cruel still is death of every kind,
Two thirds already kill'd, the remnant train
Attempt t' escape in safety from the plain:
But the fierce Saracen their flight withstood,
And still insatiate, thirsting still for blood,
Disdain'd that one amidst the trembling band
Should 'scape with life from his destroying hand.
As in the open fields, or sunny meads,
The brittle stubble and the spiky reeds
Resist but little, when the wary hind
Kindles the flame, to which the northern wind
Gives double force, till wide around it preys,
And all the furrows crackle in the blaze:
So these alike in vain defence engage
With haughty Mandricardo's dreadful rage.
  Soon as the passage freed the champion view'd,
Where late the sentry to defend it stood,
Amid the new-worn path, with eager tread,
He press'd the turf by sounds of sorrow led
And loud laments, to judge how truly fame
Had rais'd the beauties of Granada's dame.
Where the stream winding gave the Pagan way
He pass'd, while round him slaughter'd warriors lay;
Till midst the mead his matchless prize he found,
The gentle Doralis with beauty crown'd;
So was she nam'd—beneath its ancient shade,
An oak's rough trunk sustain'd the trembling maid.
Her tears, like springs that unexhausted flow,
Fell trickling down, and stain'd her breast of snow,
And on her features plain reveal'd appear'd,
She wept for others, for herself she fear'd.
Her fears redoubled, when the knight she view'd
With visage stern, and arms with blood bedew'd,
Blood of her friends: her wailings rent the sky;
Her sad attendants join'd the piercing cry;
Whom, added to her train, a parent's care
Had round her plac'd to tend the royal fair;
Sage matrons, squires, and dames (a chosen band)
The best and fairest of Granada's land.
  Soon as the Tartar prince that face beheld,
Whose charms the brightest charms of Spain excell'd;
That e'en in grief can spread the flame of love:
(How must she then in joy each bosom move!)
He conquers but to yield: enrapt he stands,
A willing prisoner in his captive's hands.
Yet would he not so far her empire own,
To yield his right in arms so lately won.
Though lost in woe, he hopes by love's soft wiles
To change her grief to joy, her tears to smiles.
Then on a milk-white steed, without delay,
He sents the damsel to pursue her way:
But first, in gentle words he bids adieu
To dames, to squires, and all the weeping crew.
"Henceforth in me will be her guard," he cries,
"I shall, her squire, her lord, her mate suffice
At every need—my friends, farewell!"—They hear,
And helpless part with many a sigh and tear.
"What grief, what anguish," to themselves they said,
"Will pierce her father's soul! what thoughts invade
Her consort's breast! What vengeance shall assuage
His cruel pangs, and sate his dreadful rage!
Why comes he not at this disastrous hour?
O! were he here, from yon barbarian power,
Ere yet too late, to save from foul disgrace
Th' illustrious blood of Stordilano's race!"
  The Tartar, happy in his prize obtain'd,
A prize by fortune and by valour gain'd,
Abates the speed, with which so late he press'd
T' o'ertake the champion of the sable vest.
By slow degrees his former zeal declin'd,
Far other thoughts revolving in his mind,
To reach some kind retreat, and ease the smart
His youthful bosom felt for Cupid's dart.
  Meantime he soothes his fair-one's grief and fears,
Whose cheeks and lovely eyes are wet with tears:
Full oft he feigns, and vows her beauty's fame
Long in his soul had fed the growing flame;
That, for her sake, he left his realm and crown,
Whose rule extends to lands of far renown,
Not to contemplate France or Spain, he cries,
But the soft beauties of her beaming eyes.
"If love unfeign'd may ever hope to prove
The virgin's smiles—I merit then your love:
If high descent—who nobler can aspire?
I boast the mighty Agrican my sire.
If wealth or power—what name exceeds my own?
In empire I submit to God alone:
If valour—well my deeds to day declare
My valour pleads my title to the fair."
  These words, and many more which love had taught,
In Doralis, with soft persuasion, wrought
A gentle change, till freed from former fear,
With less restraint she seem'd his suit to hear;
When yielding by degrees, and courteous grown,
She gives him answers in a milder tone;
Nor on his face disdains sometimes to bend
Her languid eyes, where pity seems to blend
With young desire: the Pagan hence, whose heart
Had oft confess'd the painful pleasing smart,
Drew certain omen that the beauteous dame
Would not for ever scorn his amorous flame.
  Thus journeying on, in thought elate and gay,
With Doralis, companion of his way,
The hour advanc'd, when friendly night prepares
Its balmy rest to banish mortal cares:
Now half conceal'd the sinking Sun he views,
And with redoubled haste his course pursues,
Till distant sounds of rustic pipes he hears,
And curling smoke from village roofs appears:

There harmless shepherds hold their humble seat,
No sumptuous dwelling, but a calm retreat.
The master of the herds with simple grace
Welcom'd the knight and damsel to the place; 470
Who pleas'd his welcome heard; for not alone
In towns and courts are courteous manners known;
Full oft in wilds, beneath the lonely shed
Of Nature's sons, are social virtues bred.
What pass'd beneath the night's all covering shade
Between the Tartar prince and blooming maid
I dare not now reveal—let each surmise
Those truths which here we veil from vulgar eyes:
Yet either seem'd all difference to compose,
For light and blithsome with the morn they rose.
And Doralis her grateful thanks express'd 481
To him, whose roof receiv'd her for his guest.
Thence, roving on, from place to place they stray'd,
At length they came, where near a bowery shade
To reach the sea, with silent course and slow,
A river flow'd, yet scarcely seem'd to flow:
So clear, so pure the stream; the sands so bright;
The channel lay reveal'd to every sight.
Here in cool shelter, on the banks reclin'd,
Two warriors and a dame[11] unknown they find. 490
The genius that forbids me to pursue
One path unchang'd, here leads my steps anew
To where the Moors their thousand banners rear,
(With shouts and clamours deafening Gallia's ear)
Round the high tent, where king Troyano's son
With haughty pride defies th' imperial throne:
Where Sarza's monarch[12] threats to wrap in flame
Fair Paris' walls, and raze the Roman name.
Now heard king Agramant that England's powers
Had past the narrow seas from Britain's shores: 500
Marsilius, Garbo's ancient king, and all
The Pagan leaders, at the herald's call
In council meet: and in one voice unite,
Against the walls to bend their strongest might;
For well they knew that Paris ne'er would yield,
When once th' expected aids had reach'd the field.
Unnumber'd scaling-ladders they prepare,
And every engine of besieging war.
Above the rest the king unweary'd goes,
The first and second squadron to dispose: 510
Himself resolves with these th' assault to make,
And every toil and danger to partake.
Ere yet th' assault began[13], the Christian lord
In Paris' walls with holy rites implor'd
Th' offended powers; and rang'd in meet array
The priests and brethren, sable, white, and grey[14],
Sang fervent hymns; while those repentant bands,
By pure confession snatch'd from Stygian hands,
In blest communion join'd the dear repast,
As if th' ensuing morn were doom'd their last. 520
Th' imperial chief, on pious acts intent,
By peers and senators surrounded, went,
By knights and princes, to the loftiest fane,
Himself th' example to his subject train;
There, with clasp'd hands, and eyes to Heaven addrest,
He pray'd—"O God! though sins pollute my breast,
Yet let not these for present vengeance call,
Lest, through my guilt, thy faithful people fall.
If 't is decreed that thy Almighty hand
Must deal those sufferings which our crimes demand,
At least awhile thy righteous ire forgo, 531
Nor let thine enemies inflict the blow.
Should these subdue us, while we boast the grace
Of Christian faith, esteem'd thy favour'd race,
The Heathen world that power may useless call
Which lets its votaries unaided fall:
For one that now rejects thy hallow'd name,
Behold a hundred then thy faith disclaim!
So Babel's laws o'er all mankind shall spread,
And pure Religion hide her sacred head. 540
Preserve thy chosen flock—lo! these the bands
That freed thy sepulchre from impious hands:
Lo! these the chiefs—that oft have stood prepar'd
Thy blameless pastors and thy church to guard.
Too well we feel when we for mercy pray,
Against our faults how light our merits weigh:
But let thy grace our deep contrition wake,
Our souls will soon a second nature take:
Nor can we doubt thy saving help to find,
Thy help so oft bestow'd on lost mankind." 550
So spoke the prince devout, and meekly pour'd
His fervid vows to Heaven's eternal Lord,
With heart-felt anguish, such as well became
Himself, his danger, and his regal name.
Nor was his humble suit in vain addrest:
The guardian angel[15], in his seats of rest,
Receives the prayer, then spreads his hallow'd wings,
And to his Saviour's ear the offering brings.
Unnumber'd vows that instant thus preferr'd
By those blest spirits, Heaven's Eternal heard: 560
At this the souls in endless bliss above[17],
With features blending pity, peace, and love,
All turn'd to him, the source of endless grace,
With one request to save the Christian race.

[11] He pursues this story, Book xxiii. ver. 518.

[12] Rodomont.

[13] The acts of devotion here described to be exercised by the Christian leader, appear to be imitated by Tasso, particularly in the solemn procession at the beginning of the eleventh book, which is perhaps one of the finest passages in the Jerusalem Delivered.

[14] Milton, in his Limbo of Vanity, "Black, white, and grey."

[15] Not unlike this passage is the beginning of Book xi. Paradise Lost, where Milton represents our first parents addressing their supplications to Heaven after the fall.

——— To Heav'n their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heav'nly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight,
Before the Father's throne, them the glad Son
Presenting ——

[17] Ariosto mentions the compassion of the blessed saints and angels for the sufferings of man.

—— Come gli ascoltar l'anime sante,
Depinte di pietà il viso pio,
Tutti miraro il sempiterno amante, &c.

Milton, in like manner, represents the angels as sympathising with the miseries of mankind at the fall.

—— Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
Par. Lost, b. x. ver. 21.

The Godness Infinite, whose ear to gain
The upright heart has never pray'd in vain,
Cast round his pitying eye, and with his hand
Call'd faithful Michael from th' angelic band;
Then thus he spoke—"Go! seek the Christian power[18],
With friendly vessels brought from England's shore;
Lead these to Paris from the distant coast,
Unheard, unnotic'd, by the Pagan host.
Find Silence first—command him to prepare
Whate'er befits with thee the task to share—
Such is my will—then seek a different road,
Where in her cavern Discord makes abode:
Bid her with speed her steel and fuel take,
And in the Moorish camp new flames awake;
Amongst the chiefs for mightiest proves known,
Let every seed of wild debate be sown;
Let war intestine, mutual death succeed,
Let some be captives, some in combat bleed,
And some, in rage, self-exil'd from the host,
Their sovereign leave to mourn his champions lost."
He said: the blessed angel[19] nought replies,
But swift t' obey his heavenly Maker flies:
Where'er his course the radiant envoy steers,
The clouds disperse, the troubled ether clears;
And round him plays a circling blaze of light,
Such as when meteors stream thro' dusky night.
While still he ponders in his zealous mind
Where best this enemy of speech to find;
At length he deems that Silence sure may dwell
With monks and abbots in the cloister'd cell,
The church's hallow'd walls; where never ear
Might other sound than chanted psalters hear,
Where, fed with slender meals, each quiet sleeps,
Where every room inscrib'd the name of Silence keeps.
To meet him there he certain hope assumes,
And moves with speed increas'd his golden plumes;
Nor him alone, but there expects to find
Fair Peace and Charity together join'd.
No Silence there he found, he view'd alone
His name enroll'd, himself no longer known:
Nor Peace, nor Charity was there to see,
Nor Love, nor Faith, nor meek Humility;
These held their station there in days of yore,
But now, long since expell'd, are seen no more.
For these, Wrath, Av'rice, Gluttony, and Pride,
Sloth, Cruelty, and Envy there reside.
The angel, wond'ring at a sight so new,
Saw Discord soon amidst the brutal crew,
Her, in whose search, he meant, at Heaven's command
T' explore Avernus' ever mournful strand;
And lo! he finds her now, most strange to tell,
Midst prayers and masses in this earthly Hell.
He knew her by the vesture's hundred dyes,
Of lists unnumber'd of unequal size,
Which rent, in shreds, but ill those limbs conceal'd
By every step or breath of wind reveal'd.
Her uncomb'd hairs seem'd constant strife to hold,
Of various hues, black, silver, brown and gold:
Some hung in ringlets, some in knots were tied;
Her bosom some, and some her shoulders hide:
Her hands and lap a countless medley bore
Of writs, citations (an exhaustless store!)
Oppression's various forms, that make the poor
In cities never find their state secure.
Before, behind, on either side her stand
Attorneys, notaries,—a brawling band!
Her Michael call'd, and bade her instant go
To seek where lay encamp'd the Pagan foe,
And every art essay, that night engage
Their bravest knights in strife and deathful rage.
For Silence then he ask'd, of whom full well
He deem'd that Discord might some tidings tell;
As one, who still on kindling flames intent,
Through every land of Earth's wide region went.
"Amidst my travel," Discord thus replies,
"That Silence never yet has met my eyes:
Though oft his name from many I have heard,
Oft heard his praise for craft and guile preferr'd;
But Fraud, sometime the partner of his way,
Our comrade here, can best his haunts betray—
Lo! where she stands"—She said, and pointing show'd
Where Fraud appear'd amidst the motley crowd.
Her garb was decent, lovely was her face,
Her eyes were bashful, sober was her pace;
With speech, whose charms might every heart assail,
Like his who gave the blest salute of—Hail!
But all deform'd and brutal was the rest,
Which close she cover'd with her ample vest,
Beneath whose folds, prepar'd for bloody strife,
Her hand for ever grasp'd a poison'd knife.
Of her the angel ask'd, and Fraud replied:
"Silence was wont with Virtue to reside,
With Benedict and old Elias'[20] train,
In convents where religion first began:

[18] The whole conduct of this admirable machine has been greatly extolled by Dryden in the following passage of the notes to his translation of Virgil. "The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto, where God commands St. Michael to take care that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord. The first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much success, that their march should not be discovered; the latter to enter the camp of the Infidels, and there to sow dissension among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery, not doubting there to find Silence in her* primitive abode; but instead of Silence finds Discord: the monks, being divided into factions, about the choice of some new officer, were at mic and mee with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks." Note to 11th Georgic, ver. 660.

* Ariosto makes Silence of the male gender.

[19] The Italian has—*benedetto angel*—blessed bird—an expression not to be hazarded in English, and which seems reprehensible in any language. So Dante.

——— Angel divino ———

Parad. c. ii.

[20] "He here speaks of the monasteries that were founded under the names of Benedict and Elias. Benedict was of Norcino, and built his first monastery on mount Cassino, where he lived a most

Much time he chose in learned schools to pass,
With Architas and wise Pythagoras[91].
But when those saints and sages were no more,
That kept him true to Wisdom's righteous lore,
His godly customs learnt he soon forsook,
And to new paths his wandering feet betook.
Fond lovers first at midnight hour he pair'd;
Then, mix'd with thieves, in all their counsels shar'd.
With Treason oft he dwells, and him I view'd
Late join'd with Murder stain'd in human blood.
With coiners has he oft been known to dwell
Remote from view, in some sequester'd cell.
So much he shifts his partners and his place,
'T is hard t' affirm where best his steps to trace:
Yet have I hope to guide your course aright:
Go—seek, when shade proclaims the middle night,
The house of Sleep, there mayst thou Silence find,
Where oft he rests remote from human kind."[92]
Though Fraud was ever wont in lies to deal,
Yet here such seeming truth her words reveal,
The angel trusts her faith, nor longer stays,
But speeding from the convent, wide displays
His rapid wings, to reach by noon of night
The house of Sleep with unremitting flight.
A pleasing vale[92] beneath Arabia's skies,
From peopled towns and cities distant lies:
Two lofty mountains hide the depth below,
Where ancient firs and sturdy beeches grow.
The Sun around reveals his cheering day,
But the thick grove admits no struggling ray
To pierce the boughs: immers'd in secret shades,
A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades.
The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.
Here drowsy Sleep has fix'd his noiseless throne,
Here Indolence reclines his limbs o'ergrown [feet
Through sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling
Refuse their aid and sink beneath her weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch and walks the round
In shoes of felt, with sable garments bound;
And oft as any thither bend their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.
The angel gently whisper'd in his ear:
"Heaven bids thee now (and Heaven's high mandate hear!)
Conduct Rinaldo, with his social powers,
In aid of Charles, to Paris' lofty towers:
Be such their march, so wary and so still,
That not a sound the Pagan's ear may fill:
Till, ere loud Fame bespeak the Christians near,
Their force shall thunder on the hostile rear." 710
No answer Silence gave, but bow'd his head
In signal of the heavenly charge obey'd.
Together now they take their speedy flight,
And soon in fruitful Picardy alight.
There Michael urges on each fearless hand,
(Wondrous to tell!) so swift from land to land;
Ere day declin'd, to Paris' walls he brought
The numerous troops, yet not a human thought
Perceiv'd that Heaven the miracle had wrought.
No less attractive, Silence, to pursue 720
Th' important charge, around the legions threw
A darken'd veil to intercept the sight,
Though all the forces march'd in open light,
While the thick cloud forbade each Pagan ear
The shrill-mouth'd trump or deep-ton'd horn to bear.
While thus, by Silence and the angel led,
His rapid march the bold Rinaldo sped;
So hush'd that not a Saracen could know
From rumour's voice the near approaching foe;
King Agrican his numerous host had plac'd 730
In suburbs near; where part encamping fac'd
The threaten'd walls, far stretch'd from tower to tower,
In that assault to prove his utmost power.
What countless myriads rang'd in deep array
That hour combin'd against the Christian sway!
Who these can tell, may tell the plants that grow
On fertile Apennine's o'er-shading brow;
May number, where the surgy ocean laves
Old Atlas' feet, the Mauritanian waves;
Or count the stars, when Heaven with all its eyes[93]
At midnight hour the lover's theft descries. 741
Frequent and deep the hallow'd bells around
With dreadful echo give their warning sound,
In every temple many a hand they rear,
And breathe thro' many a lip the fervent prayer.
Could blest immortals with desiring eyes
Behold that wealth which men so highly prize,
Each saint might hope in future to behold
His votive statue fram'd of purest gold.
The white-hair'd sire deplores his wretched state,
Reserv'd to drain the bitterest dregs of fate; 751
He calls his lov'd forefathers doubly blest,
Long clos'd in earth and laid for years at rest.
While those whose younger breasts no fears appall,
Advance on every side to guard the wall:
There barons, paladins, and earls, and knights,
Kings, dukes, and lords, with all whom fame incites,
Soldiers from far, or natives of the land,
To die for Christ in arms undaunted stand:
All ardent urge the king each bridge to lower, 760
And on the Saracens their fury pour:
With joy he sees the warriors' noble fires,
But prudence checks what patriot zeal inspires.
Meantime he bids in various parts dispose
Their generous ranks against th' invading foes.

exemplary life. Elias was the prophet spoken of in Holy Scripture, who is believed by many to be still living in the terrestrial paradise with St. John and Enoch: he lived a long time on Mount Carmel, from which circumstance originated the order of the Carmelites." Porcacchi.

[91] Pythagoras, an ancient philosopher of great celebrity, who enjoined his scholars five years silence at their entrance into his school: he taught women as well as men. Architas was his disciple, who was likewise a great philosopher and well skilled in mathematics. He is said to have invented a dove of wood, that by the action of mechanical powers kept itself suspended in the air: he was a great friend of Plato. Porcacchi.

[92] This fine description of the house of Sleep appears to be partly taken from Ovid and Statius, but varied with such circumstances as to make the picture in a manner Ariosto's own.

[93] Catullus requesting to receive from Lesbia as many kisses as there are grains of sand on the sea shore, adds,

Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox
Furtivos hominum vident amores.

And our Spenser:
More eath to number with how many eyes
High Heaven beholds sad lover's nightly theveries.

Where strong the wall, less thick the troops ascend,
But lines on lines each weaker pass defend.
Some watch the huge machines; and some prepare
With sulph'rous flame to meet the storm of war,
While wary Charles in no fix'd place abides,
But through the works for every chance provides.
Amidst a spacious plain fair Paris stands,
(The heart of France) and all the realm commands:
A river, that beneath the ramparts glides,
The city parts, but first with branching tides
An island forms, severing from the rest,
Of all the town the strongest and the best:
Each other part (three parts the whole compose)
The fosse, without, and stream, within, enclose.
The city, stretch'd around, in circuit wide,
Might yield a place t' assault on every side;
But Agramant against the western towers
Collects the force of all his threatning powers:
For hence, no realms or forts behind him lay
To distant Spain, but own'd his ample sway.
For as the walls extend, so far the care
Of Charles is seen the bulwarks to repair.
On mouldering works he bids new works arise,
And every engine of defence supplies.
Where the stream enters, where the town it leaves,
He draws huge chains across the passing waves; 791
With Argus' eyes the son of Pepin bends
His heedful watch, where Agramant intends
The great assault; nor could the Pagan crew
Against the Christians their designs pursue:
But soon their foes' preventive care they knew.
Now fierce in arms Marsilius press'd the plain
With all his squadron drawn from distant Spain.
There Serpentine and Ferrau were found,
Grandonio, Isolero, names renown'd. 800
There Balugantes shone with equal might,
And Falsirones, well approv'd in fight;
There, on the left, beside the winding flood
Of silver Seine, Sobrino, Pulian stood,
With Dardinello, brave Almonte's son,
Oran's huge king, for giant stature known!
Why seems my pen more slow to speak their praise,
Than these their weapons in the field to raise?
There Sarza's king, impatient to engage,
Blasphemes aloud, nor curbs his impious rage. 810
As eager flies[94] in buzzing legions play,
Midst the warm sunshine of a summer's day,
Where rural vessels have allur'd their taste,
Or the sweet relics of a late repast;
As round the rip'ning grapes of purple dye
The plumy race in busy clusters fly:

So to the fierce assault the Moors repair,
While shouts and barbarous clamours rend the air.
The wary Christians from their rampart's height
With javelins, darts, and swords, maintain the fight,
With stones and mingled fire; unmov'd they stand,
And scorn the fury of the Pagan band: 822
And oft as this, now that ill-fated bleeds,
Another fearless to his place succeeds.
Back to the ditch the Saracens withdrew,
So thick the weapons of the faithful flew:
Huge massy fragments from the walls they rend,
And crumbling bulwarks on the foes descend.
From many a hand the boiling streams employ'd
With dreadful heat the suffering Moors annoy'd;
Resistless pour'd on each advancing crest, 831
Through the clos'd helmet pierc'd the liquid pest.
Not so the sword can waste—What tongue shall tell,
How from above the lime destructive fell
In casual clouds! how burning vessels pour'd
Pitch, sulphur, nitre; all their flaming hoard;
Whence hissing torrents sent in tides below,
With fearful ruin gall'd the Pagan foe!
Meantime the king of Sarza[95] brought his powers
(The second band) beneath the Christian towers:
With these Buraldo and Ormida went; 841
That Garamanda, this Marmonda sent.
Beside him Sordon, Clarindo came,
Nor Setta's king declin'd the field of fame,
Morocco's king, and Cuco's these pursue,
Resolv'd that all their noble deeds might view.
High on his banner, that with crimson glow'd,
The Sarzan Rodomont a lion show'd,
Whose savage mouth disdain'd not to receive
The curb a courtly damsel seem'd to give; 850
The beast bespeaks the knight; the beauteous dame
Whose gentle hands the lordly lion tame,
Bespeaks the charms of Stordilano's heir,
Granada's princess, Doralis the fair!
Her, whom so lately Mandricardo won
From all her guards (as well the verse has shown),
And her whom Rodomont had learnt to prize,
Dear as his kingdom, dearer than his eyes!
For whom he wrought such deeds of endless fame;
Nor knew her yielded to a stranger's flame. 860
At once a thousand ladders rais'd in air,
With crowded steps the swarming soldiers bear:
A second urges him who foremost leads
The daring way, and him a third succeeds. [fear;
Through courage some, and some attack through
Though girt with dangers, none must tremble here,
For Rodomont o'erlooks the dreadful fray,
And wounds or kills who dares desert the day.
Thus on the town the thick'ning legions fall,
Through flames and ruins rush to scale the wall.
But while the rest with wary search attend 871
Where least the foes each guarded pass defend,
The king of Algiers scorns his arms to wield
But where dire peril frowns upon the field:
In that dread hour, when others to the skies
Breathe fervent vows, he God's high power defies[96].

[94] Mr. Upton says these similes are after the east of Homer; and indeed there can be little doubt but Ariosto had in view the simile in the second Iliad, to express the number of the Grecian troops that passed in review.

—— thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bowers:
From pail to pail with busy murmur run,
The gilded legions glitt'ring in the Sun.
Pope, ver. 552.

Milton has the following.

Or as a swarm of flies, in vintage-time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd.
Parad. Reg. b. iv.

[95] It has been already said, that the character of Rodomont is drawn closely after Boyardo; the device on his banner is likewise taken by Ariosto from his predecessor.

[96] See the behaviour of Capaneus at the siege of Thebes, who was thunderstruck while he blasphemed Jupiter.
Statius Theb. book x.

To fence his breast a serpent's jointed scale
Supply'd the corslet tough and plated mail;
These arms his grandsire won, whose impious
might
Would Heav'n invade with Babel's towery height:
Who sought to drive th' Almighty from his throne,
And make the empire of the stars his own!
For this intent th' accurs'd blasphemer made
His shield, his helm, and strongly-temper'd blade.
Stern Rodomont a second Nimrod[97] stood,
Like him unconquerable, fierce, and proud:
He little heeds what guards the passes keep,
How strong the bulwarks, or the fosse how deep;
Headlong he plunges in—he wades—he flies—
Above his breast the troubled waters rise.
All drench'd and grim with ooze he makes his way,
While round him arrows, flames, and engines play
In rattling storms—As through the sedgy moor,
Where spreads our Malean plain[98], the woodland
boar
Lifts his strong chest, around his tusks he throws,
And breaks through all that would his course
oppose:
So the fierce Pagan lifts his shield on high,
And scorns the towering walls, and threats the sky.
Now from the fosse stern Rodomont attains
The firmer land, and now the summit gains,
Where the broad ramparts form a platform wide,
To range the Christian files on either side.
Where many a soldier, many a knight and lord
Now feel the edge of his resistless sword.
Head, arms, are lopt—while from the lofty towers
Down the steep fosse the sanguine torrent pours.
His buckler cast behind, he grasp'd his steel
With either hand, and on Arnolpho fell;
A duke, who came from where the Rhine, that
laves
The neighb'ring meads, is lost in briny waves;
Not more the wretch devoted 'scapes his ire,
Than heaps of sulphur 'scape the wasting fire;
Swift thro' his neck the bloody falchion sped,
There heav'd the dying limbs, here roll'd the gasping
head.
Now with a backward stroke the mortal wound
Oldrado, Prando, and Anselmo found,
With Spinelloccio—midst the thronging train,
And narrow space, no blow was aim'd in vain.
The Flemings first his dreadful fury feel:
The Normans next brutain his smoking steel.
Orghetto of Maganza sinks to rest:
Aim'd at his front the weapon through his breast
Divides his bleeding corse: then from above
He Andropino and Moschino drove;
Headlong they fell—the first was wont to shine
In priestly robes; the last in draughts of wine
Steep'd all his hours: like bane or viper's blood
He shunn'd to taste the cooling limpid flood.
Lo! here he dies, and more regrets his death,
In water's loathsome drench to yield his breath.
Sever'd in two provincial Lewis lies:
Through Arnold of Thoulouse the weapon flies.
Oberto, Claudio, Dionysius pour
Their souls, with Hugo, in a stream of gore.

Near these of Paris four to death succeed:
Ambaldo, Odo, and Gualtero bleed,
With Satallones—heaps on heaps there fell!
Nor can the Muse their names and country tell.
Not less behind the swarming troops prevail;
They fix the ladders, and the bulwarks scale:
But 'twixt the walls and second rampire steep,
Where sinks the fosse, all horrible and deep,
The Christians from th' interior works renew
A strong defence against the Pagan crew;
With spears and darts they rain an iron cloud,
To check the numbers of th' advancing crowd;
And soon had check'd, but that the dauntless might
Of Ulien's son[99] inspir'd and urg'd the fight.
He drives them on, and each though loth obeys,
With threatenings these incites, and those with
praise:
Who turns a step to fly, his fate receives:
His breast he pierces, or his helm he cleaves;
And down the steep he drives so huge a train,
That scarce the fosse their numbers can contain.
While thus compell'd the rude barbarians go,
Or tumble headlong to the depth below,
The king of Sarza every muscle strains,
And lo! (as if a strength of wing sustains
Each agile member) with a wondrous bound
Leaps o'er the fosse, and lights upon the ground
With all his armour's weight, though yawning
wide,
Full thrice ten feet it stretch'd from side to side.
Swift as a greyhound o'er the space he flies,
Nor to his feet the silent earth replies,
So light he leaps—now round his blows he drives,
And the mail'd plate, like brittle substance, rives.
Not more the sylvan bark a tree defends,
When on its trunk the scowling axe descends:
Thick folds of steel can no defence afford,
Such his huge nerve, and such his sweepy sword.
Meantime our legions in the depth below
Have plac'd their snares to catch th' incautious
foe.
Serewood and pitch beneath the banks they hide,
And many a vessel closely rang'd, supply'd
With nitre, oil, or sulphur, to conspire
In one vast blaze to spread the murderous fire.
And now prepar'd each wary soldier stands
To crush the folly of the Moorish bands,
Who blindly from the trench's depth assail,
And strive, with many a ladder rear'd, to scale
The town's last works—when at a signal given
From different parts, the bursting fires are driven
Amid the foe:—huge conflagration rolls
From side to side, and mounting to the poles
Might dry the vapoury Moon, while dark as
night
Thick smoke obscures the Sun and blots the light:
And rumbling peals re-echo long and loud,
Like thunders breaking from a fearful cloud!
Now frantic sounds in mingled tumults rise,
Of dreadful howlings, groans, and dying cries;
As by their leader's cruel rashness slain,
One wretched fate involv'd the Pagan train.
While the flame crackling on their members
prey'd,
And with their shrieks a horrid concert made.
But cease we here—nor more the tale prolong,
For my hoarse voice forbids the lengthen'd song.

[97] Boyardo makes Rodomont a descendant of Nimrod, who built the tower of Babel.

[98] A low marshy land in the district of Ferrara, on the left of the Po, near the sea, abounding at that time with wild boars. Zatta.

[99] Rodomont.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the siege of Paris. Astolpho is dismissed with presents from Logistilla, who sends Andronica and Sophrosyne to conduct him safely on his passage home. Their voyage described. Astolpho heaps the future glory of Charles V. and many great men of his age. They reach the gulf of Persia, and Astolpho pursues his journey by land: he arrives in Egypt, and is warned by a hermit to shun the dwelling of Caligorant: his adventure with that giant. He finds the magician Orilo engaged in combat with Gryphon and Aquilant, who endeavour in vain to deprive him of life. Astolpho undertakes that adventure. Astolpho, Gryphon, and Aquilant, enter Jerusalem, where they are hospitably received by Sansonetto, the Christian regent. Gryphon hears from a pilgrim unwelcome news of his mistress Origilla.

GREAT honours every victor must obtain,
Let Fortune give success, or Conduct gain:
Yet oft a battle, won with blood, will yield
Less praise to him who boasts the conquer'd field.
But ever glorious is that leader's name,
And adds new laurels to his martial fame,
Who, while the forces of his foes o'erthrown
Proclaim his might, from loss preserves his own.
Such was the war by thee, my patron, wag'd,
When Leo on the waves had fiercely rag'd,
Had seiz'd each shore from where the Po descends,
And to the sea from Francolino[1] bends.
Though from afar we seem'd his roar to hear,
When present thou, each breast forgot to fear:
Well didst thou teach us victory to gain:
By thee thy friends were sav'd, thy foes were slain.
Not so the Pagan chief who rashly bent
On Christian slaughter, down the deep descent
Compell'd emptying his reluctant powers,
Where the dire flame the hapless band devours.
The fosse, though large, could scarce the throng receive,
But while the raging fires of life bereave
Each struggling wretch, on every limb they prey
Till shrunk to little space the mingled ashes lay.
Here thousands, as their chieftain's rashness led,
Midst flames and smoke are number'd with the dead:
Aloft in air their groaning spirits soar,
Their bodies, soon consum'd, are seen no more;
While he, from whom their dreadful sufferings rise,
Fierce Rodomont escapes, and as he flies
High bounding o'er the fosse that yawns below,
Lights on th' interior ramparts of the foe:
But had the trench the fearless chief receiv'd,
No more his arm had deeds of death achiev'd!
Now when he turns to view th' infernal vale,
And sees on every side the flames assail
His social bands, and hears their shrieks and cries,
Impious he raves and load blasphemes the skies.
While thousands here a strife unequal wag'd,
Where ruthless war with death and horrour rag'd,
King Agramant before his army's head
The fierce assault against a portal led,
Where less perchance he deem'd the Christian powers
Prepar'd in arms to guard their threaten'd towers.

With him in field king Sambirago shin'd,
And Baliverso, basest of mankind!
With Chorineus, Prasio shares his toils,
The wealthy king who rules the happy isles[2].
Malabuferzo, who the region sways
Of Fez, for ever scorch'd with solar rays;
And many a chief, with others long inur'd
To fields of fight, and well in mail secur'd.
Though arm'd, yet numbers naked seek the field,
For not a thousand plates the coward shield.
But, all unbought, the king of Afric there
Found the strong sinews of the Christian war:
Imperial Charles, with him a generous train,
King Salomone, and the noble Dane[3]:
Each Angelino there his station took,
With either Guido and Bavaria's duke[4].
There Ganelone, Berlinger appear;
Avino, Otho, and Avolio near:
Unnumber'd more, of less reputed name,
Who from the Fleming, Frank, and Lombard came:
Alike prepar'd before their sovereign's sight,
To show their valour with the first in fight.
Of these the tale shall speak[5] some future time:
Now to a noble deke I bend my rhyme;
The bold Astolpho, born on Albion's strand:
Him late, far distant from his native land
I left; who now impatient seems to mourn
His exil'd state, and languish to return.
As promis'd oft by her, whose power had quell'd
Alcina's navy and her fight compell'd:
Hers was the care to speed him on his way,
To shield from danger and prevent delay.
For this a galley had she launch'd, the best
That ever plough'd the curling ocean's breast;
And lest (for so her fears had oft divin'd)
Alcina should impede his course design'd,
She Andronica[6] sends, with ships prepar'd[7],
And fair Sophrosyne[6] the knight to guard,
Till in his sight th' Arabian sea appears,
And through the Persic tide his vessel steers.
She bids him rather coast the Scythian shore,
And Nabatei and India's realms explore,
With Persia's gulf, than tempt the seas where rave
Eternal winds that swell the northern wave,
And where, for many a month, no sun displays
Above th' horizon his enlivening rays.
Thus all dispos'd, the dame with friendly heart
Now grants the duke permission to depart,

[1] A place forty miles from the mouth of the Po.

[2] The Canary islands, formerly called the Fortunate islands, situated in the Atlantic ocean: these islands are subject to the Spaniards.

[3] Ugero. [4] Namus.

[5] Continued, Book xvi. ver. 111.

[6] Fortitude and Temperance, as mentioned in notes to Book x. ver. 343.

[7] *Un grosso armata*—a powerful fleet. ——There is some obscurity in this narrative, for it does not clearly appear what vessels went with Astolpho. It seems by the poet's words, when Astolpho leaves the port of India, that he had only one galley, in which he sailed with Andronica and Sophrosyne; nothing is said of any armed force throughout the voyage, till they come to the gulf of Persia, when the poet mentions ships in the plural number.

—— pigliaro il porto, e fur conversi
Con la poppa alla ripa i legni vaghi.

They seek the port, and resting on the strand,
With poop to shore the painted vessels stand.

But first, on many a subject grave and sage,
Instruction gives, too long to swell the page.
And lest a hostile power should once again
His senses fetter in some magic chain,
She on the knight[8] a wondrous book bestow'd,
Which fair to see full many a secret show'd:
This for her sake he took—a faithful guide,
A guard against enchantments to provide.
Here, while his eyes the learned leaves peruse,
Each spelful mystery explain'd he views.
Another gift she brought of magic power,
(A gift so rare was never seen before,)
A sounding horn[9] that scatters instant fear
With horrid noise in every trembling ear.
Such was the din, where'er its echoes spread,
The boldest knight, appall'd with terrour, fled.

[8] The fiction of the book is drawn from Boyardo. Orlando having delivered a young man from the power of a giant, receives from the father a present of a book that would resolve all doubts. Orlando ascends a mountain, the summit of which was inhabited by a Sphynx, of whom he inquires after Angelica: the monster proposes a riddle to him, but he being unable to answer it, kills her, and afterwards finds the riddle explained in this book. Flordelis has likewise a book by which she enters into a detail with Rinaldo of the several wonders of the garden of Falerina.

Orl. Innam. b. i. c. v. xvii.

[9] This horn appears to have been in a great measure the invention of Ariosto, at least in the extent of the wonderful effects here ascribed to it: it is copied by Spenser. When Arthur is brought by Una to deliver the Red-cross knight from the giant Orgolio, his squire, on their arrival at the castle-gate, sounds a horn, which is thus described.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again;
No false enchantment, or deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain;
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite and brast.

Fairy Queen, b. i. c. vii.

Mr. Warton says, "It seems rather strange that Spenser should make so little use of this horn. He has not scrupled to introduce the shield, though as manifestly borrowed from Ariosto, upon various occasions."—Notes to Fairy Queen.

"Turpin mentions a wonderful horn which belonged to Roland. Olaus Magnus relates, that this horn, which was called Oliphant, was won, together with the sword Durendis, (Durindana, so celebrated in Ariosto) from the giant Jutmundus by Roland; that its miraculous effects were frequently sung by the old Islandic bards in their spirited odes, and that it might be heard at the distance of twenty miles. A horn was a common expedient for dissolving enchantments. Cervantes alludes to this incident of romance where the devil's horn is sounded as a prelude to the disenchanting of Dulcinea. Dante mentions the horn of Orlando thus: while they are wandering along the banks of Phlegethon as the twilight of evening approaches,

Not such the mingled roar when winds resound,
When thunders roll, and earthquakes rock the ground!

Rich in the fairy's gifts, th' intrepid duke
His last farewell with grateful feeling took:
He leaves the port, the quiet bay he leaves,
And in his poop the prosperous breeze receives.
And now along the spicy shore he flies[10].
Where India's rich and peopled towns arise.
He sees a thousand isles on either hand
Dispers'd—and now he views Tomaso's land[11]:

Dante suddenly hears the sound of a horn more loud than thunder or the horn of Orlando.

Ma io sento sonare alto corno ——
Non sono sì terribilmente Orlando ——

"Virgil's Alecto's horn is as high and extravagant as any thing of the kind in romance,

——— cornuque recurvo
Tartaream intendit vocem: qua protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et silvæ intonuere profundæ:
Audit et Trivia longe lacus, audit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua ——

Æneid. lib. vii. ver. 513.

——— to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around
And mountains tremble at th' infernal sound;
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains and sulphureous Nar,
Shook at the baleful blast, the signal of the war!

Dryden.

See Warton's History of Poetry, vol. iii. p. 246.

"It is said (in an old romance) that Alexander gave the signal to his whole army by a wonderful horn, of immense magnitude, which might be heard at the distance of sixty miles, and that it was blown or sounded by sixty men at once. This is the horn which Orlando won from the giant Jutmundus, and which, as Turpin and the Islandic bards report, was endued with magical power. Cervantes says, that it was bigger than a weaver's beam. Boyardo, Berni, and Ariosto have all such a horn, and the fiction is here traced to its original source."

See Warton's History of Poetry, vol. i. p. 153.

[10] There can be little doubt but Tasso had an eye to this book when he described the voyage of Charles and Ubald to bring Rinaldo from the island of Armida. The whole passage, particularly the prophecy relating to the future discoveries in navigation, is exactly in the spirit of Ariosto.

[11] By the land of Tomaso is meant the province of Malabar, where St. Thomas the apostle, after having preached the gospel to many nations, it is said, at last suffered martyrdom.

"While Gama lay at anchor among the islands of St. George, near to Mazambic, there came three Ethiopians on board, (says Faria y Sousa,) who seeing St. Gabriel painted on the poop, fell on their knees in token of their Christianity, which had been preached to them in the primitive times, now corrupted. It is reported that the Portuguese found two or three Abyssinian Christians in the city of Mombaze, who had an oratory in their house. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called

And here her course the wary pilot veers,
And bending to the north the vessel steers:
The golden soil of Chersonesus past,
She ploughs the billows of the wat'ry waste;
And views, as near she coasts the fertile shores,
Where Ganges to the sea his waters pours
With whitening foam—she Taprobana views,
And Ceris next; and now her course pursues
Where mariners th' advancing cliffs survey,
That form, with seas confin'd, a narrow bay:
At length the realm of Cochin she perceives,
And thence the farthest bound of India leaves.
While thus Astolpho cuts the briny tide,
Safe in the conduct of a skilful guide,
He Andronica asks[11], if e'er 't was known
That regions, tinted from the setting Sun,

themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1500 years they had been under the patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their archbishop. Francisco Ruz, a Jesuit missionary, complained to the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he showed these people an image of our lady, they cried out: 'Away with that filthiness! we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods.'"

Mickle's note to the iiid Lusiad of Camoëns.

Camoëns at the conclusion of his poem has a particular passage relative to St. Thomas, in describing the religious state of the several provinces of India.

Here India's angel weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps, implores the day to come;
The day foretold—when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.
By India's banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God.
Where pale disease ere-while the cheek consum'd,
Health, at his word, in ruddy fragrance bloom'd:
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day restor'd the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

Mickle's Lusiad, b. x.

See the whole passage and the note annexed, for a full account of this matter.

It is observed by Mazzoni, in his Defence of Dante, that it was impossible from the Chersonesus for Astolpho to see the land of St. Thomas, being at a distance of four hundred miles on the coast of Malabar, neither could he, having past the Chersonesus, see the mouth of the Ganges, which he must have left some hundred miles behind him in doubling Cape Comorin. But Ariosto's geography appears very erroneous; he speaks of Cochin as the last country which they left in India, whereas Cochin lay the furthest country to the east, and the course of Astolpho was westward to the Red Sea. Tasso is much more correct in his voyage of Rinaldo, book xiv.

[11] Ubald, in Tasso, inquires nearly in the same manner of his pilot, if any navigators had gone the like voyage before.

Then Ubald thus began—"Say thou, whose power
Gives us these endless waters to explore,
Did ever prow before these seas divide?"

Tasso's Jerusalem, b. xv. ver. 177.

Had sent a venturous bark with oars and sails
To catch in eastern seas the driving gales;
Or vessels thence their constant track might keep
To France or Britain thro' th' unfathom'd deep?
Then Andronica thus—[12] "The Earth embrac'd
With Ocean's arms that circle round her waste,
On every part collected waters sees,
Where summers scorch them, or where winters freeze;
But since, where Æthiopia south extends,
Far tow'rds the pole the savage land descends,
There are who say that Neptune's pow'r withstood,
Here finds a barrier to th' indignant flood.
Hence from our clime no vessel courts the breeze,
To spread her daring sail on Europe's seas:
Nor pilot yet, from distant Europe, braves
The lengthen'd tides to stem our eastern waves.
Far in the west[13], when years their course have roll'd,
I see new Argonauts their sails unfold;
And many a Tiphys ocean's depths explore,
To open wondrous ways untry'd before.
Some coasting round the shelves of Afric[13], trace
Th' extended country of the sable race,
To pass the line whence blazing Phœbus burns,
And to your realms from Capricorn returns:
At length the Cape's extremest point they gain
That seems to part from ours the western main:
Each clime they view, and search, with ceaseless toils,
The Persian, Indian, and Arabian isles.
Some pass the pillars rais'd on either strand,
The well-known labour of Alcides' hand.
And like the circling Sun, with sails unfurl'd,
Explore new lands in some remoter world.
Behold the sacred cross uprais'd, behold
On the green turf th' imperial staff unroll'd.
Lo, some to guard their infant navy run,
Some haste to seize the land their toils have won.
A thousand chas'd by ten forsake the fields:
To Aragon the furthest India yields.
The chiefs of Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
Where'er they pass, behold them crown'd with fame!
Heaven wills these climes[14], to future ages shown,
Now rest, and shall for ages rest unknown,
Till in due time a monarch great and wise
Shall, like Augustus, o'er the nations rise:
From Aragonian and from Austrian blood[15]
I see, beside the Rhine's far winding flood,

[12] The poet here alludes to the discoveries in navigation made by the Spaniards and Portuguese, the first directing their course to the west, and the second to the east.

[13] The poet, in the following passage, alludes to the discoveries of the new world by Christopher Columbus; of whom also Tasso.

'T is thou, Columbus, to another pole
Shall rear the mast and o'er the surges roll,
While with a thousand wings and thousand eyes
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!

Book xv. ver. 234.

[15] He celebrates the emperor Charles V. who was born at Ghent in Flanders, in the year 1510. His father, Philip the Handsome, archduke of Austria, was the son of the emperor Maximilian, and of Mary, the only child of Charles the Bald, the last prince of the house of Burgundy. His mother Joanna was the second daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Castile and Aragon.

This ruler born, whose valour shall excell
What pens before could write, or tongues could tell.
By him Astræa we recall'd to Earth,
Or rather, dead, reviv'd to second birth;
And every virtue by her hand replac'd,
Which wretched mortals from the world had chas'd.
For these deserts th' eternal will of Heaven,
Not only to his sovereign rule has given
The crown which Trajan and Augustus wore,
Which Marcus and Severus held before,
But bids his power to every realm extend,
Where suns by turns arise, by turns descend;
And wills that under his auspicious sway
One faithful flock one shepherd should obey.
To work these ends th' Almighty shall decree
For him encompass'd chiefs by land and sea.
Lo! Cortez[16] who shall Cæsar's arms extend,
And to his potent laws new cities bend;
With kingdoms so remote, that yet their name
From western regions ne'er to India came.
Behold where Prospero Colonna stands[17]:
Pescara's marquis[18] next my voice demands;
And, lo! the third—a youth whose single praise
With Gallia's sons th' Italian name shall raise.
I see him now in glorious zeal prepare
With these to strive, from these the wreath to bear.
The generous courser thus with rapid pace
Contends, and leaves his rivals of the race.
Such is Alphonso[19], such his worth appears,
So far above the promise of his years.
Th' imperial monarch shall in him confide
To lead his armies and his councils guide,
Till by this chief his warlike thunders hurl'd
Shall spread his banners o'er the subject world.
Nor less his empire where the billows roar
From Europe's bounds to Afric's burning shore:
There equal conquest shall his arms attend,
When gallant Doria he secures his friend.
Lo! this the Doria[20], who shall bravely free
From numerous pirates all your midland sea.

A long train of fortunate events had opened the way for this young prince to the inheritance of more extensive dominions than any European monarch since Charlemain. He was contemporary with Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England. See Robertson's History of Charles V.

Many of these predictions were inserted, or enlarged, in the latter editions of the poem, for the first edition was only fifteen years after the birth of Charles, and some of the events did not take place till after the first publication; which observation will hold good in several other parts of the work.

[16] After the navigation to the new world by Christopher Columbus, who had been sent by the king and queen of Spain, the emperor Charles V. sent Hernan Cortez, who made an entire conquest of the kingdom of Mexico.

[17] In the war of the Milanese 1521, the Imperial troops took the field under the command of Prospero Colonna, the most eminent of the Italian generals, whose extreme caution, the effect of long experience in the art of war, was opposed, with great propriety, to the impetuosity of the French. He afterwards drove the French out of Milan, having defeated them at the battle of Bicocca: he made himself master of Genoa. Colonna at the age of fourscore defended Milan against the French, who attacked it under the command of Bonnevit.

See Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. ii.

[18] "The marquis of Pescara was joined with Prospero Colonna in the war of the Milanese: he took Milan by assault: he is particularly applauded for his generous attention to the chevalier Bayard, at the death of that brave man. When Mezieres was besieged by the Imperialists, the French committed the defence of the place to the chevalier Bayard, distinguished among his contemporaries by the appellation of *the knight without fear and without reproach*. The punctilious honour and formal gallantry of this man, bore a nearer resemblance than any thing recorded in history, to the character ascribed to the heroes of chivalry; he possessed all the talents that form a great general. When the French were obliged to quit the Milanese, the chevalier received in an action a mortal wound, and being unable to continue any longer on horseback, he ordered one of his attendants to place him under a tree, with his face towards the enemy; then fixing his eyes on the guard of his sword, which he held up instead of a cross, he addressed his prayers to God; and in this posture, which became his character, both as a soldier and as a Christian, he calmly waited the approach of death. Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, found him in this situation, and expressed regret and pity at the sight. 'Pity not me,' cried the high-spirited chevalier; 'I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty: they indeed are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath.' The marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtues, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy; and finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed proper persons to attend him. He died, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several generations had done, in the field of battle. Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations. Pescara died at the age of thirty-six, and left behind him the reputation of being one of the greatest generals and ablest politicians of that century."

Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. ii.

[19] Alphonso d'Avolo, marquis of Vasco, succeeded the marquis of Pescara. He was governor in Milan. He was remarkable for the beauty of his countenance. He was taken by Philippino Doria, at the siege of Naples, and contracted an intimate friendship with Andrew Doria. These three were captains of Charles V. in all his victories over Francis: he died the year before Francis.

Eufranio, Porcacchi.

[20] "Andrew Doria was the ablest sea-officer of his age: by his assistance, Lautrec, generalissimo of the French, made himself master of Genoa. At length, disgusted with the French, he revolted to the emperor: this gallant officer, the citizen of a republic, and trained up from his infancy in the sea-service, retained the spirit of independency natural to the former, together with the plain liberal manners peculiar to the latter. A perfect stranger to the arts of submission or flattery, necessary in courts; but conscious at the same time of his

Not such was Pompey's praise[91], though wasting swarms
Of corsairs he subdu'd with Roman arms;
For what was Dorea's, nam'd with Pompey's power,
That bow'd each state and ravag'd every shore?
Yet he by conduct wise and dauntless might
Shall purge the seas—till from rude Calpe's height
To sevenfold Nile, whene'er his name they hear,
I see the distant nations shake with fear.
Behold, conducted by this leader's hand[92],
Imperial Charles[93] has reach'd Bologna's land.
Lo! to admit him, wide the gates are thrown,
His awful brows receive the sacred crown.
His country's freedom patriot Dorea gains,
When others for themselves had forg'd her chains.
Such generous zeal shall longer glory yield,
Than Julius' battles in the sanguine field;
Where Gallia, Spain, or Britain's distant shore,
Afric or Thessaly confess'd his power.
Not great Octavius; nor Antonius great,
The mighty rival of Octavius' state,
Such wreaths deserve—th' ambition that annoy'd
Their nation's freedom every praise destroy'd!
Let these, let all who strive their country's fame
To sink in bondage, glow with guilty shame;
Nor dare to lift their eyes, where'er they bear
Great Dorea's honours breath'd in every ear.
Behold where Charles (whose ampler bounty flows
On virtuous Dorea's worth) on him bestows[94]
A fruitful soil[95], which gift in Puglia lays
The first foundation of the Norman praise.

own merit and importance, he always offered his service with freedom, and often preferred his complaints and remonstrances with boldness. Dorea, having left the French service, meditated the delivery of Genoa from the yoke it groaned under; which he soon effected; and it was then in his power to have rendered himself the sovereign of his country: but with a magnanimity, of which there are few examples, he sacrificed all thoughts of aggrandising himself, to the virtuous satisfaction of establishing liberty in his country: by his wise conduct he put a stop to all faction, and lived to a great age, beloved, respected, and honoured: his memory is still reverenced by the Genoese, and he is distinguished in the public monuments, and celebrated in the works of their historians, by the most honourable of all appellations, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY, AND THE RESTORER OF ITS LIBERTY."

See Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. iii.

[91] Andrew, with twelve galleys, freed the ports and seas from corsairs: and the terrour of his name was so great, that Barbarossa, the admiral of Tunis, many times shunned to engage him. Pompey the Great was deputed by the senate to clear the seas of pirates, which he effected in a short time; but as Pompey was supported by the whole force of the Roman empire, the poet here extols the valour and conduct of Doria, who performed such service with so inconsiderable a force.

[92] The emperor Charles V. coming to Bologna to receive from pope Clement the crown of the empire, embarked at Barcelona on board Doria's galleys, who having driven the French from Genoa, received the emperor in that city, in order to conduct him thence to Bologna.

[93] The emperor having created Doria high admiral of the seas, gave him in Puglia the principality of Melfi. Porcacchi.

Nor he alone, but all like him, who dare
In Cæsar's cause the deathful combat share,
Partake his smiles, and happier Cæsar's breast
For lands and cities, through his grace possest
By those he loves, or those whose worth obtains
His bounty, than for all the realms he gains."

While Andronica thus each chief displays
Whose future deeds the name of Charles shall raise;
Her fair companion[96] to the eastern gales
Now shifts and now extends the bending sails; 260
Now this, now that she counts to speed their course,
And now decreases, now augments their force.
At length the Persian sea their vessel laves,
And round them flows a vast expanse of waves.
Few days were past, when to the gulf they came,
To which of old the Magi gave the name[97]:
They seek the port, and resting on the sand
With prop to shore the painted vessels stand.
And now Astolpho from Alcina's power
Pursues his path in safety on the shore. 270
Where many a plain he travels, many a wood,
And many a desert vale and mountain rude.
There oft by day, and oft by midnight shade,
What murderous hands his lonely steps invade!
Lions and dragons fell his eyes survey,
With every beast that haunts the divary way.
But when he to his lip the horn applies,
Each ruffian foe, each savage monster flies.

Arabia nam'd the happy, now he gains,
Incense and myrrh perfume her grateful plains:
The virgin phœnix there in seats of rest, 281
Selects from all the world her balmy nest.
He saw, where once for Israel's chosen band,
Th' avenging waters, by divine command,
Proud Pharaoh with his numerous host o'erthrew;
At length he near the land of heroes drew[98].
By Trajan's banks he spurs with winding course[99]
His steed, unmatch'd in swiftness as in force;
When o'er the field he leads the bounding race,
No eye his footstep in the dust can trace: 290
Soft snows and tender grass his hoofs sustain,
He sweeps unbath'd the billows of the main:
Argalia own'd him late—no mortal sire
He knew, conceiv'd of nimble wind and fire:
Not fill'd with earthly food, his purer frame
Was nurs'd with air, and Rabican his name[100].

Astolpho still his eager way pursu'd
To where the Nile receives the lesser flood.
But ere he reach'd the river's mouth, he spy'd
A bark that tow'rds him swiftly steerum'd the tide.
An aged hermit in the stern appear'd, 301
Adown his bosom wav'd his silver beard.

[94] Ferrari allegorizes the passage thus:—Andronica (Fortitude) speaks of high achievements and victories: Sophrosyne (Temperance) rules and represses the wind; that is, governs and keeps in due bounds the passions and affections of the soul.

[95] The Magi were an ancient sect of Persia, that for a long time usurped the kingdom. In the Persian gulf was a port called from them the port of the Magi.

[96] By this must be understood the land celebrated for the heroes of ancient story.

[97] He means by this the cut made by Trajan, extending from the Nile to the Red Sea.

[98] The account of this horse is in Boyardo. See note to book vii. ver. 431.

With frequent cries he call'd the knight to take
With him protection, and the land forsake.
"O! if thou prizest life, my son," he said,
"Nor seek'st this day to mingle with the dead,
Speed to the farther shore without delay.
For yonder path to death will lead thy way.
Scarce shalt thou pass a few short miles, before
Thine eyes shall view the dwelling red with gore,
In this kin life a dreadful giant leads,
Whose height, by many a foot, the height exceeds
Of human race—no traveller, or knight
Can hope t' escape alive by force or flight.
All cruelties his fiend-like arts contrive,
He slaughters some, and some devours alive.
To seize the wretch his glutton maw destroys,
With cruel sport he first a net employs
Of wondrous make, and near the cave with care
Hides in the yellow sands the fatal snare.
Who comes untorn'd in his subtle wiles,
Nor knows the danger, nor suspects the toils:
Then tow'rd the destin'd place with horrid cries,
He drives the stranger, who affrighted flies,
Till with loud laughter he beholds his diet
With tangling meshes every limb beset.
No traveller he spares, nor knight, nor dame
Of high repute or undistinguish'd name:
He sucks the marrow and the blood he drains,
He chews the flesh; the bones bestrow the plains:
And dire with human skins on every side
He hangs his dwelling round in horrid pride.
Then hear, my son, consent yon path to take
That to the sea secure thy way will make."
"Good father, thanks, and deem not I despise
Thy proffer'd love," the fearless knight replies;
"Ent danger light against my glory weighs,
Nor life I prize compar'd with endless praise.
Thou seek'st to shake my fix'd resolves in vain.
Behold I haste yon drear abode to gain.
With less of honour safety might be won,
Yet more than death such safety must I shun.
If now I go, what can I suffer more
Than what such numbers there have met before?
But should Heaven's pow'r so far my arms sustain
That he should yield, and victor I remain,
Behold I make yon path secure for all:
Slight harm may chance, but greater good befall,
My single life expos'd in balance weigh
Against the thousands I may save to-day."
"Go then in peace, my son," the hermit cries,
"Heaven send his angel Michael from the skies
To guard thy person in the hour of fight!"
So spoke the simple sire, and bless'd the knight,
Who, as by Nilus' banks the steed he guides,
More in his horn than in his sword confides.
Between the rapid stream and fens there lay
Amid the sands a narrow lonely way,
That soon the champion to the dwelling drew,
Whose ruthless host no tender pity knew.
Of wretches thither led, around were strung[28]
Discover'd heads[29], and naked limbs were hung;
And not a gate, or window there, but show'd
Some horrid fragment dropping sable blood.
As in the Alpine heights or rustic town,
The hunter, long in sylvan perils known,
Aloft suspends the pass and shaggy spoils
Of savage boars, the trophies of his toils;
So the fierce giant would the mightiest fell
That in his power by cruel fortune fell.
The bones of others spread the country o'er,
And every ditch is fill'd with human gore.
Before the cave Caligorant appears,
(Such is the name the dreadful giant bears)
Who, for rich rooms with gold and tap'stry spread,
Adorns his horrid mansion with the dead.
He sees the duke at distance on the plain;
He sees, and scarcely can his joy contain:
For thrice the Moon had chang'd, and not a knight
Had past that way to glut his longing sight.
Now tow'rds the fen with eager pace he speeds,
(The fen o'er-grown with sedge and spiky reeds,)
In hope to drive the champion in the bands
That close were spread beneath the treacherous sands,
As oft before he many a wretch had caught,
Whom evil destiny had thither brought.
Soon as the Paladin the foe survey'd,
Awhile in deep suspense he cautious stay'd,
Lest, as the hermit warn'd, his courser's feet
Should unawares th' entangling meshes meet.
But here his magic horn the warrior tries;
His magic horn its wonted aid supplies.
The giant hears, and struck with sudden fright
Reprints his backward steps: the Christian knight
Repeats the blast: amaz'd in every sense
The giant flies, but knows not where nor whence:
Headlong he rushes on the toils, ensnar'd
In his own toils for others oft prepar'd.
The net extending drags him to the ground,
And clasps in twining links his body round.
Astolpho, who th' enormous bulk survey'd
Low stretch'd on earth, at once with naked blade
Leap'd from his steed, for many a thousand dead
To take due vengeance on the murderer's head.
But now he fears, to kill his wretched thrall,
Mankind would latencss more than courage call,
While on the plain all motionless he lies
Fast fetter'd with indissoluble ties.
This net of steel with more than mortal art
Had Vulcan fram'd, to break whose smallest part
No strength avail'd: with this of old were bound
Venus and Mars in Love's embraces found.
The jealous god contriv'd the subtle toils
T' entrap the god of arms and queen of smiles.
Hermes from Vulcan this by stealth remov'd
To seize fair Chloris[30], long his best belov'd;

[28] The dwelling of this giant resembles the den of Cacus in Virgil,

——— semperque recenti
Cæde tepebat humus; foribusque affixa superbis
Ora virûm tristi pendebant pallida tabo.
Æneid. lib. viii.

With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;
Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,
Dreadful to view, and dropp'd with crimson gore.
Pitt, ver. 257.

See likewise Polypheme in Homer.

[30] Chloris was a nymph of whom Zephyrus was enamoured, and having spoiled her of her virginity, he gave her the name of Flora. She was also called Zephyretta, from the name of the wind: Pope gives this last name to one of his Sylphids,

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care.
Rape of the Lock

Chloris, of bright Aurora's train, who flies
Before the Sun, and round the dappled skies
From her full vest the silver lily strows,
The purple violet and blushing rose.
Her closely Hermes watch'd, till with the mare
One day he caught the flying nymph in air.
Then was it known for ages to remain
Within Canopus at Anubis' fane.
Three thousand years elaps'd, at last arose
Caligorant, the worst of impious foes,
Who seiz'd with daring hand the net divine,
And fir'd the room and robb'd the holy shrine.
From this Astolpho takes a length to bind
The caitiff's arms; these pinion'd close behind
With hand on hand secur'd he firmly ties,
Then from the net he frees and bids him rise.
His fierceness tam'd, submissive now he stands,
Mild as some damsel, to the knight's commands,
Who thinks to lead him thence, in triumph shown
Through many a city, fort, and peopled town:
With him reside'd the wondrous net to take,
Whose like no mortal tool or hand could make.
Then on his captive's back he lays the weight,
And leads behind him, in victorious state,
The wretch, consigning to his servile care
The ponderous helm and massy shield to bear;
And welcome joy imparts where'er he goes,
Since fear no more[31] the pilgrim's bosom knows.
Thus pass'd Astolpho, till he near espies
The well-known pyramids of Memphis rise;
Memphis, that draws her greatest fame from these;
Now crowded Cairo he before him sees.
The people flock to view with eager eye
The giant's towering height, and wondering cry—
"Whence could you pigmy knight such prowess show
To bind in captive chains so huge a foe?"
While each beholds him with enraptur'd gaze,
And gives him every palm of knightly praise.
Not then such streets and domes could Cairo boast
As now suffice not half th' enumber'd host
That there reside; though great each mansion's height,
'T is said that hundreds pass'd unhous'd the night.
There in a castle fair the Soldan dwells,
Whose spacious structure others far excells;
And thrice five thousand, held in vassal awe,
All renegades from the Christian law,
With wives and steeds, and each domestic train,
Beneath one roof his ample walls contain.
Where Nile his stream to Damiata guides,
And where he rushes in the briny tides,
Astolpho pass'd, yet none (so went the fame)
Escap'd alive or free that thither came.
There on the shore and near the mouth of Nile,
Lodg'd in a tower, a robber liv'd by spoil
Of travellers and pilgrims thither led,
And even to Cairo's gates his rapine spread.

For though his limbs a thousand wounds receive,
Not one the caitiff could of life bereave.
To prove if aught avail'd in bloody strife
To make the Sisters cut his thread of life,
Astolpho now to Damiata came
And sought the wretch—Orilo was his name[32].
Arriving where the sea receives the Nile,
He sees the castle on the sandy soil,
Where dwelt th' enchanted soul, no son of earth,
Who from an imp and fairy drew his birth.
Already there the fight with dreadful rage
He sees two warriors with Orilo wage.
Alone Orilo stood, but such his might
That scarce their skill suffic'd each noble knight
Himself to guard; yet long for valour known,
Their fame in arms o'er all the world was blown.
These youths their birth from Olivero take,
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black.
When first the field the necromancer sought,
With great advantage on his side he fought:
With him a monster came, to whom the earth
Of Egypt gives its unpropitious birth.
He barks on shore, or dives beneath the flood,
And human bodies are his dreadful food.
When thoughtless pilgrims by his rage are slain,
Or wretched mariners that plough the main.
The breathless monster stretch'd along the sand,
A victim lies to each brave brother's hand.
But not a wound can stern Orilo feel,
Though both the youths their blows united deal.
Full oft his limbs they lop, but lop in vain,
Nor though dismember'd can he yet be slain.
Depriv'd of hand or leg, his magic power
Returns it to the place it held before.
Now Gryphon to the teeth drives through his crest;
Now Aquilant divides him to the breast.
He laughs at all their blows in fell disdain,
They rave to find their blows bestow'd in vain.
So when we see the liquid metal fall,
Which chymists by the name of Hermes call,
Though here and there the parts dissever'd roll,
They soon again unite to form the whole.
His head lopt off, Orilo swift descends,
And eager in its search his arm extends;
Now by the nose he takes it, now the hairs,
And, fixing on the neck, the loss repairs.

[31] "Ariosto, by Caligorant and his net, had an historical allusion to a famous sophist and heretic of his own time, who entangled people in his sophistical net of false logic: this heretic and sophist became an orthodox and useful man afterwards, as Caligorant did, when foiled by his weapon and well instructed by Astolpho. Ariosto's poem, like Spenser's, is full of historical allusions, as well as moral allegories. Ariosto has imagined the giant and net of Caligorant from the giant Zambardo in Orlando Innamorato, book i. c. vi."

Upton's Notes on Spenser.

[32] Here follows one of the most extravagant of Ariosto's fictions: it is continued from the Orlando Innamorato; the story is thus told by Boyardo.

"After the brothers Gryphon and Aquilant were delivered from the castle of the fairy, where Mandricardo had won the arms of Hector, they pursued their journey together till they met two ladies, attended by two dwarfs; one lady was clothed in white and the other in black vestments, the dwarfs were apparelled in like manner, and one lady rode a white and the other a black palfrey. These ladies, knowing that the stars threatened the two knights with untimely death in France, in order to prevent their fate, engaged them to undertake the conquest of Orilo, who could not be killed by a mortal weapon. The knights had a dreadful battle with him, and slew a crocodile, which the necromancer brought with him, and the event continued undecided when a knight arrived, leading a giant in chains."

Orl. Innam. b. i. c. ii. iii.

Then vaidy in the stream that near them flows,
Brave Gryphon's hand the sever'd visage throws:
Orilo dives, the bottom to explore,
And with his head returns unhurt to shore.
Two lovely dames, in comely garments drest,
This clad in white, and that in sable vest,
Who first to battle urg'd each gallant knight,
Stood near beside to view th' unequal fight.
These were the fairies[33], whose benignant care
Had bred from earliest years the noble pair,
When from two ravenous birds they snatch'd away
The harmless babes that in their talons lay:
Convey'd from weeping Sigismunda's hand,
And borne far distant from their native land.
But wherefore should I on this story dwell,
A story all mankind have known so well?
Now from these climes[34] withdraws the golden [day,
The happy isles[35] receive the parting ray:
Pale in the shade the misty objects gleam,
And the Moon glimmers with a doubtful beam:
When fierce Orilo to his fort retir'd;
For now the white and sable dame requir'd
To stay the combat, till the roseate morn
In eastern skies should make her wish'd return.
Astolpho now, to whom before were known,
By each device, but more their valour shown,
Gryphon and Aquilant, with eager pace
Advanc'd and held them in a strict embrace.
Not less the brethren, when in him who drew
The giant chain'd, the English duke they knew,
With joy caress'd him, who to Gallia came
Known by the baron of the leopard's name.
The virgins led the warriors to repose,
Where near in view a stately palace rose;
Whence squires and damsels met them on the way,
With many a torch that cast a blazing ray.
Their coursers to th' attending grooms consign'd,
The knights unarm, and in a garden find,
Plac'd by a crystal fountain's murmuring tide,
A plenteous board with various cates supply'd.
Then with a massy ponderous chain they bind
The giant, on the grassy turf confined,
Tied to an oak's rough trunk, whose sturdy height
Had years defied; and lest the foe by night
Should seek to loose his bonds, and work them harm,
Ten soldiers round him watch'd to give th' alarm.
The costly wines that crown the sumptuous board,
With savoury viands, less delight afford,
Than the sweet converse of the social hour:
But chief Orilo and his magic power
Engross the talk; while still to every mind
It seems a dream, that head or arm disjoin'd,
And cast to earth, should thus again unite,
And he return more daring to the fight.
Already good Astolpho counsel took;
And soon he gathers, from his wondrous book,
No mortal hands Orilo's life can end,
Till from his head one fatal hair they rend;
That lost, he dies—thus far the book can show,
But tells not how the fatal hair to know.
Nor less Astolpho conquest now enjoys,
Than if his arms had won the glorious prize;
And soon to each he makes his purpose known
To take th' adventure on himself alone,
To slay Orilo; would the brethren yield
To him the trial of the doubtful field.
These, well assur'd his courage vain to find,
Freely to him the arduous task resign'd.
Aurora through the skies her light extends,
When the fierce robber from his fort descends.
Astolpho and Orilo rush to fight:
One wields the mace, and one the falchion bright.
Astolpho long essays some well-aim'd blow
To chase the groaning spirit from his foe.
Now, with the mace lopt off, his better hand,
Now either arm, falls bleeding on the sand:
With backward strokes he cuts him now in twain,
And with his members piecemeal strows the plain.
As oft Orilo bids the parts unite,
And wondrous stands with new-recover'd might.
Him in a hundred parts Astolpho hews;
As oft his sever'd frame itself renews.
Amidst a thousand strokes, one, happier sped,
At length above the shoulders reach'd his head;
The head and helmet from the trunk it rends:
Sudden Astolpho from his seat descends:
Now in the matted locks with eager speed
His hand he fastens and remounts his steed:
Against the course of Nile he spurs, he flies,
And far from sad Orilo bears the prize.
Meantime the wizard hastens to explore
(Unconscious what had past) the sandy shore.
But when he finds the knight and coursers fled,
Had to the distant forest borne his head;
He takes his steed, and on his saddle light
He leaps, and hastens to pursue the knight.
He would have cried to bid the warrior stay,
But the fierce duke had borne his tongue away.
He spurs, he gives the rein; but like the wind
Soon Rabicano leaves him far behind.
And now Astolpho for the fatal hair
Explor'd the head with unavailing care;
Eager to find, what found would end the strife,
From which Orilo drew immortal life.
Perplex'd he view'd the locks, alike in hue,
Nor where to fix his doubtful choice he knew:
At length—"Let all be shorn," the warrior cries,
And well his sword the place of shears supplies.
The head his left, the sword his right-hand bears,
With this he shaves around th' innumerous hairs.
Among the rest the fatal hair he shears,
Ghastly and pale[36] at once the face appears:

[33] See the foregoing note. Boyardo lightly touches on the education and early adventures of these brothers, with the care taken of them by the two fairies, but seems, for particulars, to allude to some other story, which, though it has escaped the translator's knowledge, might be familiar to the readers of Boyardo and Ariosto.

[34] All the following passage to the conclusion of the adventure with Orilo, is Ariosto's own, though engrafted on Boyardo's fiction.

[35] The Canary islands.

[36] Whatever may be the extravagance of the fiction, yet the descriptive force of these lines must be allowed to be admirable, and the instant change of the features, on cutting the fatal hair, exhibits a most striking picture. Metastasio has a fine passage of a similar kind, where the head of Holofernes is cut off by Judith, which she thus describes:

——— Ecco l'orribil capo
D'agli omeri diviso.
Guizza il tronco reciso
Sul sanguigno terreno: balzarmi sente

The eyes roll inward, every symptom shows
That life at last has touch'd its wretched close:
The headless trunk that follow'd, sudden lies
Fell'n from its seat, no more again to rise.
Astolpho now the dames[32] and warriors sought,
In his victorious grasp the head he brought,
With all the signs of late departed breath,
And show'd afar the carcase stretch'd in death.
'Twas doubtful, when the brother champions view'd
Orilo slain, what secret thoughts ensu'd
In either breast, perchance displeas'd to find
Their hop'd-for wreaths another's temples bind.
Nor yet more grateful than to either knight,
Seem'd to each dame the issue of the fight,
Who held them with Orilo there engag'd
In fruitless toil, while thus the war they wag'd,
To keep them both from France, where cruel strife
Had menac'd soon to close their youthful life.
Soon as in Damiata's town declar'd,
Orilo's death had reach'd the castle guard,

Il teschio semivivo
Sotto la man, che'l sostiene: quel volto
A un tratto scolorir; mute parole,
Quel labro articolar; quegli occhi intorno
Cercar del sole i rai,
Morire, e minacciar, vidi e tremai.
Ettulia.

—— Behold the dreadful visage
Now sever'd from the trunk, the headless trunk
Sinks on th' insanguin'd earth—beneath my hand
That bore the weight, I felt the gasping head
Half living, move convulsive—from the face
All colour fled—the lips essay'd in vain
The unform'd word—the ghastly rolling eyes
Yet sought the light, and threaten'd even in death.
I saw and trembled!
Ethulia Delivered.

An Italian commentator says, that by Orilo the poet figures a noted alchymist of his time, and by Astolpho, who deprives him of the means of rejoining his limbs, he denotes the person who cured him of his error.

[32] The story broken off by Boyardo is taken up by Ariosto, who brings Astolpho with Caligorant prisoner, to finish the adventure by the help of his book. The circumstances of the battle between the brothers and Orilo, are nearly the same in both poets.

"The difficulty which prince Arthur finds in killing Maleger, seems to be copied by Spenser, from the encounter of Gryphon and Aquilant with Orilo, who, like Maleger, receives no injury from all the wounds that are given him; and the circumstances by which Maleger's death is effected, partake much of the fantastic extravagance of those by which Orilo is at last killed."
Warton's Observations on Spenser.

He stroke at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riven breast,
That half the steel behind his breast did rest;
Which drawing forth he looked evermore,
When the heart blood should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the floor,
But his dead corse upon the floor fell nathermore.
Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. xi. st. 37.

The chief (as there the eastern nations use)
Dismiss'd a dove[34] to Cairo with the news.
The message swift he bears; beneath his wing
The letter fasten'd by a slender string.
Another dove dismist, the tidings spread
O'er Egypt soon of fierce Orilo dead.
Th' adventure finish'd thus, Astolpho warms
The brother-knights to noble deeds of arms
In aid of Charles—yet little each requires
To fan the generous ardour that inspires
His gallant breast t' assert the church's cause,
From insult to defend the Roman laws,
And midst their social bands to merit first applause.
Thus Aquilant and Gryphon took their leave
Of either dame, who while they deeply grieve
At such resolve, yet could not here oppose
The glorious purpose which from virtue rose.
But ere the warriors bent to France their way,
They turn'd aside their pious rites to pay
In sainted regions, with the presence blest
Of God himself, in human flesh confest.
The right they follow'd, though the left hand
A path more pleasing, where the winding road
Close by the sea in easy journey lay:
Lonely the right, and horrid was the way;
But sooner this, by many tedious days,
To Palestine the traveller conveys.
Here streams were found, and herbage cloth'd the plain,
But every other good is sought in vain.
Hence, ere they parted, with forseeing care
They due provisions for their use prepare,
And on the giant's shoulders place the freight,
Whose strength suffic'd to bear a castle's weight.
Soon as they reach'd the mountain's arduous height,
Lo! sudden stretch'd before their rapture'd sight
That holy land, where never-ending Grace
Cleans'd with his blood the sins of human race.
When now the warriors near the city drew,
They met a noble youth, whom well they knew,
Of Mecca, Sansonetto[35] was his name,
His virtues great, and great his knightly fame:
In early prime of life, above his years
For prudence fam'd, and reverenc'd by his peers.
Orlando to our faith had brought the knight,
And with his hand bestow'd the Christian rite.
Him there employ'd in building forts they find,
Against th' Egyptian caliph's bounds design'd;
And now he frames the walls, t' enclose around
Mount Calvary, and fence the hallow'd ground.
From him such welcome every knight receives,
As the free soul to worth congenial gives.
He leads them to the gates with courteous grace,
And in his court assigns an honour'd place.
Those parts he rul'd; and there vicegerent made
By royal Charles, the empire justly sway'd.
To him Astolpho gave his conquer'd prize,
That captive giant of so huge a size,
With whose strong nerves enormous weights to bear,
Ten beasts of burthen scarcely could compare.

[34] This practice followed in Egypt of sending advices to distant parts, is described by Tasso.

These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of eastern nations through the fields of air.
B. xviii. ver. 550.

[35] The name of this knight does not appear in the Innamorato.

With him Astolpho on the knight bestow'd
The wondrous net to which he conquest ow'd.
From Sansonetto then the duke receiv'd
A costly belt with rich embroidery wear'd;
And two fair spurs, resplendent to behold,
Gold were the buckles, and the rowels gold,
Belier'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed [26]:
With many a prize as rare were these obtain'd
By Sansonetto, when he Zaffa gain'd.
Their sins absolv'd, amidst a saintly band
Of fathers held in reverence through the land
For pious works, they visit every shrine,
To meditate on mysteries divine:
These shrines, which now the sacrilegious Moor
Has wrested from the Christian's waning power.
O foul disgrace! To arms is Europe fir'd,
But wars not where her arms are most require'd.
While these with rites of pure devotion [27] pour'd
Their souls in prayer, and Heaven's high grace implor'd,
A Grecian pilgrim came, who tidings brought
That deep distress in Gryphon's bosom wrought,
Absorb'd each calmer thought in black despair,
And scatter'd all his pious vows in air.
Much lov'd the knight, yet lov'd but to his shame,
A damsel, Origilla was her name [28];

With her but few could vie in charms of face,
And few like her of mind deprav'd and base.
Late, in the walls of Constantine [29] behind
He left the fair, by sharp disease confin'd:
A fever's rage—and when return'd again
He hop'd to find her from her bed of pain
In charms restor'd, he heard the faithless dame
Had, with a new-found object of her flame,
To Antioch past,—perchance impatient grown
In prime of beauty's bloom to sleep alone.
From this sad moment Gryphon knows not rest,
By day, by night, sighs issue from his breast.
Let those that e'er have found Love's cruel smart,
Judge if he feels not now his keenest dart:
And more he suffers, doom'd the woes to feel,
Which conscious shame forbids him to reveal.
His brother Aquilant had oft reprov'd
His senseless passion; oft, with pity mov'd,
Strove from his heart to drive a worthless dame,
Who liv'd the scandal of the female name.
Yet, spite of truth, would Gryphon fain abuse
Himself unhappy, and her faults excuse.
At length he purpos'd to depart, unknown
Of Aquilant, and haste to Antioch's town;
And thence recover to his longing arms
The dame, who first enslav'd him with her charms;
To drag his rival forth, and make him prove
His dreadful vengeance for insulted love.
How this he wrought, and what in course befell
His purpos'd search, th' ensuing book shall tell.

[26] St. George, the tribune of Cappadocia, according to the legendary fable, travelling through Libya, delivered a virgin, a king's daughter, who was on the point of being devoured by a dragon: but Ariosto seems rather to allude to the mystic sense of the story, by which the virgin is made the type of Faith or Religion, and the dragon her ancient enemy (the old serpent) subdued by holy Fortitude. Tasso has a passage, where he describes the mother of Clorinda paying her secret devotions to a picture of this kind, which seems to give the whole an allegorical turn.

Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows,
Where rich with life each mimic figure glows:
There white as snow appears a lovely maid,
And, near, a dragon's hideous form display'd:
A champion through the beast a javelin sends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends:
Here oft the queen her secret faults confess'd—

Again—in her prayer—

Thou, heavenly Chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd, &c.

Jerusal. Del. b. ii. ver. 173.

[27] Sansonetto and Astolpho appear again, b. xviii. ver. 649.

[28] Orlando going in search of Angelica, came one day to a bridge, guarded by a knight, where he found this Origilla hanging by the hair of her head on a tree, and was prevented from releasing her by the interposition of the knight, who told him a long story of her wickedness; but Origilla denying the charge, and Orlando pitying her condition, overthrew four knights, and carried her away with him: she deceived him by a wile, and stole his horse Brigliadoro, which he afterwards recovered. She then betrayed Orlando into the hands of the Pagan king Monodant, on condition that Gryphon, whom she loved, and who, with Aquilant, was prisoner to the king, should be given up to her. Gryphon and Aquilant, being both set at liberty, the two knights, with Origilla, between whom and Gryphon a close attachment had been formed, pursued their journey, till Origilla being taken sick, was left behind on the way, at which part Ariosto takes up her story. See Orl. Innam. b. i. ii.

[29] Byzantium, Constantinople.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The meeting of Gryphon and his mistress Origilla. The siege of Paris continued. Rodomont, having leaped within the walls, makes a great slaughter. While Agramant, with his forces, is endeavouring to enter at a gate, Rinaldo, conducted by the angel and Silence, comes to the assistance of the Christians. Speech of Rinaldo to his army. General battle described. Valour of Rinaldo. Zerbino signalizes himself. During the battle, Charles, who was engaged in a different quarter, in the defence of the city walls, hears the devastation made in the heart of the city by Rodomont, who was destroying all with fire and sword.

Oh woes in love unnumber'd hearts complain,
And I with these an equal share sustain:
If then with speech or pen I should declare
What pains oppress, and what are light to bear,
Confide in him, who from himself can tell
Those sufferings which he oft has known so well.
Though from her lover's sight the fair one flies,
Frowns on his sorrows, and his suit denies;
Condemns him still unrecompens'd to waste
The tedious moments; if his heart is plac'd

On virtuous beauty, let him cease to mourn,
Nor deem his state of every hope forlorn:
But let him weep, him wretched must we call,
Whom lovely looks and sparkling eyes enthrall,
Where beauty serves but as a treacherous blind
To hide each vice that taints the female mind.
He seeks to fly, but, like a wounded hart,
Where'er he goes, he bears the fatal dart;
He blushes for himself, he feels his shame,
He knows no cure, nor dares avow his flame,—
Such was unhappy Gryphon's state, who views
His fault too well, and still that fault pursues,
He sees how ill his doting thoughts are plac'd
On Origilla, faithless and unchaste;
Yet reason to controlling love gives way,
And passion ever will usurp the sway.
Her baseness, her ingratitude he knows,
And still pursues her steps where'er she goes.
Now to resume the pleasing tale:—Unknown
To all, he issu'd from the walls alone:
Nor to his brother durst his purpose move,
Whose better wisdom oft had check'd his love.
But turning to the left, without delay,
To distant Rome he takes the ready way.
Six days elaps'd, Damascus strikes his eyes,
And thence his course to Antioch's city lies:
When near Damascus' walls the knight he met
On whom his faithless dame[1] had newly set
Her changeful heart, and well the pair agreed
As with the fetid flower the noisome weed.
Both fickle, base, and vers'd in every wile,
With courteous show concealing mutual guile.
Thus, as I said, the base deceiver rode,
And, arm'd in pomp, a stately steed bestrode,
With Origilla, richly to behold
Array'd in azure garments fring'd with gold.
Two squires beside him pac'd along the field,
Who bore by turns his helmet and his shield.
For now he sought, with every splendour shown,
To attend a tilting in Damascus' town.
It chanc'd the Syrian monarch then declar'd,
By trumpet's sound, a sumptuous feast prepar'd;
Hence, from afar (as candidates for fame)
Adorn'd with every cost the warriors came.
Soon as the dame beheld her injur'd knight,
Brave Gryphon near, she trembled with affright.
She knew her lover's force too weak to wield
His arms against him in an equal field.
But vers'd in fraud, each feature soon she clears,
No voice, no gesture tells her inward fears:
Now with her partner she concerts the guile,
Then hastes to Gryphon with a treacherous smile:
In well-dissembled joy her arms she throws
Around his neck, and to his bosom grows:
With honied words, with every soothing art
Of dalliance fond she melts his easy heart.
Then weeping thus—"Is this, my long-lost lord,
Is this, alas! my constant love's reward?
Twelve tedious months neglected and alone,
Gryphon nor hears my sighs, nor heeds my moan;
And had I stay'd his wish'd return to see,
That day perchance had ne'er been seen by me!
When with impatience from Nicosia's court,
(Where many a knight and damsel made resort)
I hop'd thy swift return to me bereft
Of every joy, by thee unkindly left;
When the fell fever prey'd upon my life,
And death stood threatening in the dubious strife;
I heard my Gryphon (all his vows forgot)
Had Syria reach'd—How cruel then my lot!
Hopeless to follow—desperate thoughts suggest
With my own hand to pierce my wretched breast.
But favouring Fortune's better care supply'd
That succour, which thy cold neglect deny'd:
She, in my brother, sent a valu'd friend
From all mischance my honour to defend;
And now, a bliss above each blessing dear,
Gives me to meet my lord, my Gryphon here!
Sure but for this my soul had wing'd her flight
In fond impatience for thy much-lov'd sight!"
So spoke the damsel fraudulent of mind,
Mistress of art and basest of her kind;
So well she knew her feign'd complaints to frame,
That all to Gryphon she transferr'd the blame;
And made him with such eyes her minion view,
As if their birth they from one parent drew;
And with such specious tales beguil'd the youth,
Not John nor Luke bore clearer marks of truth.
Thus she, as foul in heart as fair in look,
Disarm'd brave Gryphon of prepar'd rebuke:
Enough, that from himself he can remove
The heavy charge of her neglected love.
Th' impostor greeting now, with him he steer'd
His friendly way, and as they journey'd, heard
That Syria's wealthy king proclaim'd a court,
For splendid show, where knights of every sort,
Of Christian faith, or bred in Pagan laws,
Whom rumour to the festive meeting draws,
Without the walls, or in the town secure,
Remain, unquestion'd, while the jousts endure.
Yet think me not so eager still to dwell
On Origilla's, and her story tell,
(Whose life each lover, that her smiles believ'd,
A thousand times with female guile deceiv'd,)
That here my Muse forgets again to turn
Where warring squadrons throng'd on squadrons
born
With martial fury, while in arms they make
Proud Paris tremble, and her bulwarks shake.
I left where Agramant assail'd a gate
He vainly deem'd in weak defenceless state,
But not a part more strongly could oppose,
With chosen troops, th' incursion of the foes.
There Charles himself, with leaders well prepar'd,
There Otho and Avolio kept the guard:
Two Guidos, either Angelino there,
Avino, Angelero, Berlinger.
Each Pagan warlor to new fame aspires,
Nor less each Christian glows with generous fires:
All anxious in their sovereign's sight to gain
The meed and praise which loyal deeds obtain.
Nor yet the Moors with hardy feats of arms
Efface the stain of late inflicted harms;
While countless numbers, slaughter'd by the foe,
A dire example to the living show.
Thick from the walls, like hail, the arrows pour,
And whelm th' assailants with an iron shower.
From either host in deafening clamour rise
Tumultuous shouts, and mingle in the skies.

[1] This intrigue of Origilla is not mentioned by Boyardo, but appears to be an incident naturally grafted on her story by Ariosto, and suitable to her character in the Orlando Innamorato.

[2] The story of Origilla and Gryphon is continued, Book xvii. ver. 118.

But leave we Charles and Agramant awhile,
And to the Mars of Afric turn our style,
The dreadful Rodomont, who uncontroll'd
Rag'd through the city, who, as late we told,
Left in the dreadful trench his hapless powers
Where, dire to see! the flame each limb devours,
While o'er the fosse that girt the city round,
He safely lights within the hostile ground.
Soon was the fatal Saracen espy'd[1],
Known by his foreign arms and scaly hide;
Wives, weak old age and those unnerv'd with fear,
To catch each rumour lest a trembling ear.
They ring their hands, loud cries and groans ascend,
And shrill laments the starry region rend.
To houses some, and some to temples run;
Each seeks by flight his threaten'd death to shun.
But this to fear the murderous falchion yields,
That whirling round the furious Pagan wields.
Here, on the ground, dismember'd limbs are spread,
Far from the trunk, there falls the bounding head:
Through one, with backward stroke, the steel he guides,
And one, down cleft, from head to breast divides:
Of all he wounded, kill'd, or held in chase,
Not one would turn to meet him face to face,
As midst the harmless herds by Ganges' waves,
Or in th' Hesperian fields the tiger raves;
Or where, o'erwhelm'd by rocks, Typhœus lies,
On gorg'd and limbs the wolf resistless flies:
The savage Pagan thus unpitying slew
Not martial squadrons, but a heartless crew:
Mere vulgar souls that ne'er in arms could vie,
Souls only worthy to be born and die.
Thence to Saint Michael's bridge with eager haste
Fierce Rodomont the timorous people chas'd.
Alike with him the lord, the servant fares;
His ruthless hand nor sex nor station spares.
Religion to the priest is no defence[2];
Nor to the babe avails its innocence,
Nor dames nor virgins find relenting grace
For lovely eyes or for a blooming face:
Nor hoary age is safe—against the foes
Not more the Pagan proofs of valour shows
Than cruel thirst of blood—sex, rank, and age
Fall undistinguish'd by his fiend like rage.
Nor this fell king, of impious kings the worst,
On human lives exhausts his wrath accurs'd:
Against the senseless domes his arm conspires,
The sacred fane, the stately roof he fires.
In Paris (fuel meet to feed the flame)
Of timber then was rais'd each ample frame;
And now, in many a street, as travellers tell,
Her citizens in wooden structures dwell.

Unsated yet while thus his hate he fed,
And round him wide the conflagration spread;
The strongest pillars in his grasp he took,
And from its base the nodding mansion shook!
Not Padua's engines, of the mightiest size
Thou e'er hast seen, with force that could suffice
T' o'erturn the piles which (terrible to view)
Dread Sarza's king in smoking ruins threw.
While thus the tyrant sword and fire employ'd,
And burnt the town and lives on lives destroy'd,
Had Agramant without alike prevail'd,
Paris had sunk and all her glory fail'd!
But this the Paladin forbade, who came
From distant Albion to the field of fame,
Beneath whose care the Scotch and English spread
Their bands, by Silence and the angel led.
Heaven will'd when Rodomont at first engag'd
In blood, and slaughter through the city rag'd,
That Clermont's leader[3], with auxiliar powers,
Should near advance to Paris, suffering towers.
Above the town a bridge prepar'd he threw,
And to the left his winding forces drew,
That when he led them rang'd against the foes,
No crossing river might their march oppose.
Six thousand archers first, with banner spread,
He sent on foot, by gallant Edward led;
With these two thousand horse, whose chosen bands,
All lightly arm'd, brave Ariman commands;
Who near Saint Martin and Saint Dennis' gate,
Might enter Paris and relieve her state.
He sends apart each car and loaded wain,
And every charge that might their speed detain;
While, higher up the Seine, with circling course,
Himself conducts the remnant of his force,
With barks and bridges fram'd to pass the tide,
Whose depth the eager troops to ford deny'd.
All safely past, and every bridge with care
Behind destroy'd, he forms in rank of war
His various powers, but first he summons all
The knights and barons: each obeys his call: 230
He mounts a height, whence every eye and ear
May view his gesture and his speeches hear.
Then thus—"'T is yours, O chiefs! to lift in praise
Your hands to Heaven, who now decrees to raise
Your favour'd names, one glorious labour o'er,
And give such wreaths as ne'er were given before.
Chase from you sacred walls our impious foe,
Two princes shall to you their safety owe[4]:
Your sovereign first, whose hopes on you depend
To guard his freedom and his life defend: 240
Then, royal Charles, whose virtues have excell'd
Whoe'er on Earth has rule imperial held:
With these full many a king, and chief of fame,
Of various countries and of various name.
Thus while your arms preserve you grateful town,
Not only Paris shall your succours own;
Paris, whose sons now stand a heartless train,
Less fearing for the woes themselves sustain,
Than for their helpless wives and children's sake,
Who equal danger with themselves partake; 250
And holy maids, whom cloister'd walls enclose,
This day perchance defrauded of their vows;

[1] Thus Virgil describes Turnus when by chance shut within the walls of the enemy.

Agnoscunt facies inimicam atque immania membra
Turbati subito Æneadæ —— Æn. ix. 723.

—— his blazing buckler they descry,
The sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
His mighty members and his ample breast,
His rattling armour and his crimson crest.
Dryden.

[2] Thus Statius in the xth book of his Thebaid.

—— non ullius ætas,
Non cultus, non forma movet, pugnantibus iisdem
Supplicibusque furit—

[3] Rinaldo.

[4] He here addresses himself particularly to the English: by their sovereign he means Otho king of England, father of Astolpho, then besieged in Paris with Charlemain and many others.

But every country far and near, whose laws
Submit to Christ and own his hallow'd cause:
For not a Christian town but sees expos'd
Some citizen in yonder gates enclos'd.
If once, by public voice, the ancients gave
A civic crown to him, whose arms might save
A single life—what honours must be yours,
Whose aid unnumber'd souls from death secures!
But if or fear or envy should impede
Th' achievement of so great, so just a deed,
Should hostile force destroy yon sacred wall,
Soon Italy and Germany may fall,
With every realm that worships him who sign'd
With blood a ransom for redeem'd mankind.
Nor hope the Moors will from your lands abstain,
(Your lands encircled by the roaring main)
If these could once from Zibelterra's strand,
Or Gades' confines, rush with daring hand
To waste your isles—how must their power increase,
When Gallia's conquer'd states their sway confess!
But grant, nor honour nor advantage rise
To crown our toils in this day's enterprise,
Yet duty bids us with their arms unite,
Who for one cause, for one religion fight!
Soon shall I lead your victor-bands to throw
In disarray the legions of the foe,
That all unskill'd in labours of the plain,
Appear a weak, unarm'd and heartless train."
With words like these address, Rinaldo fir'd
Th' attentive leaders, and his host inspir'd;
When, as the proverb speaks, was little need,
As with sharp spur to goad the willing steed.
His speech thus clos'd, his triple force he leads,
And up the stream with silent course proceeds,
Beneath their standards rang'd in fair array,
Nor drums, nor shouts, their wary march betray.
He gives Zerbino first the glorious post
T' attack with Scottish arms the Pagan host;
While bending round, far stretching o'er the plain,
He sends the warriors of Hibernia's train.
The duke of Lancaster his central bands,
Compos'd of English foot and horse, commands.
These orders given, the Paladin pursu'd
His eager course along the winding flood
Beyond Zerbino's troops—when now appear
Oran's huge king and king Sobrino near;
Who, first of Afric's sons, with dauntless air,
Their weapons to receive the foes prepare.
Soon as the Christian host, with banners spread,
By Silence and the heavenly angel led,
Perceive the foe, no longer they suppress
That kindling warmth repeated shouts confess.
The skies re-echo to the trumpet's blast,
And every Pagan shrinks with fears aghast.
Rinaldo flies, with martial ardour prest,
His courser spurs, and bears his lance in rest:
No longer in the ranks remain'd confin'd,
But leaves the Scots an arrow's flight behind.
As when a whirlwind's rage resistless flies
Before a tempest gathering in the skies:
So, darting from the files, th' intrepid knight
Impell'd Boyardo to the wish'd-for fight.
Soon as the Paladin was seen in arms,
The conscious Moors presage approaching harms:
See in each hand the fearful javelin shake,
The trembling knee in every stirrup quake?!
Alone king Puliano knows not fear,
Who little deem'd Rinaldo's arm so near;
Nor thinking here t' oppose such matchless force,
Incites his rapid steed to brave the course.
Firm o'er his spear he bends, and aiming just,
In all his strength collects him to the thrust:
With either spur he gores his fiery steed,
And all the reins abandons to his speed:
While he, whose blood in Amon's veins had run,
Whose deeds might speak him Mars' redoubted son,
Displays at full, what art or grace can yield
To crown the glory of the dreadful field.
Alike each chief his threatening spear address'd,
With skilful aim against the adverse crest,
But far unlike th' event!—one breathless lies,
Slain in the shock; one gains the victor's prize.
More proofs of valour must in arms appear
Than with a martial air to wield the spear;
But Fortune's partial smiles o'er all prevail,
Without whose aid even Valour's self will fail.
His trusty lance the knight in rest replac'd,
And next Oran's gigantic sovereign fac'd,
Whose dastard mien bespoke his trembling heart,
Though large his bones and strong each nervous part.
No buckler could the fatal wound prevent,
Deep in his belly's rim the weapon went,
And holding on its course without control,
From the vast body drove the little soul.
The steed inur'd long sultry hours to sweat
Beneath his giant lord's unwieldy weight,
To good Rinaldo seem'd his thanks to pay,
Who freed him from the borthen of the day.
His javelin broke, Rinaldo turns his steed
Swift as if wings impell'd his rapid speed,
And midst the thickest press with eager course,
He thunders on, resistless in his force.
With desperate sway Fusberta round he wields;
Before whose edge the brittle armour yields.
Not temper'd steel nor scaly mail defends,
But to the quick the thirsty steel descends.
Shields lin'd with hides or fenc'd with plated wood,
Turbans and quilted vests distain'd with blood,
Confess his arm; where'er his stroke pursues,
Helm, cuirass, shield, he pierces, breaks, and hews,
Which such resistance to his sword oppose,
As grass against the scythe, or corn when Boreas blows.
The foremost hand was now dispers'd and fled,
When to the fight his van Zerbino led:
First of the throng, with spear in rest, he flew;
Beneath his standard all his troops pursue
With equal valour—not with greater rage
Lions and wolves with goats or sheep engage.
Each spurs his courser on the adverse host,
And soon the closing space between is lost.
They meet, they shock—but meet with chance unlike;
The Scots alone with conquering weapons strike.
The Pagans faintly strike, or breathless lie,
As if they sought the battle but to die.
A sudden chilness every Moor oppress'd;
A sudden ardour swell'd each Scottish breast.

Godfrey to his army before the last general battle.

The swords now tremble, trembles every shield,
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.
Jer. Del. b. xx. ver. 101.

[7] Tasso has the same idea in the speech of

The troops of Affric, struck with panic fear,
In every Christian think Rinaldo near.
Schrino now to combat moves, while all
His troops obey, nor wait the herald's call.
This squadron o'er the rest might honour claim
For arms, for valour, and its leader's fame.
His Dardinello led, but ill secur'd
In tatter'd arms, and worse to fight inur'd;
While on his head a shining helm he plac'd,
And every limb in jointed armour cas'd.
The following squadron Isolero led;
Then Thraso, duke of Mar, his banner spread.
Now Ariodante, adding to his name
Albania's dukedom, with his warriors came,
Where Iscles bravely he beheld
With forces of Navarre invade the field.
Shrill trumpets mix'd with many a barbarous sound
Join the hoarse drums[8]: wheels clatter o'er the ground:
Huge engines creak: stones rattle from the sling!
From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows sing;
While louder clamours seem to rend the skies,
Triumphant shouts, and groans, and dying cries:
Such is the din where falling Nilus roars,
And deafens, with his surge, the neighbouring shores!
From either army storms of arrows fly,
Whose dismal shadows[9] intercept the sky;
While sultry vapours mix'd with dust ascend,
And black as night in clouds coulem'd extend.
Now these, now those to fickle chance give way;
Lo! this pursues, and that deserts the day.
One breathless here is stretch'd, while near him slain
His foe beneath him there has prest the plain.
When spent with toil one squadron seems to yield,
Another hastens to sustain the field.
Now here, now there, the throng of arms increas'd;
There thrust the foot, and here the horsemen press'd.
The earth on which they fought, impurpled grew,
And chang'd her green for robes of sanguine hue:
Where fauchets lately deck'd th' enamell'd way,
Now horse and man in mingled carnage lay.
First of the field Zerbino's might appears
Beyond the promise of his early years:
Fierce on the foes that near him thickening drew,
He rush'd, and round him wide destruction threw,
While to his hand which newly here he sway'd,
Brave Ariodantes deeds of worth display'd;
Dispersing chilling fear and wonder far
Amidst the ranks of Castile and Navarre.
Two bastards, Mosco and Chelindo, bred
In Aragon of Calabrano dead;
And one, who late from Barcelona came,
Calamidoro, not unknown to fame,
To seek Zerbino's death, around him press'd,
And to his courser's flank their spears address'd:
Pierc'd by their spears he fell, with him to ground
Zerbino fell, but fell without a wound.
When soon recovering on his feet he rose,
T' avenge his courser on th' exulting foes.
Through Mosco first (who rashly hop'd to take
The knight dismounted, and his prisoner make)
He thrust his blade with unabated force,
And laid on earth a pale and lifeless corse.
When now Chelindo saw his brother slain,
He rag'd, and 'gainst Zerbino spurr'd amain
His trampling steed, but heedful to the shock
Zerbino, as he pass'd, the bridle took,
And sent the beast to earth, no more to rise,
No more to need from generous corn supplies.
Zerbino with such force the stroke impell'd,
At once the courser and his lord he fell'd.
Calamidoro, who beheld them slain,
Scar'd at the blow, turn'd round his horse's rein.
"Stay, traitor, stay"—enrag'd Zerbino cries,
And aims a stroke behind him as he flies.
The sword fell short and miss'd the knight's intent,
Yet miss'd not far—behind the wretch it went,
A furious passage through the crupper found,
And brought the courser lifeless to the ground.
The rider quits his seat, in hopes to gain
On foot his safety, but he hopes in vain:
Duke Thraso passing by (so will'd his fate)
O'erturn'd and crush'd him with his courser's weight.
Now Ariodante with Lurcanio drew
Where fought Zerbino in the thickest crew;
With these came lords and knights of great account,
Who brought their aid Zerbino to remount.
His falchion Ariodantes whirl'd around,
Which Attalico and Margano found.
But chief the strokes his deathful weapon dealt,
Etearchus and Casimiro felt.
The former couple wounded left the plain:
The last, more luckless, by his arm were slain.
Alike Lurcanio marks of prowess show'd,
Who round confusion, death, and terrour strow'd.
Deem not that less in field the conflict rag'd,
Than where the squadrons near the stream engag'd:
Nor think the army lag'd behind, which brought
By Clarence' noble duke the battle sought:
This fierce the banner'd powers of Spain defy'd,
While equal fortune past on either side,
Alike in both, foot, horse, and chieftains wield
Their skilful weapons to dispute the field.
Oldrado first and Pharamond appear:
The valiant dukes of York and Glo'ster near.
With these bold Richard earl of Warwick shines,
And Henry, duke of Clarence, guides the lines.
To these oppos'd (with each his martial band)
There Martalista, Follicones stand;
With Baricondo—one Almeria sway'd,
Granada this, Majorca that obey'd.
Awhile with equal arms the battle rag'd,
Nor this, nor that with better chance engag'd.
By turns they chase, by turns are backward borne,
As to the breeze of May quick shifts the standing corn;
Or as the sea, whose waters ne'er repose,
Plays on the strand with ceaseless ebbs and flows;
Till Fortune, that had held in equal scale
Each adverse host, bade Albion's arms prevail
Against the Moor—The duke of Glo'ster's force
Hurl'd Martalista headlong from his horse;
While in his shoulder Pharamond a wound
Impress'd, and Follicones threw to ground:

[8] This passage may be adduced as an example of the fire of Ariosto's battles, the noise occasioned by the encounter of the two armies is nobly compared to the cataracts of the Nile. Petrarch has a similar allusion.

——— come il Nil d'alto cadendo
Co'l gran suono i vicin d'intorno assorda.

[9] Ariosto seems here to allude to the known answer made by Epaminondas, the Spartan general, to one who told him the arrows of the enemies were so numerous, that their flight would obscure the Sun: "Then (replied the Spartan) we shall fight in the shade."

Thus'or on earth each hapless Pagan laid,
Was captive to the English camp convey'd;
And Baricondo in the fatal strife,
To noble Clarence yields his forfeit life.
Such terrours now each Pagan foe oppress'd,
Such courage swell'd in every Christian breast,
That those no longer wield their arms in fight,
But quit their ranks and turn their backs to flight:
While these advancing as their foes withdrew,
Press'd on their rear and unresisted flew:
And had not succour reach'd the fainting host,
That day had quell'd each Pagan's haughty boast.
Ferrau, who distant thence till now engag'd,
On king Marsilius' side the battle wag'd,
Soon as the flying standards he beheld,
The slaughter'd troops and half his army quell'd,
His foaming courser spurr'd, and instant flew
Amidst the thickest of the warring crew;
Where first he saw fall headlong to the plain,
Cleft through the head-piece, young Olympio slain[18]:
Once was he skill'd in sweetest lays to sing
Soft notes responsive to the tuneful string;
And boasted with his harp and voice to move
The sternest breast to blandishment and love.
Well if contented with his humbler fame,
He ne'er had sought the warrior's dangerous name,
But loath'd the buckler, quiver, shield and lance,
That wrought his downfall in the fields of France.
When now Ferrau, who priz'd him dear, beheld
The stripling gale, and bleeding on the field,
For this his ruthless bosom sorrow'd more
Than all the thousands that were slain before.
Against the victor swift his rage he bent,
Sheer through his corpse the steel resistless went,
Sever'd between the brows his gaping head,
Cleft to the breast, and hurl'd him with the dead.
Nor thus appeas'd, he whirl'd around his blade,
Through helm and mail its edge a passage made,
Through face or breast the speeding steel he thrust:
There drops an arm; here rolls a head in dust.
Where late th' ignoble vulgar, fill'd with dread,
Dispers'd and broken from the battle fled;
Now here, now there he hew'd his bloody way,
And sudden chang'd the fortune of the day.
Meanwhile king Agramant advancing, came
To prove his valour in the field of fame;
He Balveroe, Ferrarantes brought;
With him king Prasio, Rambirago fought,
And Soridano—with a throng, whose blood
Might drench the meadows in an ample flood.
Their number such—'t were easier to explore
Th' autumnal leaves that strow the valleys o'er.
Now Agramant collects a chosen force
(Drawn from the walls) of mingled foot and horse;
These, guided by the king of Fez, he sent
To guard his camp that stretch'd in wide extent,
On which th' Hibernian chiefs their forces beat.
This task perform'd, the monarch summons all
The remnant powers; they thicken at his call.

[18] There is a great resemblance between the following passage describing the death of Olympio and the behaviour of Ferrau upon the occasion, with that of Tasso, in the ninth book of the Jerusalem, where Solyman sees his favourite page killed by Argellino. The circumstances are beautiful in each poet, nor can Tasso be accused of taking much more than the hint from Ariosto.

These to the charge with rapid haste he leads,
Where near the stream the fight his presence needs:
And whence a message in Sobrino's name,
But late arriv'd, his sudden aid to claim.
Beneath him rang'd, a vast innumerous throng
(His army's better half) now pours along:
So load their march, the Scots suspended bear,
They leave their ranks and stain their fame with fear.
Alone Zerbino and Lurcanio stay,
With Ariodantes, in the dreadful day.
Zerbino still unhors'd perchance had died,
But that Rinaldo timely aid supply'd.
The glorious Paladin had driven in flight
A hundred banners from the fatal fight,
When to his ear dispers'd by ready fame,
The tidings of Zerbino's danger came,
Whom single and on foot to death expos'd,
His troops had left by shouting Moors enclos'd.
He heard, and turn'd his steed with ire,
Where from the field he saw the Scots retire.
And thus aloud—"Ah! whither would ye haste?
What shameful panic has your arms disgrac'd?
Shall this vile race your ancient honours scorn?
Behold the spoils that should your fanes adorn!
Great is your praise, from circling foes to run,
And leave unhors'd, alone, your monarch's son."
Then from his squire a mighty spear he took,
And Prasio king of Alvaracchia struck,
Who met the weapon on his breast, and left
His lofty steed, of seat and life bereft:
He Agricaltes slew, and, hurl'd to ground,
Stretch'd Rambirago with a mortal wound:
Brave Soridano next his spear had slain,
But with the stroke the weapon burst in twain.
His javelin broke, Fusberta next he drew,
And rushing fierce on Serpentino flew,
Who on his shield a star conspicuous bore,
And armour, forg'd by fatal magic, wore:
Yet fell the sword with such resistless sway,
That stun'd and breathless on the plain he lay.
When the brave chief of Caledonia's band
Beheld the wish'd relief, his ready hand
A courser seiz'd from those that o'er the plains
Freed from their riders ran with loosen'd reins.
In happy time the vacant seat he gain'd,
For lo! with many a gallant troop sustain'd,
Young Dardinel and Agramant appear,
The king Sobrino and Balastro near.
But fearless, from his courser he survey'd
The thickening crowd, and, whirling round his blade,
Now this, now that dispatch'd to shades of Hell,
The lives, which mortals led on Earth, to tell.
Rinaldo, who, with generous ardour fir'd,
To vanquish those of highest name aspir'd,
On Agramant, who tower'd in arms above
A thousand chiefs, Bayardo swift he drove
With sidelong shock, and sent, with thundering force,
To earth at once the horseman and the horse.
While thus without the walls the hosts engag'd,
Where mutual hatred, death and horrour rag'd,
In Paris Ridomont the people slew,
And fire amidst the domes and temples threw.
Imperial Charles, who thence at distance fought,
Nor saw nor heard what woes the Pagan wrought;
And now intent auxiliary force to gain,
Receiv'd within the gates the British train,
By Ariman and gallant Edward led:
When lo! a squire, his visage pale with dread,

Appears, and oft in undistinguish'd cries
Exclaims, ere breath his further speech supplies.
"This day behold the Roman empire lost!
This day has Christ abjur'd the Christian host!
This day, some demon, 'scap'd from deepest Hell,
Forbids us longer in these walls to dwell.
Satan (no less a fiend such rage can breathe)
Deforms the wretched town with woe and death.
Ah! turn and see where blackening to the skies,
From crackling flames the smoky volumes rise!"
He said, and while he spoke, th' Imperial chief
The mingled clamours heard that claim'd relief.
And saw the ruddy blaze—As one who hears
The sacred bells that tinkling in his ears,
Proclaim the fire, to others first reveal'd,
Though most his loss from him alone conceal'd:
So look'd the monarch when the truth he knew,
When the dire prospect rose before his view:
Around him he collects a chosen force,
And to the city's square with rapid course
His banner turns, for thence the tumult came,
There fierce the Pagan raves with sword and flame:
There Charles beholds with cruel carnage spread
Th' impurpled earth, the dying and the dead.
But here we pause—let those who would peruse
The tale, some future time the tale renew.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Charles and his Paladins go against Rodomont. Gryphon, Martano, and Origilla, arrive in the city of Damascus, where they are hospitably entertained by a knight, who relates to them the story of king Norandino and Lucina, and their adventure with the sea: he declares that the king had instituted a tournament to be held in commemoration of the deliverance of himself and his queen. The knights agree to be present at this solemnity. The tournament described. Cowardice of Martano. Valour of Gryphon, who overcomes all opponents. Martano by fraud obtains the prize of the jousts, and Gryphon is openly put to shame.

WARS, ripe for punishment, our sinful race
Have past the limits of supernal grace,
T' assert his justice on offending Earth,
God gives to tyrants and to monsters birth;
Strengthens their power and rage t' afflict mankind:
Domitian, Scylla, Marius[1], hence design'd
The plagues of man, each Nero, Caius[2] came;
And Ansonine (the last that bore the name):
Hence, from the refuse of plebeian clay,
He lifted Maximin to sovereign sway:
Creon he sent the Theban throne to fill:
Mezentius[3] dire his people's blood to spill;
And to the Huns, the Goths, and Lombards gave,
In later times, Italia to enslave.
How shall I speak of Attila? How dwell
On Roman Ezzelino's[4] crimes, or tell
A thousand more, by God's high doom assign'd
His fearful ministers to scourge mankind?
This awful truth not ancient times alone
Declare, but well the present age has shown;
When us, his wandering and forsaken sheep[5],
His anger gives to ravenous wolves to keep;
Who not content to glut their cruel rage,
And with their blood their horrid thirst assuage,
Invite from foreign woods a fiercer breed
Of wolves more ravenous, at their feast to feed.
Th' unbury'd heaps that Thrasymene beheld,
The blood that Cannæ's plain[6], or Trebbia swell'd,
Are little to the slaughter that imbru'd
Our fields, by many a passing river view'd.
For sins long past, perchance has Heav'n decreed
Our woes from these, whose crimes our own exceed:
But justice once fulfill'd, our happier bands
May turn hereafter on their hostile lands,
When healing pardon to our prayer is given,
And they in turn confess the wrath of Heaven.
What guilt must now the Christian cause debase,
To draw such suffering on their wretched race!
See in each part the Turk and Moor assail!
See pillage, insult, rape and death prevail!
Big o'er the rest their complicated woes
From Rodomont's infernal fury rose.
And now imperial Charles, with grieving eye,
Beheld around his slaughter'd people lie;
His palace burning, and his fanes o'erthrown,
And desolation through the wretched town,
Spread wide and wider—"Whither, heartless crew!
Is now your flight—does none his peril view?
What city else can save your trembling bands,
Should this be wrested from your dastard hands? 50
Say, shall one man, surrounded by his foes,
Whom, thus forbid to fly, your walls enclose;
Shall he, with single arm, your glory stain,
And 'scape unwounded, while yourselves are slain?"
So spoke indignant Charles, and nearer drew
To where the Saracen his subjects slew;
Where thronging crowds, by common danger brought,
Within the regal dome their safety sought;
That with strong walls secur'd, and well prepar'd
With needful stores, the bold assailant dar'd 60

(Tormenti genus!) et sanie taboque fluentes
Complexu in miseræ longa sic morte necabat.
Æn. viii. ver. 485.

The living to the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and died.
Dryden, ver. 630.

[1] The names of several Roman emperors and others, celebrated for acts of tyranny and cruelty.

[2] Caius Caligula.

[3] A king of Tuscany, whose cruelty is thus mentioned by Virgil:—

Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,

[4] See notes to Book iii.

[5] After the defeat at Ravenna, Pope Julius invited the Switzers and other nations into Italy, when many cities were taken, battles fought, and great slaughter made in different parts.

[6] Two memorable battles in which the Romans were defeated by Hannibal. So great was the slaughter at Cannæ, that Hannibal is said to have sent to Carthage three bushels filled with rings taken from the dead Roman knights.

To lengthen'd siege—Meantime, with fury swell'd,
Fierce Rodomont the square triumphant held,
And scorn'd the world in arms—one dreadful hand
The falchion shook, one wav'd the blazing brand.
Now furious on the palace gates he strook;
The lofty gates resounded to the shock.
From the high roof[7] the Christians hurl'd below
Huge broken fragments thundering on the foe.
None costly piles of ancient splendour spar'd:
Fair marble domes one common ruin shar'd; 70
Pillars and beams o'erlaid with fretted gold,
The stately works their fathers priz'd of old,
Before the gate the king[8] of Sarza press'd,
In shining steel[9] that arm'd his head and breast.
So when the serpent issuing from the brakes,
With spring return'd his squalid coat forsakes;
Proud of his new-gain'd spoils and youth renew'd,
He glides along with fresher strength endu'd;
Three tongues he darts, his eyes are red with fire,
And, where he moves, his fellow brutes retire. 80
Not beams, nor rafters, from the fabric rent,
Not stones, nor arrows on the Pagan sent,
Nor whirling slings, his dreadful arm can stay:
The crashing portal to his stroke gives way.
While, from within, the pale and haggard crew
Through many a breach their dire besieger view!
The court is fill'd with death; loud clamours rise;
The shrieking females join the soldier's cries;
They beat their breasts, they fly from place to place,
The portals and the genial beds embrace; 90
Now threaten'd to receive a foreign race.
Such was their state, so near to ruin brought,
When, with his barons, Charles the palace sought,
And turning to the chiefs, whose might before
Had oft been seen in danger's direst hour:
"Are ye not those, whose courage prov'd," he cried,
"Once Agolant in Aspramont defy'd?
And say, shall aught that valour now repel
By which Troyano and Almontes fell,
With thousands more?—Will you, O dire disgrace!
Shrink from one man of that detested race? 101
No—let this infidel your prowess find,
This infidel who massacres mankind!
Be still yourselves—the brave can death despise,
And dies contented, if with fame he dies.
Your presence is my hope—where'er you join
Your social arms, the victory is mine!"[10]
He said; and ceasing, with his lance in rest,
Against the Saracen his courser prest.
With him the Paladin Ugero came; 110
Namus and Olivero, chiefs of fame.

With these Avino and Avolio dar'd,
Otho and Berlinger the glory shar'd.
All these on Rodomont their spears unite;
Some on his breast, some on his helmet light.
But let us cease, my lord, the deathful strain
That sings of raging arms and warriors slain;
Enough of Rodomont[10]——Now turn the style
Where, near Damascus[11], Gryphon, left erewhile
With Origilla, seems the verse to claim, 129
And he who falsely bore a brother's name.
Of wealthy cities on the eastern coast
Her numerous sons may proud Damascus boast:
A journey thence of seven succeeding days
The pilgrim to Jerusalem conveys.
On fruitful plains it stands in wholesome air,
Alike in winter as in summer fair:
Against the town a mountain's neighbouring height
Reflects the first faint blush of dawning light:
Two crystal rivers through the city glide, 139
And, branching, in a thousand rills divide;
That each its tribute to a garden pours,
To nourish odoriferous plants and flowers.
'T is said the scented waters there might fill
A channel'd bed to speed th' industrious mill[12].
O'er all the midmost street resplendent lie
Rich vests and tapestry of various dye.
Herbs of all hues and scents their smell dispense,
Whence soft perfumes delight the gentle sense.
Each gate, each window charms the stranger's sight,
With costly stuffs reflecting mingled light; 149
But chief, with many a fair and stately dame,
Whose garments gay with gold and jewels flame!
Here sprightly youths in tuneful measures lead
The various dance, there mount the managed steed.
Whate'er in India or Maremma shines,
(Their pearly stores, or treasure of their mines)
Damascus in refulgent pomp displays,
While lords, and knights, and squires with wonder gaze.
As Gryphon and his train their way pursue, 159
Devouring all they saw with greedy view;
A knight accosts, and courteous from their steeds
The train invites, and to his dwelling leads;
There with refreshing baths their toil relieves,
And at his board, with welcome smiles, receives.
He tells them how the mighty king, who held
The Syrian rule, and in Damascus dwell'd,
Next day by trumpets bade the jousts proclaim,
Where native knights or knights of foreign name
Might show their skill and right to knightly fame.
There, did their mien their courage truly speak,
His guests might prove their worth, nor further trial seek.
Though Gryphon came not thither with intent
Of tilts or combat, his high courage bent
On noble deeds, accepts the proffer'd field,
Nor shuns the palm that Fortune seems to yield.
He asks what cause the festival ordain'd,
If every year in solemn rite maintain'd,

[7] The following passages are imitated from Virgil, Æn. ii.

Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum
Convellunt——

And gilded roofs came tumbling from on high,
The marks of state and ancient royalty. Dryden.

[8] Vestibulum ante ipsum, primoque in limine Pyrrhus,
Exultat telis, et luce coruscus ahena.

Before the gate stood Pyrrhus threat'ning loud,
With glittering arms conspicuous in the crowd.
Dryden.

[9] *In chiaro acciar*—Ariosto, in the warmth of choice imitation, seems here to forget the serpent's hide, with which he has represented Rodomont to have been armed.

[10] The poet returns to him in the xviiith Book, ver. 55.

[11] See Book xvi. ver. 110.

[12] Zatta tells us, that travellers at the time of Ariosto made use of this hyperbolical expression, to give an idea of the great abundance of sweet or scented waters at Damascus, according to the vulgar phrase in use amongst us of the wind, "enough to turn a mill."

Or by the king now first decreed to try
How far his knights in deeds of arms may vie.
To whom the host—' Each third revolving light
Of monthly Luna must renew the sight;
In memory of our king's escape, who led
Four tedious moons half number'd with the dead.
" Then hear the tale—Our king, who bears the name
Of Normandins, lov'd a beauteous dame,
Whose royal father rul'd the Cyprian land:
At length the monarch won the virgin's hand,
And, many a knight and lady in his train,
Steer'd with his bride for Syria's fair domain.
While distant from the port, with canvass swell'd,
Our vessel through Carpathian billows held
Her rapid way, so fierce around us spread
A gathering storm, the pilot shook with dread.
Three days and nights uncertain where we past,
Heartless and pale, by mountain surges cast,
Weary'd and drench'd at length we reach'd the strand
Where circlets lav'd the hills and verdant land.
Our tents unshipp'd, we soon with gladsome cheer
Between the trees the spread pavilions rear:
Some kindle fires, and some with busy care
On carpets tables for the meal prepare.
The Syrian king for sylvan game explores
The neighbouring valleys and the secret bowers;
The browsing goat, the deer or stag to find;
And two attendants bear his bow behind.
" While joyful on the turf ourselves we place,
To wait our lord returning from the chase,
Along the shore we see, with looks aghast,
The dreadful orc[83] to our pavilion haste.—
Heaven guard you all from such a fearful sight,
Nor let so dire a fiend your souls affright!
'Tis better with the tale describ'd to quake,
Than, at his view, with freezing horrour shake!—
Such was his form[84], no language can suffice
To paint his bulk misshap'd and giant size.
Instead of eyes, upon his dreadful face
Two bones projecting fill'd each eyeless space.
He spy'd, and char'd our trembling steps before,
And seem'd a mountain moving on the shore.
Like some wild boar's his spreading tusks appear'd,
Vast were his jaws, his hairy breast besmear'd
With filth obscene, he trail'd upon the ground
His mace, sagacious as the scenting hound.
All, that beheld him, think destruction nigh,
Where'er our terrour drives in heaps we fly.
His blindness nought avail'd our fear to quell,
His sense of smelling but supply'd too well
The want of eyes; his course like Eurus light,
That wings most he their aid who scape by flight.
Of forty, whom he chas'd around the plain,
Scarce ten by swimming could the bark regain.
In clusters some beneath his arm he bore,
Some at his bosom in his vest before:
With some he fill'd a wallet deep and wide,
That like a scrip hung dangling at his side.
" The eyeless minster bears us to his cave,
Hewn in a rock, where near the dashing wave
On the bleak strand the lonely dwelling rose
Of purest marble, white as falling snows.
With him a matron dwells, whose looks declare
Her anxious thoughts mov'd to grief and care;
With her were dames and virgins kept confin'd,
Deform'd and fair, of every age and kind.
Beside his dwelling, in the cavern'd rock
A stall, no less in size, contain'd his flock:
A troop innumerous; these his wont to keep
In every season, shepherd o'er his sheep.
By turns he folds them, or to pasture drives,
And pleasing solace from the charge derives.
But at each meal he makes his horrid food
Of human flesh—this soon, alas! we view'd,
When, entering in the cave, with bloody hand
Three youths he takes of our devoted band:
These, while in vain beneath his grasp they strive,
The giant in his maw devours alive!
And, lifting a huge stone, his woolly care
He drives from covert, and secures us there.
Then to th' accustom'd meads his herd he tends,
And sounds a reed that from his neck depends.
Meantime our prince returning, mark'd around
The tents forsaken and deserted ground,
And knew his loss—where late his friends remain'd,
On every side a dreary silence reign'd.
What wrought the dire mischance he little knew,
But fill'd with terrour to the shore he flew;
He saw the mariners their anchor weigh,
And to the wind their parting sail display.
Soon as they view him pacing o'er the strand,
The skiff they send to bear him from the land.
" When wretched Normdino heard too late,
The orc's dire fury and his comrades' fate:
Whate'er ensu'd, he vow'd in every strife,
For dear Lucina's sake to risk his life,
And perish or redeem his ravish'd wife.
Where in the sands the traces he beheld
Of steps impress, he ran, as love impell'd;
At length he reach'd the cavern where we lay
Half dead with fear, the orc's expected prey:
At every noise we think the monster near,
In every wind the direful glutton hear.
It chanc'd the king arriv'd, what time to roam
The prowling orc had left his wife at home:
Soon as she view'd a stranger—' Fly,' she cried,
' Ah! wretched thou, if by the orc espy'd.'
" Then he—' Let him espy, and save or slay—
Such threats of danger never can dismay
A soul resolv'd—by choice, not errour led,
I come to perish by my consort dead—
If Heaven so wills!'——He tidings then besought
Of those whom near the shore the monster caught,
But chief he ask'd of fair Lucina's fate,
If slain, or kept in wretched captive state.
" With courteous speech the matron comfort
And tells the prince he lov'd Lucina lives; [gives,
She bids so needless fears distract his mind,
The hungry orc ne'er preys[85] on womankind.

[83] The general idea of this story of the orc and Lucina is taken from Boyardo, but the particular incidents in both poets are evidently from the Polypheme of Homer, though it must be confessed that several circumstances introduced, are extremely puerile, in which I fear our poet will be found more liable to criticism and ridicule than in any part of his poem. This narrative will surely, more than once, recall to the reader's mind the extravagant tales of a garrulous old nurse for the amusement of children.

[84] Not unlike this passage is the description in Spenser, where a monstrous savage carries off Amoret. See Fairy Queen.

[85] Americo Vespucci relates of certain savages

" 'To prove this truth, behold myself,' she cried,
'And all these females that with me reside.
To me, nor them, he shows no signs of ill,
While here content we stay; but should our will
Once adverse prove—should any seek to fly,
On her his wrath would every torment try;
Bind her in chains, with earth alive enclose,
Or naked to the Sun on burning sands expose.
When in this cavern he thy friends confin'd,
He drew not from the males the female kind,
But left them mingled here—his perfect smell,
Without the help of sight, each sex can tell.
The women scape unhurt: the men must die,
And four or six each day his meal supply.
To bear thy consort hence can I devise
No friendly means—let this alone suffice:
No fear of death need here attend the fair,
With us one common safety will she share—
But hence, my son, O fly this fatal shore
Ere yet surpris'd the orc thy life devour!
Soon as he comes, each place he searches well,
And not a cat escapes his piercing smell [16].'
The king reply'd, he ne'er would thence remove
Till her he view'd—dear object of his love;
Far rather would he by her side be slain,
Than banish'd from Lucina's sight remain.
When long the prudent dame had vainly try'd
To make him lay his rash design aside,
She to relieve his grief her thoughts apply'd.
" 'Within the grotto many a carcase lay
Of sheep, of lambs, and goats, which day by day
Food for herself and all the household gave,
And various skins were hung around the cave.
She bids him from a goat's deep entrails take
The rancid fat, and hence an ointment make,
And to deceive the monster o'er him spread
The fetid unctuous grease from foot to head.
That done, she wraps the hairy goats-skin round
The monarch's limbs—thence, grovelling on the ground,
She leads him where a stone clos'd up the way,
And where confin'd his beauteous consort lay.
" There Norandino near the entrance mourn'd,
Impatient till the goats and sheep return'd:
At evening tide he hears the sounding reed
At distance call them from the humid mead.
He sees the hairy goats and woolly train,
And close behind he sees the giant swain.
Judge if his heart confess'd a moment's fear,
When to the cavern's mouth the orc drew near:
But though short doubts at first his breast assail'd,
Soon constant love o'er every fear prevail'd.
The orc remov'd the stone that clos'd the rock,
And Norandino enter'd with the flock.
Amidst our crew the dreadful orc descends,
But first the entrance with the stone defends:
Then, scenting round, he spies two, decreed
With gory flesh his hungry maw to feed.
Still, still his tusks in my remembrance dwell,
Cold fear congeals me while the tale I tell.
The giant gone, the monarch cast aside
His goat-skin, and embrac'd his lovely bride:
While she, who shudders at his much-lov'd sight,
Now terror feels, where once she felt delight.
She sees him come self-offer'd there to fall,
Without the power to save herself from thrall.
" 'Midst all my woes, my dearest lord!' she said,
'One thought alone my greatest comfort bred;
That thou wert absent when that fatal day
Beheld us hither brought the monster's prey.
How'er, condemn'd to this unhappy state,
Nature might tremble at approaching fate,
Yet should I but my single death bewail,
Nor tenfold fears for thee my breast assail.
For shouldst thou perish here, thy death alone
Would claim my grief, forgetful of my own.'
" 'To her the king—' I come in hopes to free,
From such dire hold, this wretched train and thee;
Ah! let me rather on destruction run,
Than let me live without thy light, my earthly Sun!
The way I came consent with me to try;
To you, to all, the same way open lie:
If, like myself, you scorn not now to wear
This unctuous skin mo'sten and shaggy hair.'
" He said; and taught us what the dame before
Had taught, with skins our limbs to cover o'er.
We hear instructed, and his voice obey:
In number, equal to ourselves, we slay
The rankest goats, and with the fat besmear
Our limbs, and in the hairy spoils appear.
Soon as the Sun his golden couch forsakes,
And from the east with beamy splendour breaks,
The giant, to his cave repairing, calls
With ready pipe the herd to quit the stalls.
But o'er the cavern's mouth his hand he holds,
Lest we, with these, should issue from the folds.
He felt us while we pass'd, and as he press'd
The hair and wool, dismiss'd us with the rest.
Thus males and females safe their freedom gain'd,
And, save Lucina, none behind remain'd.
But whether, less than need requir'd, the dame
Smear'd the foul unction o'er her lovely frame;
Or whether slow she mov'd, or fill'd with dread
Could imitate but ill the bestial tread;
Or whether, when he touch'd her as she pass'd,
Forgetful of her state, she shriek'd aghast;
Or that her loosen'd hair dishevell'd fell—
He knew and dragg'd her backward to his cell.
" Of this sad chance we nothing yet beheld,
Though of ourselves all other thoughts expell'd,
Till turning at her cries, we saw the fair
Stripp'd from her rugged vest of goat-skin hair.
Meantime myself and all that left the rock,
Safe in our covering, mingled with the flock,
Pass'd on securely as the shepherd led,
Where clos'd with hills a smiling meadow spread.
When now beneath the wood's embowering shade,
We see the giant-orc in slumber laid.
One seeks the shore; one climbs the mountain's height;
But Norandino joins not in our flight:
Once more affection urg'd him midst the train
Of sheep and goats to seek the cave again.
Nor ever more the dire abode forsake,
Unless his love from cruel bonds can take
His dear Lucina. When he late survey'd
His faithful wife again a captive made,
Despair impell'd him first himself to throw
A willing victim to his glutton-foe:
But hope soon bade him lurk amidst the fold,
Hope still to bear her from her cruel hold.

that feed upon human flesh, but says that they never eat the women.

[16] An instance, among many, of the ludicrous vein of expression, so often indulged by our author, and which cannot admit of elevation in an English version.

"When to their stall at night the monster led
His following herds, and found his prisoners fled:—
Robb'd of his meal—on poor Lucina falls
His vengeful wrath, and her the cause he calls;
Then dooms her, fetter'd in a galling chain,
High on a rock for ever to remain.
The king beholds her suffer for his sake,
And raving begs in vain of Heaven to take
His wretched life: each morn and night he hears
Her groans and plaints resounding in his ears;
When with the flock at eve the cave he gains,
And when at morn he seeks with them the plains:
While she by every power that rules the sky,
With looks and voice implores him thence to fly;
Nor longer his all-valu'd life expose,
When nothing human can relieve her woes.
With her no less the prudent matron tries
To shake his purpose, but the king denies
To leave the place where all his treasure lies.
"At length it fortun'd Agricanes' heir [17]
And king Gradasso to the coast repair [18],
Where, each their valorous arm and prudent aid,
They fair Lucina from the rock convey'd,
And safely bore her to the distant wave,
Where to her sire, at early dawn, they gave
His long-lost child; while yet within the rock
King Norandino stay'd amidst the flock.
But when the morn arose in beamy light,
He from the matron heard Lucina's flight.
His grateful thanks he paid to Heaven, that freed
The blooming dame from thraldom, or decreed
Her fate with those, whence arms, or wealth, or power,
Might to his love his soul's dear hope restore.
Then fill'd with joy, he issu'd with the train
Of sheep and goats returning to the plain;
There lurk'd secure, till, on the grass repos'd,
The orc in sleep his heavy eyelids clos'd;
Then all the day and livelong night he went,
Till safe at distance from the monster's scent,
He reach'd a ship, and now three moons have wan'd
Since from Satalia's coast the Syrian rein he gain'd.
"Through Rhodes, and Cyprus, every town and tower
In Asia, Turkey, and on Egypt's shore,
The king of fair Lucina tidings sought;
When yester's Sun the welcome tidings brought,
That in Nicosia's court his niece receiv'd
The wand'ring fair from dangers great reprieve'd,
When on th' unstable sea inprosperous gales [19]
Had many days oppos'd her lingering sails.
Hence, fill'd with joy, our king prepares the feast
In memory of himself and queen releas'd,
And every fourth returning month shall view
The jousts renew'd: four moons he saw renew
Their waning horns, while with the herds he lay
In hairy vestments, till the joyful day,
(Joyful as that to morrow's Sun may prove)
Had given him back to liberty and love.
Part what myself so late beheld I tell,
Or speak from those who witness'd what befel
Our suffering king—then credit what ye hear,
Nor let another's tale deceive your ear."
Thus spoke the host—and thus to Gryphon told
The weighty cause for which the feast they hold:
In talk they waste the hours, and all approve
The monarch's truth and unexampled love:
Now, rising from the board to seek repose,
Their courteous host the downy couch bestows:
They sunk to rest, till with the morn they wake,
When cheerful shouts their quiet slumbers break.
Timbrels and trumpets rouse to festive arms,
With eager crowds the wide piazza swarms:
The mingled sounds of cars and coursers rise,
And the streets echo with redoubled cries.
Now Gryphon o'er his limbs his armour wears,
(Such armour scarce another warrior bears)
Which with her fairy hand the white-rob'd maid
Temper'd impassive to the hostile blade [20],
With him, the seeming candidate for fame,
The stain of manhood, who from Antioch came,
Arms for the list. Their careful host supplies
Large store of spears the tilting to suffice;
And from his household brings a goodly train,
His guests to honour and the pomp maintain:
Himself attends; and many a squire he leads;
Some march on foot, some rein the prancing steeds.
Now, at the lists arriv'd, apart they stand,
Awhile spectators of the martial band:
With heedful gaze they mark each hardy feat,
Where two, or four, or six in jousting meet.
One to his dame with quaint devices shows
Such colours as his grief or joy disclose;
One by his crest, or painted shield, declares
If Love rejects his suit, or crowns his cares.

[17] Mandricardo.

[18] Ariosto passes lightly over the account of Lucina's deliverance from the orc, that having been fully related by Boyardo with the following particulars.

After the adventure of the castle of the fairy, and the conquest of Hector's arms, Mandricardo and Gradasso travelled together till they came to a rock by the sea-shore, on the summit of which they perceived a lady in great affliction bound with a chain: she acquainted the knights that she was in the power of a cruel monster, called an orc, and warned them by flight to avoid the certain death that must attend their falling into his hands. The knights, upon hearing this, resolved to attempt her deliverance, and engaged in battle with the orc, when Gradasso was worsted and made prisoner in the cavern. Mandricardo continued the combat with the monster, but, having no sword, he threw at him huge pieces of the rock, though without effect: at last, the orc, pursuing Mandricardo from rock to rock, chanced to fall down a precipice, and Mandricardo availing himself of this circumstance, ran to the cavern and released Gradasso, when both, taking off Lucina's chain, escaped with her safe to a vessel, on board which was her father the king of Cyprus. In the mean time the orc having recovered from his fall, pursued the fugitives, and hurled a vast fragment of a rock after them into the sea; but the vessel being cleared from the land, continued her voyage till she was overtaken by a terrible storm: at length the crew landed safely on the coast of Acquamort, and found themselves among the forces of Agramant and Charles.

Ord. Inam. B. iii. c. iii. iv.

[19] Alluding to the storm mentioned in the foregoing note.

[20] This circumstance is borrowed from Boyardo.

The valiant Syrians thus in days of yore,
Their ready arms in jousts[91] and triumphs bore;
Forchance against the neighbouring Franks prepar'd,
That o'er those realms divided empire shar'd.
The hallow'd realms that once on Earth survey'd
The Lord of life in human flesh array'd.
Behold, by Christians left, the sacred lands
Resign'd a prey to faithless Pagan bands:
While those that, in the pure religion bred,
Should couch the lance our holy faith to spread,
With mutual wounds their brethren's bosoms gore,
And kill the faithful few that truth adore!
Ye men of Spain! and ye of France! give ear;
And you, ye Switzers and ye Germans hear,
O! hither turn to gain a nobler spoil;
Here Christ's own kingdom shall reward your toil.
If you the title of Most Christian claim;
And you of Catholic deserve the name;
Why do you thus the chosen race annoy,
Their substance pillage and their lives destroy?
Why do you not Jerusalem restore,
By renegades ravish'd from your power?
And why, so proudly o'er the world's domain,
Does the stern Turk in impious splendour reign?
See'st thou not, Spain! insulting Afric near,
Whose wasting pirates should thy vengeance fear?
And yet thou leav'st that righteous war, to make
The sons of Italy with terrour shake
O Italy! thou sink of vice and shame!
Thou sleep'st forgetful of thy blasted fame,

By turns to those, by turns to those a prey,
That once were wont to tremble at thy sway.
If fear of famine in thy cavern'd lands
Drives thee, O Swiss! to seek from foreign hands
Thy needful food, or in some bloody strife
To end at once thy wretchedness and life,
Lo! where the Turk displays his neighbouring store—
Chase him from Europe or the Grecian shore,
So shalt thou every want at full supply,
Or in some nobler field with glory die.
Not less than thee, O Swiss! the Muse incites
Thy German neighbours, where the wealth invites
Which once from Rome with every treasure fraught,
Great Constantine[92] selecting thither brought.
Pactolus, Hermus, rich with golden sands,
Mygdonia, Lydia, and the fertile lands,
In whose full praise such numerous poets vie,
Not far remov'd to crown your labours lie.
Thou, mighty Leo[93]! to whose hand is given
The glorious charge to bear the keys of Heaven:
If thine the trust our Italy to keep,
Let her not perish in lethargic sleep:
Thou art her shepherd; God on thee bestows
The sacred crook, and Leo, thee he chose.
That thy loud roar might terrour round extend,
And thy strong arm thy sheep from wolves defend.
But whither has my wandering genius led
Far from the path I first prepar'd to tread?
Yet not so far my Muse has learnt to stray,
But well I trust she can resume her way.
In fair Damascus thus the list appears
All bright with breast-plates, helms and bristled spears,
Soft blooming damsels on the champions shower
From roofs and windows every vernal flower;
Each knightly rival to the trumpet's sound
His courser spurs with many a spritely bound.
All prove their best—some merit gifts and praise,
And some loud peals of scorn and laughter raise.
A suit of armour doom'd the victor's prize,
For that day's jousts the Syrian king supplies:
Who late receiv'd it at a merchant's hand,
A merchant journeying from Armenia's land:

[91] The poet here alludes to the custom observed by the Saracens at that time to exercise themselves in arms on account of the vicinity of the Franks, then in possession of Jerusalem. In his complaint of the degeneracy of the Christians in neglecting to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the Turks, he seems to follow Petrarch in his Triumph of Fame.

Poi venia 'nsieme il buon duce Goffredo,
Che fe l'impresa santa, e i gesti giusti,
Questo, di ch'io mi sdegno, e 'n lamo grido,
Fece in Gierusalem', con le sue mani
Il qual guardato, e già negletto nido:
Ite superbi, e miseri Christiani
Consumando l'un l'altro, e non vi caglia
Ch'el sepulchro di Christo è in man de' Cani.
Triomf. de Fam. cap. ii.

Next Godfrey came, whose righteous footstep trod
The hallow'd precincts of the Saviour God,
The chief, whose glorious warfare urg'd in vain
Infamies my breast and points th' indignant strain:
In fair Jerusalem the seat he gain'd,
Neglected long and now no more maintain'd:
Go, wretched Christians, to your race a shame,
With mutual slaughter wound the Christian name,
And leave the tomb of Christ in impious hands;
Resign'd to Mahomet's detested bands!

After the conquest of Godfrey, Jerusalem remained eighty-two years in the hands of the Christians, till the time of the Soldan of Egypt anno 1126, who took it from Guido Lusignan, since which it has continued in the power of the Turks.

For an account of the Crusades, see Dr. Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. I. and Mr. Mickle's Preface to his translation of the Lusiad.

[92] After the emperor Constantine the Great had been baptized by Silvester, and had defeated Maxentius near Rome, he gave his palace of San Giovanni Laterano to the pope; he built many churches with large endowments, and then made war upon Licinius his kinsman, a great persecutor of the Christians. He afterwards removed the imperial seat from Rome to Byzantium, which city he rebuilt and called, after his name, Constantinople. Hence the poet says, that in Constantinople were centered the riches which Constantine carried from Rome: all the rest he gave to the Roman church: of him Dante speaks in this remarkable manner.

Ahi, Constantin! di quanta mal fu madre
Non la conversion, ma quella dote
Che da te prese il primo ricco padre.

Ah! Constantine! from thee what ills we draw,
Not that thy soul abjur'd the Pagan law;
But for that gift the Christian world has griev'd,
Which our first wealthy sire from thee receiv'd,

[93] This address is made to Pope Leo X.

To this the monarch adds a scarf embost
With numerous pearls, and gems of rarest cost.
Of finest web the stuff with gold inwrought,
No vulgar price th' invalu'd treasure bought.
Had Norandino (well before advis'd)
This armour known, above all other priz'd
He this had held, nor had his generous mind
Such armour for the victor's meed assign'd.
'T were long to tell who left it on the way;
For him that pass'd, a far too costly prey.
But let us now (this tale awhile dismiss'd)
To Gryphon turn, who, when he reach'd the list,
Already found the manly jousts begun,
Spears broke, and falchions flashing in the sun.
Eight youthful knights by Norandino held
Near to his person, who in arms excell'd,
In friendly league 'gainst all opponents stood,
Noble themselves, and sprung of noble blood:
These in the martial square that day had run
With all the listed warriors, one by one:
With lance, with sword or mace they wag'd the fight,
While the king view'd, and view'd them with delight.
Oft through the cuirass, in th' unpleasant strife,
The weapon pass'd endangering either's life:
Like foes they fought, but that the king could stay
At will their rage and bid surcease the fray.
Now he of Antioch, who with Gryphon came,
(Martano was the coward's hateful name.)
Stept in, and with his looks the combat dar'd,
As if with Gryphon he in valour shar'd;
Then stood awhile beside, and earnest view'd
A dreadful fight that 'twixt two knights ensu'd,
Seleucia's lord, among the youthful train
Who came the general challenge to maintain,
In single conflict with Ombruno strove:
At length his falchion through his face he drove
And reach'd his life: all mourn'd him as he fell,
Whose fame in arms could many a knight excell:
Nor could, thro' all the realm, a name be found
For courtesy and goodness more renown'd.
This seen, Martano trembled with affright,
Lest equal fortune on himself should light:
Nature prevailing, how he thence may fly
He meditates, but him with heedful eye
Brave Gryphon marks, and urging onward drives
Against a knight that in the list arrives.
Thus, when th' exerting voice of village-swains
A mungrel cur against the wolf constrains,
By turns he stops, and barking views his foe,
Whose teeth with anger gnash, whose eyes with fury glow.
Where princes sate the deeds of arms to see,
With ladies, knights, and lords of high degree,
Martano fearing in the list to run,
His courser turn'd aside the shock to shun[24].
Yet those who friendly wish'd to veil his shame
Might to his erring steed ascribe the blame.
But with his falchion next so ill he fought,
Demosthenes himself in vain had sought
To plead his cause: so much each stroke he fear'd,
His arms of brittle frame not forg'd of steel appear'd.

[24] Martano is undoubtedly the original of Spenser's Braggadocio. See the Fairy Queen, where the cowardice and the villany of the latter are painted exactly in the same colours: he steals away sir Guyon's horse, and is disgraced at the tournament made by Satyrane.

At length he fled, disturbing in his flight
The martial ranks: behind the recreant knight,
From scornful crowds loud peals of laughter rise,
Shouts, clamours, hisses, mingling in the skies.
Thus like th' insidious wolf by shepherds chas'd,
Martano from the list retires disgrac'd;
While Gryphon stays, but thinks his better name
Defil'd, dishonour'd by his fellow's shame:
Rage swell'd his heart, his face with crimson glow'd
As his the guilt; meanwhile from him the crowd
Like deeds expect, and to the knight foretell
The same disgrace that on his comrade fell—
Behoves him now to strain each nerve, and raise
His wonted worth to shine with brighter blaze:
Each slip to those whose minds prejudge the cause,
Each venal fault the heaviest censure draws.
Now Gryphon on his thigh the spear address'd,
(Who seldom held in vain his spear in rest)
And to the charge his foaming courser press'd.
The baron of Sidonia chanc'd to meet
The dreadful shock, which hurl'd him from his seat;
All gaze with wonder who his fall beheld,
Far other chance than what they late foretold.
Again his spear unbroken Gryphon held,
And full on Lodicea's lord impell'd:
The weapon shiver'd on the bossy shield:
The champion, near extended on the field,
Fell backward on his steed; but soon anew
Recovering, with his sword at Gryphon flew.
Gryphon, who sees him still his seat maintain,
With such a dreadful shock assail'd in vain,
Thus to himself—"Though here the spear might fail,
The sword, with aim repeated, shall prevail."
Then on his temples fell the furious steel:
He seem'd from Heaven the thundering force to feel.
Stroke following stroke was dealt with sweepy sway,
Till senseless on the ground the warrior lay.
Two brethren, Thyrsis and Corymbus nam'd,
Long o'er the rest for skill in tilting fam'd,
Their skill forgotten, headlong press'd the sand
Beneath the son of Olivero's hand:
This, from his steed the spear's first onset threw,
And that, the falchion from his saddle drew:
While with united voice the lists declare,
The stranger's arm that day the prize would bear.
Among the rest that to the tilting came,
Was Salenterno of redoubted name,
Who o'er the realm with rule despotic reign'd,
And first in jousts the gallant strife maintain'd.
He, fir'd to anger that a stranger's might
Should win the palm from every Syrian knight,
A lance arresting, loud to Gryphon cries,
And, proudly threatening, to the course defies.
Brave Gryphon answers with his spear in rest,
(A spear from ten selected for the best)
Full on the shield the well-aim'd point arrives,
Thro' shield, thro' cuirass, and thro' bosom drives;
And passing on, its cruel passage tears,
And at his back a palm behind appears.
All, save the king, with joy beheld his fate,
For all th' oppressive Salenterno hate.
Two of Damascus next his prowess own;
Carmondo and Ermophiles o'erthrown.
One o'er the monarch's martial host presides,
And one, high-admiral, his navy guides.
This at the onset from his seat behold
Cast headlong; that, beneath his courser roll'd,
Lies o'erwhelm'd, nor could his courser stand
Against the shock of Gryphon's powerful hand.

Seleucia's lord, who still his place maintain'd,
The bravest champion of the eight remain'd;
Nor only brave: a steed the warrior bore
Of generous race, and arms of proof he wore.
Now rushing furious each his spear oppos'd
To where against the sight the vizor clos'd:
But Gryphon with such force the Pagan shook,
His left foot straight the stirrup's hold forsook.
Their broken lances now aside they threw,
And wheeling round their beaming falchions drew.
From Gryphon first a stroke the Pagan feels
That from his thundering arm the Christian deals;
Shore through the shield's tough plate and bone it goes,
Which from a thousand shields the warrior chose:
His thigh had next receiv'd the biting blade,
But double folds of steel the fury stay'd.
Seleucia's lord at Gryphon's vizor drove
The weapon's edge, which falling from above
Had piere'd through all, but that the warrior's arms
By potent spell secur'd each limb from harms;
While happier Gryphon, at each furious stroke
Cleft the tough mail and jointed armour broke.
All present now Seleucia's lord beheld
By noble Gryphon in the field excell'd;
And had not Norandino stay'd the fight,
That day had sunk him to eternal night!
But to his guards the king a signal made
To part the combatants: the guards obey'd:
All view'd with joy the dreadful conflict cease,
And prais'd their gracious king who gave the peace.
Those gallant eight, who challeng'd all the list,
Too weak a single warrior to resist,
Were vanquish'd one by one: the rest who came
To meet their challenge found their hope of fame
In Gryphon lost, who thus unmatch'd had run,
And from the eight an easy conquest won.
Behold in one short hour the tilting ceas'd!
But Norandino, to prolong the feast
Till close of day, descends and gives command
To clear the square, then of the knightly band
Two troops he forms, where each by birth or deed
He mates in pairs, and bids the jousts proceed.
Meantime brave Gryphon to his home returns[98],
While indignation in his bosom burns,
Still more depress with vile Martano's shame
Than joyful at his own well-purchas'd fame.
Martano every art industrious tries
His shame to palliate with unmanly lies;
While the foul partner of his guilt and wile
Each falsehood seconds, adding guile to guile.
However the youthful knight their tales believ'd,
He heard in silence and th' excuse receiv'd,
But deem'd it best to part in secret thence,
Lest, seen again, Martano should incense
The people's rage.—Thus by a private way [lay.
They reach'd the gate through which their journey
Then, whether Gryphon's courser needed rest,
Or heavy toil the champion's eyes oppress'd,
The nearest dwelling for repose he sought,
Two miles the warrior to a dwelling brought:
His helm he loos'd, his limbs from armour freed,
And from the reins and bit releas'd his steed;
Then, in a room retir'd, the door he clos'd,
And on the couch in slumber deep repos'd.

Now Origilla and Martano, bent
On foulest treason, to the garden went,
And there the most unheard-of scheme design'd
That craft e'er whisper'd to the basest mind.
Martano means to seize the arms and vest
By Gryphon worn, the steed which late he press'd,
And thus before the king in borrow'd spoils,
Usurp the honour of another's toils.
Soon as resolv'd, he takes the warrior's weed,
The dazzling armour and the milk-white steed:
He grasps his buckler, and his crest he rears,
And a new Gryphon to the sight appears.
Then with the dame and squires he turn'd to where
The busy throng still fill'd the public square,
And came what time the martial rivals ceas'd
To wield the sword and place the lance in rest.
The monarch gives command to seek the knight
Whose lofty crest was deck'd with plumage white;
His courser white, and white the vest he wore,
Though yet unknown the name the warrior bore.
He, who from looks assum'd, deriv'd his pride
Like the vile ass beneath the lion's hide,
The summons heard, and with unblushing face
To Norandino went in Gryphon's place.
Soon as the king the seeming knight espy'd,
He rose, embrac'd, and plac'd him at his side,
Nor deem'd enough, himself such praise to yield,
But will'd his worth to blazon o'er the field;
He bids the heralds to the lists around
Him glorious victor of the day resound.
With trumpets' sprightly notes, in loud acclaim
Wide spreads from tongue to tongue his worthless name;
And when the monarch to his palace rode,
He kept him near, and every honour show'd,
Such honours, as transcending mortal praise,
The deeds of Mars or Hercules might raise.
He gave him fair and stately rooms prepar'd
Within the court, where Origilla shar'd
An equal grace, on whom in royal state
A train of noble knights and damsels wait.
But let us now to Gryphon change the style,
Who, little conscious of his comrade's guile,
Still un-suspecting lock'd in slumber lay,
Nor wak'd till low declin'd the light of day.
His sleep dispell'd, and blushing thus to waste
The fleeting hours, he quits his bed in haste,
And seeks (as yet unknowing of his shame)
The lying kinsman and deceitful dame
Whom late he left with all th' attendant train:
When these he finds no more, and seeks in vain
His arms and vesture, new suspicions rise,
Increasing when his comrade's arms he spies.
The host steps forth, and all the truth display'd,
That he, whom now he sought, erewhile array'd
In armour white, had with the dame and train
Of followers, to the list return'd again.
By slow degrees to Gryphon now reveal'd,
That truth appear'd which love had long conceal'd;
Soon to his grief he found a brother's name
But veil'd the partner of her lawless flame:
He now repents that e'er his mind was wrought
To slight the tidings by the pilgrim brought,
And lend an ear to her whose tears or smiles
Had oft betray'd him in her treacherous wiles.
What should he do? Impell'd by present need,
He takes the base Martano's arms and steed,
But better had he gone unarm'd than wear
The cuirass such a breast was wont to bear;

[98] The poet must mean where he was first entertained at his arrival, though the passage seems rather obscure.

That baleful buckler on his arm embrace,
And on his head that scornful helmet place.
Yet eager to pursue th' adulterous pair,
His soul was lost to every other care:
The city now he reach'd, what time the day
Departing, Phœbus shone with evening ray.
Built near the gate to which the champion drew
High on the left a castle rose to view;
Not only strong in war to check the foe,
But rich in cost and pomp of peaceful show:
The king, assembling here a courtly band,
Lords, dames, and knights, the first of Syria's land,
Above the walls a splendid feast prepar'd,
And with his guests the social banquet shar'd;
Whence, from afar, beneath their wide survey,
The distant fields and open country lay.
As tow'rds the gate advancing Gryphon came,
Clad in the vestments of opprobrious shame;
Ill chance for him! the king and festive train
Beheld him pacing o'er the verdant plain.
Esteem'd the same he look'd by outward port,
He mov'd the dames and knights to scornful sport;
Where next the king, amid the nobles plac'd,
Martano sate with highest favour grac'd!
And near, the worthy partner of his guile:
Of these the king inquir'd, with gracious smile,
What wretch was that who lately to his cost
Essay'd the jousts, who, every honour lost,
Could thus return—"'T is wondrous strange," he cried,
"That you, a knight so brave in combat try'd,
Should join with one, to knighthood such disgrace,
That all our East scarce knows a name so base;
Unless you seek perchance to' exalt your praise,
And with his deeds compar'd your glory raise.
But, by yon Heaven! and all its powers, I swear,
Did not your worth my warmest friendship share,
Such public penance should the dastard find,
Such as my hatred to his coward kind
Might tell to all—and if he 'scape the shame,
He owes his thanks to you with whom he came."
Then he, the sink of every vice, replied:
"Great king! the man whose acts his mien belied,
Near Antioch's town but late (nor can I tell
His name or birth) with me in converse fell:
I deem'd him worthy by his martial air
With me the trial of the lists to share,
But ne'er beheld him in the field display
His craven arms till that disgraceful day;
When far incens'd to see so deep a stain
On knighthood cast, I scarcely could refrain
That hour to teach him such a fatal dance,
He never more should wield the sword or lance.
But due respect for such a noble band,
And reverence to your presence held my hand.
Yet let not those short days with me he pass'd,
O'er his demerits now oblivion cast,
Since from those days recall'd methinks I find,
And ever shall, disgrace oppress my mind,
If, to their shame who bear the name of knight,
He goes dismist unquestion'd from your sight.
Far rather let me view, with well-pleas'd eye,
The wretch suspended quivering in the sky:
A sentence that may future warning give
To all such dastards that unpunish'd live."
Martano thus; when Origilla took
The word, to second what her minion spoke.
To whom the king—"Not so his deeds I view,
Or think that death to such a crime is due:
But we in judgment for his great offence,
Will to the crowd another fruit dispense."
He said; and to a baron gave in charge
His royal will: instructed now at large,
The baron with a trusty guard, descends,
And silent near the city walls attends
In secret ambush. Gryphon there to wait:
Him, 'twixt two bridges, entering at the gate,
He seizes unawares, and, bound in chains,
Clos'd in a gloomy cell till morn detains.
Now had the Sun above the watery bed
Of hoary Tethys rais'd his golden head,
From Alpine plains began to chase the night,
And shed on Alpine hills his trembling light;
When vile Martano fearing Gryphon hold
Might to the king at length the truth unfold,
And on himself revenge the treason, took
A hasty farewel, and the town forsook:
Excuse he pleaded that th' unfinish'd feast
He left, and seem'd to slight the king's request,
Who urg'd his stay, and gifts bestow'd to crown
The glorious deeds of knighthood not his own:
But let him go[86], and trust, some future time
Shall give such punishment as fits his crime.
Now near the throng'd piazza Gryphon came[87],
By guards conducted to the place of shame:
They stript him of his arms and plumy crest,
And left dishonour'd in an humble vest,
Then led him thus amidst the shouting train
High plac'd to view upon a rolling wain,
Which with slow step two lagging oxen drew,
By hunger lean and of ill-favour'd hue.
Around th' ignoble car a mingled throng,
Ostards and shameless women pour'd along:
Now this, now that supply'd the driver's place,
And all with vulgar rage the knight disgrace.
Above the rest the childish route prevail'd,
Who not alone his name with taunts assail'd,
But, that the wiser could their hands restrain,
With stones in boyish rage the knight had slain,
These arms to which his evil chance he ow'd,
These arms, whose make misled th' ill-judging crowd,
Trail'd at the car behind, along the ground
In sordid filth their rightful penance found.
The wheels now stay'd before the judgment seat,
And there he heard the herald's voice repeat
Another's deeds, and with Martano's shame
By trumpet's sound his own great deeds defame.
Thus through the streets, to all a public sight,
By houses, temples, shops, they led the knight,
Where not a name that insult e'er apply'd
Was then unheard; at length the car they guide
Without the walls, and thence, in foul disgrace
They mean with blows to drive him from the place;
But scarce they from his feet the gyves unbound,
And loos'd the chains that clasp'd his arms around,
When, lo! he drew the sword and seiz'd the shield
That late were useless dragg'd along the field:

[86] He returns to Martano and Origilla, B. xviii. ver 590.

[87] Cowards in the lists were proclaimed false and perjured, their armour was taken from them, beginning from the heel upwards, and then ignominiously flung piece by piece over the barriers: they were likewise dragged out of the lists, and punished as the judges decreed.

See Upton's notes on Spenser.

While near him press'd unarm'd th' ignoble crew,
Whose hands now held the spear, nor falchion drew.
Th' ensuing book, my lord, the sequel shows,
For time requires the story here to close.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Charles and his Paladins attack Rodomont, and at last compel him to leave the City. He repasses the Seine, and hears that Doralis is carried off by Mandricardo. Rodomont being gone, Charles returns to the field. General battle renewed with great slaughter on both sides. Ferrau and Dardinello signalize themselves. Lurcanio killed by Dardinello. Gryphon being set at liberty, to revenge the shame he had suffered makes a great slaughter among the people of Damascus. Norandino appeases him. Aquilant meets with Martano and Origilla, seizes and carries them to Damascus: end of that adventure. Norandino institutes another tournament in honour of Gryphon. Arrival of Sansonetto, Astolpho, and Marphisa, at Damascus. Confusion on account of a suit of armour offered by the king as the prize of the victor. Marphisa, Astolpho, and Sansonetto, overthrow all opposers. Gryphon and Aquilant unhorsed. At last the four knights are known to each other, and peace is restored. Astolpho, Sansonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, depart for France: they embark on board a ship; arrive at Cyprus; are overtaken by a dreadful storm. Account of the general battle resumed. Dardinello is slain by Rinaldo. The Pagans begin to give ground; at last the rout becomes universal, and the Pagans retire to their entrenchments. Medoro and Cloriano, two Moorish youths, leave their posts in the middle of the night, and venture into the enemy's camp in order to seek out, and give burial to the body of their dead master, Dardinello.

Still, generous prince! my loyal Muse displays
Your high deserts, and ever seeks to praise:
But much I fear too weak to' exalt your name,
She but defrauds you of a nobler fame.
Amidst your virtues, one above the rest
My tongue, my bosom ever has confess'd:
While open audience all from you receive,
None find you ever ready to believe
Each light report—your goodness will befriend
Th' accus'd when absent, oft attention lend
To each fair plea, and keep a gracious ear
When present, from himself his tale to hear;
And rather months and years the cause defer,
Than to another's wrong in hasty sentence err.
Had Norandino well his conduct weigh'd,
His lips might ne'er on Gryphon's head have laid
The doom unjust: while honour crowns your name,
He, unadvis'd, has stain'd his future fame.
Through him his people breathless on the plain
Fall, by the raging hand of Gryphon slain;
Who thrusts or whirls, by turns, the mortal steel,
And thirty near the car his fury feel.
Swift fly the rest, as terrour bids them stray;
One seeks the field, and one the beaten way:
One hopes again to enter in the wall;
Where each on each in mingled heaps they fall.
Without a word or menace Gryphon glows
With silent wrath, no soft compassion knows,
But drives his sword amidst the trembling throngs,
And takes due vengeance for his former wrongs.
Of those, who first dispersing o'er the plain,
With nimble feet the city walls can gain,
Impetuous some, as sense of danger sways,
Forgetful of their friends the drawbridge raise.
Some fly with ghastly looks in pale affright,
Nor cast a look behind them in their flight:
While wide in every distant quarter rise
The shooting clamours and distressful cries.
Fierce Gryphon, as aloft the bridge they drew,
(Ill chance for them) two luckless wretches slew.
Of these, one dash'd against the stony plain
Pour'd from his batter'd skull the smoking brain:
One, wounded in the breast, fell headlong down,
As up the walls he climb'd to reach the town:
The trembling crowds, with terrour chill'd, behold
The breathless carcase from the ramparts roll'd.
Great is the fear that many a mind appalls,
Lest furious Gryphon should o'erleap the walls:
Not deeper tumults could around prevail,
Should the stern Soldan with his host assail
Damascus' gates—arms flash, loud shouts ascend;
Now here, now there the throaging people bend:
Timbrels and trumpets mingled pour around
The deafening noise and to the skies resound.
But let us for awhile forbear to tell
What fortune next the gallant knight befel:
Now must the verse the deeds of Charles recite,
Who beat on Rodomont his fearless might,
And in his train seven daring warriors led,
T' avenge his subjects by the Pagan dead.
The foe, defrauded with his scaly hide
Of proof resistless, every arm defy'd:
Eight spears at once from eight such warriors sent,
He felt, yet scarcely to the tempest bent:
But as the vessel, yielding to the gale,
Swift rises as the pilot shifts the sail
To catch the wind: so Rodomont arose,
Though scarce a mountain could have borne the blows!
To join the warlike eight whom late I told,
Full many a chief, whose actions Fame enroll'd,
Enclos'd the foe: with these the treacherous name
Of Ganselon[1], with these good Turpin[2] came;
And Arimon, and English Edward, late
Receiv'd by Charles in Paris' regal gate.
As built on Alpine rocks, with stately pride,
A castle, that has every force defy'd,
Unshaken stands, when whirlwinds sweeping round
Tear oaks and beeches from the groaning ground;
Firm in himself the haughty Pagan stood,
Inflam'd with fury, and athirst for blood,

[1] The story of Gryphon is continued in this Book, ver. 305.

[2] An inveterate enemy to the houses of Rinaldo and Orlando, and as such recorded by Pulci, Boyardo, and other romance writers. Ganselon or Gano is frequently mentioned in Don Quixote.

[3] Turpin, archbishop of Rheims, reputed author of the fabulous history of Charlemain and his twelve peers: the authority of this prelate is frequently brought forth by Ariosto in evidence of many actions recorded in this poem, to which he is said to have been an eye-witness.

As roaring storms the coming bolt presage:
So vengeance follows his destructive rage.
At him, that nearest press'd, the stroke he dealt:
Hapless Ughetto of Dordona felt
The rushing blade: cleft to the teeth he dy'd,
Nor ought avail'd his helm of temper try'd.
On every limb by turns the Pagan found
Some weapon light, but light without a wound.
Secur'd from harm, the dragon's jointed scale
Impervious, made each sword and javelin fail.
And now, attending at their sovereign's call,
Each quits the gate and well-defended wall;
And hastes to battle, where his prince's sight
Swells every breast and strings each nerve for fight.
As when, amid the circus' bound enclos'd,
Stands a fierce lioness, for sport expos'd,
If chance a lordly bull is loos'd to wage
The public combat with her threat'ning rage,
Her tawny cubs behold (unseen before)
The stately beast and hear his dreadful roar:
They view his ample horns with strange amaze,
And while they view, with doubtful terrour gaze;
But if their dam with savage teeth invade
The bull's strong chest, they haste their dam to aid:
Now at his back, now at his paunch they fly,
And thirst in blood their tender paws to dye.
Against the Pagan thus the Christians drew;
From roofs and windows some their weapons threw:
Some closer press'd, while, all around him rain'd,
His head a ponderous shower of arms sustain'd.
Still more and more they throng (a mingled train)
The space can hardly horse and foot contain.
From every part, like clustering bees, they pour;
Though most, unarm'd, no warlike weapons bore,
And came but to be slain—the Pagan's rage
Could scarce suffice their numbers to engage.
Still grows his toil—still crowds to crowds succeed,
Though hundreds by his fatal prowess bleed.
His breath in shorter pantings comes and goes;
He sees, unless his arm can stem the foes,
While yet unhurt his strength and limbs remain,
Hereafter most he hope t' escape in vain.
Now here, now there he turns his baleful eyes,
And every pass with numbers clos'd espies.
Around him now his murderous sword he threw;
And swift, as fury urg'd, resistless flew
On Britain's late rais'd bands his fierce to shed,
The bands by Arimon and Edward led.
Whoe'er has from the throng'd piazza view'd
The giddy populace in heaps pursu'd
By some wild bull, that all the day has met
With goads and wounds, by men and dogs beset:
He foams, he snorts, he drives them round and round,
And this, now that he tosses from the ground:
Such may he deem, but far more dreadful shows
The cruel African amidst his foes!
Full twenty with his sword he cleaves in twain,
As many headless from his stroke remain,
He mows down lives; as by the pruner's hand
Young vines and willows lop't bestrow the land.
Thus dreadful Rodomont the carnage spread
Where'er he pass'd: at length o'er piles of dead
He turn'd his steps to quit the hostile town,
But 'midst his flight no marks of fear were shown;
Retreating now the nearer foe he views
That from the ramparts to the plain pursues
In silent course—the throngs around him press,
Urge him behind, nor let him part in peace.
As in Nomadia's or Massylia's shade,
The generous lion whom hunters bold invade,
Even while he flies with noble fury burns,
And, threatening, slowly to his woods returns:
So Rodomont, in whose high soul appears
No abject thought, beset with swords and spears,
With darts and javelins like a bristled wood,
Slow drags his lingering steps to reach the flood.
Again he turns, again with brandish'd blade
A hundred sent to tread the Stygian shade.
At length, compell'd, he gives, to numbers, way,
Submits to fortune, and resigns the day:
With all his arms he plunges in the tide;
His nervous limbs the flashing waves divide.
Afric ne'er bred his like; though Afric's earth
Gave Hannibal and great Antæus birth.
Soon as he reach'd the shore, his ruthless mind
Again repented that he left behind
The town unsack'd; again his thoughts aspire
Her sons to slay and wrap her walls in fire.
While thus he pass'd, one drawing near he view'd,
That soon with other cares his wrath subdu'd.
But who this envoy, fits not here to tell;
First learn what chance in other parts befel.
When Discord had receiv'd the high command
To kindle strife amidst the Pagan band,
She Fraud commissions in her stead to keep
The convent's cells, nor let Contention sleep
Till her return; then calls her sister Pride,
Who in one dome accustom'd to reside
Consents to go, but midst the holy train
Bids, in her place, Hypocrisy remain.
Now Pride and Discord on their baleful way
To where encamp'd the Christian army lay
Urge all their speed, when to their sight appears
Afflicted Jealousy with jaundice fears:
With her a dwarf[3], from Doralis the fair
Dispatch'd to Rodomont the news to bear,
How late in Mandricardo's hand she fell;
Nor need the Muse again th' adventure tell.
It chanc'd that Jealousy the dwarf had found,
His message soon she learn'd and whither bound;
Then join'd with him an enterprise to share
That seem'd to claim her own peculiar care.
Well pleas'd was Discord Jealousy to view,
But more her cause of coming when she knew
From whom such hope of powerful aid she drew.
Lo! hence the seeds to mix in mortal war
Stern Rodomont and Agricanes' heir:
For other chiefs she other plans may frame,
But this suffices here to spread the flame.
Now with the dwarf arriving where the band
Of Rodomont destroy'd each Christian hand;
They reach'd the Seine what time his silver tide
The Turk had cross'd, who when the dwarf espy'd,
His wrath he smooth'd, his low'ring brow he clear'd,
And sudden gladness in his looks appear'd:
All unprepar'd for what he soon must find,
An insult which his soul had ne'er divin'd.
The dwarf he met, and with a smiling face: [pace:"
"How fares our dame, and whither bends thy
Thus he—"Nor mine nor yours I call the dame
To whom another now asserts his claim:

[1] The story is continued in this Book, ver. 200.

[3] Dwarfs and damsels were common messengers in the days of chivalry, and as such often mentioned in Don Quixote.

But yester's Sun, as in her tent she lay,
A single warrior hew'd his bloody way
Through all her guards, and thence, by force conveyed,
The royal fair his weeping captive made."
He said; when Jealousy stept forth and press'd
(Cold as an asp) the warrior to her breast[6].
Now Discord strikes her flint the fire to raise,
While Pride beneath the ready fewel lays:
Quick bursts the flame, through all the Pagan flies
The raging pest and flashes from his eyes:
He sighs, he groans, full horribly he roars,
Blaspheming Heaven and Heaven's immortal powers.
As when the tigress, to her empty den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And finds her darling young ones borne away,
Nor hills, nor streams, her raging course delay:
Thus the dread Saracen with fury burns.
"Lead on!"—he cries, as to the dwarf he turns:
He seeks no steed, nor car, but like the wind
Flies o'er the plain and leaves the war behind:
No courser will he wait, resolv'd to take
The first that Fortune's gift his own shall make.
Then Discord, who his inmost soul survey'd,
Turn'd to her sister Pride, and smiling said:
"His footsteps shall we guide to find a steed
That other contests, other woes will breed?
The care be mine, where'er he roves the land,
No horse but one shall meet his daring hand."
To Charles we turn[7], who now, the Pagan fled,
Forbade the flames extinguish'd more to spread:
His troops he marshall'd: some with ardour fir'd
To guard the posts that chief their aid requir'd:
The rest he sent against the Pagan train
To meet their strongest force in open plain;
And through each pass a numerous army pours,
From Saint Germano and Saint Victor's towers;
Then near Marcellus' gate bids every band,
Together join'd in rank of battle stand,
Inciting all their faithless foes to quell
With deeds that every future time might tell:
Their banners rang'd, he points their noble rage;
And gives the trumpet's signal to engage.
King Agramant had try'd, nor try'd in vain,
Though hemm'd with foes, his courser to regain:
Remounted now, against the knight[8] who lov'd
Fair Isabella, single fight he prov'd.
With king Sobrino bold Lurcanio clos'd:
Rinaldo stood against a troop oppos'd,
Whom (Fortune smiling on his dauntless might) 260
He slew, dispers'd, o'erturn'd, and chas'd in flight.
So far'd the war—when Charles his legions brought
To charge the rear where king Marsilius fought:
Beneath whose standards crowd the flower of Spain,
His foot the midst compose, his horse the wings sustain.
The monarch leads th' assault—the hills around,
The vales return the drum's and trumpet's sound.

Already now the Pagans seem'd to yield,
And soon, with broken files, had left the field,
But Falsirones came, and at his side 279
Grandonio, both in greater dangers try'd;
With Balugantes, Serpentino fam'd,
And bold Ferrau who thus aloud exclaim'd:
"O friends belov'd! O! once of martial might!
O! brethren! yet maintain this arduous fight!
Give what to fame we owe—yon hostile train
Shall weave, like spiders' nets, their toils in vain!
Think what rewards, what honours must attend,
Should Fortune on this day our arms befriend:
Think what our loss and never-ending shame, 289
If basely driven from such a field of fame."
A ponderous spear he wielded as he spoke,
And aim'd at Berlinger the forceful stroke;
(Whose arm so well with Argalifa sped,
He burst the fencing helmet from his head)
Now Berlinger o'erthrown, his fatal blade
Eight hapless warriors near him prostrate laid.
In other parts what warlike numbers fell
Before Rinaldo, scarce the Muse can tell:
Thou mightest have seen, amidst th' embattled field,
The flying squadrons to his fury yield. 291
No less Zerbino and Lurcanio, fir'd
With martial heat, the tongue of praise inspir'd;
That, with a speeding thrust Balestro slew,
This, Finaduro's helmet cleft in two:
The first the forces of Alzerbè sway'd,
That late before Tardocco's rule obey'd:
The second held beneath his high command,
Zamora, Saffa, and Morocco's band. [shield
"Was there," (methinks you cry) "with sword and
No knight of Afric to dispute the field?" 301
Awhile attend—nor deem one worthy name
Shall pass defrauded of his rightful fame.
Nor shall Zumara's king be left unsung.
Brave Dardinello from Almontes sprung,
Whose lance, in rest against the Christians set,
Dulphino of the mount, and Elius met;
Hubert of Mirford, Claudio of the grove:
On Pinamontes then his sword he drove,
On good Anselmo of Stanforma's powers; 310
And Raymond sent from London's stately towers.
These seven, renown'd in arms, to earth he threw,
Two senseless, one he wounded, four he slew.
But all his worth avail'd not to restrain
His people's panic, and their ranks detain
To meet our troops, who, less in number, fought
With nobler warmth, and to the combat brought
Whate'er exalts the warrior in the field,
The skill to rest the lance, or lift the shield.
The Moors in Setta and Zumara bred, 320
Those of Morocco and Canara fled:
But with the foremost fled Alzerbè's train,
Whose flight the noble youth[9] oppos'd in vain.
At length, with threats and prayers by turns addrest,
He rous'd the flame in every generous breast.
"If in your memory worthy yet to dwell
Almontes lives—this present hour shall tell:
This hour shall show, if midst his foes encha'd,
You leave in me his son to death expos'd.
Stay! I conjure you—by my tender age 33
From which your hopes could future fame presage!
Shall each brave chief by hostile swords be slain,
And none revisit Afric's lov'd domain?

[6] Without danger of incurring the censure of blind partiality, often so justly charged on translators, I may surely venture to point out this passage to the reader, and indeed the whole description of the jealousy of Rodomont, as a fine allegorical picture.

[7] The poet follows Rodomont, Book xxiii. ver. 257.

[8] Zerbino.

[9] Dardinello.

Surrounded here, all safety else deny'd,
Our firm knit bands alone can cleave the tide.
What foss, what ramparts our return oppose,
What mountains rise between, what ocean flows!
Here let us rather die, than sink so low
To wait the mercy of a Christian foe.
O! then be firm—in this, my friends, remain
Our dearest hopes, all other hopes are vain!
Like us the foes have but two hands to wield,
One soul to fire them, and one life to yield."
So spoke the generous youth, and speaking gave
The earl of Athol to the greedy grave.
The dear remembrance of Almontes ran
Through Afric's host, and spread from man to man:
Each deem'd it nobler now with glorious arms
To guard their lives, than fly impending harms.
William of Berwick, tall of stature, tow'r'd
Above his peers, but Dardinello's sword
Levell'd him with the rest—and near him reft
His life from Arimon and headless left:
(A Cornish champion)—as he press'd the plain
His brother hasten'd to his aid in vain.
Betwixt his shoulders Dardinello sent
The reeking steel, that through his bosom went.
Through Bogio's belly next he thrust the blade,
And freed him from his promise lately made:
Vainly he promis'd to his weeping wife,
Six moons should bring him back with fame and life.
Brave Dardinello near Lurcanio spy'd,
By whom, but then o'erthrown, Dochino died,
Piero'd through the throat; by whom, with gory head,
Cleft to the teeth, lay bleeding Gardo dead.
He saw Altæus, dearer than his life,
Attempt too late to fly the bloody strife.
Full at his nape the stroke Lurcanio aim'd,
And stretch'd him dead: Almontes' son Isdam'd
With thirst of vengeance, grasp'd his ready spear,
And vow'd to Macon (did his Macon hear)
Should slain Lurcanio that day's triumph grace,
His empty arms within the mosque to place.
Then through the ranks with rapid speed he flies,
And to his side so well the lance applies,
Pierc'd through and through he hurls him to the plain,
And instant bids his followers strip the slain.
What tongue shall ask if Ariodantes mourn'd
His brother's slaughter? If in rage he burn'd
With his own hand to give the vengeful blow,
And Dardinello send to shades below?
In vain he raves—not more the Pagan foes,
Than thronging Christians his design oppose:
Yet eager for revenge, now here, now there,
He whirls his sword, breaks through, and mows the war.
To' engage the Christian Dardinello flies,
But thronging round him spears and javelins rise,
And the thick press the knights to meet denies.
One chief no less the Moorish troop destroys,
Than one the English, Franks, and Scotch annoys:
Yet these to close in battle fate withstands,
One doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Behold Rinaldo comes by fortune led
To gain new fame from Dardinello dead.
But here no more—the Muse averts the strain
From deeds of glory [10] on the western plain,

To where she Gryphon left, whose arm o'erthrew,
With vengeful rage, Damascus' trembling crew.
King Norandino, whom the din alarms,
The city leaves with all his court in arms:
A thousand men his faithful guard supply,
And round he sees the timorous people fly.
Meantime, the vulgar crowd dispers'd and fled,
Those luckless arms, that late his shame had bred,
(Such arms as fortune then vouchsaf'd to lend)
Brave Gryphon seiz'd his person to defend;
And near a temple, with strong walls immur'd,
Whose site a deep enclosing fosse secur'd,
Upon a narrow bridge his station chose
To guard him safely from surrounding foes.
Behold where from the portal near him drew,
With many a shout and threat, the warrior crew.
Yet Gryphon still, unmov'd, his place maintain'd,
As if his fearless soul their force disdain'd:
Onward he sprung: he grasp'd his glittering blade,
And many a gaping warrior breathless laid;
Then, to the bridge again retreating, lay
Safe from attack, and held his foes at bay.
Again he issu'd, and again withdrew,
And dy'd each time the ground to crimson hue,
While horse and foot by turns to earth he threw.
Still more and more the troops uniting swarm,
The deepening battle wears a direr form,
When Gryphon pausing views with anxious eyes
The hostile files that all around him rise:
Fast from his wounded thigh and shoulder trail'd
The purple streams; his breath and vigour fail'd:
But Virtue, watchful o'er her sons, inclin'd
To peace and pardon Norandino's mind:
While from the walls he led his martial train,
He view'd around the ghastly heaps of slain;
The gaping wounds, that seem'd by Hector given,
With cruel steel through temper'd armour driven,
And saw how far his late decree had wrong'd
A knight to whom all worth and praise belong'd.
When near him now the gallant youth he view'd
(Whose single arm such numbers had subdu'd,
That dy'd the watery fosse to fearful red,
Entrench'd behind a ghastly pile of dead)
Like stern Horatius, that on Tyber's tide
With scornful strength the Tuscan power defy'd,
Heart-struck with grief and shame, he bade surcease
The cruel strife, and to confirm the peace,
From further fight recall'd each willing hand,
And stretch'd, in sign of peace, his naked hand.
Then thus to Gryphon—"How shall I proclaim
My sense of sorrow and repenting shame?
Another's crime, with deep-concerted guile,
Has led my erring judgment in the toil:
What to the worst I deem'd was justly due,
By me has wrong'd the best of knights in you.
If late repentance can amends dispense,
To heal the folly of my past offence,
Behold me ready to repair the shame
That lately sullied your illustrious name:
Ask what thou wilt to crown thy high desert,
Gold, cities, lands—my kingdom's better part,
With these the tribute of a faithful heart.
All, all is thine—but stretch thy hand to prove
The lasting pledge of amity and love."
He said, and ceasing, from his steed descends,
And to the knight his better hand extends.
Gryphon, who sees the king with eager pace
Advance to meet him in a friend's embrace,

[10] This battle is continued in this book, ver. 1005.

At once his anger and his sword resigns,
And low at Norandino's feet inclines
To clasp his knees: the king beholds him bleed
With late-got wounds, and summons at his need
A skilful leech, then bids with greatest care
Th' wounded warrior to his palace bear.
But him we leave [11], of Aquilant to speak,
And bold Astolpho, left behind to seek
Unhappy Gryphon, whom the powerful call
Of love had drawn from Salem's hallow'd wall.
For many a day they sought, but sought in vain,
Nor find their comrade lost, nor tidings gain.
At length the pilgrim, who to Gryphon came,
They met, and learnt that Gryphon's faithless dame,
Won by another's love, had left in haste
The Syrian confines and to Antioch pass'd.
This when he heard, the sable warrior knew
That love had led his brother to pursue
His search from Judah's land, to win the charms
Of Origilla from a rival's arms.
But Aquilant who, with fraternal love
Could ill support that he alone should prove
Adventurous deeds, resolves with him to bear
His social arms, and every danger share.
But first he prays Astolpho to delay
(Till back from Antioch he resum'd his way)
His purpos'd journey to the Gallic strand,
Or pleasing voyage to his native land.
To Zaffa then he hastes a bark to take;
By sea he deems his better speed to make.
He mounts the deck; a south-east wind prevails,
Curls the green wave and fills the favour'd sails.
So swift their course, before the prosperous breeze,
Next day he Surro and Saffeto sees;
Then Zibelletto and Barutti leaves,
And distant Cyprus on the left perceives;
From Tripoli to reach Tortosa speeds,
To Lizzo and Laiazzo's gulf proceeds.
Thence, veering to the east, the pilot guides
The rapid vessel through the dashing tides.
He comes where to the sea Orontes drives,
And safely at the river's mouth arrives.
Here Aquilant, impatient, gives command
To cast the bridge [12], and leaves on the land.
Arm'd on his steed his eager course he steers
Along the stream till Antioch's town appears.
Nor Origilla nor Martano there
The warrior finds, but hears the faithless pair
To rich Damascus went the regal jousts to share.
Full sure he deem'd that Gryphon would pursue
His perjur'd dame, and hence in haste withdrew
From Antioch's walls, resolv'd without delay
To pass by land, nor risk the watery way;
When God, to prove he oft allots below
Good to the virtuous, to the wicked, woe;
So guides his search, that on a certain day
He met the vile Martano on the way:
Who bore before him, in proud triumph shown,
The prize of tilting by another won.
When Aquilant Martano first survey'd
In arms and vest of snow-white hue array'd,
He deem'd his brother near, and eager flew
To clasp his neck, but when advanc'd he knew
His fond mistake, he chang'd his first address,
And as he joy'd before, now fears no less.
He fears some fraud, by Origilla wrought,
Had to his end unhappy Gryphon brought.
"Tell me," he cried, "thou, whom thy looks proclaim
A thief and traitor, whence that armour came;
Whence is that garb, and why dost thou bestride
The generous steed that Gryphon wont to guide?
Say—lives my brother yet, or breathless lies?
How hast thou made his horse and arms thy prize?"
Struck with his angry threats and dreadful sight,
Pale Origilla turns her steed for flight;
But sudden Aquilant has seiz'd the reins,
And in her own despite the dame retains.
Confus'd and mute, as leaves to zephyrs shake,
Martano seems in every limb to quake.
Still Aquilant in thundering accent raves,
While at his head the naked sword he waves,
And vows unless his lips the truth display,
The dame and he their forfeit lives shall pay.
Martano pondering long how best to hide
His crime with specious art, at length reply'd—
"Lo! there my sister, mighty sir, who came
From virtuous parents, of unsully'd name;
Till Gryphon long, regardless of her race,
Detain'd her in a life of foul disgrace:
Much have I sorrow'd for her hapless sake;
But since too weak from such a knight to take
The helpless penitent, we sought t' obtain
By art what force could never hope to gain.
She, while he slept, from Gryphon's power withdrew;
And lest he waking should our flight pursue,
We thence convey'd his vesture, arms, and steed,
And now in safety on our way proceed."
So hop'd th' impostor with a sister's name
To veil the lawless partner of his shame;
But Aquilant, who heard her story spread
Through Antioch's town, and knew the life she led,
Inflam'd anew to wrath, indignant spoke:
"False slave! thou ly'st"—then aim'd a ponderous stroke
With lifted arm and mailed gauntlet bent,
And down his throat two bleeding teeth he sent:
Then with strong cords he pinion'd close behind
His craftiff-arms, and with like bonds confin'd
His foul associate, while she strove t' assuage
With feeitless plea the warrior's generous rage,
Who bade the squires and all th' attending train,
With gifts enrich'd, Damascus' walls regain.
Thus journeying on through many a town, he brought
The shameless pair; then in Damascus' sought
His brother lost, whose justice might dispense
The punishment for such unheard offence.
Arriv'd, he found that Gryphon's glorious fame
Was far diffus'd on rapid wings of fame,
Already old and young the tale could tell,
That this was he who ran at tilt so well;
And he, from whom his partner's impious wiles
Had won the meed of arms and knightly toils.
The populace, enrag'd, Martano view,
And point him out, and with loud threats pursue.
"Behold," they cry, "the wretch, who seeks to raise
On other's actions his dissembled praise;
Who sullies, with his own opprobrious shame,
The man who guards not well his better fame.
You woman see, with every vice indu'd,
Who aids the wicked, and betrays the good."

[11] He returns to him in this book, ver. 608.

[12] The poet by this means a broad plank laid from the sides of the vessel to the shore for the horses to land.

Some thus exclaim—" How well the pair agree!
Nor he more treacherous than deceitful she!"
With railing these, with curses those pursue
Their hateful way; while, eager for a view,
Through streets and squares th' impatient vulgar throng,
Press on each other's steps and pour along.
With joy the king these tidings entertain'd,
With greater joy than for a kingdom gain'd;
And with his few attendants eager press'd
To meet brave Aquilant, his welcome guest,
And pay such honours as to him belong'd
Whose valour had aveng'd his Gryphon wrong'd.
Now Norandino with the knight's consent,
Within a gloomy cell his captives pent.
But Aquilant he led, where (since the day
He bled in combat) wounded Gryphon lay;
Who, when he view'd his brother, glow'd with shame
As conscious that he knew his sully'd fame,
With all that chanc'd; when Aquilant awhile
His love had rally'd with a friendly smile;
They held debate what penance to impose
On them from whom such foul deceit arose.
Severe the king and Aquilant decreed
Their pains; but Gryphon wish'd for her to plead:
Yet, since he blush'd to urge her cause alone,
He begg'd his pleading might for both atone.
At length 't was doom'd (to end the friendly strife)
To scourge Martano, but to spare his life.
Next day they gave him to the hangman's hands,
Who bound his limbs, but not in flowery bands[15],
Then on the culprit many a lash bestow'd,
From street to street, amidst the gaping crowd.
But Origilla still they kept to mourn
In bonds till fair Lucina should return,
Whose sage decree (for so these lords ordain)
Her doom must lighten to enforce her pain.
Here Aquilant remain'd, till Gryphon heal'd
Of every wound his arms again could wield.
From errours past the king more prudent grown,
Believes he never can enough atone
For such misdeed, by which he brought to shame
A knight whose worth might every triumph claim.
Each day, each hour, he bent his care to chase
From Gryphon's mind the thoughts of late disgrace.
And soon he purpos'd in the public view,
With every honour to his merits due,
To give him to redeem his ravish'd spoils,
Where once he suffer'd by his comrade's wiles.
Now through the realms the regal mandate pass'd,
To form a joust more splendid than the last;
Within a month he bade the lists prepare
In all the pomp that fits a monarch's care.
Soon ready Fame her rapid wings expands,
And spreads the tidings through the Syrian lands;
Phœnicia, Palestine, the rumour hear,
Which reach'd at length to good Astolpho's ear;
Who, with the noble regent[16], now incliu'd
To see the lists by Syria's prince design'd.
Great was the praise of Sansonetto's name,
Great was his strength in arms and knightly fame;
Whom, made a Christian by Orlando's hand,
Charles gave in charge to rule the Holy Land.

These valiant sons of chivalry, to meet
The knights at Norandino's regal seat,
From town to town pursu'd their easy way
To reach the tilting on th' appointed day
With vigour unimpair'd, and chanc'd to light
(Where two paths join'd) on one who seem'd a knight;
But one, whose outward vest and looks conceal'd
A virgin glorious in the martial field.
Marphisa[18] was her name, of generous strain,
Who oft was known the combat to maintain
With Brava's mighty lord[19], and oft had clos'd
With Mount Albano's[17], sword to sword oppos'd.
By day, by night, in shining arms array'd,
Through woods and dales, o'er hills and plains she stray'd
T' encounter wandering knights, and nobly raise
Victorious trophies of immortal praise.
As Sansonetto and Astolpho came
In plate and mail before the fearless dame,
She deem'd them warriors well in battle known,
For both were large of limb and strong of bone.
Then eager in the field their force to try,
She wheel'd her steed the strangers to defy,
But to her mind recall'd, as near she drew,
The Paladin whom in Cathay she knew[18],
Where oft she mark'd, in council and in fight,
The gallant bearing of the English knight.
This seen, the gauntlet from her hand she took,
Call'd him by name, and with a gracious look
Her beaver rais'd, nor, though the first in pride,
To meet the duke with fair salute deny'd;
While the brave Paladin as gladly paid
His cordial greeting to the wondrous maid.
Now each began t' inquire the other's way;
Astolpho first reply'd—his journey lay
To reach Damascus, where the Syrian king
Sought in his lists from various climes to bring
The bravest knights.—" Permit," Marphisa cried
" My arms with yours the glory to divide."
She said, and gladly to her wish they yield,
O'erjoy'd at such a partner in the field.
At length the day before the festive rite,
They see Damascus rising to their sight,
And here, without the walls, awhile they stay
Till fair Aurora with her early ray
Shall gild the morn; but when with ruddy blaze
The Sun began to shed his orient rays,
The dame and knights their limbs in armour cas'd,
And to the lists an envoy sent in haste,
To give the signal when the joists began,
When spear with spear, and man engag'd with man,
Now to the place king Norandino came,
The place he destin'd for the dangerous game;

[15] This may possibly allude to the verses of Petrarch, where, speaking of Julius Cæsar, he says, that Cleopatra bound him with flowery wreaths. Fornari.

[16] Sansonetto.

[17] Rinaldo.

[18] Alluding to Boyardo's action.

[19] The character is continued from the Orlando Innamorato, where she makes a principal figure. Boyardo tells us that Galaphron, the father of Angelica, brought with him a numerous force to raise the siege of Albracca, among which was Marphisa, a female warrior of dauntless courage, and who had made a vow never to disarm herself till she had taken three kings prisoners in battle, Gradasso, Agrican, and Charlemain.
See Ord. Innam. b. i. c. xvi.

While the brave virgin[98], and the knightly pair[99],
Press through the city to the crowded square,
Where, waiting for the sign, on either hand
The knights of noble strain impatient stand.
The prizes doom'd that day for those who won,
A glittering poll-ax, and a sword that shone
With costly gems; with these the king bestow'd
A steed, whose make and stately trappings show'd
A royal gift—The king who surely held
That he, who first had all opponents quell'd,
Would win the second jousts, and bear away
The meed and praise of each victorious day,
To give him all that honour could demand,
Those arms, which late by fraud Martano gain'd,
Aloft he hung; the sword of temper try'd
To these he join'd; and at the courser's side
The poll-ax plac'd, all destin'd to requite
Brave Gryphon, from his garb supream'd the white.
But she, who lately to the list of fame,
With Sansonetto and Astolpho came,
Soon chang'd the scene—for when before her view
These arms appear'd, full well the arms she knew,
Which, once her own, the virgin treasur'd high,
Their value such, no vulgar price could buy.
These once impatient from her limbs she drew
And cast aside[100], impetuous to pursue
Brunello, vers'd in every art of theft,
Who from her side the trusty sword had reft.
Nor need I longer on the story dwell,
Suffice how here she found her arms to tell.
Now when the maid, by certain tokens known,
Again in these with joy confess'd her own,
So dearly priz'd—no more in doubt she stay'd,
But, swift advancing, on the cuirass laid
That hand, which ne'er was wont in field to fail,
And here she seiz'd, and there she strow'd the mail
With headlong haste. The king incens'd beheld,
And with a look his ready train impell'd
T' avenge the deed: at once the train obey'd:
The spear they rested and unsheath'd the blade,
Mindless of what they found so late requite
Their insult offer'd to a wandering knight.
Not more, when Spring unlocks his genial stores,
The playful child delights in gaudy flowers:
Not more the blooming maid, with vestments gay,
In the swift dance or music's spritely lay;
Than she, whose valour every thought exceeds,
Joys in the clang of arms and neigh of steeds;
The rattling quiver, and the crashing spear,
Where streaming blood and ghastly death appear.
Her courser spurr'd against the thoughtless crew,
Her lance in rest with headlong speed she flew;
Some through the neck, some through the breast she thrust,
Some with a shock she tumbled on the dust.
Then, with drawn sword, her furious strokes address'd,
She lopp'd the head or broke the brittle crest;
There pierc'd the side, and here the skull she cleft,
The right arm now she crept, and now the left.

Brave Sansonetto and Astolpho bold
Who with Marphisa came the lists to hold,
Not mix in serious combat, when they saw
The Syrian troops in rank of battle draw,
At once their lances couch'd, their vizors clos'd,
And pierc'd th' ignoble herd, where few oppos'd
Their dreadful course: meantime the knights who came
From various realms, the candidates for fame,
Their sportive weapons turn'd to slaughter view'd,
And promis'd jousts to deeper scenes of blood;
Yet knew not why the Syrian people sought
Their mad revenge, or what offence had wrought
The king's resentment; hence, on either hand,
In deep amaze and speechless doubt they stand.
Some forward rush the people's cause to join,
But soon repent; and some, whose minds incline
On either part, to these as those unknown,
Prepare, without delay, to quit the town:
While wiser some, still hold the courser's rein,
And, silent, anxious for th' event remain.
But Aquilant and Gryphon flew where swarms
Of people pour'd to claim their sovereign's arms
So proudly seiz'd. When now the brethren view'd
The king, whose fiery eyes, suffus'd with blood,
Bespoke his wrath, when now at full they knew
The cause from which such dread contention grew;
And Gryphon deem'd such insult borne must shame
Not less his own, than Norandino's name;
Each bids his spear be brought with eager speed,
And flies to vengeance on his thundering steed.
On t'other part Astolpho swift impell'd
His Rabicano, while in hand he held
The lance of gold[101], that with unchasted force
Dismounts each warrior in the listed course.
With this on earth two noble knights he leaves:
First Gryphon falls, then Aquilant receives
The weapon's point, that glancing on the shield,
The generous youth extended on the field.
Bold Sansonetto from their seats remov'd
The bravest knights, in many a conflict prov'd:
Swift from the barriers throng'd th' affrighted crowd:
The king, inflam'd with anger, storm'd aloud.
Meantime Marphisa, who had driven away
Whate'er oppos'd her (victor of the day)
The late contested arms in triumph took,
And with her prize the fatal lists forsook.
Nor Sansonetto, nor Astolpho stay'd,
But to the gate pursu'd the martial maid,
While Aquilant and Gryphon mourn'd the chance
That both o'erthrew with one resistless lance, [hand,
O'erwhelm'd with shame they curse the stranger's
Nor dare in Norandino's presence stand.
They seize their coursers, and their seats regain
To chase the foe—with numbers in his train
The king pursues——All equal fury breathe,
Resolv'd on vengeance or resolv'd on death.
The vulgar throngs applauding clamours send,
But gaze at distance and th' event attend.
Now Gryphon came to where the three had gain'd
The bridge, and undismay'd the post maintain'd:
Arriv'd, he soon Astolpho knew, who wore
The same device and vests he view'd before;
The same his armour and the same his steed,
As on the day he made Orilo bleed.

[98] Marphisa. [99] Sansonetto, and Astolpho.

[100] This story is told by Boyardo, who says that she pursued Brunello fifteen days, that on the sixth day her horse falling dead through weariness, she continued the pursuit on foot, till Brunello getting to the sea-side made his escape in a vessel, and arrived safe at Biserta with the spoils he had made. Orl. Innam. b. ii. c. xvii.

[101] This lance, formerly the property of Argalia, after his death came to Astolpho.

See General View of Boyardo's Story.

When Gryphon late engag'd the English knight,
The well-known marks at first escap'd his sight,
But now he knows him, greets him now with hands
Conjoin'd, and of his comrades' weal demands;
And why, regardless of the reverence due
To Syria's king, those arms to earth they threw.
To Gryphon then good Otho's son [93] reveal'd
His comrades' names, and nought beside conceal'd
Of what had chanc'd, though little could he tell
How from those arms such sudden discord fell;
But since himself and Sansonetto brought
Marphisa there, in her defence they fought.

While friendly thus they commun'd, nearer drew
Good Aquilant, and soon Astolpho knew:
His wrath subsides; and numbers now appear,
But dare not yet approach the warriors near:
They view each gesture well, and stand intent
To mark their words and what their parley meant:
When one, who found that this was she so fam'd
In glorious fields of fight, Marphisa nam'd,
His courser turn'd and Norandino warn'd,
(Unless he wish'd to see his honours scorn'd)
Ere all were slain, to save his remnant bands
From dire Tisiphone and Death's remorseless hands;
For she, who thus had seiz'd the costly arms,
Was fierce Marphisa, bred amidst th' alarms
Of horrid war. When Norandino heard
That dreadful name, through all the East so fear'd,
Unless his care prevent, full well he knew
The mischief, now predicted, must ensue.
For this he bids his troops from combat cease,
Whose fury lessens as their fears increase.

Meanwhile the sons of Olivero there,
With Sansonetto and with Otho's heir,
By mild entreaty in Marphisa's breast
Assuag'd the flame: she stay'd at their request
Her deathful hand; then with a haughty look
Approaching Norandino thus she spoke.

"I know not why your victor should receive
These arms, O king! which are not yours to give.
These once were mine, and midst the public way
That from Armenia leads, one fateful day
I left behind, with better speed to chase
A wretch from whom I suffer'd foul disgrace:—
Behold this token on the mail impress'd [94],
The certain proof of what my lips attest."

Then on the cuirass, which she claim'd her own,
Cleft in three parts she show'd a regal crown.

"For days are past, since from th' Armenian land
(The king reply'd) a merchant to my hand
This armour brought; and wouldst thou this obtain,
Think not thy tongue shall ask the gift in vain;
Nor think, whate'er thy claim, the prize ordain'd
For Gryphon's virtues, thou by him detain'd;
But freely would his noble mind resign
The victor's meed to make thy friendship mine.
No signs I ask to prove this armour yours,
Your word, your valour, my belief secures.
Now take thy own—here all contention leave,
And Gryphon shall from me a richer gift receive."

Gryphon, who little had these arms desir'd,
But still in all to please the king aspir'd,
Thus made reply—"For me it shall suffice,
That aught you wish my glad consent supplies."
Marphisa, who beheld the part they took
To save her honour, with benignant look
To Gryphon begg'd these arms her gift to make,
Which Gryphon at her hand vouchsaf'd to take.

Now to the city all again pursu'd
Their cheerful way, in peace and love renew'd;
Where at the festive tilt in splendour run,
The prize and glory Sansonetto won.
Astolpho and the brethren fam'd in war,
But chief Marphisa, brave beyond compare,
With friendly purpose from the list abstain,
That Sansonetto all the praise might gain.

With Norandino thus the knights employ
The happy days in sports and social joy;
Till now the state of France by foes oppress,
Awakes new thoughts in every knightly breast:
Their leave they take: with these, by glory fir'd,
Marphisa went, for long her soul aspir'd

[93] Astolpho.

[94] Bojardo relates that Marphisa bore for the device on her shield a crown cleft in three parts, and for her crest a dragon vomiting flames.

Nel scudo azurro avea per devisa
Una corona in tre parti spezzata:
La cotta d'arme a quella guisa
E la coperta tutto lavorato,
E per cimier nel più sublime loco,
Un drago verde che gettava foco,
Ed era il foco acconcia di maniera,
Che dal impeto accesa arde del vento,
E quando in mezza alla battaglia ell'era,
Un lampeggiar facea pien di spavento.
Berni Orl. Inn. b. i. c. x.

She, for device, upon her azure shield,
Cleft in three parts a regal crown reveal'd;
The like impress her mailed cuirass bore,
And all her surcoat rich embroider'd o'er:
High on her helm, in figur'd terrour grac'd,
A verdant dragon fiery sparkles cast;
The towering crest, by wondrous art design'd,
With motion glow'd and kindled in the wind:
And while amidst the mingled fight she turn'd,
With dreaded blaze the fire encreasing burn'd!

Tasso paints the crest of the Soldan of Egypt in the same manner.

A dragon on his crest the Soldan wore,
That, stretching, bends his arching neck before,
High on his feet he stands, with spreading wings,
And wreaths his forky tail in spiry rings: [shows,
Three brandish'd tongues the sculptur'd monster
He seems to kindle as the combat glows:
His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire.
Jerusal. Del. b. ix. ver. 193.

Both these descriptions originate in the following fine picture of Virgil.

——————— Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et tuto vertice supra est,
Quod triplici crinita juba galea alta Chimæram
Sustinet, Æmæos efflantem faucibus ignes.
Tam magis illa fremens, ac tristibus effera flammis,
Quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnæ.
Æn. lib. vii. ver. 783.

——————— Turnus rode—
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimera burn'd;
The more the kindled combat rises higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Dryden, ver. 1071.

To meet the Paladins in fields of fame,
And prove if each deserv'd so great a name.
  Another Sassonetto leaves, whose sway
For his might blest Jerusalem obey:
Then in one friendly band together join'd,
These five, whose equals scarce the world can find,
Remis'd by Norandino, seek the land
Of Tripoli, where on the neighbouring strand
The billows break, and where a bark they find
With wealthy freight for western climes design'd.
An aged pilot there (the terms agreed)
Receives aboard each warrior and his steed.
  With cloudless beam serenely shone the day,
The flattering promise of a prosperous way.
The shore forsaking, with a favouring gale
They plough the deep with wide extended sail.
The isle, devoted to the queen of love,
Receives them first, within whose port they prove
Malignant steams[96] of pestilential breath,
That soften steel and taint the air with death,
Sent from a stagnant pool—and thus unkind
To Famagosta, Nature has assign'd
Her place so near Constanza's noxious soil,
Yet blest in other parts the Cyprian isle.
The poisonous fumes forbid the ship to stay;
Around the coast they wing their rapid way,
And steering to the right, at Paphos moor:
The sailors issue on the flowery shore,
For traffic some, and some the land to view,
Where Love resides with pleasures ever new.
Six miles ascending gently from the flood,
Stands on a beauteous hill a verdant wood,
Where cedars, myrtles, bays, and orange grow,
With various plants that grateful scent bestow.
Wild thyme, the lily, crocus, and the rose
Perfume the air while every wind that blows
Fresh from the land, far o'er the surgy main
Wafts the sweet gale to greet the sailor-train.
Clear from a spring a murmuring rivulet pours
Its winding tribute to the meads and flowers.
Well may this spot be nam'd the favourite soil
Of lovely Venus, where with rosate smile,
Each dame, each virgin shines in bloomy pride
Of charms unequall'd through the world beside,
While the soft goddess youth and age inspires,
And even in life's last stage maintains her amorous fires.
  Here was the tale confirm'd, reveal'd but late
Of fair Lucina, whom in doleful state
The orc detain'd, and soon the news they heard,
That, freed at length from bonds, the princess steer'd
Her happy journey from Nicosia's[96] seat
In Syria's realm her long-lost lord to meet[97].
  The pilot now his voyage to pursue,
While o'er the wave the favouring breezes blew,
Turn'd to the sea his prow, his anchor weigh'd,
And every canvass to the gale display'd.

Now distant from the port the vessel stood,
And plough'd with happy speed the briny flood,
Long as the Sun above th' horizon shin'd:
But, when black evening rose, the changing wind
Howl'd thro' the shrouds, and from the lowest deep
With warring waves assail'd the reeling ship.
Wide yawns the firmament from pole to pole,
Quick flash the lightnings, loud the thunders roll;
Thick clouds in darkness veil th' ethereal light,
Nor Sun by day, nor star appears by night.
South, east, and west in rattling whirlwinds blow;
Heaven groans above and ocean roars below.
Huge cataracts descend of hail and rain;
The wretched sailors every woe sustain,
And horror broods upon the angry main.
All ply their several tasks to prove how well
Each in his office can the rest excel.
One with his whistle's sound the want of speech
Supplies, and gives the needful charge to each:
This, at the anchor toils; that, strikes the sails;
This, strains or looses, as the storm prevails,
The creaking cordage; that, the deck ascends:
The rudder this, and that, the mast defends.
All night the storm redoubled rage display'd,
With thicker gloom than Hell's tremendous shade.
Through deepest seas th' affrighted pilot steer'd,
Where through the waves no dangerous shelves appear'd,
Not hopeless yet but with returning day
Relentless Fortune might her wrath allay:
In vain his hopes—for nought her wrath assuag'd,
By day with fiercer strength the tempest rag'd;
If that were day, which not returning light,
But lapse of hours distinguish'd from the night.
Now pale, despairing, to his fate resign'd,
The pilot leaves his vessel to the wind;
He lets her drive where'er the storm prevails,
And ploughs th' unpitying sea with humble sails.
  While Fortune these[98] upon the deep distress'd,
Not more she suffers those at land to rest,
Where on the plains of France, with deathful rage,
The Christian and the Pagan powers engage.
Rinaldo there assails, breaks, scatters round
The foes, and hurls their standards to the ground:
And now he spurs Bayardo through the fight,
To prove the noble Dardinello's might.
Rinaldo on his shield the sign survey'd,
Which young Almonte's son with pride display'd,
And deem'd him brave whose venturous arm could bear
The same device the earl[99] was seen to wear;
And found him brave, when round the ghastly plain
He saw the heaps his conquering hand had slain.
Then to himself—"This needless weed demands,
(Ere yet it further spreads) my pruning hands."
Thus spoke the knight, and where he turns his face,
The ranks recede, and every chief gives place:
Christians and Pagans to his passage yield,
Such awe his looks, such dread his sword impell'd,
But hapless Dardinello sole defies
Albano's chief; to whom Rinaldo cries—
"Poor boy! in evil hour to risk thy life,
That shield was left, thy pledge of future strife:
I come to prove how well with me in fight
Thy hand defends that ensign red and white:

[96] The lake of Constanza is so near Famagosta, that it was said to render the air pestilential: but the further effects attributed to it by the poet are probably exaggerated.

[96] Nicosia was a city almost in the middle of the island of Cyprus.

[97] Here concludes the story of Norandino and Lucina, who appear no more in the course of this work.

[98] He resumes this narrative in Book xix. ver. 306.

[99] Orlando.

If here thou fall'st, thy force can ill contend
Those arms against Orlando to defend."
Then Dardinello thus—"Hear one who dares
Protect those honours which in field he bears:
I trust these colours, red and white, proclaim
Less pledge of strife than pledge of future fame:
Think not, though young, to make me fly the field,
Or e'er to thee this glorious trophy yield.
My death alone on thee my arms bestows:
But Heaven th' event far other may dispose;
And never, never shall my deeds disgrace
The lineal praise of my illustrious race."
He said; nor as he spoke, with brandish'd sword
Intrepid rush'd on Monte Albano's lord:
A chilling fear[29] each Pagan foe oppress'd,
And froze the blood in every panting breast;
When steps Rinaldo, eager for the fight,
Resistless few t' engage the blooming knight.
A lion thus (that in the pasture views
A bull that ne'er the heifer yet pursues)
Springs on his prey—first aim'd the Pagan foe
Against Mambrino's helm the fruitless blow.
"Now learn," with smile severe Rinaldo cried
"If this right hand can best the weapon guide."
At once he spurr'd, and to the fiery horse
Gave up the reins, when driv'n with matchless force
Through his white breast the sword a passage found,
Till at his back appear'd the grizzly wound.
The steel drawn forth, drew forth the vital breath,
And cold and pale the body sunk in death:
Like some fair flower[30], whose vivid lustre fades,
If chance the ploughman's share its stalk invades;
Or heavy poppies, charg'd with dews or rain,
That hang their heads low drooping on the plain:
So from his face the rosy colour flies,
So Dardinello sinks, and sinking dies:—
He dies, and instant with their chief is fled
The strength, the courage of the host he led.
As where huge works of human art restrain
The floods that else would deluge all the plain,
Where'er the mounds are burst, the rushing tide
With roaring noise escapes on every side,—
The powers of Afric thus, who scorn'd to yield,
While Dardinello's name inspir'd the field;
Soon as they found the leader breathless lie,
Dispers'd and broken o'er the plains they fly.
Who seeks to fly, Rinaldo leaves in flight,
But those assails who bravely meet the fight.
What numbers fell where Ariodantes fought,
Who next Rinaldo deeds of prowess wrought!
These Uberto; these Zerbino quell'd;
All seem'd to strive who most in arms excell'd.
Charles, mindful of his fame, the battle wag'd:
There Oliviero, Turpin, Guido[31] rag'd;
There Salamone fought, Ugero there engag'd.

That day so fatal to each Moorish band,
Had left not one to see his native land;
But sage Marsilius, with forseeing care,
Preserv'd th' unhappy remnants of the war;
And better doom'd these wretched bands to save,
Than suffer all to fill a foreign grave.
He sends his standards to the camp, dispos'd
Against assaults, by fencing works enclos'd:
Here Stordilano came, Granada's king;
Andalusia's, Lamr leaders bring
Their suffering powers: meantime Marsilius sends
To Afric's monarch; and with speed commends
To quit the field, and thank the favouring power
Which sav'd his life in that destroying hour.
The king, who saw that nothing could restore
The day, nor hop'd to see Sacrip more,
The fate he could not shun resign'd to meet,
His standards turn'd and bade to sound retreat.
Such was the panic of the routed host,
That flying numbers in the scene were lost:
King Agramant and sage Sobrino try'd
The rest in order from the field to guide;
But here nor king, nor sage, nor chief prevail'd
With prayer or threat, such fear each breast assail'd:
While scarce a third the standards would pursue,
That ill attended from the fight withdrew.
For one that heard his chief or trumpet's call,
Lo! two were seen to fly, or two to fall.
Soon to their camp retir'd, in dire dismay,
The wretched Pagans in their trenches lay: [lost,
When Charles, who meant not fortune should be
Pursu'd the flying foe with all his host.
But rising night his glorious ardour stay'd,
And wrapt the warring world in friendly shade;
Perchance by Heaven more swiftly sent to give
The creatures of his hand to breathe and live.
The hostile blood in purple torrents flow'd,
And drench'd the soil with dreadful carnage strew'd;
Where fourscore thousand on the fatal plain
Lay breathless, by the murderous weapon slain,
Whose bodies thieves and wolves at midnight tore
Rush'd from their haunts to pillage and devour.
No more imperial Charles to Paris turn'd,
But pitch'd his tents without, where kindled burn'd
The frequent fires: the foes besieg'd with care
Sink deep the trenches and the works repair,
O'erwatch the whole, bid every guard awake,
Nor all the live-long night their arms forsake.
The Saracens, whom chilling fears oppress,
Along their mournful lines in deep distress
Lament and weep, while half conceal'd and low,
The sighs break forth and hush'd the sorrows flow,
Some for their slaughter'd friends or kindred groan,
Some, others' sufferings; some bewail their own;
And some, more wretched, with foreboding mind
Revolve still greater evils yet behind.
Two Moorish youths[32] there were of humble race,
In Ptolomita was their native place:

[29] So Virgil when Pallas attacks Turnus, Æn. x.
Frigidus Arcadibus cùi in præcordia sanguis.
The blood congeal'd in each Arcadian heart.

[30] Thus Virgil, Æneid ix. ver. 435.
Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo,
Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.
As a gay flower, with blooming beauties crown'd,
Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;
Or some tall poppy that o'er-charg'd with rain,
Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain.
Pitt, 345.

[31] Two Guidos are mentioned by the poet, distinct from one of that name called Guido Savage.

[32] This beautiful episode of Cloridano and Medoro, though evidently a copy of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth Æneid, must be allowed to be improved by the motive which the poet ascribes for this midnight excursion of the two friends, the desire of recovering the body of their slaughtered master. It may be observed too, that in Virgil the

Whose story told to every ear may prove
A rare example of unblemish'd love.
These, Cloridano and Medoro call'd,
Firm in good times, in evil unappall'd,
To Dardinello loyal friendship bore,
And late with him had cross from Afric's shore.
A hunter's life held Cloridano led,
His limbs robust to strength and swiftness bred:
Medoro's opening youth but scarce began
To shade the rose with down and promise man.
Of all that join'd the Pagan's threatening arms,
Not one excell'd his mien and blooming charms:
Black were his eyes, his locks like golden wire;
So seems some angel of the heavenly choir!
These two, with numbers more, by chance ordain'd
To guard the fences, now the watch maintain'd,
What time the drowsy night, with winking eyes,
View'd from her middle throne the spangled skies.
Medoro still (while tears his cheeks suffuse)
The dear remembrance of his lord renews:
Almontes' son, brave Dardinello slain,
Expos'd unburied on the naked plain:
When, turning to his friend, he thus express'd
The generous feelings of a loyal breast:
"Shall he, O Cloridano, to the brood
Of wolves and ravens yield too precious food?
He, whose past goodness ever must awake
My grateful love, till life this frame forsake?

And, ah! should life for him in tribute flow,
Not all could pay the mighty debt I owe!
Then to yon heaps of carnage let me fly,
Where cold on earth his limbs dishonour'd lie.
Who knows but Heaven may guide my daring tread
To where the silent camp of Charles is spread?
Remain thou here, that if resistless fate
Decrees my death, thou mayst that death relate:
And should not Heaven my pious vows succeed,
At least posterity will praise the deed."
With speechless wonder Cloridano hears
Such faith and courage in such early years;
And (for he held him dear) he strives to make
The dauntless youth his rash design forsake,
But grief like his no comfort can controul;
Nor reason change the purpose of his soul,
A grave on Dardinello to bestow,
Or in the great attempt his life forgo.
When Cloridano long in vain had tried
Each friendly plea—"Yet let me share," he cried,
"The pious task—I too aspire to raise
From such a death the meed of endless praise.
Should I, depriv'd of thee, Medoro, live,
What future joy can wretched being give!
Ah! let me meet with thee a soldier's fate,
Nor drag behind life's wretched lingering state."
This said; they 'point supplies their place to take,
Then leave the trenches and the camp forsake;
And soon arrive where, sunk in heavy sleep,
Our careless bands the watch no longer keep:
Their fires extinct, each senseless at his post,
But little fears the Pagan's neighbouring host:
Midst arms, and cars, and coursers stretch'd supine
In slumber lock'd and drench'd in fumes of wine.
His steps awhile here Cloridano stay'd:
"Shall I not seize the present hour," he said,
"Now, now, Medoro, on yon hostile train
To wreak some vengeance for my patron slain?
Here listen thou! and watch with heedful eye,
Lest unawares some waking foe descry
Our bold attempt, while here my wrath I slake,
And through the camp our bloody passage make."
He said; and crossing, o'er the trenches stept,
And first he came where learned Alpheus slept:
But late th' imperial court of Charles he sought,
In magic, herbs, and arts prophetic taught:
Here fail'd his skill, that skill so oft believ'd;
While to himself the witless seer deceiv'd
Long years of life had promis'd, safe from harms,
And death at last in his lov'd consort's arms.
Deep in his throat the wily Pagan sent
His weapon's point; and next his fury bent
On four that speechless died, whose names unknown
No Turpin to our age delivers down.
Then Palidon of Moncalier bleeds,
Who slept secure between the harness'd steeds.
At length he came to where, supinely spread,
An empty vase supported Grillo's head:
Himself had swill'd the wine, and now he lay
In peaceful rest to doze the fumes away:
Large measures had he quaff'd, and still extends
In dreams the draught which Cloridano ends.
A Greek and Belgian perish'd near his side,
Who long by night the dice and goblet ply'd.
Thrice happy! had they ply'd till reddening morn
From silver Indus[34] made her wish'd return.

attempt of exploring the enemy's camp is first suggested by Nisus, and that the young Euryalus takes fire at the proposal; but in Ariosto the youth is the first mover, instigated by love and gratitude to his dead prince; which circumstance greatly elevates his character, and adds to the pathos of the story. Ariosto has not only imitated Virgil, but probably had his eye upon Statius, who in the tenth book of his Thebaid, represents two of his heroes, Hopleus and Dymas, making a search by night for the dead bodies of their kings Tydeus and Parthenopeus. The episode of Argantes and Clorinda in the twelfth book of the Jerusalem may be derived from the Latin: but both Ariosto and Tasso have so varied the circumstances, and improved the hints they have taken, and in particular have given so different a turn to the conclusion of their adventure, that their separate fictions may nearly claim the merit of invention. At least in both poets, the imitations are the imitations of a master. I shall leave the reader to compare the passages which our poet has borrowed from Virgil.

I am happy to add here the observations of an elegant and candid critic on this passage of Ariosto. "The beautiful and pathetic tale of the two friends Medoro and Cloridano, in the eighteenth canto of the Orlando Furioso, is indeed an artful and exact copy of the Nisus and Euryalus of Virgil; yet the author hath added some original beauties to it, and in particular hath assigned a more interesting motive for this midnight excursion, than what we find in Virgil; for Medoro and Cloridano venture into the field of battle to find out among the heaps of slain, the body of their lord. This perhaps is one of the most excellent passages in this wild and romantic author, who yet abounds in various beauties, the merit of which ought not to be tried by the established rules of classical criticism."

See Postscript to Dr. Warton's edition of Virgil.

[34] A principal river in the East Indies, which gives name to the whole country of India.

But Fate would lose on Earth his sovereign power
Could man with prescience read the future hour.
As the gaunt lion, at the savage call
Of hunger, overleaps the nightly stall;
Then kills, and rends the sheep with cruel paws,
To glut with bloody food his ravenous jaws:
The Pagan thus, amidst our senseless crew
Immers'd in slumber, helpless wretches slew;
Nor yet he rag'd with bold Medoro's steel,
Who scorn'd that vulgar lives his force should feel.
He came where duke Labretto lay enclos'd
By his lov'd consort's arms[28], in sleep repos'd:
No air could glide between, so close they lay,
Medoro's falchion kept their heads away:
O envy'd death! for sure their souls conjoin'd
In the embrace, one happy stroke consign'd
To those blest regions, to receive above
The meed of joy and never-dying love!
Malindo next he slew: and at his side,
Brave Ardelico and his brother died,
The sons of Flanders' earl, whom lately prais'd
For martial virtue, Charles had newly rais'd
To knighthood's rank, and either gave to hold,
Mixed with their arms, the fleur-de-lys of gold.
These from the field that glorious day he view'd
Return with weapons stain'd in hostile blood,
And promis'd each in Friza large domain:
But soon Medoro made such promise vain!
Thus slaughtering on, advanc'd th' insidious two:
At length they near the rich pavilions drew,
Where round the tent of Charles, in arms prepar'd,
The Paladins, by turn, maintain'd the guard.
Here from their bloody work the Pagans ceas'd,
And sheath'd their falchions and their steps repress'd;
For well they deem'd that, midst so vast a host,
Not all could sleep regardless of their post. [borne,
What wealthy plunder thence might each have
But all they sought was safely to return!
First Cloridano led the way, to find
Their surest track; his friend paus'd behind.
At length they came where in a field of blood,
With falchions, bows, and shields, and lances strow'd,
Men mix'd with steeds, the poor with wealthy lay,
And kings with slaves reduc'd to common clay. 1281
Th' unnumber'd slain had made the pious pair
Pursue their search till day with fruitless care;
But, at Medoro's suit, the Moon reveal'd
Her silver horns till then in clouds conceal'd:
Fix'd on the sky he bent his mournful sight,
And thus address'd the regent of the night:
"O sacred empress! by our fathers fam'd!
Who rightly thee their triple goddess nam'd!
Thou, who in Heaven, in Earth, or deepest Hell,
Through various forms in glory raust excell! 1291
Who wear'st a huntress' garb in woods to trace
The haunts of monsters and the sylvan race;
Show me my murder'd lord in blood imbru'd,
Who, while he liv'd, thy hallow'd sports pursu'd."
At this, by chance or at his earnest prayer,
The Moon resplendent through the vaporous air
Pierc'd the still gloom; as when in virgin charms
She came all naked to Endymion's arms.

[28] This pathetic incident is not borrowed from Virgil, but our author's own, and unequalled by any death described in the expedition of Nisus and Euryalus.

Paris with either camp receiv'd the beam: 1300
The plains and mountains whiten'd in the gleams:
Martir and Lizi's distant hills were bright,
This rising to the left, and that the right:
But rays more dazzling mark'd the fatal plain
Where lay Almonte's[29] valiant offspring slain.
Him by his arms and shield's device he knew;
As near his lord Medoro weeping drew,
With face all bath'd in tears, in tears which, shed
From either eye, eternal fountains fed:
Such were his looks, so seem'd his plaints to flow,
That passing winds might listen to his woe. 1311
In accents low and murmurs scarcely heard
He breath'd his grief; yet think not that he fear'd
To risk a being he no longer priz'd;
His generous soul such abject thoughts despis'd;
But most he fear'd some evil chance to find
T' obstruct the pious deed his soul design'd.
Now, on their shoulders laid, the friendly pair
The breathless corse, with zeal divided, bear,
Both pale and anxious for their dearest care. 1320
Soon came the god who gives to day its birth,
The stars to chase from Heaven, the shades from Earth;
When brave Zerbino, from whose virtuous breast
A general's duty drove ignoble rest,
Whose arm had chas'd the fearful Moon by night,
Return'd to seek the camp at dawn of light;
With him a band of knights—these soon beheld
The distant friends that mov'd along the field
With tardy steps: each warrior thither bent
His course, to share the spoil that chance had sent.
"Now, now, my brother! cast our load aside, 1331
And urge our swiftness," Cloridano cried:
"T were far unmeet, while from the deathful plain
We bear our corse, two living should be slain."
This said, he quits his hold, nor doubts to make
His friend Medoro now th' attempt forsake;
But he, whose pious love more firm remain'd,
The whole dear burthen by himself sustain'd.
Meanwhile the first his feet for safety ply'd,
And deem'd his lov'd Medoro at his side. 1340
O! had he known that then with foes enclos'd
He left his friend to cruel fate expos'd,
A thousand dangers would his arm have prov'd
To save the youth whom more than life he lov'd.
The horse, determin'd these should die or yield,
Some here, some there dispersing o'er the field,
Cut off the means of flight: their leader near
Inflames their zeal: by every mark of fear,
By every semblance, well observ'd, he knew
That these were warriors of the hostile crew. 1350
Not far remote an ancient forest stood,
Perplex'd with thickening trees and dwarfish wood,
Where not a track the tangled paths display'd,
But foot of beasts that trod the gloomy shade:
Thither the Pagans fled, in hope to meet
Amid the friendly boughs a safe retreat.
But he who gives my tale a willing ear
Must, at some future time, the sequel hear.

[29] This beautiful passage is finely copied by Tasso, where the Dane gives an account to Godfrey of his discovering the body of Svano by moon-light.

Then from the peaceful regent of the night,
I saw descend a ray of slanting light:
Where on the field the breathless corse was laid,
There full the lunar beam resplendent play'd.
Jerus. Deliv. b. viii. ver. 229.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Confirmation of the episode of Cloridano and Medoro. Angelica finds Medoro wounded; she cures his wound, and becomes enamoured of him. Their marriage. Sansonetto, Astolpho, Gryphon, Aquilon, and Marphisa, are near being shipwrecked in a dreadful storm. They are cast at length on the land of the Amazons. The strange law there instituted. The lot falls on Marphisa to enter the list for her companions. Description of the battle between her and nine champions of the Amazons. She kills them all, and afterwards engages with the fourth, till night puts an end to the combat, which had been fought on both sides with equal valour.

Now see the heart, while plac'd in prosperous state
On Fortune's wheel, such numbers round them wait
Of true and seeming friends; when these no less
By looks declare that faith, which these possess.
But should to fair succeed tempestuous skies[1],
Behold how soon each fawning suppliant flies!
While he who truly lov'd, unmov'd remains,
And to his patron dead his love maintains.
O! did the features give sincere report,
How oft would those, who shine amidst a court
In pride of rank, who hold their prince's grace,
Change with their peers oppress an envy'd place!
The lowest name might then be lifted high,
The greatest midst the crowd degraded lie.
But let us to Medoro turn, who prov'd
His faith to him in life and death belov'd.
For safety now the generous youth purs'd
The paths bewilder'd with entangling wood;
But the dear load he labour'd to sustain,
Made every hope t' escape pursuers vain;
While thence far distant, from the burthen freed,
His friend in safety fled with happier speed.
Soon Cloridano came to where his ear
No more the sound of trampling horse could hear;
But when he miss'd his friend—"What chance," he cried,
"Could from myself my better self divide?
Thee could I leave, who late went wont to share
My nearest thoughts? Is this my pious care?
Unknowing when or where, from thee I part,
Friend of my choice and brother of my heart!"
He said: and speaking, through the winding shade
The track repeated he before had made:
Sought what he left, and swift with panting breath
Returning trod the way that led to death.
He hears the foes, he hears the courser's noise,
And nearer hears the riders' threatening voice;
And, ah! too late his dear Medoro knows,
Whom helpless and on foot a hundred lgres enclose.
This troop Zerbino leads, who gives command
To seize the youth; he, prest on every hand,
Wheels here and there, while all his thought he bends
To save his charge, and still his charge defends.
By turns he larks beyond the Christians' reach
Behind some sheltering elm, or oak, or beech.
At length, unable longer to sustain
His bosom'd load, he lays it on the plain,
Still hovering near.—So when in mountain shades,
The hunter-troop a bear's retreat invades;
Around her young the savage mother howls
In dreadful anguish and with fury growls;
While inbred strength impels her oft to fly
On the bold foe, and deep in carnage dye
Her reeking jaws, maternal love restrains
Her rage, and with her cubs the beast detains.
Now Cloridano hopeless how to lend
His wanted aid, yet fix'd to join his friend
In life or death, and, ere he clos'd his date,
Resolv'd that more than one should share his fate,
Swift for his bow he chose the pointed reed[2],
And took conceal'd his aim with bloody speed:
It reach'd a Scot, and buried in his brain,
Hurl'd from his saddle, lifeless to the plain.
At once the Christians turn'd with anxious view,
Exploring whence the murderous weapon flew:
Mean time another by the Pagan sent,
With equal aim to pierce the second went,
Who, while he loud inquir'd what unseen hand
Had drawn the bow, and rav'd amid the band,
The hissing dart drove on, his wezand cleft,
And while he spoke his tongue of speech bereft.
No more their chief Zerbino now repell'd
Th' indignant wrath that in his bosom swell'd,
But rushing on Medoro—"Thou shalt bear
The guilt"—he cried: then seiz'd his golden hair,
And with strong grasp the hapless stripling drew
To meet the vengeance to another due,
Whose hostile shaft the Scots ill-fated slew.
Then, fixing on his face an earnest look,
Soft pity kindled and forbade the stroke,
As thus the youth his pitying grace implor'd:
"O! by that God, in Christian lands ador'd!
Steel not thy heart, sir Knight! but let me pay
The last sad honours to this sacred clay:
I ask not life—O! give me but to breathe
Till to his tomb my sovereign I bequeath.
But, if with Theban Creon's rage endu'd[3],
Thou seek'st to glut each bird and beast with food,
Be these poor limbs their prey, but hence convey'd
Let first Almonte's son in earth be laid."
Medoro thus his moving suit address'd
In words to pierce the most obdurate breast;
Zerbino soon, his wrath decreasing, felt
His manly soul with love and pity melt;
When lo! a knight, by brutal fury sway'd,
Who little reverence to his leader paid,
While yet he spoke, the ruthless spear address'd
Against the tender suppliant's youthful breast.
With fierce displeasure good Zerbino view'd
Th' inhuman stroke, but more when drench'd in blood
He saw the youth lie senseless on the plain,
That each, who saw his fall, believ'd him slain.
"Thou shalt not perish unrevenged," he said,
And sudden turn'd upon th' offender's head

[1] So Ovid,

Dum eris felix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.
Trist. Eb. i. eleg. vii

When Fortune smiles, thou next surrounding friends;
When clouds arise, each boasted friendship ends!

[2] Statius, in the twelfth book of his Thebaid, sets forth, that Creon published an edict forbidding the bodies of the enemy to be interred.

To wreak the deed; but wheeling round, the knight
His courser spurr'd and urg'd his rapid flight.
When Clorídano, where he stood conceal'd,
Beheld Medoro prostrate on the field,
He left the covert, cast aside the bow,
And rush'd in frantic rage amidst the foe,
With lifted weapon to revenge his death,
Or with Medoro yield his latest breath.
At length amidst such numerous swords he found
His gushing blood distain the purple ground;
Till life, fast ebbing with the vital tide,
He sunk contented by Medoro's side.
The Scots then follow'd where their chief they view'd,
Who through the woods his angry way pursu'd.
Behind remain'd the Pagans, one depriv'd
Of life's last breath, and one who scarce surviv'd.
Long time in helpless state Medoro lay,
While life fast flow'd in purple streams away;
When, sent by Fortune to his timely aid,
A damsel came in cottage weeds array'd:
Of humble garb; but of a form most rare,
Of courteous manners and majestic air.
Perchance your mem'ry scarce recalls to mind
(So long among) this loveliest of her kind;
Angelica, through every region known;
The heiress of Cathay's imperial throne.
Whom fair Angelica[4] had now regain'd
Her ring which false Brunello late detain'd,
Alone she went, and, fill'd with scorn and pride,
Disdain'd the noblest warrior for her guide:
She blush'd to think that, midst her lovers nam'd,
Orlando or king Sacripant had claim'd
Her least regard; but most her haughty mind
Regrets that to Rinaldo once inclin'd,
She, e'er forgetful of her regal state,
Could bend her eyes on such an abject mate.
But Love, who long had mark'd his slighted power,
Resolv'd to bear her cold contempt no more,
By poor Medoro took his watchful stand,
And bent his bow, and held his shafts in hand.
Soon as Angelica with sad survey
Beheld the youth, who pale and wounded lay,
And midst his own misfortune still deplor'd
Th' unhary'd cause of his lamented lord;
Strange pity touch'd her while she listening hung
To hear the tale that falter'd on his tongue.
Then to her mind she call'd whate'er, before
In India taught, she knew of healing lore;
An art in which such numbers there excell'd,
An art by all in praise and honour held:
Not learn'd by turning many a weary page,
But by the sire bequeath'd from age to age.
Once in a lovely mead, with searching view,
A plant she met whose virtues well she knew;
Or dictany, or panacea nam'd,
(Whate'er the herb) for powerful influence fam'd
The blood to stanch, and from the wounded part
Each dangerous symptom drive and charm the smart.
This now she sought, and, gathering, swift return'd
To where his slaughter'd lord Medoro mourn'd.
Amidst her way a simple swain she view'd
Who through the forest on his horse pursu'd
A gentle heifer, that abroad to roam
(Then past two days) had left her rustic home.
The swain she met, where, issuing with his blood,
Fast and more fast Medoro's vigour flow'd,
Till from his breast the ground was dy'd beneath,
And his soul hover'd on the verge of death.
The virgin from her palfrey now descends,
The peasant, fighting, on her steps attends;
The plant she bruises with a stone, and stands
Tempering the juice between her ivory hands.
This o'er his breast she sheds with sovereign art,
And bathes with gentle touch the wounded part:
The wound such virtue from the juice derives,
At once the blood is stanch'd, the youth revives,
And wondrous feels a sudden strength restor'd:
He mounts the horse which late the shepherd rode;
Yet went not thence, till duly first dispos'd
He saw his breathless prince with earth enclos'd;
And, laid by noble Dardinello dead,
His Clorídano in one funeral bed.
The virgin to the shepherd's cot convey'd
The wounded youth, and there in pity stay'd
To wait his health restor'd; so deep her breast
Retain'd the thoughts which first his sight impress'd.
She mark'd his every grace, his every charm,
And felt, by slow degrees, a new alarm:
Quick beat her pulse, till soon, no more conceal'd,
The flame burst forth and all her soul reveal'd.
Begirt with hills and boosom'd in a wood,
Of structure neat, the peasant's dwelling stood,
Which late himself had rais'd: his faithful wife
And children partners of his humble life.
The damsel there Medoro soon restor'd[5]
To wonted strength, but ah! meantime depos'd
Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart
With heavier anguish, while an unseen dart
The light-wing'd archer, still on mischief bent,
From sparkling eyes, and golden ringlets sent.
Still, still she loves—and while her care is shown
To cure another's pains, forgets her own.
Through him she mourns, and while his sufferings cease
Her wound but widens and her pangs increase.
He gains, she loses strength; and now, by turns,
With cold she freezes, and with heat she burns.
From day to day improv'd his beauty shines; 210
She, hapless maid, with wasting sorrow pines.

[3] The account of Zerbino is resumed in Book xx. ver. 853.

[4] The last we heard of Angelica was in Book xii. ver. 438.

[5] Spenser has imitated this passage of Ariosto, relative to Medoro and Angelica, in his story of Belphoebe and Timias the squire, where the virgin in like manner heals Timias; but in one respect the picture is reversed; Angelica in Ariosto is enamoured of Medoro, but in Spenser it is Timias who feels a growing passion for Belphebe. Belphebe, like Angelica, is skill'd in the knowledge of herbs.

For she of herbs had great intendiment.

"Ladies of great antiquity, of the highest rank, were skilful in physic and surgery. Who is ignorant of Medea the daughter of a king? of Circe, or of the wife of Thoas, who taught Helena the use and nature of nepenthe? Let us turn to romance writers, no small imitators of Homer. Sir Philip Sydney in his Arcadia, p. 69, introduces Gynecia having skill in surgery. In like manner Erminia in Tasso attends and heals the wounded Tancred." See Upton's Notes on Spenser.

Like frecy snows[6] that, in the warmth of day,
In heaps dissolve before the solar ray:
Sick with desire, from him she would receive
What only can her soul's dear health retrieve;
Yet fear'd that gentle bliss she sought to gain,
She from his proffer'd love might hope in vain;
Hence to her virgin shame she loos'd the ties,
And gave her tongue the license of her eyes;
Till he, unconscious of the wound he made,
Heard her with sighs implore his pitying aid.
"O brave Orlando! O Circassia's king!
What are the virtues that unheeded spring
In breasts like yours! In vain your boasted fame,
Where now the meed your glorious labours claim?
Declare one courteous act, one kind regard
She e'er bestow'd your sufferings to reward.
O! couldst thou, princely Agrican, arise,
Rester'd from nether shades to upper skies!
O stern Ferrau! O thousands more unnam'd,
That oft her heart with truth and courage claim'd;
How would you now with jealous pangs behold
A rival's happy arms her limbs enfold!"
Thus fair Angelica her grace bestows
On young Medoro, bids him pluck the rose
Untouch'd before, and range the hallow'd grove
Where never yet adventurous feet might rove.
Meantime the maid, to sanctify her flame,
With holy marriage rites conceal'd the shame:
Love present smil'd, and to the nuptial bed
The shepherd's wife the blushing fair one led.
One happy mouth, befitting where they dwell'd
In humble roof, a rustic feast they held.
The damsel, never absent from his sight,
Hangs o'er her lover with untir'd delight;
For ever round him glues her twining arms,
And clasps his neck, and kindles at his charms.
With him in lowly cot, or leafy bower,
By night, by day, she wastes the fleeting hour.
At morn and eve by crystal streams they stray,
Or trace the verdant meadow's flowery way.
At sultry noon they seek a gloomy cave,
Like that which from the storm a shelter gave,
What time the Trojan prince and Tyrian queen[7]
Their loves intrusted to the sacred scene.
Where'er a tree its verdant boughs display'd
O'er rills and founts to cast a waving shade,
The knife and pointed steel the bark impress'd,
And oft the rocks their sportive toys confess'd.
A thousand parts reveal'd their mutual flames,
A thousand places show'd the lovers' names,
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In posied wreaths and amorous knots combin'd.
Now rolling time repeal'd the damsel's stay,
And urg'd her to resume her purpos'd way,
In India's realms, at rich Cathay to crown
Her dear Medoro on the regal throne.
Around her arm a golden circlet brac'd
Of rarest worth, with sparkling jewels grac'd,
In sign of brave Orlando's love she wore,
And long preserv'd the valu'd gift she bore.
To Zilantes this Morgana gave[8],
What time she kept him hid beneath the wave;

[6] Spenser probably had his eye upon this passage, in the lines describing the squire Timias falling in love with Belphebe.

Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd
When the bright Sun his beams thereon doth beat.
Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. v. st. 49.

[7] Æneas and Dido.

[8] Morgana, the fairy of riches (see Note on Book vi. ver. 269.). Zilantes was son of Monodant, and younger brother to Brandimart: he was beloved by Morgana, and after having been eighteen years detained by her in her subterraneous palace, was set at liberty by the valour of Orlando. The story of this fairy and her dwelling is full of imagination, and thus told by Boyardo.

Orlando, travelling to the assistance of Angelica, was met by a lady seated on a palfrey, having in her hands a book, and wearing at her girdle a rich horn of exquisite workmanship; she addressed the knight in this manner:

"Sir Knight, you have now met with a most wonderful and perilous adventure, which requires all the valour of such a champion as your appearance bespeaks you to be. This horn, which is made by enchantment, must be sounded three times, and every time of sounding the horn consult the book, which will instruct you what is further to be done: but if any knight should find his courage fail at the first blast of the horn, he will be for ever made prisoner in the island of the enchanted lake. The first and second time of sounding the horn will expose you to most dreadful and unheard-of perils; but the third time will finish the adventure, and put it in your power, without any further trial of valour, to make all the remainder of your life completely happy."

Orlando, having heard this, expressed his eager desire to undertake the adventure; and receiving from the lady's hand the book and horn, he sounded such a blast as made the earth tremble, and immediately a rock dividing in two parts, discovered a vast opening in the earth, whence rushed out two furious bulls with horns of iron, and hides of different colours. Orlando, upon having recourse to his book, was instructed to yoke the bulls and plough up the field that lay round the rock: this, after an obstinate battle with the bulls, he performed; and then setting them at liberty, they fled with dreadful bellowings to the forest, and disappeared. Orlando sounded the horn a second time, when the earth again trembled, and a mountain near him opening, its summit cast forth flames in great abundance. While the knight impatiently waited for the issue, a huge dragon came forth of most tremendous aspect; his scales were green and shone with gold, his wings of different colours, he brandished beyond his sharp teeth three tongues, and made a dreadful noise with the lashing of his tail, while volumes of smoke, mixed with sparks and fire, issued from his mouth and ears. Orlando having again consulted his book, was ordered to attack the monster with the utmost celerity, and attempt to sever his head from his body before the poisonous fumes should have any fatal effect; this done, he was directed to take out all the dragon's teeth, and sow them in the furrows which he had just ploughed up. The knight then intrepidly advanced to attack the monster, who came towards him with wings extended, and opening his jaws to swallow him. Orlando found himself most dreadfully annoyed with the poison and fire; his shield was immediately consumed, his crest caught the flame, and all his apparel was nearly burnt to

He, to his father Monodant restor'd
Ere long by virtue of Orlando's sword,

This costly bracelet with a grateful mind
Bestow'd, Orlando's conquering arm to bind,

ashes, while the smoke was so thick that he could not see to aim his blows, till at length by a fortunate stroke he cut off the head of his enemy, and drawing out the teeth, sowed them, as the book had directed, in the furrows of the new-ploughed field. Turpin relates, that immediately the crests of helmets began to appear above the ground, next, the breasts and shoulders of armed men, till a numerous company with shouts and clamours, and the clangour of horns and trumpets, united their weapons, and furiously attacked the earl; but he, drawing his sword Durindana, and remounting his horse, received them with such valour, that the whole number were soon slain, and thus ended their life nearly as soon as it began.

It now remained to sound the horn for the last time, which Orlando having done, looked round to see the conclusion of the adventure; when nothing appearing, he began to think himself mocked: at length he beheld coming towards him through the flowery meadow a white stag, at which he exclaimed with great marks of disappointment, "Is this the wonderful end of my labours?" He then threw his book and horn on the ground, and was about to depart with indignation; but the lady stopping him cried out, "Stay, valorous knight, and learn that no king or warrior could ever meet with a more wonderful adventure than this; know, that thy work is not yet finished: not far from hence is a place called the Island of Riches, where dwells the fairy Morgana, who is deputed by Heaven to dispense to mortals all the wealth that is enjoyed in this world: she hides her treasures in the bowels of the Earth, and has sent this white hind to enrich you, as a glorious recompense for your having three times sounded that horn, which no man before ever sounded a second time. The fairy sends through the world this stag, which is enchanted, and has, as thou seest, golden horns: he who wishes to take him must pursue him with unremitted vigour for six days, and on the seventh day he will stop by the side of a fountain to wash, and there suffer himself to be taken: this wonderful animal sheds his horns six times a day, every branch of his horn bears thirty ingots of gold: so that having obtained this stag, thou wilt be possessed of every happiness which wealth can purchase, and mayest moreover acquire the love of the fairy Morgana, whose beauty is unparalleled."

Orlando scarcely suffered the lady to finish her discourse, but replied with a smile, that he was not come thither for such intent, that he despised riches, and only sought for the reward that attends great and glorious actions*.

Upon this Orlando delivered the book and horn again to the lady, and resumed his journey towards Albracca.

Astolpho, Rinaldo, Ivolde, and Prasildo, travelling together, found a lady in great affliction, who related to them that her sister was fallen into the hands of a cruel giant, who having stripped her naked and bound her to a tree, scourged her from time to time in a most inhuman manner: on this the knights engaged to do their utmost to deliver her; and soon after all together arrived at a river, over which was a bridge so narrow that only one person could pass on foot: on the further side the river was a tower where the villain inhabited, and in the meadow a large and deep lake: the knights beheld the unfortunate woman tied to a cypress tree and bathed in blood, while her tormentor exercised his cruelty upon her. Ivolde and Prasildo, having first passed the bridge separately, attacked the villain, but were both overcome and cast by him to the bottom of the lake. Rinaldo then attacked him; and after an obstinate combat, the villain, in vain endeavouring to disengage himself from Rinaldo's hold, threw himself with Rinaldo into the lake, where both immediately sunk to the bottom and disappeared, leaving Astolpho in great affliction for the loss of his friend. The lady, who was tied to the tree, was released, and the two sisters with Astolpho departed, taking with them Rinaldo's horse Bayardo.

Orlando, having destroyed the garden of Falerina*, arrived, accompanied by that enchantress, where the abovementioned warriors with Dudon, who had since been made prisoner with them, were kept in the enchanted lake. The earl there beheld a trophy raised of the arms of Rinaldo, and supposing him to be slain, forgot all the enmity that had subsisted between them, immediately passed over the bridge to revenge his death, and furiously attacked Arridano, who lay in the meadow emitting over the trophy of Rinaldo. A dreadful battle ensued between them; for Morgana had not only given Arridano impenetrable armour, but had formed such a spell that the strength of the giant always exceeded six times the strength of every one with whom he was engaged. At length Arridano, seizing Orlando, as he had before Rinaldo, plunged with him headlong into the lake. Falerina, terrified at the sight, immediately fled; and as soon as the combatants reached the bottom, Orlando found himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow, surrounded by a wall of crystal. The knight, as he fell, endeavoured in vain to escape from the grasp of Arridano, but as soon as they touched the ground, his enemy loosened his hold and thought to strip him of his armour, when the earl renewed the combat with greater fury than ever, and at length, by the help of his sword Belisarda, against which no enchantment could avail, he deprived the enemy of life.

Orlando then, entering at a portal which he discovered in a rock, passed on for a long time in total darkness, till at last he discovered a light that shone like the Sun at noon day, when he came to the bank of a wide river, over which was a long narrow bridge, where stood the figure of an armed man all of iron, and beyond the bridge was a plain heaped with pearls and precious stones, more in number than the flowers that adorn the earth in spring or the stars of Heaven. This place contained the treasures of the fairy Morgana.

Orlando then with his drawn sword attempting to pass the bridge, the armed figure struck it with

* See Note to Book vi. ver. 209.

* See Note to Book xli. ver. 192, for this story.

By him decreed in future time to prove
With fair Angelica his pledge of love.

his massy club, and the whole pile sunk immediately into the river: while Orlando stood gazing in admiration, another bridge appeared in the place of the former: the knight again attempted the passage, but the armed figure again raised his club, and the bridge sunk as before. Orlando thus baffled, yet determined to reach the further side, now exerting all his strength, with a prodigious effort leaped over the river, armed as he was, and alighted safe in the meadow, where entering into a large square building he beheld the figure of a king seated on a throne with numbers standing round him: they were all formed of gold, and covered with pearls, rubies, and diamonds: before the king was a table spread with a most magnificent banquet; but over his head was suspended a drawn sword with the point downward, and at his left hand stood one with his bow bent as ready to let fly an arrow; on his right side stood another, exactly resembling the former, holding a scroll in his hand with this inscription: "*Riches and pomp are of no value if poisoned with fear, and pleasure and greatness would be nothing if unjoined with the loss of peace.*" On the middle of the table, on a fleur-de-lys of gold, was a ruby of a prodigious size, which gave light to all the place, and on each side was a door that led from the saloon. Orlando, who paid little attention to the riches which he beheld, attempted to enter one of the doors, but found no light to guide his steps: recalling then to mind the carbuncle, he resolved to make use of it, and advanced to seize it, but the figure, that stood with his bow bent, immediately let fly an arrow that struck the carbuncle, which immediately flew off from the fleur-de-lys, and left the earl in darkness: a dreadful earthquake then followed, accompanied with repeated claps of thunder, while Orlando stood undaunted expecting the issue. The earthquake and thunder ceasing, the stone again took its place on the fleur-de-lys, and enlightened the saloon with more splendour than before. The knight attempted again to seize the carbuncle, but the archer again shot his arrow, and all was left in darkness; the thunder and earthquake returned, and continued above an hour, till the carbuncle once more resumed its station. Orlando, determined to pursue his purpose, rushed forwards intrepidly with his lifted shield, on which he received the arrow that fell ineffectual to the ground, he then took the stone without further opposition, and, directing his steps by the enchanted light, descended a staircase which led to a prison, in which were confined Rinaldo, Brandimart, and Dudon. Orlando beheld on a rock the following words engraven: "Whoever thou art, O knight or damsel! that hast reached this place, know that thou shalt never return, unless thou canst seize the fairy that inhabits these regions, whose locks grow only from her forehead, and who is bald behind." Orlando, having read this inscription, traversed a beautiful meadow enamelled with a thousand different flowers, and at last espied Morgana asleep by the side of a fountain; he stood some time in contemplation of her beauty, when he suddenly heard a voice that bid him seize the fairy by her fore lock before she awaked and

Not for the giver, or his suit design'd, 289
But for its cost the precious gift she prize'd.

escaped his hands: at the sound of this voice Orlando turning, came to a rock of crystal, through which he beheld imprisoned Dudon, Rinaldo, and Brandimart: at this sight the earl, greatly afflicted, lifted up his sword to have hewn an opening in the rock, but the three knights called aloud to him to forbear, for should the rock be broken they must all inevitably perish. Orlando was then addressed by a beautiful imprisoned lady, who seemed in great affliction, and told him there was no way to enter the prison but by a gate which appeared of diamonds and emeralds, of which Morgana kept the keys; to procure which he must immediately return to the fountain, and endeavour to secure her person. The earl, impatient to enter the rock, hastened back to the fountain, where he found the fairy dancing, and singing these words: "Whoever is desirous to enjoy in this world wealth, pleasure, honours, and dignities, let him lay hold on this golden lock that I wear from my forehead, and I will fulfil all his wishes: but let him not forgo the advantage in his power, since time past can never be recalled; I shall turn from him and leave him to lament his folly." So sung the fairy; but as soon as she beheld Orlando approaching, she immediately fled with the utmost speed, the knight pursuing her till they left the meadow, and came into a country full of briars and brambles; and now the sky was suddenly overcast, when from a dark cave rushed out a female figure of ghastly appearance, with a pale and meagre countenance, holding in her hand a scourge, which she continually exercised on herself; but seeing Orlando hold Morgana in chase, she began to follow him, and when he demanded who she was, she replied, "My name is Repentance, and I am come to bear you company till the end of your course, during which you must feel the severity of my stripes." As she spoke thus, Orlando continued to pursue Morgana, while the hag close behind from time to time applied her scourge to him, nor could all his threats or valour free him from her prosecution: at length he overtook the fairy, and fastening his hand in her lock, the hag, that till then had followed, immediately left him, the sky cleared up, the country assumed a smiling appearance, and, instead of thorns and briars, the earth was covered with odoriferous flowers. Orlando having stayed the fairy, demanded of her the keys of the prison; which she engaged to deliver to him, upon condition that he would leave behind Zilliantes, the son of Monodant; to which Orlando agreed. Morgana then gave up the keys, and all her prisoners, except Zilliantes, were set at liberty.

After Orlando had achieved this adventure, he fell with Brandimart into the hands of Monodant, who had long endeavoured to get Orlando into his power, in order to deliver him up to Morgana, who, on these terms, had promised to restore his son Zilliantes: Brandimart persuaded his friend to make his escape, and remained behind in his stead. Orlando then repaired again to the enchanted dwelling of Morgana, when coming to the river and bridge, where he formerly encountered Arridano, he beheld a lady bitterly weeping and lamenting over the body of a dead dragon: while Orlando

This midst the isle[p] of tears she strangely kept,
(Where captive maids their cruel fortune wept)
When, bound by savage hands, she naked stood
To feed the monster rising from the flood.

stood wondering at such a spectacle, the lady took the dragon in her arms, and entering a bark went into the middle of the lake, and suddenly disappeared. In the mean time another lady accosted Orlando: this was Flordelis, wife to Brandimart, who now implored the assistance of the earl for her husband, whom she supposed to be prisoner in the palace of Morgana, but was to her great joy acquainted that Brandimart had been already freed from that confinement, and that Orlando had once more undertaken the adventure of the lake to deliver Ziliantes from the fairy.

While Flordelis was making vows for the success of Orlando, the knight advanced towards a little gate concealed under a rock covered over with thorns and brambles, by which he lately left the subterraneous dwelling: through this, after a long descent, he came, to the place where the golden king sat at the table, and passed on till he arrived at the garden of Morgana, where he saw the fairy by the side of the fountain with the beautiful youth Ziliantes, whom she was caressing with the utmost tenderness, but whose face was still impressed with a deadly paleness, through the cruel recollection of his late dreadful metamorphosis.

When Orlando, after having slain Arridano, had delivered the prisoners, and departed, Morgana, whose cruelty exceeded her beauty, by the force of spells and incantations, transformed the wretched Ziliantes into the shape of a fearful dragon, in order to place him as a guard to the bridge; but whether from a too powerful application of her spells, or from whatever other cause, no sooner had the youth assumed his new form, but he uttered a loud cry and expired. The fairy, inconsolable at this event, carried him back with her to her habitation, where by her powerful art she restored him again to life and to his own natural shape.

As soon as Orlando saw Morgana, he rushed upon her, and seized her by the locks, when she immediately had recourse to supplications, offering him infinite riches if he would permit Ziliantes still to remain with her; the knight, deaf to all her entreaties, took Ziliantes by the hand and led him up the passage by which he had descended; but before he released the fairy, whom he still held by the locks, he made her swear by Demogorgon, the terrour of fairies, that she never more would disturb him with her incantations. Morgana having sworn, descended to her habitation, and Orlando with Ziliantes came out at the entrance of the rock, where they found Flordelis on her knees. All three then departed together for the court of Monodant, where Orlando delivered Ziliantes to his father, and where Brandimart, who had been stolen away in his infancy, was discovered to be the son of Monodant, and elder brother to Ziliantes."

Orl. Ina. Book i. C. xxiv. xxv. Book ii. C. vii. viii. xii. xiii.

Amidst all the extravagant wildness of these fictions of romance, the classic reader will discover many incidents taken from the heroic and mythological fables of antiquity: in perusing the adventure of the enchanted bare, achieved by Orlando in the beginning of this narrative, every one must remember the dragon of Cadmus, and the bulls of Jason. It has been already observed (See Note to Book vi. ver. 289.) that Spenser had undoubtedly in his eye the palace of Morgana, when he described the riches of Mammon; he has a man of golden mold, that, like the Italian poet's iron guard, defends a passage.

He brought him to a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate all built of beaten gold;
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villain striding stiff and bold,
As if the highest God defy he would;
In his right hand an iron club he hold,
But he himself was all of golden mold, &c.

Fairy Queen, book ii. C. vii. st. 40.

Mr. Warton gives an account of a book, entitled Gesta Romanorum, date supposed to be about 1473, where, among many wonderful stories, is a story, the latter part of which is very similar to this descent of Orlando to the palace of Morgana.

"There was an image in the city of Rome, which stretched forth its right hand, on the middle finger of which was written, CHERE HERE. For a long time none could understand the meaning of this mysterious inscription. At length a certain subtle clerk, who came to see this famous image, observed, as the Sun shone against it, the shadow of the inscribed finger on the ground at some distance. He immediately took a spade, and began to dig exactly on that spot. He came at length to a flight of steps which descended far under ground, and led him to a stately palace: here he entered a hall, where were a king and queen sitting at a table with their nobles and a multitude of people all clothed in rich garments; but no person spoke a word. He looked towards one corner, where he saw a polished carbuncle which illuminated the whole room: in the opposite corner he perceived the figure of a man standing, having a bended bow with an arrow in his hand, as prepared to shoot. On his forehead was written, I AM WHO AM, *nothing can escape my stroke, not even yonder carbuncle which shines so bright.* The clerk beheld all with amazement, and entering a chamber, saw the most beautiful ladies working at the loom in purple; but all was silence. He then entered a stable full of the most excellent horses and asses; he touched some of them, and they were immediately turned into stone. He next surveyed all the apartments of the palace, which abounded with all that his wishes could desire: he again visited the hall, and now began to reflect how he should return; but (says he) all my report of these things will not be believed, unless I carry something back with me. He therefore took from the principal table a golden cup and a golden knife, and placed them in his bosom, when the man, who stood in the corner with the bow, immediately shot at the carbuncle, which he shattered into a thousand pieces; at that moment it became dark as night: in this darkness not being able to find his way, he remained in the subterraneous palace, and soon died a miserable death."

See Warton's History of Poetry, vol. ii. p. xliv.

[p] Ebuda. See strut Tigris for a note on this line.

Now wanting gold to give the simple pair,
The shepherd and his wife, whose honest care
Show'd, while the lovers shar'd their homely board,
Such friendly welcome as their means afford.
This from her arm she drew, and bade the swain
The calm'd treasure for her sake retain.
Now tow'rds the hills the happy lovers ride,
The steepy hills that France and Spain divide;
Thence to Valencia they direct their way,
Or Barcelona, there awhile to stay,
Till thence some vessel with propitious gale,
Should loose for eastern lands the spreading sail:
And now, descending from the mountain's height,
The sea below Garona struck their sight.
Thus journeying on, upon the sands they view
A naked man of pale and ghastly hue;
Like some foul swain he lies with brutal mien,
His sense distraught, his limbs with filth obscene:
He leaps upon them fierce (as unawares
A snarling cur the passing stranger scares)
And threatens sore to work them woe, and scorn:
But to Marphisa let us now return [8].
To her, to Gryphon, Aquilant [9] again,
To good Astolpho let us change the strain,
Who spent with toil, while present death they view'd,
But ill oppos'd the furies of the flood:
Three days the storm with ceaseless terrour rag'd,
And gave no token yet of wrath assuag'd;
The hostile surge and wind's increasing power
From head to stern the planks and tackling tore;
And what unbroken seem'd the storm to brave,
The sailor hew'd and hurl'd into the wave.
One stands apart and marks with head declin'd
The vessel's course, as pale beside him shin'd
The lanthorn's gleam, and ore with careful sight
The hold examines by the torches' light.
One at the prow, one at the stern explores
The glasses' sands that show the waning hours,
And oft returns to learn the vessel's way,
How far her track, and how her bearings lay.
Then in the middle ship, with chart in hand,
Each hastens where th' affrighted strike-land
Their pilot meet, and mutual aid demand.

"Now to Limiso's fatal coast we steer [10];"
Thus one began:—"Her dangerous sands appear!"
"See! Tripoly's sharp rocks," another cries,
"That oft the vessel's shatter'd planks divide."
One cries—"Behold us on Satalia borne,
Which many a mariner has cause to mourn."
Each reasons as he thinks, while every breast
Pale terrour and despair alike possess'd.
Th' ensuing morn with greater force prevail'd
The wind and sea that still the bark assail'd.
At once the wind the shatter'd forevail tears,
And from the helm the sea the rudder bears.
Who fears not now must bear a breast of steel,
Or marble heart, unknowing how to feel.
Marphisa, she, who danger late defy'd,
No longer here her secret dread deny'd.
What vows of pilgrimage the seamen frame!
To Sinai, Rome, Ettino's virgin-dame [12],
Galitia, Cyprus, but o'er all so dear,
That hallow'd tomb which Christian souls revere!
Meantime aloft amidst the surging tides,
Amidst the clouds the groaning vessel rides.
The trembling pilot from the creaking mast
The mainsail cuts, and now he bids to cast
From poop or prow, into the greedy flood,
Huge chests and bales, with every useless load.
He clear'd each part, and to the roaring wave
Rich merchandise and shining treasures gave:
One ply'd the pump, from rushing streams to free
The ship, and to the sea return'd the sea:
Another watch'd where'er the surge he 'spy'd
With lashing force the plank from plank divide.
Four dreadful days, on mountain-billows cast,
The seamen toil'd, and every hope was past;
When sudden breaking on their rapture'd sight,
Appear'd the splendour of Saint Ermo's light [14];

[8] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator, has taken great pains to reconcile the seeming impossibility that Angelica should continue in possession of this bracelet, when she was stript naked by the people of Ebuda: he supposes that those islanders, who are represented so superstitious by the poet, might think it a more acceptable and honourable offering to Proteus, if they exposed the virgin with this ornament to be devoured by the monster, as the ancients were accustomed in their sacrifices to gild the horns of the victim, and decorate them with other idle ceremonies. But surely the poet might as well himself have thus accounted for the difficulty in his narrative: this may serve, however, as one specimen, among many others, of the genius of the Italian commentators, who would generally defend their favourite poet in the most glaring absurdity.

[9] He follows Angelica and Medoro, B. xxix. ver. 413.

[10] Sansonetto is here omitted by the poet, though one of their company.

[11] Called by the ancients Syrtes; certain dangerous sands on the confines of Afric near Egypt.

[12] Some say, that by Ettino is meant a certain church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, built among the ruins of Aquileia: and so called from Urino, a rock in the city. Others say, that it is a place in Candia, called Tino, where is a church dedicated to the Virgin famous for many imputed miracles.
Porcacchi.

[14] Naturalists explain that these lights which appear to sailors are from natural causes, and believe that they not only are seen on the masts of ships, but also on the tops of lances in an army. It is however the firm opinion of mariners, that such phenomena are sent as marks of favour from their protector Saint Ermo, whose remains are held in great veneration at Gaeta.
Ruscelli.

Camoens in his Lusiad describes these lights that are often seen in the time of a storm: Gama, giving an account of his voyage to the king of Melinda, says:

Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw
Which filled the sailors' breasts with sacred awe;
And which the sages, of their learning vain,
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain:
That living fire, by seamen held divine,
Of Heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,
Which midst the horrours of the tempest plays,
And on the blasts' dark wings will gaily blaze;
These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
Glide through the storm and round my sails aspire.
Mickle, Book v.

Low settling on the prow, with ray serene
It shone, for masts or sails no more were seen.
The crew elated saw the dancing gleam;
Each, on his knees, ador'd the favouring beam;
And begg'd, with trembling voice and watery eyes,
A truce from threatening waves and raging skies.
The storm (till then relentless) ceas'd to roar,
South, East, and blustering North were heard no more:
Now reign'd sole tyrant o'er the seas extent,
Th' inclement West, while from his mouth he sent
A powerful blast, and with it urg'd along
The foamy current, terrible and strong;
That drove the flying bark with swifter force
Than strength of wing impels the falcon's course,
While the pale pilot deem'd his vessel lost,
Or driven beyond our world to ocean's utmost coast.
The wary seaman hence his skill applied,
And from the poop amidst the tumbling tide
His anchor cast: the anchor, slipp'd at need
With hauser huge, abates their fearful speed.
By this, but chief by Heaven's preserving aid,
Whose happy omen, on the prow display'd,
Reviv'd their hope, the ship securely rode,
That else had sunk entomb'd beneath the flood.
Now from Laiazzo's gulf the Syrian lands
They see, where high a peopled city stands,
Of circuit wide; and nearer they survey
A fort on either side to guard the bay.
Soon as the pilot well the land espies,
On his pale cheek the frighted colour dies:
He loaths the hateful coast; yet would he try
The deep once more, he knows not how to fly:
His masts and yards are lost, and rent away
His sails and tackling scatter'd o'er the sea,
The wretch whom fate ordains these climes to gain
Is made a captive, or unpity'd slain.
While thus they pass'd, the seamen fear'd to view
Embarking from the shore a numerous crew,
With vessels arm'd against their ship, unite,
Unfit for sea, but more unfit for flight.
While thus in fearful doubt the pilot stands
Which course to take, the English knight demands
What secret thoughts his wavering breast divide,
And why he sought not in the port to ride?
To whom the pilot thus—"Yon hostile strand
Is fin'd with women[15], whose inhuman hand,
By ancient law, each stranger-guest consigns
To death relentless, or in chains confines:
He only 'scapes, whose arms in measur'd field
Can make ten champions to his prowess yield;
And next, at night, a softer conflict prove,
To win ten females in the lists of love.
Should he t' achieve the former task suffice,
But in the second fail, he surely dies!
He dies! and, destin'd to ignoble toil,
His friends their cattle feed, or turn the soil!
In both the trials should success ensue,
He gains full freedom for his social crew,
Himself unfree—for husband he remains
Of ten fair females, as his choice ordains."
Astolpho heard, nor could from laughter hold
At this strange custom by the pilot told.
Now Sansonetto, now Marphisa near,
Now Gryphon with his brother came to bear
Why thus aloof the shatter'd bark remain'd,
Nor with her crew th' inviting harbour gain'd.
"Here let me perish," thus the pilot spoke,
"Ere bow my neck to such ignoble yoke."
Alike with him agreed the sailor crew:
Not so Marphisa and the warlike few,
Far other they, who safer deem'd the shore
Beset with arms, than seas where tempests roar;
Who more the billows fear'd and wrecking sands
Than weapons brandish'd in a hundred hands.
This—every place—they held secure from fear,
Where'er their grasp could wield the sword or spear,
Eager they burn the hostile strand to gain;
But England's warrior, foremost of the train,
Demands to land; his magic horn he knew
(If arms should fail) would every force subdue.
Now divers parts they took: one loudly cried,
To make the port; as loudly one denied.
At length the pilot, urg'd by stronger force,
Unwilling to the harbour shap'd his course.
When first discover'd on the distant flood,
Full in the cruel city's view they stood.
The mariners beheld a galley leave
The land, and with a crew the billows cleave
T' assail their wretched bark, while unresolv'd
Uncertain schemes their jarring breasts revolv'd.
Now to the prow and stern th' invading train
Huge cables fix, and through the dashing main
Impel the hulk, till urg'd by strength of oars
And drawn with toil it gains at length the shores.
Meantime the knights their limbs in armour case,
And by their sides the trusty falchion place,
And strive, with dauntless looks and words, to cheer
The pilot's doubts and ease the seamen's fear.
The spacious harbour like a crescent bends,
And four long miles in winding course extends:
From horn to horn a narrow mouth appears,
And at each horn a fort its summit rears.
The natives fear no foes can e'er prevail
Till fortune from the south their walls assail.
Built like a theatre in wide extent
The circling city reach'd the hill's descent.
No sooner enter'd, when, by rumour blown,
The ship's arrival through the land was known,
And arm'd with bows in all the dress of war,
Six thousand females to the port repair.
A range of ships from rock to rock they place,
Each hope of flight from every breast to chase,

[14] This phænomenon is thus accounted for in natural history: The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite, and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms, they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine. In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempest, these fires were seen to hover over the heads of Castor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately ensued. After the apotheosis of these heroes, the Grecian sailors invoked these fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or the sons of Jupiter."

Mickle's Note to the above passage.

[15] This strange story of the Amazons is not to be found in Boyardo. Ariosto in this fable seems to have blended the accounts of the Amazons of antiquity with those of the women of Lemnos.

And with huge chains, prepar'd for such design,
Close up the mouth and all within confine.
A hoary matron, who in length of years
Like Hecuba or Cuma's maid appears,
The pilot calls, and wills him to reply
If there his wretched partners choose to die;
Or wiser, as the country's laws declare,
Submit their necks the servile yoke to bear?
To each the choice is offer'd—there to fall
With freedom—or survive in hopeless thrall.
"'Tis true, should one amongst you dare engage,"
She cries, "with ten th' unequal fight to wage:
Those should he slay, and next in one short night
Woo ten fair damsels to the nuptial rite,
With us a sovereign's rank he shall possess,
And you, if such your will, depart in peace:
Or all, or part, securely here may live,
The choice is yours, and these the terms we give:
Who here in freedom would remain, must wed
Ten females to partake his marriage bed.
But should your champion in the listed field,
Though living, to the ten in prowess yield,
Or want the powers the stated prize to gain,
We will that you be slaves and he be slain."
The beldame thus: but where she deem'd to meet
With doubt or terrour, found a dauntless heat
In every knight: each on himself relies,
And hopes in either list to win the prize.
Nor less Marphisa's heart with courage glows,
Though for the second task her sex she knows
But ill prepar'd, yet hopes she to supply
With sword the gifts that Nature might deny.
Their answer then, in general council weigh'd,
The pilot to the hoary dame convey'd:
That one amongst them stood prepar'd to prove
The task of battle first, and then of love.
No more oppos'd, the seamen now secure
Their anchor, and on land the vessel moor.
The bridge is cast, and from the deck proceed
The shining warrior and the prancing steed.
Amidst the city with surprise they view
The mighty numbers of the female crew.
With shorten'd vesture part on horseback swarm,
Or in the crowded square like warriors arm.
The men nor spear, nor sword, are seen to bear,
Nor might of weapons that pertain to war,
Save only fen—and these, as late I told,
(So ancient custom wills) their lances hold.
The rest attend the loom, the needle ply,
Or twist the wool, or coil the various dye:
Adown their limbs long matron garments flow,
Their mien is feminine, their race is slow.
Some kept in chains, at will their tyrants send
The lands to ear, and the herds to tend.
Few are the males, and scarce the region round
A hundred for a thousand females found.
The knights who deem'd by lot to fix his name,
Whose arm might for the rest the combat claim,
Would from the chance the martial dame[16] withhold,
By sex unfit amidst their names enroll'd
Both palms to win; but she with noble pride
Will with her peers the fated scroll abide:
On her it fell—"I first in fight will die
Ere you," she cried, "in cruel bondage lie:
This steel[17] (and as she spoke her trusty sword
She grasp'd) "your pledge of safety shall afford.

[16] Mar. Alm.

With this I mean each fatal tie to loose,
As Alexander cut the Gordian noose.
While Earth endures, no stranger shall again
Of this dire law and cruel land complain."
Thus she; and what her favouring fortune sends
Each knight allows, and to her arm commends
The glorious charge such numerous foes to brave,
And fall in battle, or their freedom save.
Now ready clad in mail and cuirass bright,
She hastens to the field, and claims the fight.
For in the city was a square enclos'd,
And set apart with seats around dispos'd,
To please the vulgar herd with many a fray
Of wrestling, tournament, and martial play.
Four brazen gates, that open in the place,
Admit the press, while through the crowded space
Arm'd females throng, where, blending hope and fear,
They bid Marphisa in the list appear.
The virgin enters on a dappled steed
Of colour grey, of more than common breed;
Small was his head, his joints were strongly knit,
Proudly he paw'd and champ'd the frothy bit;
Fire flash'd[18] his eyes—this from a thousand more,
Of generous strain in Normandion's store,
The monarch chose, and, deck'd with trappings brave,
The regal present to Marphisa gave;
Who, entering at the south, where on the gate
The mid-day shone, stood still the charge to wait;
Nor waited long, when, echo'd sharp and clear,
The trumpet's clangour wrung in every ear.
Then from the portal of the north she saw
Her ten opponents to the combat draw.
The first bold knight, who look'd himself a host,
Seem'd in his arm the force of all to boast.
The list he enter'd on a courser's back
Of strangest frame, and more than raven black,
Save that his front and blindmost foot display'd
Some snow-white hairs amid the dusky shade.
Clad like his steed in sable weeds of woe
The champion came, as if he meant to show
An emblem of his own distressful state,
How small his comfort, and his griefs how great!
The trumpet sounds, and, to the charge address'd
At once nine warriors place the lance in rest:
But he, the mourning knight, whose noble heart
Disdains th' advantage, stands awhile apart;
However compell'd in such a hateful cause,
Resolv'd in this his will should bend the laws:
Apart he stands, the conflict to survey,
And see one lance with nine dispute the day.
The steed with easy pace and steady force
Bore the brave virgin to th' unequal course,
Who wielded in her grasp so huge a spear
Scarce four suffic'd th' enormous weight to rear.
This from the ship, with wary choice, she bore,
The stoutest beam amidst a numerous store.
So fierce she came, with such a dauntless look,
A thousand cheeks grew pale, a thousand bosoms shook.
Swift through the first, as if his fenceless breast
No armour wore, the furious steel she prest'd.
His iron-plated shield, with strength impell'd
The weapon pass'd and through the cuirass held,
The point drove on, till, smear'd with vital blood,
Through back and breast a foot behind it stood.
The virgin left the wretched warrior slain,
And turn'd against the rest with loosen'd rein:
Against the second bold advancing foe,
And next the third, she dealt so fierce a blow,

[18] Flash'd his eyes.

That either's spinal bone the weapon broke,
And both at once their seats and life forsook.
Together now the remnant six engag'd
The gallant maid, and war united wag'd.
So have I seen a bomb the ranks divide,
As fierce Marphisa pierc'd the martial tide:
Against her corslet javelins snapt in vain,
While she unmov'd could every stroke sustain.
In tennis thus not more the fencing wall
Resists the impulse of the bounding ball.
In vain the force of hostile weapon sought
To pierce her arms of purest temper wrought;
By magic wrought in Styx's burning steam,
And hissing plung'd in black Avernus' stream.
Now at the barrier bounds awhile she stay'd,
Then wheel'd her courser, and with brandish'd blade
The rest assail'd, her victory pursu'd,
And to the elbows dy'd her arms in blood.
From this a hand, from that she lops the head:
On one the ghastly sword so just is sped,
Head, arms, and breast fall sever'd on the plain;
The legs and belly on the steed remain.
Thus half the man (a dreadful sight) appear'd:
So holy pilgrims[17], to the saint rever'd,
For members heal'd, of wax or silver frame
The parts restor'd, and in their patron's name
Suspend the pious gift to him whose aid they claim.
One, as the list he fled, she swift pursu'd,
And ere he reach'd the midst asunder hew'd
His head and bleeding trunk, that never art
Of surgeon could suffice to close the part.
Thus by her valour each in turn was slain,
Or lay extended senseless on the plain,
That well she knew he never more could rear
The massy buckler or the pointed spear.
The knight, who in the list retir'd alone,
Beheld the nine by one brave arm o'erthrown,
Now spurr'd his steed to show not fear detain'd,
But courtesy his generous arm restrain'd;
Then beckoning with his hand he first began
To ask a parley ere the course he ran;
And little thinking that with man's array,
Conceal'd in martial weeds a virgin lay,
Graceful he spoke—"Thy spirits, valiant knight,
May surely droop in such unequal fight;
Nor will I basely now in arms oppose
That strength already spent with numerous foes.
Till morn I give thee from the field to rest,
Then mayst thou turn to fresher strife addrest:
So shall my sword a noble combat claim,
Nor with thy vigour spent pollute my fame."
"To warlike toils these limbs have long been bred:
Nor have I toil'd so far," Marphisa said,
"But to thy cost, I trust, thou soon shalt find
My nerve and spirit of a nobler kind.
Thy words, the proffer of a courteous breast,
I praise, but seek not yet so soon to rest:
Still shines the day, and 't were a shame for knight
To lose in sloth the yet remaining light."
The stranger then—"O! that thy woe-struck mind
Could gain as sure each good it pants to find,
As thou from me thy fill of arms shalt taste,
And find perchance the day too quickly waste."

[17] This similitude alludes to the custom in the Romish church of making limbs of wax, ivory or silver, which the pilgrims hang up as an offering dedicated to the saint, by whom they are supposed to be healed of any disease or lameness.

He said; and straight two beamy lances, wrought
Like ponderous masts, he bids with speed he brought;
To hold Marphisa's hand the choice he gives,
The spear which she rejects himself receives.
The trumpet sounds—the coursers shake the ground,
Earth, air, and sea, the thundering charge resound.
With eyes unmov'd each maste assistant stands;
No word, no breath, is heard through all the bands:
So fix'd was each to mark with longing gaze
Which knight would win the palm of knightly praise.
Marphisa aims her spear with matchless force,
To hurl the sable warrior from his horse,
No more to rise; nor less the sable foe
Thinks with a thrust to lay Marphisa low.
Like sapless osiers seem'd each lance's length,
Not form'd of chosen ash with massy strength:
Up to the rest they shiver'd with the stroke;
And either steed confess'd the mighty shock:
At once, as if a scythe with sweepy force
Had cut the nerves, down sunk each floundering horse.
Marphisa, at her first assault, had known
A thousand warriors from their saddle thrown,
And she, who ne'er before receiv'd defeat,
Now (strange to tell!) was tumbled from her seat,
Struck with the chance, with more than rage opprest,
A sudden madness seem'd t' inflame her breast:
Alike the sable knight appear'd to grieve,
Not lightly wont in field his seat to leave.
Scarce had they touch'd the ground, when either stood
On foot recover'd, and the fight renew'd.
Each weapon's edge and point by turns they ply'd;
With sword and shield they fenc'd, or leapt aside
To shun the stroke: the well-aim'd stroke rebounds:
The stroke that miss'd, in hissing air resounds.
In secret to herself Marphisa said:
"In happy hour for me this warrior stay'd;
Nor in the fight his nine companions led!
This day might else have mix'd me with the dead:
Since now, sore labouring in the doubtful strife,
Scarce from his single arm I guard my life."
Marphisa thus; yet ceas'd not, as she spoke,
To wield her sword and ward each coming stroke.
Not less the stranger thus his fortune bless'd;
"In happy hour this knight refus'd to rest:
Since now I scarce defend me from his might,
Already wearied with so fierce a fight.
Had he with morn his vigour lost renew'd,
What fortune might have thou my arms pursu'd!
Great were my risk in this contested place,
Had he accepted late my proffer'd grace."
The battle lasted till declining light,
Nor seem'd th' advantage to the dame or knight;
And now so deep the shades increasing grow,
Not this, nor that, can ward the threatening blow.
Now darkness clos'd—when to the glorious maid
With courteous mien the generous warrior said—
"What can we more, since night obtrudes her veil,
While yet the battle hangs in equal scale?
Then hear—O chief! awhile prolong thy life,
At least till morn revives the noble strife;
If to thy wasting days a single night
I only grant—no blame on me must light:
Condemn the law of this accursed race,
The female sex that rule this hated place.
But he, from whom no art the truth conceals,
Knows if for thee and thine my bosom feels.

Thou, and thy fellows, mayst with me reside,
With others danger will thy sleep betide.
Against thee now conspire the female train,
Whose husbands by thy conquering hand are slain.
For know that each, who by thy arm lies dead,
Ten wives possess'd: hence ninety females led
To seek revenge (unless with me you rest)
Might in the dead of night your sleep molest."
Marphisa then—"I gladly shall receive
The fair asylum which thou deign'st to give:
Secure in thee such virtuous faith to find
As suits thy courage and exalted mind!
Mourn not my life as doom'd to thee by fate,
Thy own, perchance, may find a shorter date;
Nor can I think as yet thy actions show,
With mine compar'd, thyself a mightier foe.
Then, as thou wilt, the combat urge or stay;
Or meet by moon-light, or by light of day:
Whate'er thou seek'st, behold me ready still,
Each hour a warrior's duty to fulfil."
Unfinish'd thus they left the glorious fight,
Till from the Ganges shone the golden light.
To Aquilant, to Gryphon, all the train
Of gallant champions, came the knight humane,
With generous suit to each by turns address,
Beneath his hospitable roof to rest.
All gladly yield, and now with cheerful blaze
Or torches' light, the lord his guests conveys;
They reach his regal dome, where every room
With splendour shone and labours of the loom.
Now from each head the martial helmet rais'd
The two brave combatants with wonder gaz'd.
The stranger-knight was soft and fair of hue,
His downy cheeks but eighteen summers knew.
The virgin marvell'd much his arm could wage
Such dreadful battles in so green an age:
Nor less he wonder'd, when her helm unclos'd
Her flowing locks and beauteous sex expos'd,
His foe but late!—now each with like demand
Inquires the other's actions, name, and land.
But who the youth, awhile to seek forbear,
The book ensuing shall his name declare.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The champion of the Amazons discovers himself to be Guido of the house of Clarmont, and gives an account of the history and first establishment of the Amazon government. The warriors consult together on the means of quitting the country. Marphisa would persuade them to effect it by force of arms. Guido takes the management upon himself; and next morning they attempt to break through the whole body of the Amazons, but are nearly overpowered by numbers, when Astolpho, blowing his horn, drives all the Amazons before him. Sansonetto, Guido, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa, being terrified with the rest, precipitately hasten on board the ship prepared for them, and leave Astolpho behind them. The knights and Marphisa afterwards landing, Marphisa parts from the others. Her encounter with Gabrino, Finabello, and lastly with Zerbino.

In fields of battle[1] and the Muses' lore,
What wonders have been wrought by dames of yore,
Whose skill in arms and letters spreads their praise
Throughout the world to their far-distant days!
Camilla and Harpalice[2], renown'd
In hardy camps, with wreaths unfading crown'd,
And Sappho and Corinna[3], held so high
For learning's sacred gifts, shall never die.
Oppos'd to man, behold the beauteous race,
In every science, our ruxom efface;
And each, who turns the leaf of story past,
Shall undiminish'd see their honours last.
Though such examples seem of late to fail,
Not always evil influence shall prevail,
When those, whose writings should their worth reveal,
Through ignorance or envy oft conceal:
Yet in our times, I see with joyful eyes
Such countless virtues in the sex arise,
As well may claim the pen and faithful page
To hand them down to every future age.
Then slanderers' tongues no more with canker'd speech
Shall taint those glories which they cannot reach;
But to such height shall soar the female name,
As even to leave behind Marphisa's fame.
To her we now return—The dame address'd
The courteous knight, and answer'd his request.
Eager to know the youth, she soon reveal'd
In few, her dreadful name, till then conceal'd:
"Marphisa am I call'd!"——no more she said,
For fame through every realm the rest had spread.
The stranger then—"All here, I trust, may know
The glorious stock to which my birth I owe!
Not only France, and Spain, each neighbouring land,
But Æthiop, Ind, and Pontus' frozen strand,

[1] This introduction seems to have been copied and enlarged by Spenser in his Fairy Queen.

Where is the antique glory now become,
That whilom wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave atchievements done by some?
Where be the battles, where the shield and spear, &c.? Book iii. c. iv. st. 1.

[2] Camilla, queen of the Volscians, a female warrior, who came to the assistance of Turnus, and was treacherously slain by Arans. See Virgil's Æn. vii. xi. Harpalice was a warlike virgin of Thrace, who, when the Getæ, a people of Scythia, had made her father prisoner, collected together a body of troops with great celerity, suddenly attacked the enemy, cut a great number to pieces, and set her father at liberty.

[3] Sappho, a well-known poetess, born at Lesbos. See her Epistle to Phaon, in Ovid. There were three of the name of Corinna, all skilled in letters. One was of Thebes, one of Thespis, and the third of Corinth. The last lived at the time, and is supposed to have been the favourite, of Ovid; but the most famous was she, who, in a trial of poetry, conquered the great poet Pindar. Her glory seems to have been fully established by the public memorial of her picture exhibited in her native city, and adorned with a symbol of her victory. Pausanias, who saw it, supposes her to have been one of the handsomest women of her age. Time has left us only a few scraps of Corinna's poetry.

Have heard of Clarmont's far-resounding name,
Whence the bold knight[4] who slew Almontes came;
And he[5], by whom the fierce Mambrino slain
(His kingdom laid in ruin) press'd the plain.
That blood I boast—and near the Euxine waves,
Where Ister with his streams the region laves,
To Amon's duke (who on that fated shore
His wanderings ended) me Constantia bore.
One year has roll'd, since her, in sorrow lost,
I left to seek my friends on Gallia's coast:
But, midst the voyage, rose a stormy wind,
And hither drove me from the post design'd.
Ten months have past, since here detain'd, I mourn
The lingering hours, and curse each day's return.
Guido the Savage[6] am I call'd——a name
Scarce yet recorded on the list of fame.
Here, with his ten compeers, in listed field,
I Angelon of Melibera kill'd.
Next the soft conflict with the dames I tried,
And now ten wedded partners grace my side,
Whom, fairest, gentlest of the female band
I chose, and rule with uncontrol'd command.
Thus shall ye fare, whom, on the fated day,
Prevailing Fortune gives the ten to slay."

The warriors question'd Guido, whence so few
The males appear'd, and why the female crew
Each husband to their sovereign will compell'd,
When males in other lands dominion held?
Then Guido answered——"Often while detain'd
I here have liv'd, I heard the cause explain'd,
And what I heard, shall tell, since you demand—
"Now twice ten years elaps'd, the Grecian bands
From Troy return'd to view their native lands
(Ten years the siege endur'd, as many toil
On adverse seas, they rov'd from coast to coast)
Arriv'd, they found their wives, who vainly try'd
To bear such absence, had their place supply'd
With young gallants, whom to their love they led,
No more to freeze in a forsaken bed.
The Grecians finding with another's breed
Their dwellings fill'd, by joint consent agreed
To' excuse th' offence; for each well knew his wife
Could ne'er so long forget the nuptial life:
But the sad children, born of lawless love,
Must exil'd thence a vagrant fortune prove:
Nor would the husbands so entail disgrace,
To nourish, at their cost, a spurious race.
Some were expos'd, and some with better fate
Their mothers kept conceal'd to man's estate.
Some, from their native seats, in various bands,
As chance directed, rov'd to foreign lands.
Some arms pursu'd; some chose the students toil;
Some follow'd arts; some plough'd the rustic soil:
These liv'd in courts; those serv'd the herds to rear;
As best it seem'd to her[7] who governs here.
"Departing with the rest, a youth was seen,
Of Clytemnestra born, the cruel queen;
His age eighteen, and fresh in bloom as shows
The lily fair, or newly gather'd rose.
He, in a ship with all provision stor'd,
For wealth and prey each creek and coast explor'd.
A hundred like himself compos'd his band,
With care selected from the Grecian land.
The Cretans, that Idomeneus expell'd,
The wretched sire[8], who Crete's dominion held,
And next, collecting arms and troops, prepar'd
Their new establish'd state from foes to guard,
Engag'd Phalantus (so the youth was nam'd)
With ample stipends, as his merits claim'd,
To serve their soldier, while his comrades all
With him they join'd to guard Dictamnum's wall.
A hundred cities grac'd the Cretan lands,
But chief above the rest Dictamnum stands,
Wealthy and fair, renown'd for amorous dames
Of lovely form, for pleasures, sports, and games.
"The dames, accustom'd kindly to receive
Each foreign guest, to these such welcome give,
That little wanted to the Grecian train
O'er every house to hold their boundless reign:
Vigorous as fair, the youths their ardour prove
In blending raptures, as in kindling love.
To win the fair a few short days suffic'd,
Till these o'er every joy their lovers priz'd.
"Now peace restor'd, Phalantus was releas'd
From warlike cares, the soldier's labour ceas'd,
And every hope of future stipends o'er,
The youths decreed to quit the Cretan shore.
The mourning females tears incessant shed,
As if they view'd their dearest parents dead:
Full oft apart they urg'd them to remain;
But when they found each fond entreaty vain,
Resolv'd with them their voyage to partake,
Their brothers, sires, and children they forsake.
While from her home each bears, by wary stealth,
Rich gems of price, and countless sums of wealth;
And with such secret care her dwelling leaves,
That not a man of Crete their flight perceives.
So prosperous was the hour, so swift the wind,
So well Phalantus had their course design'd,

[4] Orlando. [5] Rinaldo.

[6] This character appears to have been introduced by Ariosto, as no such name occurs in Bayardo. Spenser has a knight with the appellation of "Savage knight," which seems given him not from any reproach, but merely to express a disposition inured to hardy feats, and stranger to the softness of a court.

It was a goodly swain, and of great might,
But in vain shews, that wont young knights
And courtly services took no delight. [bewitch,
. . . . . .
It was, to weet, the good sir Satyrane,
That rang'd abroad, to seek adventures wild,
As was his wont, in forest and in plain.
He was all arm'd in rugged steel, unfil'd,
As in the smoky forge it was compil'd,
And in his scutcheon bore a satyr's head.
Fairy Queen, B. iii. c. vii. st. 29.

Again, in another place.

——On his shield was writ,
"Selvagge sans finesse," shewing secret wit.

This explanation may serve for Ariosto, who has assigned no reason for giving this name to Guido.

[7] Fortune.

[8] Idomeneus, king of Crete, having vowed, in case he returned in safety from the siege of Troy, to offer up the first object that presented itself, was met by his own son, whom, to keep his vow, he caused to be sacrificed. His subjects, struck with the barbarity of the action, banished him from his kingdom. See the whole story at full in Telemachus, book ii.

That many a league his vessel plough'd the tide,
Ere those of Crete their heavy loss descry'd.
At length this fated strand, then scarcely prest
By foot of mortals, gave the wanderers rest.
Securely here they stay'd, and here awhile
At leisure weigh'd the profits of their guile.
Ten days to them this region seem'd a seat
Of amorous pleasures, and a blest retreat:
But, as it oft befalls, the fullest joy,
In youthful bosoms, soonest tends to cloy.
All now agreed to free them from the charge
Of female mates, and live again at large.
For fickle man ill brooks the heavy lot,
To keep the woman when the love 's forgot!
Eager of rapine, ready to contend
For ravag'd wealth, but little prone to spend,
They saw a troop, so numerous and so fair,
Require far other than a soldier's care.
For this, their wretched partners they forsook,
And loaded with their spoils, their course they took
To where, in Puglia, near the sea-beat shores,
They founded fair Tarentum's future towers.
" The dames, abandon'd on a desert coast,
Betray'd by those in whom they trusted most,
Along the sands some days in silent grief
Like statues stood; but finding no relief
From plaints or tears, they turn'd them to debate,
What means might best relieve their hapless state:
When, what her thoughts suggested, each disclos'd:
Some to regain their native Crete propos'd,
And rather dare the worst they might engage
From a wrong'd husband or a father's rage,
Than hid in deserts, or in forests lie,
With want to linger, or with famine die.
Some said, they never to such shame would bend,
But rather, plung'd in seas, their being end;
And urg'd it better far, with honour lost,
Though gear, or slaves, to rove from coast to coast,
Than willing victims, to their native clime
Returning, meet the sentence of their crime.
" Such wretched thoughts, and still more wretched, rose
In every breast, from sense of present woes.
At length a female, Orsithea nam'd,
Stood forth, who kindred from king Minos claim'd:
The youngest, fairest of the beauteous band,
Less guilty she, of all who left the land,
To brave Phalantus had her virgin charms
Resign'd, and fled for him her parent's arms.
Now while her speech and outward looks express'd
The indignation of a generous breast,
She first condemn'd what each had singly mov'd,
Then urg'd that counsel which the rest approv'd.
" She will'd them there to dwell, for there they found
A wholesome air, and fields with plenty crown'd;
Clear silver streams, that through the country stray'd,
Rich spreading meads, and forests thick with shade;
Fair ports and bays, that from the stormy wave
To wandering seamen ready shelter gave;
That now from Afric, now from Egypt brought
Their barks, with every store and treasure fraught.
She urg'd them there to' abide, and for the sake
Of those who wrong'd them, heavy vengeance take
On all the sex; and every vessel tost
By tempest, driven to shelter on the coast,
Pillage and burn, assail with fire and steel,
Nor let a single life their mercy feel.

" Thus counsell'd she—till all alike inflam'd
With cruel thoughts, the new-made law proclaim'd.
" When winds fore-run a storm, the desperate train
Of females arm'd, rush headlong to the main:
Their fury ruthless Orsithea guides,
Who, made their queen, above the rest presides.
Whate'er devoted strangers touch the strand,
But 'scape the seas to perish by the hand
Of mad revenge, where fire and sword assail
Till not a wretch remains to tell the tale.
Thus some few years the widow'd females show
A settled hate of man, their mortal foe.
But, should they still persist, they soon must find
Certain destruction hovering o'er their kind.
Should no young offspring from themselves descend,
Their state, their name, their vengeance soon must end,
Which to remotest times they labour'd to extend.
Their rigour then relax'd, and every crew
Explor'd with care that to their region drew
In four succeeding years, from these, at length,
Ten knights they chose, of manly form and strength;
Whose youthful vigour, bred in amorous games,
Suffic'd to meet in love their hundred dames.
A hundred form'd their whole, and every ten
One husband claim'd: but e'er the chosen men
Their safety found, what numbers lost their life;
All found unequal to the ardous strife!
The ten, in trial well approv'd, they take,
And partners of their bed and kingdom make;
But swear them first, that every wanderer led,
Of every rank, those hapless shores to tread,
Without distinction by their swords shall fall,
And one remorseless slaughter swallow all.
" The dames, now pregnant grown, began with fear
To view the day of their delivery near,
Lest in succeeding time the numbers born
Of issue male, should hold their law in scorn;
And they, at length, behold in evil hour
To hated man revert their darling power.
For this they sought such danger to repel,
Ere years had taught their children to rebel
And threat their freedom; hence a law decreed
The mother's care one only male should breed.
Their new-born sons from shore to shore they sent,
With charge to those who thus commission'd went,
To' exchange the boys for girls in distant lands,
Or not, at least, return with empty hands.
Nor had the dames in mere compassion spar'd
A single man, save but their lords to guard,
And keep alive their name; and thus was shown
Their law's stern mercy to themselves alone!
All others felt its rage, one only grace
The strangers found, that when they reach'd the place
They fell not all at once beneath this cruel race.
If ten, if twenty, or if more arriv'd,
In chains they lay, of liberty depriv'd:
Whence every day was drawn, by fate decreed,
A wretch devoted in the fane to bleed;
Where, in the midst, by Orsithea rear'd,
A dreadful altar to Revenge appear'd,
While nam'd by lot, one held the ready knife,
To shed, in sacrifice, his comrade's life.
" Long years had past, when to th' inhuman shore
A noble youth his luckless fortune bore;
From great Alcides' stock his birth he claim'd,
In arms experienc'd, and Elbanio nam'd.

Him, careless of a foe, and unprepar'd,
At once they seiz'd, and with a numerous guard,
With all his crew, detain'd in cruel thrall,
Sad victims destin'd by their laws to fall.
Fair was the youth, of semblance rarely seen,
Of graceful carriage and commanding mien;
So from his lips the honey'd accents broke,
That venom'd asps might listen while he spoke.
From fame the news of his arrival caught,
To Alexandra's gentle ear was brought;
Fair Alexandra, born of her who sway'd
The sceptre still, though now with years decay'd:
Still Orontheа liv'd, but none survive'd,
Save her alone, of all that first arrive'd;
While as their years increas'd the female crew
Increas'd in strength, and in dominion grew.
" Ten knights, renown'd for deeds of arms achiev'd,
With hostile welcome, all that came, receiv'd.
Now Alexandra, eager to behold
A youth whose praise report so loudly told,
To Orontheа her request preferr'd,
And saw Elbanio, and his converse heard.
But when she sought to go, her virgin heart
Felt the first throbbing of an amorous smart.
In vain she struggled: she at length remain'd
A helpless prisoner by her captive chain'd.
Elbanio then——' O fairest of thy kind!
If pity here could e'er reception find,
Pity, which dwells where'er the Sun display'd,
Gives tints to objects, and gives light to shade,
Fain would I now (by those transcendent charms,
Whose powerful influence every gazer warms)
From thee request my life, that what I owe
To thee prolong'd, for thee I might bestow:
But if dire fury here the virgin steels
To each soft passion human nature feels,
I ask not life—such hopes I know are vain,
But let me yet a warrior's right obtain.
Whate'er my fate—O! give me but to wield
My glorious arms, and die with spear and shield!
Not like some criminal whom laws arraign,
Or brutal beast before the altar slain.'
" Fair Alexandra, in whose lovely eyes
Compassion pleaded for the youth, replies:
" 'Though savage is our land, more cruel known
Than every realm, yet think not I shall own
Each woman a Medea—were the mind
Of all our females in destruction join'd,
Yet I alone would rise above my kind:
Or if, like many a soul with fury steel'd,
I seem'd till now unknowing how to yield,
Till thy arrival here, perchance there came
No stranger that might equal favour claim.
But sure, some tigress has my soul inflam'd,
And more than adamant my bosom fram'd,
If, when I view thy valour, form, and age,
Compassion chase not all vindictive rage.
O! would to Heaven I might as well arrest
Th' inhuman law that binds each wretched guest,
As freely now my death I would receive,
And, with my own, thy better life reprieve!
But here no rank avails to break thy chain,
And what thou ask'st, though little, hard to gain:
Yet all I can—expect—while much I dread
New sufferings hang o'er thy devoted head!'
' Let me but meet,' Elbanio thus rejoin'd,
' The ten in arms—so firm my heart I find,
I trust t' escape with life the bloody fray,
And every foe, though trebly arm'd, to slay.

" To this the virgin-fair made no reply,
But from her bosom drew a tender sigh.
She went, and parting, in her heart she found
A thousand shafts, and each a cureless wound;
Then sought her mother, and with earnest prayer
Inclin'd the queen the noble youth to spare;
On this condition, that in listed fight
The ten should perish by his single might.
" Queen Orontheа then the female train
To council call'd, and thus her speech began:
" ' From every crew whom chance may hither send,
We still should place the bravest to defend
Our port and shores: by trial must we choose,
What fits our wants to take, and what refuse,
Lest, to our wrong, the coward soul should rise
To reign amongst us, while the valiant dies.
If with my judgment, you, O friends! agree,
Let us henceforth a sovereign law decree,
That every knight, by fortune hither led,
Ere in the dreadful fane his blood we shed,
Shall (in such compact if he dares engage)
At once with ten the combat singly wage;
And should he conquer all, he, with a train
Of chosen others, shall our guard maintain.
Thus far I speak, since in our prison lies
A captive, who to battle ten defies.
Should he their equal prove—forbid it Heaven!—
But to such worth some favour should be given:
Or should he fall in what he rashly dares,
He meets the punishment himself prepares.'
" Thus Orontheа to the council said,
When from the eldest one this answer made:
" ' Th' important cause whence we to change began
Our first design, and commerce hold with man,
Was not to guard our state from foreign hands;
For this our constant souls, our valiant hands,
Might well suffice—O! could we but extend
Our race as well, which time, alas! must end
Without the help of man—and hence we make
Our choice of youths, but only one we take
To wed ten dames, lest man the sovereign sway
From us should rend, and we in turn obey.
We need not males our empire to defend,
But must for progeny on these depend.
In this alone their powers we require,
Nor other aid, nor other task desire.
To keep a chief whose nervous limbs combine
The strength of ten, must frustrate our design.
If such a troop his single arm can slay,
How many women shall he kill at bay?
Were such our present ten, one fatal hour
Had to themselves transferr'd the ruling power.
Ill suits it us, who wish to hold command,
T' intrust our weapons in a stranger's hand.
Grant that thy boasted youth so far succeed,
That by his arm our chosen ten should bleed;
A hundred women, widow'd by his sword,
Shall see their husbands' deaths with tears deplor'd:
Then, should he 'scape with life, let him fulfil
Far other task than ten brave youths to kill:
If with a hundred dames he will supply
The place of those they mourn, he shall not die.'
" Artemia thus her cruel thoughts display'd
(So was she nam'd); and had her counsel sway'd,
Elbanio, in the temple's dire abodes,
Had fall'n a victim to th' infernal gods.
But Orontheа, with a mother's love,
Reply'd, and every hearer's mind to move,

Such reasons urg'd, that most, with one consent,
Their suffrage yielded for the queen's content.
Elbanio's matchless grace, deep impress
With powerful charm in every youthful breast,
Against those elders weigh'd, whose ruthless mind
With fierce Artemia's rigorous sentence join'd
T' enforce their ancient law; while some agreed
(No terms premis'd) Elbanio should be freed.
At length 'twas fix'd, the youth should grace obtain,
Who in the list his arm the ten had slain,
And next, not with a hundred consorts try'd
A husband's fondness, but with ten supply'd.
"Th' ensuing day, to liberty restor'd,
The knight receiv'd his armour, steed and sword:
Alone against the warrior ten he stood,
And one by one he shed their vital blood:
At night, to shew in Cupid's school his art,
With ten fair dames he play'd the lover's part;
Who, taught by him connubial joys to prove,
All rose experienc'd votaries of love.
"For this the youth with Orontheu won
Such added grace, she chose him for her son,
And gave him Alexandra's charms to wed;
With her the other nine, all whom he led,
Ten virgins late, to share his genial bed.
She left the youth with Alexandra fair, [heir,
(From whom the land was nam'd) her kingdom's
On this condition, that his future reign
Might still this statute through the realm maintain;
That every wanderer there should lose his life,
Or meet ten warriors in unequal strife;
Those could he first in dangerous combat foil,
Then find, with ten fair dames, his fortune smile;
Over those he should preside, and at his will
Dismiss his consorts, or their places fill;
And hold the sway, till to the land arriv'd
Some foreign knight that him of life depriv'd.
"Two thousand years have roll'd, since first was plann'd
This hateful law, and still it rules the land.
Few days elapse, but, for a sacrifice,
Some hapless stranger in the temple dies.
Oft when, as chance directs, a fearless knight
Dares, like Elbanio, arm him for the fight,
Before th' opponent's foot his life he lays,
And, ah! how rare the wound proof escapes!
Such have been found, but such so rare befel,
That on the fingers[9] we their names may tell.
Of these was Argillan—but little space
He with his wives maintain'd the sovereign place;
For, hither driven by tempests from the deep,
I clos'd his eyes in everlasting sleep.
O had I shar'd that day his envy'd death,
And not priking'd in lands a shameful breath!
Gay pleasure, smiling sports, and amorous toys;
Each soft delight that youth like mine employs;
Rich vests and jewels that the person grace;
And, midst his peers, pre-eminence of place,
Heaven knows avail but little him, who cost
By envious Fortune, his his freedom lost!
Ah! wretch! that while I thus my bonds deplore,
Must never hope to quit this hateful shore!
To see vile sloth my fairest flower destroy
In prime of life, embitters every joy.

The fame of Clermont wide her wings extends
To highest Heaven from Earth's remotest ends!
O! to my brethren's band I join my name,
My deeds with theirs might honour's portion claim!
Hard is my lot, condemn'd a life to lead
In such vile service, like the wretched steed,
That blind, or lame, or with enfeebled force,
Unfit for battle or the dusty course,
Is with his fellow-beasts, that turn the soil,
Condemn'd to every task of servile toil?
Since death alone from such detested thrall
Can set me free, on welcome death I call."
Here Guido clos'd his tale, and curs'd the day
That gave him o'er the land detested sway;
Gave him from either field the prize to bear,
To slay the champions, and to please the fair.
Astolpho silent stood, awhile conceal'd,
Till now by many a certain mark reveal'd,
In him his kinsman Guido well he knew,
Who by an alien's bed his birth from Anem drew.
Then thus—"Behold the English duke confess'd,
Thy own Astolpho here,"—he said, and press'd
The youthful champion with a close embrace,
While tears of pleasure trickled down his face.
"What proof so certain, could we here receive?
What proof, dear kinsman, could thy mother leave
To speak thy birth, like what thy sword has shown
In glorious fight, to stamp thee for our own?"
Guido in every land, save this, had view'd,
With joyful greeting, one so near in blood;
But saw him now with grief, since well he knew,
The conquest his, destruction must ensue
To England's noble knight: Astolpho freed
From fear of death or chains, himself must bleed;
Where this great fortune finds, to that must ill succeed.
He mourn'd, that when his arm had won the fight,
Eternal bonds must wait each hapless knight;
Nor (should he perish in the doubtful strife)
Could each in freedom better hold his life.
If in the first their champion's arms prevail,
A female in the second field must fail.
Marphisa hither would conduct him in vain,
When victim she must fall, and captives they remain.
No less the valour of the generous youth,
His early manhood and heroic truth,
Such gay kindled in Marphisa's breast,
Such thoughts inspir'd in every valiant guest,
That freedom which his death alone could give,
On terms like these they wish'd not to receive;
And if Marphisa with his life must buy
Her comrades' safety, she with him would die.
To Guido then—"Unite thee to our band,
And let us quit by force this hated land."
"Such hopes, alas! are fruitless," he reply'd,
"Our combat only must our fate decide."
Then she—"This heart through fear shall never shun
The glorious task my arms have thus begun:
Nor know I any safer means to try,
Than what my sword and own right hand supply.
Such in the battle have I prov'd thy might,
With thee I dare the most unequal fight.
When, on to-morrow's Sun, the vulgar crew
Shall throng the theatre our joust to view,
Let us on all our deathful rage dispense,
On those that fly, and those that make defence;
To wolves and vultures cast their bodies dead,
And see the flames on all their city spread."

[9] A ludicrous expression, to denote how few adventures had been successful in their trial with the Amazons. The words are literal from the Italian.

"Behold me ready," fearless Guido cried,
"To join thy arms, and perish by thy side:
But never must we hope with life to fly;
Suffice that unreveng'd we shall not die.
Oft have I told, of this inhuman race,
Ten thousand females in the crowded space:
As many guard the castle, walls, and strand,
That none, unquestion'd, can depart the land." 540
To whom Marphisa—"Be their numbers more
Than Xerxes muster'd on the Grecian shore;
Than those rebellious spirits[10], justly driven
To endless pains from blissful seats of Heaven,
Be thou my aid—at least, assist not these;
One day shall see me rout this host of foes."
Then Guido—"Hear what haply may prevail,
All other means are vain if this should fail:
Know, none but females ever make resort
To view the harbour or frequent the port. 550
Of all my wives, in one I chief confide,
By many a proof of long affection try'd.
Alike with me, would she desire to break
My slavish bonds, could she my flight partake,
So from her rivals might she hope to prove
The single partner of my future love:
She in the bay, ere morn has clear'd the air
From murky shade, a pinnace shall prepare,
Which, amply stor'd, your mariners shall find
To plough the deep and catch the favouring wind.
You close behind my guiding steps pursue, 561
Knights, merchants, seamen, (a determin'd crew,)
United firmly; every welcome guest
That here has deign'd beneath my roof to rest.
Should aught oppose to intercept our course,
Your arms and valour must a passage force;
And thus, I trust, with spear and sword in hand,
To set you free from this detested land."
"Act as thou wilt," Marphisa thus reply'd,
"I for my safety in myself confide. 570
First by this trusty weapon's edge shall fall
Each foe enclos'd within this fatal wall,
Ere any eye beholds me flying here,
Or aught, that in this bosom argues fear:
Let me, with dint of arms, by day depart:
All other ways ill suit the dauntless heart.
Yet were my sex disclos'd, a woman's name
Would fair regard from every female claim.
Here might I dwell esteem'd in highest grace,
And midst their senate hold an honour'd place; 580
But since with these I came, with these to share
One common fortune is alone my care;
Nor would I poorly freedom here retain,
Or hence depart while these in bonds remain."
Marphisa thus, and by her words made known,
That more her comrades' safety than her own
Restrain'd her ardour; lest on them should fall
Those mischiefs, which she sought t' avert from all.
Else had she known'd on the female kind
Her generous wrath; but now with cooler mind
To Guido's conduct she the day resign'd. 591

Guido, by night, his faithful dame address'd,
Aleria, of his consorts lov'd the best;
Nor needed much to move her gentle mind
To second what her dearest lord design'd.
A ship she chose with due provisions stor'd,
And all her wealthiest treasures plac'd on board;
Then, with her comrades, feign'd at morning break
In search of spoil a venturous cruise to make.
Meanwhile, beneath her roof she bade prepare 600
Spears, bucklers, swords, each implement of war;
With these against th' unnumber'd foes to stand,
To arm the merchants and the sailor band.
All night, against surprise, the guard they keep,
By turns they hold the watch, by turns they sleep;
And sheath'd in armour wait, with longing eyes,
To see the dawning red in eastern skies.
Scarce had the day begun with beamy light
To chase from Earth the gloomy veil of night:
Scarce had the offspring of Lycaon[11] driven 610
The early ploughshare through the fields of Heaven,
When in the theatre, the female throng,
To view the combat, pour'd in heaps along:
Thus, o'er the threshold of their peopled hive,
When spring returns the bees in clusters drive.
With trumpets, drums, and horns, that echo'd round,
The tumult thickens; Earth and skies resound;
While thus their lord[12] they summon'd to the fight,
To end his battle with the stranger knight.
In armour Guido, Sansonetto came, 620
Grypion, and Aquilant, the martial dame[13],
With England's duke[14]; and next a mingled crowd,
Some march'd on foot, and some the steed bestrode.
From Guido's dwelling, to the port and bay,
Their passage through the list of combat lay.
Thus said the youth, and urg'd the valiant crew
His bold example fearless to pursue.
Silent he led them on, resolv'd to dare
The dreadful trial in the public square.
He enter'd now, a hundred in his train, 630
And eager strove the adverse gate to gain;
In vain he strove, while countless throngs enclos'd,
And with their glittering arms his course oppos'd.
Soon as they saw him head his following band,
They deem'd he meant with those to leave the land:
At once they seiz'd their bows, their shafts prepar'd,
And swiftly rush'd the portal's pass to guard.
Guido, his bold companions with dauntless breast,
But chief Marphisa, brave above the rest,
Forget not now their dreadful swords to ply, 640
And every means to force the passage try.
But now so thick the arrows rain around,
That wounded some, some lifeless press the ground.
Deep, and more deep, th' unequal conflict grows,
Till valour shrinks before such host of foes:

[10] Some critics have condemned Ariosto for making Marphisa, a Pagan, (or rather Mahometan,) allude to the fate of the angels, one of the traditions of the Christian church: but to this it may be answered, that the Mahometan religion has adopted many tenets of the Mosaic and Christian faith; and that, among others, the Koran refers to the Rebellion in caves. Fuscoli.

[11] By the offspring of Lycaon, the poet means Arcas, son of Calisto, and grandson of Lycaon, said to be placed among the stars, and called Bootes. He is feigned by the poets to be a husbandman in Heaven, and to drive the northern wain, here, perhaps by rather a forced construction, supposed to have been a plough.
See Ovid. Met. b. ii.

[12] By this is meant Guido, who, as the poet tells us, for his singular valour had obtained a kind of sovereignty over the Amazons.

[13] Marphisa. [14] Astolpho.

In happy time each warrior's temper'd arms
Defend his bosom from invading harms.
Beneath him Sansonetto's steed is slain,
And near him falls Marphisa's on the plain:
Then thus Astolpho thought—"What dangerous hour
Can better claim my horn's subduing power? 631
Since all our swords avail not—let us prove
If this, as wont, can every fear remove."
Thus he, and to his mouth the horn applies:
The Earth resounds, and echoes rend the skies.
Each startled breast is seiz'd with sudden fright,
Each ready foot is turn'd to speedy flight;
These from their seats aghast and trembling fall,
Those undefended leave the gates and wall.
As, when deep slumber every eyelid seals, 660
Where, by degrees, the flame close-lurking steals
From beam to beam, till all around it preys;
Sudden awaken'd in the fiery blaze,
From room to room the shrieking wretches fly.
From roofs and windows leap, while from on high
Some scape by falling, some by falling die.
Thus, careless of her life, and wild with fear,
Each flies the sound that thunders in her ear.
At every gate at once a thousand press;
Heaps fall on heaps; the driving throngs increase,
And choke the passage: numbers trod beneath 671
Are slain; and numbers meet untimely death
From gates or ramparts cast: one sudden dies;
One, with crush'd limbs, a lingering victim lies!
Dire is the tumult, mingled cries ascend,
And loud laments the starry regions rend.
Where'er the horn is heard, they speed their pace;
Nor wonder if the vile ignoble race
With coward looks and panting hearts appear,
Since nature forms the dastard hare to fear: 680
But how of bold Marphisa shall I tell?
Of Guido Savage, prov'd in fight so well?
Of Oliviero's[71] sons, whose martial praise
Such lasting honours to their house could raise;
Who late whole armies view'd with fearless eye,
And now, bereft of courage, trembling fly?
They fly like timorous doves, or helpless deer,
What time some strange approaching noise they hear.
To every friend and foe alike is found
The spiteful terrour of the magic sound: 690
Guido the brave, and Sansonetto, yield;
The brethren[72], and Marphisa lately steel'd
To every chance, attempt to shun in vain
The fearful din which still their ears retain.
Meantime Astolpho through the city goes,
And with new breath his horn terrific blows.
One gains the sea; one climbs the mountain's side,
And one in gloomy forests seeks to hide.
Some traverse many a league of country o'er,
And some review their native seats no more: 700
While some, t' escape from land, would stem the wave,
And find in ruthless seas a watry grave.
Each house, or dome, is now an empty space,
And all the city shows a desert place.
Marphisa, Guido bold, the brethren two
Gryphon and Aquilant their flight pursue;
With these the merchants and the sailor train
In equal terrour throng the beaten plain;
And now they come where near the castle rides
A vessel which Alcina's care provides: 710
With speed embarking, they forsake the shore,
Hoist every sail, and bend to every oar.
The city clear'd, Astolpho seeks the strand,
In hopes again to join his social band.
Now here, now there he turns, but views in vain
Th' abandon'd post, till casting tow'rds the main
His eager eyes, at distance far he sees
The vessel sail before the favouring breeze!
Forsaken thus, he other thoughts revolves
To quit the realm; and many a scheme resolves. 720
But let him go[73], nor heed though thus we make
The gentle duke his lonely journey take
Through barbarous realms, and unbelieving lands,
Where constant danger constant fear demands.
Yet wherefore should he fear, whose horn display'd,
In every danger brings resistless aid?
Now let his frighted friends our care divide,
Who quit the land, and plough th' unstable tide.
Full swell their sails, till distant from the shore
The horn, so late their dread, is heard no more!
One terrour now dispell'd, the fear of blame 731
In every feature lights the glow of shame:
They dare not meet their comrades' eyes, but stand,
With down-cast eyes, a mute dejected band.
The pilot on his course by Cyprus glides,
By fertile Rhodes; and cuts th' Egean tides.
A hundred islands vanish from his sight;
With these the Malean cape, a dangerous height.
Then scudding onward, with a steady wind,
He leaves the Greek Morea far behind. 740
From Sicily, the Tyrrhene surges crost,
He sails by Italy's delightful coast;
And now to Luna's wish'd-for port he bends,
And hails his home and long forsaken friends;
In thanks to Heaven for all his trials o'er,
By storms at sea and perils on the shore.
The warriors here with bold Marphisa find,
In happy time, a ship for France design'd.
The pilot these invites; the willing train
That day embarking, soon Marseilles they gain. 750
It chanc'd that Bradamant, whose noble hand
Deputed rul'd, was absent from the land:
Else had the fay, by the generous maid detain'd,
Beneath her friendly roof awhile remain'd.
They quit the ship—Marphisa bids adieu
To Guido's dame, to all the knightly crew.
"It ill beseem'd, in one same troop," she cried,
"To view so many knights of valour tried:
While doves and storks are seen together join'd,
And deer and stags, with all the timorous kind; 760
The falcon fierce, the royal eagle's race,
That ne'er in others hopes of safety place,
Bears, lions, tigers, beasts that know not fear,
Unaided still, and single still appear."
Such were her words, though not alike they weigh'd
With all the rest; but hence the wondrous maid
The champions leaves, and travels thence, alone,
Through unfrequented woods and paths unknown.
Gryphon the white, and Aquilant the black,
Guido and Sansonetto find the track 770
That to a castle led, whose courteous lord
Gave each a welcome to his bed and board:
Courteous at least he seem'd, while each deceiv'd,
His plausive words and semblance fair believ'd;
But, soon as sleep at night their eyes oppress'd,
He seiz'd them while they lay secure at rest;

[71] Gryphon and Aquilant.

[72] He follows him, Deut. xxii. ver. 24.

Nor from the captives would their claims withdraw,
Till each had sworn t' observe a cruel law.
But ere we further speak [87] what these befel,
The deeds of brave Marphisa let us tell.
Drusana past, the Seine and Rhodan's stream,
At length she near a lofty mountain came;
There by a flood, with sudden waters swell'd,
An aged dame in sable weeds beheld:
With travel spent she seem'd, and sore distrest,
But more with heavy thought than toil oppress'd.
Lo! this was she, who, far from haunts of men,
Had liv'd with outlaws in the savage den;
Where Heaven the Paladin Orlando drew,
To wreak full justice on that impious crew.
The beldame fearing death, (and why such fate
She seem'd to fear, the sequel shall relate,)
Through fields and forests fled remote from sight,
And shunn'd to meet the face of hind or knight.
She sees the vesture of the martial dame,
With foreign arms, a stranger born proclaim;
And hence she flies not, as she flies from those
Whose garb a warrior of the country shows.
Beside the stream she waits, and now she meets
Th' approaching knight, and low saluting, greets,
Beseeching, on his steed to waft her o'er
Th' opposing torrent to the further shore.
Marphisa, courteous from her earliest years,
Across the flood the ancient beldame bears,
And, past the ford, disdains not to convey
Behind her courser, till they pass'd a way
Heavy with slough—when clad in armour bright,
With trappings rich, they met an unknown knight,
Gay pacing tow'rds the stream; with him a dame,
And single squire (his sole attendant) came.
Fair was the dame he brought, but fair in vain,
Her haughty carriage cast a deepening stain
On all her beauty, while her scorn and pride
Seem'd well-befitting him that grac'd her side.
This knight was Pinabel, whose treach'ry gave
To Bradamant the fall in Merlin's cave.
His sighs were breath'd, his scalding tears were shed
For her, whom now beneath his care he led;
For her, whom then the magic tower detain'd:
But when Atlantes' guile no more restrain'd
His captives, freed by brave Dordona's [88] dame,
She, not unmindful of her former flame,
To Pinabel return'd, and with him still
Wander'd from tower to tower, o'er forest, dale, and hill.
Soon as she view'd Marphisa's aged crone,
The shameless fair, to taunting ever prone,
No more the venom of her tongue suppress'd,
But gave full vent to many a scornful jest.
Then brave Marphisa, little us'd to bear
Another's insult, or unpunish'd hear,
Inflam'd with anger, to the dame replies:
"His partner should with her dispute the prize
Of beauty's bloom, with offer on her knight
To vouch the proof: and these the terms of fight,
That, if o'erthrown her lover press'd the field,
The damsel should her vest and palfrey yield."
Here Pinabello, rous'd by sense of shame,
To' accept the challenge and defend his dame,
His spear and buckler seizing, wheel'd his steed,
And on Marphisa rush'd with wrathful speed.
Her mighty spear in rest Marphisa held,
And full on Pinabello's helm impell'd
The forceful stroke that hurl'd him to the plain,
Where stunn'd he lay, as number'd with the slain.
At length he rose; when, victor of the day,
Marphisa from the stranger rent away
Her glittering ornaments and youthful vest,
And with the spoils her aged beldame dress'd;
Then on the palfrey plac'd, which late before,
With other grace, the haughty damsel bore.
This done, she turn'd, the way with her to hold,
Who seem'd by dress still more deform'd and old.
Three days they journey'd on, ere aught befel
In length of travel, worthy here to tell.
The fourth they met a knight, who, best on speed,
With goring rowels urg'd his flying steed:
Zerbino nam'd, the king of Scotland's son,
For manly beauty fam'd and battles won:
Of vengeance late defrauded, on the hand
Who dar'd his godlike mercy to withstand.
In vain Zerbino long, incens'd, pursu'd
The bold offender through the devious wood,
Who knew so well to wind each tangled brake,
So well th' advantage of the ground to take,
That, shelter'd by surrounding shade, and veil'd
In misty vapours by the morn exhal'd,
He 'scap'd pursuit, resolv'd himself to hide,
Till time should bid his prince's wrath subside.
Though ill-dispos'd, Zerbino could not hold
From laughter, when he view'd the beldame old,
Whose youthful habit seem'd so ill to grace
Her doting age and wither'd homely face.
Then to Marphisa, prancing at her side:
"Thy prudence merits praise, sir Knight," he cried,
"That, choosing for thy mate so fair a dame,
Thou need'st not fear a rival in thy flame."
By sallow hue, and wrinkled skin, appears
Th' ill-favour'd hag [89] beyond the Sibyl's years.
A grandame ape she looks, in gamesome sort,
With vesture clad to make the vulgar sport:
Her eyes askance, with spite and anger roll'd:—
What hurts a woman more than to be told
The world entitle her deform'd and old?
The noble maid, here feigning wrath, to try
What haply might ensue, made this reply:
"She whom I guard, I swear by Heaven, has more
Of beauty's claim than thou of courteous lore.
Thou seem'st to her transcendant graces blind,
To veil the baseness of thy dastard mind.
What other knight, that here should chance to meet
A maid so young, in every charm complete,
By one defended, but his strength would prove
To win in her the sweet reward of love?"
"So well with thee she suits," Zerbino cries,
"Were much injustice to dispute the prize;
Nor shall I, lost to sense, my arms employ
In such a cause—thou, what thou hast, enjoy.
Yet, if thou seek'st with me in fight to join,
On other terms I shall not this decline.
But think me not so blinded, for her sake
In lists'd field a single lance to break.

[87] He returns to these, Book xxii. ver. 372.
[88] Bradamant.
[89] Dolce, the Italian commentator, here gravely observes, that the poet particularly dwells on this circumstance, to denote the years of Gabrina; and sagely concludes, that wrinkles are a mark of old age!

Homely or fair, with thee she shall abide,
Nor will I love, so aptly pair'd, divide.
Heaven knows, you both are join'd beyond compare,
If thou art valiant as the nymph is fair."
Marphisa then rejoin'd—"In thy despite,
To win this damsel must thou prove the fight:
Ne'er shalt thou view her beauties with desire,
And not to win those peerless charms aspire."
"I know not who," Zerbino made reply,
"For such a conquest would the combat try;
Where courting danger with unfruitful pains,
The victor loses while the vanquish'd gains."
"Since terms like these displease thee, hear me make
Another offer which thou well mayst take,"
Marphisa answered; "if in joust, to thine
My arms submit, this dame shall still be mine;
But, if I conquer, her thou shalt receive;
Thus be our trial who the prize shall leave.
Should Fortune bid thee now resign the day,
'Tis thine to guard her as she points the way."
"Agreed"—Zerbino said, and, speaking, wheel'd
His rapid courser to dispute the field:
Firm on his stirrups with collected might,
He stood; and, to direct his spear aright,
Against her buckler drove the pointed wood;
Which, like a mount of steel, the shock withstood;
While she, with better nerve, his helmet found,
And instant hurl'd him senseless to the ground.
Zerbino, thus unhors'd, such shame confess'd,
As ne'er till then his generous soul depress'd.
Full many a warrior had his spear before
Cast from their seats: but now he fears, no more
His arm shall clear his fame; while, lost in thought,
New anguish in his passive bosom wrought,
To think henceforth, by sacred promise plight,
Himself constrain'd to rest the beldame's knight.
High seated on her steed, the conquering maid
Turn'd with a smile—"Accept my gift," she said;
"The more I see the dame in beauty shine,
It joys me more to see such beauty thine.
Then, in my place, her champion's charge sustain,
Nor let thy faith, so lately pledg'd, be vain.
Whate'er she bids, it fits thee to obey,
Guide of her fate, and partner of her way."
She stay'd not for reply, but left the knight,
And soon the forest shut her from his sight[99].
Then to the crone he spoke (for sure he deem'd
His conquering foe a warrior as she seem'd),
"Give me to hear what knight has stain'd my fame?"
The beldame answer'd, eager to proclaim
What known would grieve him more—"On yonder land
Thou fall'st," she cried, "beneath a virgin's hand;
A virgin, who for valour well may wield
The warrior's falchion and the warrior's shield;
Who now from eastern realms, with sword and lance,
Is come to prove the Paladins of France."
At this, Zerbino's soul indignant glow'd,
While o'er his visage flush'd the changing blood;
Through all his frame the deep contagion spread,
And e'en his armour seem'd to blush with red.
Remounting on his steed, he curs'd in vain
The nerves that could not late his seat maintain.
The hag in secret smil'd, and every art
Of malice try'd to' afflict his generous heart
With cruel taunts, and bade him call to mind
What chance had now to hers his will resign'd.
Zerbino heard abash'd, nor aught reply'd,
Constrain'd the worst, like weary steed, to' abide,
That feels the bit in mouth, and rowels at his side.
In frequent sighs he gave his anguish vent:
"What dire reverse," he cried, "has Fortune sent!
While she, the first in virtue as in charms,
Untimely torn from these desiring arms,
Is dash'd on rocks, or given the precious food
Of ravenous fish and fowls that haunt the flood.
Lo! her, that, buried in her earthly bed,
Should long ere this the hungry worms have fed,
Thou now preserv'st beyond her loathsome date,
To add new torments to my wretched state."
Thus spoke Zerbino, hapless and forlorn:
Nor less in words and looks he seem'd to mourn
His odious mate, by luckless chance acquir'd,
Than loss of her whom most his soul desir'd.
If still your mind retains what once I told,
This hag was she who left the cavern'd hold,
Where Isabella, who Zerbino held
In love's soft bonds, some days a prisoner dwell'd:
Oft had she there rehears'd her story o'er,
How first she left her dear paternal shore:
How, shipwreck'd on the sea and shelvy strand,
She saved her life on Rochelle's welcome land.
Oft would the love-lorn maid delight to tell
Of lost Zerbino: oft with rapture dwell
On every grace. Soon as the beldame nigh
Had mark'd his mien and face with heedful eye,
She deem'd in him she view'd the noble youth
By Isabella wept with matchless truth;
Whose absence to her soul more sorrow gave
Than cruel bondage in the outlaws' cave.
But when she now with fix'd attention heard
His words in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
She found 'twas he, who, by report misled,
His dearest Isabella mourn'd as dead;
And while the truth she knew, with impious spite,
To' exclude all gleam of comfort from the knight,
What best might raise his hope she kept conceal'd,
And what would give him pain, alone reveal'd.
"Hear thou," she cried, "from whom I thus have borne
Such haughty carriage, such insulting scorn,
Didst thou but think what tidings I could tell
Of her on whom thy fond affections dwell,
How mightst thou speak me fair—but all in vain
Would force or soothing now that secret gain,
Which, had thy speech more gentle manners shown,
Thou mightst, perchance, discourteous youth, have known."
As the grim mastiff, who with fiery threats
Th' invading robber, soon his rage forgets,
Whene'er by scent of savoury meat allur'd,
Or lull'd with spells by magic art procur'd:
Thus soon Zerbino, with a soften'd air,
Besought the hag with tears and humble prayer,
By Gods and men, no longer to conceal
Whate'er of good or ill she could reveal.
"Nought canst thou know, that known would yield delight,"
Th' unfeeling beldame answer'd to the knight:
"She lives! whom now as dead thy sighs deplore,
But lives to envy those who live no more.
Full twenty, not by laws nor faith restrain'd,
Thy Isabella long in bonds detain'd:
Then think, should fate restore her to thy arms,
What hope remains to' enjoy her virgin charms?"

[99] He returns to Marphisa, Book xxv. ver. 676.

"Ah! hag accurs'd!" Zerbino made reply,
"How hast thou fram'd a foul detested lie!
Though twenty might the captive fair detain,
Not one would dare her spotless honour stain."
Thus he—then question'd when and where she view'd
His best below'd; but she, in sullen mood,
Was mute; determin'd to disclose no more,
Nor add a word to what she told before.
Zerbino mildly first his speech address'd,
Then held his threatening weapon to her breast.
Alike in vain his prayer, his menace prov'd,
Nor prayer, nor threat, the stubborn beldame mov'd.
Yet what he heard, he ponder'd deep in thought,
Till secret fears his jealous torment wrought.
He burn'd his Isabella's charms to view,
Through toils to follow, and to death pursue;
But durst not move without his partner's will,
Which late Marphisa bound him to fulfil.
Thence, as she led, through solitary shade
And unfrequented paths Zerbino stray'd.
Whether o'er hill or vale their way they took,
Nor words they utter'd, nor exchang'd a look:
But when the Sun, with slow declining ray,
Had past the splendour of meridian day,
To break the silence, in the way there fell
A knight, whose name th' ensuing book shall tell.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Zerbino, to defend Gabrina, engages in single combat with Hermonides, from whom he hears the particulars of her wicked life, and is warned of the mischiefs that may befall him from her company.

Not strongest cords in circling bandage roll'd,
So closely brace; not clasps of iron hold
The plank so firm, as plighted faith can bind
In never-loosening ties the noble mind.
The sages hence[1], of ancient time, have drest
Faith (heavenly goddess!) in a spotless vest
Envelop'd fair, and white as falling snows,
That every casual soil and blemish shows.
True honour must in even tenour run,
Before a thousand pledg'd, or given to one:
Not less in woods or lonely caverns known,
Far from the concourse of the peopled town,
Than at the full tribunal, where aloud
Each act is witness'd to the listening crowd:
Without or oaths, or forms judicial past,
A promise made but once should ever last.
This duty, still on virtuous minds impress,
Was ever present to Zerbino's breast;
So sacred held, that from his purpos'd way
He turn'd aside, through devious paths to stray
With her, whom like disease or death he view'd;
Such sense of right his generous soul pursu'd.

Thus journey'd they, till from the western hills
The setting Sun display'd his hindmost wheels,
When near advancing, with a fearless look,
A wandering warrior on their silence broke.
Well was he noted by the hateful dame;
Hermonides of Holland was his name,
Who bore athwart, depicted on his shield,
A hand vermilion in a sable field
By features chang'd the crone her fears express'd,
And to the prince her humble speech address'd.
She bade him now in mind his promise bear
To her, who plac'd her in his guardian care:
For he, the knight who met them face to face,
Was foe to her, and foe to all her race:
Her dear lov'd father perish'd by his guilt;
By him her only brother's blood was spilt;
And still he sought, with more than ruthless mind,
To glut his rage on all her wretched kind.
"Woman! in me behold thy champion near!"
Zerbino cried, "and banish every fear."
When now, with heedful eyes, th' approaching knight
Had mark'd that face, so odious to his sight,
"Prepare with me in single fight to meet."
Aloud he threatening cried with generous heat,
"Or quit you' female's side, and by my hand
Give her to perish as her crimes demand:
If thou defend'st her cause, thou must be slain,
For thus it falls to those who wrong maintain."
Zerbino then with courteous speech reply'd,
Such thoughts could only with the base reside;
Yet if he press'd the fight, he should not find
A flying foe; but will'd him first in mind
To ponder, how a knight of gentle strain
In helpless woman's blood his hand could stain.
These words, and many more, in vain ensu'd;
For deeds at length the contest must conclude:
Now for the tilt they wheel around the plain,
Then, turning furious, meet with loosen'd rein.
Not with such speed the whizzing rocket flies,
Dismist with joy to burst in upper skies,
As, in the dreadful shock, each fiery horse
Bore either champion to the headlong course.
Low aim'd Hermonides his spear, and try'd
Through the left flank his pointed wood to guide:
The feeble wood in crashing splinters broke,
And scarce the knight of Scotland felt the stroke.
Far different came his lance; with force impell'd,
The targe it pierc'd, and in the shoulder held
Its raging way, through plate and mail it flew,
And on the plain Hermonides o'erthrew.
Zerbino deem'd him slain; with pitying haste
He lighted, and his glittering helm unlac'd.
At length, as from a trance, the wounded knight
Recovering, on Zerbino fix'd his sight
Awhile in silence, till in mournful strain
He said—"It grieves me little to sustain
This shame from one, whom well his deeds bespeak
The flower of wandering knights that danger seek.
But much to suffer in her cause I grieve,
Whose murderous guile, accustom'd to deceive,
Could such a knight in her defence engage:
For ill it suits an arm so brave to wage
A strife like this—and when thou hear'st the cause
That on her head my righteous fury draws,
Remembrance ever will remorse awake,
To think thou thus hast wrong'd me for her sake.
And if my spirits last (though much I fear
My strength may fail) a story shalt thou hear,

[1] That Faith (or sincere dealing) was anciently painted in white garments, may be gathered from this passage in Horace—

——— et alba rara Fides colit
Velata panno.

Which told, will prove how far her deeds disgrace
A woman's name, and all the human race.
My youthful brother, on his fame intent,
From Holland once, our native dwelling, went,
And to Heraclius[4] soon a knight was made,
(Heraclius, who the Grecian empire sway'd);
A baron's friendship in the court he prov'd,
And he no less the courteous baron lov'd;
Who kept near Servia's lands a lonely seat,
A guarded fortress and a calm retreat.
Argeo was his name, whose choice had led
You loathsome woman to his nuptial bed,
On whom he doted with so fierce a flame,
As pass'd the bounds that rank like his become:
But she, more changeful than the wither'd leaves
Which Autumn every year of sap bereaves,
When the chill winds, collecting to a storm,
The verdant honours of the grove deform,
Now sudden chas'd from her inconstant breast
The love her husband there had once possest;
And every art essay'd of loose desire
To make my brother burn in lawless fire.
Not steadies meets th' Acroceraunian shore[5]
(Of impious fame) the ocean's surgy roar:
Not firmer, midst the northern blast, appears
A pine, the produce of a hundred years,
(Far as whose head above the Alps ascends,
So deep its root beneath the surface tends)
Than now my brother met the dame's request,
A dame of every vice the fertile nest!

"Meantime, as it befalls a wandering knight
Who danger seeks, on dangers oft to light;
It chanc'd my brother, on adventures bound,
Receiv'd in combat many a grievous wound.
Argeo's fort was near, so need to wait
For leave to enter at his friendly gate;
He came, as wont, resolv'd with medicine's power,
And rest, his health and vigour to restore.
Argeo, on some secret purpose bent,
As need requir'd him, from the castle went:
His consort then the welcome time embrac'd,
To tempt my brother with her suit unchaste:
But he, a loyal friend as virtuous youth,
Impatient to behold his spotless truth
So hard beset; whom evils thus enclose;
At length of many ills the lightest chose:
Of many ills this choice the youth pursues,
To fly Argeo, and his friendship lose;
And dwell an outcast, where the shameless dame
Might never hear again his luckless name.

Hard was the choice, but harder to fulfil,
Against his duty, her ungovern'd will;
Or to her lord accuse a faithless wife,
Her lord who priz'd her dearer than his life.
"Still pale and feeble with his wounds he took
His arms and course, and the place forsook;
In willing exile from his friend he went,
But envious Fortune cross'd his good intent.
Lo! to his home the husband came, and found
His wife in floods of seeming sorrow drown'd;
With haggard features and dishevell'd hair:
Surpris'd, he question'd whence her deep despair:
Again, and yet again, her speech he woo'd
To learn the cause, while she, in sullen mood,
Within her bosom schemes of malice bred,
To' avenge her slighted flame on him who fled.
Nor deem it strange that she, refus'd so late,
Should sudden change her former love to hate.
"At length—'Ah! wherefore should I seek,' she cried,
'The guilt, incurr'd when thou wert gone, to hide?
Though from the world the horrour I disguise,
It ever naked to reflection lies!
The soul that groans beneath a secret sin,
Feels its own weight of punishment within,
That far exceeds all outward pain of sense
Another might inflict for such offence:
If that, which force constrains, offence we name:
But be it as it may—attend my shame!
Then from its seat polluted let thy sword
To this unspotted soul release afford:
So shall these lids be clos'd in welcome sleep,
No longer after such disgrace to weep
With eyes cast downwards, fearing still to read
In every face abhorrence of the deed.
Know then—thy friend—thy bosom friend assail'd
My matron honour—and by force prevail'd:
Then dreading lest I should his crime recite,
The villain parted hence with speedy flight.'
"Thus she; and with these impious words, address'd
Against his friend, inflam'd her husband's breast.
Too easy of belief, Argeo flew
With arms and steed, his victim to pursue;
The seeds of vengeance rankling in his mind,
Vers'd in the ways, my brother soon he join'd,
Who, faint with scarce heal'd wounds, in journey slow,
Pass'd pensive on, and little fear'd a foe.
"Now, in a lonely shade, with eager rage,
The baron rush'd th' unequal fight to wage.
My hapless brother vain excuses frame'd;
Incens'd Argeo bid the combat claim'd.
The one was strong, with deep resentment mov'd,
The other weak, and much his friend he lov'd.
Philander then (so call th' unhappy youth,
The guiltless victim of unspotted truth)
Who such a foe with strength unequal found,
Was vanquish'd in the fight, and captive bound.
'Forbid it Heaven! tho' now to justice led
For guilt so deep as thine,' Argeo said,
'I e'er should kill the man I held so dear,
The man I deem'd to me with faith sincere
Ally'd so late——my friendship thus betray'd,
Our cause before th' impartial world be weigh'd,
As I in love excell'd, when once we lov'd,
So would I stand in hatred unreprov'd.
Let other punishment thy deeds attend,
Than death from him who call'd thee once his friend.'
"Thus he; and on a corner bade be plac'd
A rustic bier of branches interlac'd,

[4] Heraclius was the sixteenth emperor of Greece, and succeeded Phocas. He was created emperor at Constantinople anno 611, and reigned near thirty years, and appears to be the same Heraclius in whose time the Saracen army, under Caled, laid siege to the city of Damascus; on which event Mr. Hughes founded his Siege of Damascus, the most excellent of modern tragedies.

[5] Horace calls the rocks of Acrocerannia infamous, because mariners there often suffer shipwreck.

Infames scopulos Acroceraunia—
Lib. I. od. iii.

These are high rocks or mountains in Epirus, the tops of which are frequently struck with lightning, from which circumstance they derive their name. They are near the promontory that hangs over the Ionian Sea.

Half dead thereon the wretched youth was laid,
And to the castle's neighbouring walls convey'd,
Where, in the lone retreat, he lay confin'd,
The penance for his treach'rous life design'd.
Imprison'd there, he found each lenient grace,
Save only, in excursion from the place,
To roam abroad; in all beside, he still
Found every menial ready at his will.

"But that abandon'd dame, whose impious mind
Renew'd the purpose she at first design'd,
Each day Philander view'd, and as she chose,
With ready key bade every gate unclose:
My brother with insatiate will she press'd,
And bolder now prefer'd her foul request.
'What more avails thy boasted truth,' she cried,
'Since my report has set that boast aside?
In vain thy virtue due regard may claim,
When each insults thee with a traitor's name.
How had thy honour and thy peace been spar'd,
Wouldst thou have given my love its dear reward!
Behold the guerdon of thy mighty pains,
Of all thy rigour, lo! what fruit remains?
Thou dwell'st in durance, never hence to part,
Till pity soften thy obdurate heart:
But if thou yield'st—I some device will frame
To set thee free, and heal thy wounded fame.'

"Philander answer'd—'Hope not to prevail,
Nor think Philander's faith shall ever fail;
Though now it meets such unexpected lot:
How'er the world my merits has forgot,
One Power above my innocence can see,
And, at his will, my soul from trouble free.
If all suffice not—let Argeo take
This wretched being, his revenge to slake.
Perchance in Heaven hereafter may I find
That recompense, withheld me by mankind;
When he, who now detests my hated name,
As life shall cease to warm this mortal frame,
May to my mem'ry wrong'd at last be just,
And weep his dear companion laid in dust.'

"Thus oft the shameless woman strives to gain
Philander's love, as oft she strives in vain:
Blind with her lust, she feeds her flame within,
And hopes, at length, her lawless will to win;
Each rack'd invention in her thought applies,
And ponders all her magazine of lies;
A thousand schemes, now here, now there revolves,
Nor yet on one her wavering mind resolves.
Six months elaps'd since last the impious dame,
As was her custom, to his presence came,
And hence he hop'd that time had cur'd her lustful flame.

"But Fortune, friendly to the wicked, brought
The wish'd occasion which she long had sought,
And gave her, by unheard-of guilt t' attain
The purpose which she oft had try'd in vain.
Between her husband and a baron reign'd
A hatred, in their bosoms long maintain'd:
Morando was he call'd, surnam'd the Fair,
Who oft, Argeo absent, would repair
Within his castle gates, and every outrage dare.
But, while the lord was there, aloof he stay'd,
Nor durst for many a mile the seat invade.
Argeo, to entice him thither, feign'd
A solemn vow to visit Sion's land.
He seem'd to go, and all who view'd him, thought
That, parting thence, Jerusalem he sought.
Thus went the fame, while to his wife was known
The truth intrusted to her faith alone.
At close of eve the castle he regain'd,
And every night within the walls remain'd.
With arms and ensigns chang'd, at dawn of day,
Each morning to the woods he took his way.
"Now here, now there, with heedful watch he stray'd
Around his castle, lurking in the shade,
To mark if, trusting to the well-form'd tale,
Morando durst, as wont, his walls assail.
All day abroad he roam'd, but when he view'd
The light extinguish'd in the briny flood,
He came, where, station'd his return to wait,
His wife receiv'd him at a secret gate.
All, save herself, believ'd that many a mile
Argeo travell'd; she with murderous guile
The curst occasion took, my brother found,
And with dire fraud her impious wishes crown'd;
While from her eyes, for ever brew'd at will,
She pour'd a shower of tears her breast to fill.

"'Where shall I fly?' she cried, 'what succour claim
To guard my own, to guard my husband's fame?
But were thy noble friend Argeo here,
Nor this, nor that, would give me cause for fear.
Thou know'st Morando well—Argeo hence,
Scarce gods or men can yield me now defence
Against the traitor, who with many a bribe
And menace would seduce my menial tribe
To win me to his will—who, since he heard
My lord no longer in these gates appear'd,
On distant travel bent, has dar'd presume,
Unask'd and hateful in my sight to come;
But, were my consort now within my call,
Had kept aloof from this well-guarded wall.
The suit he once by distant message press'd,
He boldly now has face to face address'd;
So close address'd, I dread that future shame
And dire misfortune will attend my name:
And but I late, with more attentive ear,
Gently appear'd his amorous tale to hear,
His passion would have seiz'd, by open force,
What now he hopes to win by milder course.
I promis'd soon to yield—yet ne'er design'd
To keep what, made through fear, can never bind.
For this, in thee alone I trust for aid;
Unhelp'd by thee my honour is betray'd,
With my Argeo's—which, if truth may lie
In friendship's words, you once esteem'd so high.
If thou refuse——I to the world attest,
Thy bosom wants that faith it once profess'd.
Nor was it virtue, but thy cruel scorn,
Urg'd thee to slight my tears, and see me mourn:
Argeo's fame pretended was the shield
That, held before, thy ruthless soul conceal'd.
With thee Love's theft had lurk'd secure from blame,
But with Morando all must know thy shame.'

"'There needs not this,' Philander cries, 'to move
A spirit ever prompt the most to prove
For my Argeo's sake——thy wish explain—
The faith I once possess'd, I still retain.
Whate'er the woes which unknown I feel,
No deed of his abates my constant zeal:
Peril and death for him I dare oppose,
Be fate itself, and all the world, my foes.'

"Then impious she—'Thy weapon must destroy
The wretch who seeks to poison all my joy.
Fear not that evil shall thyself betide,
Do thou but firmly act as I shall guide.
Morando will return, when rising night
With murky shade obscures the setting light,
While, at a signal fix'd, prepar'd I wait
Unseen, to give him entrance at the gate.

Thee will I safe in secret ambush place,
Without a ray the friendly gloom to chase;
Till, urg'd by me his arms aside to lay,
He to thy justice falls an easy prey.'
" With cruelty unheard, the ruthless wife
Thus form'd the snare t' entrap her husband's life;
If wife she may be call'd, or rather nam'd
A fiend, with more than fiend-like rage inflam'd.
" When now the fatal night her shadows spread,
She to her room my wretched brother led;
There plac'd him with his arms and trusty sword,
Till home return'd the castle's absent lord.
All to her impious hopes in course befel;
'T is rare but evil deeds succeed too well.
Philander deem'd in him Argeo's foe,
And at his own Argeo aim'd the blow:
The cruel weapon cleft his head in twain,
No helm was there the fury to sustain:
Speechless he fell; and bleeding as he lay,
Without a struggle groan'd his life away.
Unheard-of chance! when, thinking to bestow
A friend's kind aid, he, with a fatal blow,
Such greeting gave as fits the deadliest foe.
The husband thus dispatch'd, his murdering sword
My brother to Gabrina's hand restor'd.
Gabrina was her name, who every day
Is born to curse, and lives but to betray!
She who, till then, conceal'd the horrid truth,
With lighted torch approach'd th' unhappy youth,
And bade him view how well his arm had sped,
And show'd where lay his friend Argeo dead.
She menac'd then, unless his pliant will
The dictates of her hateful love fulfil,
In every part to make his trespass known,
Which all should tell, and he in vain disown.
So must he die, with guilt of murder stain'd,
A public victim to the hangman's hand.
She bade him ponder, tho' to die he dar'd,
If for a shameful death he stood prepar'd.
" Philander, when his dire mistake he view'd,
Congeal'd with horrour and amazement stood;
Remorse and rage to vengeance first impell'd
His raving thought, and had not reason quell'd
The rash design, suggesting, that expos'd
In hostile walls he stood with foes enclos'd;
Though now disarm'd, his hand the means had found
To rend her mangled corse with many a wound,
And with her bleeding members strew the ground.
As when a ship, that in mid ocean sails,
Driven to and fro by two opposing gales:
Between two evils thus Philander prest,
Debates, at length he fixes on the least:
Beside the certain view of speedy death,
He fears with infamy to yield his breath;
If in the castle should his deed be try'd,
And little time is left him to decide.
Fate urges now the dreadful draught to take,
Though all her arts before could never shake
His constant faith: the dread of death with shame,
Compels him, while he loaths her impious flame,
To plight his vow, to join with hers his hand,
When both had safely left the Grecian land.
" Thus the foul sorceress won his forc'd consent,
And with him closely from the castle went.
Again his home and friends Philander view'd,
But infamy in Greece his name pursu'd.
Still in his mind he bears, with thrilling pain,
His lov'd companion by his weapon slain;
Whence, for a murder'd friend, (Ah, dire to tell!)
He gain'd a Progne, or Medea fell;
And, but his honour plighted could controul,
With powerful ties, th' emotions of his soul,
Her death had follow'd: yet his hatred more
Pursu'd that life, his sword, compell'd, forbore.
Ne'er was he seen, from that curst hour, to wear
A cheerful smile; his looks were all despair.
Sighs burst unceasing from his mournful breast:
Like young Orestes by the furies prest,
In dread avengement for the fatal deed,
That made his mother and Egystus bleed.
Deep, and more deep, grief work'd its canker'd way,
Till on his bed of sickness sad Philander lay.
" The foul adultress, who his heart beheld
Still to her flame averse, indignant swell'd
To fierce resentment, till her thoughts, estrang'd
From all her love, again to hatred chang'd:
And soon, as once against the baron's life,
Against my brother's wrought this impious wife,
From this bad world to send, with arts accurst,
The second husband, as she sent the first.
" A leech she found, far better taught to kill
With poisonous than with wholesome draughts to heal;
And him she drew, by hopes of vast reward,
With her infernal purpose to accord,
The strength of some envenom'd juice to prove,
And from her loathing sight her bed remove.
" Join'd with myself, a mourning friendly band
Enclos'd his bed, when with the cup in hand
The leech approach'd, and said the drink he bore
Would soon my brother's wasted health restore.
But ere the patient could the mixture taste,
Gabrina, with inhuman craft, in haste
Advanc'd, perchance a witness to remove
Who knew th' effects of her detested love:
Perchance in av'rice to withhold his gains,
The price agreed to recompense his pains.
She seiz'd his hand, while to the sick he held
The fatal goblet that the drink conceal'd.
' Be not displeas'd,' she cried, ' if thus I fear
For one whose life I ever held so dear.
Give me, by proof, to know thou hast not brought
Some potion here with fatal venom fraught:
Think not my lord the proffer'd cup shall take,
Till first thy lips the medicine's trial make.'
" Reflect, sir Knight! how stood depriv'd of speech,
In his own treason caught, the wretched leech:
The time, that press'd, allow'd not to revolve,
And fix his mind on what he should resolve:
Fearful t' expose his guilt, he deem'd it best,
Without delay, to give th' exacted test.
The sick man then, with unsuspecting thought,
Quaff'd all the remnant of the deadly draught.
As when a hawk, whose cpoked talons feel
The partridge that he dooms his future meal,
Beholds the dog, late partner of his toil,
Assail, and from his grasp convey the spoil:
So this vile leech, by thirst of gain betray'd,
Remains deserted where he look'd for aid.
O unexampled guilt! henceforth on all,
Who thirst, like him, for gold, may equal justice fall!
" The deed complete, the wretch prepar'd to take
His journey home, some antidote to make,
Ere yet too far the poison through his blood
Had spread; but fell Gabrina this withstood.
She vow'd he must not yet his patient leave,
Till all the virtue of his drugs perceive.
In vain with prayers, in vain with bribes he try'd
To be dismiss'd; the traitress beg deny'd.

All desperate now, he sees before his eye
Immediate death, nor from that death can fly.
Then to th' assistants he the truth expos'd,
Nor could the hag disprove the truth disclos'd.
Thus on himself that good physician brought
Such evil, as he oft for others wrought.
And now his spirit follow'd, to pursue
My brother's spirit that before him flew;
While we, who late with freezing horrour heard
The truth that by the leech's tale appear'd,
Seiz'd on that hag, with fiercer rage endu'd
Than every howling savage of the wood!
And in a dungeon shut, condemn'd by fire
For all her crimes in torture to expire."

Thus said Hermonides[1], and more had spoke,
To tell how from her prison walls she broke,
But, fainting with the anguish of his wound,
He backward fell, half senseless, on the ground;
While two attending squires, with ready care,
Of branches lopt a rustic bier prepare:
Here, as he will'd, Hermonides they laid,
And thus, disabled, from the field convey'd.
Zerbino seeks t' excuse his luckless deed,
Much griev'd by him to see the champion bleed;
Yet, as requir'd from those who knighthood claim,
He but defended her with whom he came:
Else had his plighted faith been empty wind;
For when the crone was to his charge consign'd,
He vow'd his prowess should with arms oppose,
In her behalf, whoe'er appear'd her foes.
In all beside, he stood by deed or word
Prepar'd to aid, with counsel or with sword,
A knight whose chance his generous heart deplor'd.

The knight return'd—He wish'd him to beware,
And rid his hands of fell Gabrina's care,
Ere her black arts had fram'd some guileful train
To make his grief and late repentance vain.
Gabrina silent stood, with downcast eye;
For truth confirm'd admits not a reply.

Departing thence[2], Zerbino took his way
Where with the hag his destin'd journey lay,
And curs'd her oft, to think his arms had brought
Such ill on him, whom for her sake he fought.
And since her impious life was brought to view,
By one who well her hidden actions knew,
His hatred kindled to so fierce a height,
He turn'd with horrour from her loathsome sight.
She, who beholds Zerbino's secret mind,
Nor will in enmity remain behind,
Rates not an inch of malice, but repays
His hatred with her own a hundred ways:
Black poison rankles in her impious breast,
In every feature rancour stands confest.
Thus in firm concord, as the Muse has told,
Through the thick wood their friendly course they hold:
When from the west the setting rays appear,
The noise of clashing arms and blows they hear;
The sign of battle nigh——With eager speed
To learn the cause Zerbino spurs his steed,
Nor seems more slow Gabrina to pursue——
What chanc'd th' ensuing book reveals to view.

[1] This story of Gabrina and the physician is to be found in the Golden Ass of Apuleius.

[2] The poet speaks no more of Hermonides.

BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Astolpho arrives at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, where, by the help of his horn, he dissolves the enchantment, and sets all the prisoners at liberty. Rogero and Bradamant meet and know each other: they depart together, and are addressed by a damsel, who engages them to undertake the deliverance of a youth condemned to be put to death. In their way they are stopped at the castle of Pinabello, where Rogero jousts with four knights, who were sworn to defend a law which Pinabello had made, to spoil all strangers who travelled that way. Rogero casts his enchanted shield into a well.

Ye courteous damsels! to your lovers dear;
Content in love one favour'd youth to hear!
Though rarely, midst the female race, we find
A chosen few that boast a constant mind;
Be not displeas'd, if, following thus my tale,
Against Gabrina late I dar'd to rail
In terms so harsh, and still some future page
Prepare to scourge her more than impious rage:
Such as she was, even such must I reveal,
Nor (so my patron bids) the truth conceal:
Yet think not hence their honours shall be lost,
Whose purer hearts untainted faith can boast.
Who to the Jews his Lord betray'd for gain,
Nor leaves on Peter nor on John a stain:
Not Hypermnestra[1] less in fame survives,
Though her dire sisters sought their husbands' lives.
For one on whose demerits here I dwell,
(As wills the order of the tale I tell)
A hundred shall adorn my better lays,
And, like the radiant Sun, diffuse their praise.
Attend the vary'd story, which to hear
I trust that many lend a gracious ear.

We left the Scottish knight, with loud alarms
Of sudden tumult rous'd and clashing arms.

[1] Spenser seems to have imitated this, and the beginning of the xxviiith Book is the following passage, where he is about to treat of the wanton Bellenore:

Redoubted knights and honourable dames,
To whom I level all my labours end,
Right sore I fear, lest with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rhymes should shend,
Or aught your goodly patience offend;
Whiles of a lovely lady I do write,
Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
The shining glory of your sovereign light,
And knighthood foul defaced by a faithless knight.
Book iii. c. ix. st. 1.

[1] Hypermnestra was one of the fifty daughters of Danaus, who being constrained to marry their kinsmen, the fifty sons of Ægystus, all, but Hypermnestra, at the command of their father, slew their husbands on the wedding night; the oracle having foretold to Danaüs, that he should die by the hand of a son-in-law: but Hypermnestra saved her husband Linus, and contrived means for his escape.

See Ovid's Epistles, Hypermnestra to Linus.

Between two hills a narrow vale he found,
Whence late before he heard the falchion's sound;
But now the noise was hush'd:—there pale he view'd
A knight just slain, and weltering in his blood.
His name I shall reveal[2]—though now to seek
The eastern clime, no more of France I speak: 30
The Paladin Astolpho let us find,
Who to the west his speedy course design'd:
We saw him last, amidst th' inhuman band
Of warlike females, clear the hostile land;
While his pale friends their ready canvass spread,
And from the shore disgrac'd and trembling fled.
Now hear his tale—The knight those realms forsook,
And to Armenia next his journey took.
Some days elaps'd, he hasten'd to survey
Natolia, then to Russia held his way; 40
Till coursing on beyond the midland tide,
He enter'd Thrace; by Danube's flowery side
His rapid progress through Hungaria held:
Then, as if wings his courser's speed impell'd,
He pass'd Moravia and Bohemia's land,
And where the Rhine o'erflows Franconia's strand.
To Aquisgrane, and to Arden's wood,
He came; to Brabant next his way pursu'd;
At Flanders then embark'd, where friendly gales
So fill'd the freighted vessel's flying sails, 50
Ere long Astolpho reach'd fair England's shore,
And gain'd the welcome port at noontide hour.
He press'd his steed, and, urging all his haste,
To London came ere eve her shadows cast;
There heard that many a month its course had run,
Since aged Otho lay in Paris' town;
That many a baron, by example led,
Had left the land his glorious steps to tread.
He straight resolv'd to Gallia to resort,
And turn'd again to Thames's crowded port. 60
With hoisted sail he issues on the tide,
And bids the crew their prow to Calais guide.
A gale, that gently seems at first to sweep
The vessel's deck, and scarcely curl the deep,
At length, by slow degrees, increasing blows,
And now, beyond the pilot's wishes, grows
So near a storm, as claim'd his skilful care
The conflict of the dashing waves to bear.
High o'er the furrow'd sea, before the wind, 69
The bark is driven, and quits her course design'd:
Now on the right and now the left she rides;
As here, or there, malicious Fortune guides.
Near Roan, at length, she anchor'd on the strand:
Astolpho, when he touch'd the welcome land,
On Rabicano's back the saddle plac'd;
His limbs the mail, his side the falchion grac'd;
He grasp'd his fearful horn, a surer aid
Than marshall'd bands in glittering arms array'd.
Now passing through a wood, he reach'd a hill
Whose foot was moisten'd by a crystal rill; 80
What time the flocks to crop the mead forbear,
And to the fold or mountain cave repair.
With burning heat, with parching thirst distress'd,
The helm unlac'd, whose weight his brows oppress'd,
Amid the brakes his fiery steed he tied;
Then to the stream, for cooling draughts, applied
His eager lips; but ere his lips essay'd
The moistening liquid, from the neighbouring shade
A rustic starting swift, his courser took,
Leapt on his back, and turn'd him from the brook.
Astolpho, rousing at the noise, perceives 91
Th' insulting outrage, and the fountain leaves.
Resentment now the place of thirst supplies,
And swift he follows as the caitiff flies.
The caitiff led him on in doubtful chase,
Now check'd, and now impell'd his courser's pace.
At length (pursuing one, and one pursu'd)
They left the forest, and the palace view'd,
Where magic spells, without a prison, hold
In lasting durance[4] many a baron bold. 100
The rustic to the palace drives the steed,
Light as the wind, and like the wind in speed.
Astolpho, in his plated arms confin'd,
With heavy shield encumber'd, lags behind;
Till now arriving, he beholds no more
The hind and courser he pursu'd before.
He plies his feet within the palace wall,
Explores in vain each gallery, room, and hall:
He knows not where the traitor has conceal'd
His Rabicano, that in course excell'd 110
The fleetest beast; at length his better thought
Suggests, that all by magic art was wrought.
He calls to mind the book that to his hand
Sage Logistilla gave in India's land,
Which ever near he kept with heedful care,
A certain guide in every magic snare.
There full describ'd was all the costly pile,
Each strange enchantment, and each secret guile;
What means the foul magician's arts would quell,
And free his prisoners from the potent spell. 120
Beneath the threshold plac'd, a demon rais'd
The various wonders that the sense amaz'd.
The stone remov'd, where close the spirit lay,
The palace walls would melt in smoke away.
Thus said the book; and eager to pursue
The great adventure open'd to his view,
The Paladin advanc'd, with fearless pace,
To lift the ponderous marble from its base.
Soon as Atlantes saw his hands prepar'd
To set at large the castle's fatal guard, 130
Fearful of what might chance, his restless mind
Against the champion other wiles design'd:
By magic art, he gives the gentle knight
A different shape to each beholder's sight:
By this, a hind; by this, a giant seen;
By that, a warrior of ill-favour'd mien;
While each in him th' illusive image view'd,
For which he late Atlantes' steps pursu'd.
Impatient to retrieve their honours stain'd,
All turn'd on him—a fierce determin'd band! 140
Rogero, Bradalmant, Gradasso there,
Irolde, Brandimart in arms, prepare,
With brave Prasildo, by the spell misled,
To wreak their vengeance on Astolpho's head:
But, mindful of his horn, he soon depress'd,
With chilling terrour, every haughty crest.
In happy time the fear-dispensing breath
Preserv'd the Paladin from instant death.
Soon as his lips have touch'd the narrow vent,
And wide around the deafening clangour sent, 150
Like trembling doves, when through the breaking skies
Resounds the gun, each knight affrighted flies:

[2] See Book xxiii. ver. 281.

[4] The story of this palace is continued from Book xii. where it is fully described, ver. 54, & seq.

Not less th' enchanter old[5] the noise receives;
Not less amaz'd the wondrous dome he leaves,
To distance flies, heart-struck with deep dismay,
Till, dying off, the dreadful sounds decay!
The keeper[5] and his prisoners quit the walls;
And numerous steeds with these forsake their stalls,
That, not by halters, nor by reins confin'd,
Through various paths their absent masters join'd.
While thus the knight his fearful music play'd, 161
Not cat nor mouse within the dwelling stay'd[6];
E'en Rabican had fled, but with his hand
Astolpho, as he pass'd, the steed detain'd.
And now th' intrepid duke (the sorc'rer gone)
From off the threshold heav'd a weighty stone.
An image there he found, with many a spell
Of hidden force, that boots not here to tell.
Eager to quell the charm, with frequent stroke,
Whate'er he found, the knight in pieces broke; 170
For so the book (his sure instructor) show'd;
And all the palace vanish'd in a cloud!
Held by a chain of beaten gold, he view'd
Where good Rogero's winged courser stood;
That winged courser, which the wizard Moor
Had sent to bear him to Aleim's shore;
For which had Logistilla deign'd to frame
The reins and bit, with which to France he came;
And, borne from distant Ind to England's strand,
Had hover'd o'er vast tracts of seas and land—180
I know not if your mem'ry still retains,
How to the tree that day the griffin's reins
Rogero left, when, bright in naked charms,
Alfrasca's princess[7] vanish'd from his arms,
And left him whelm'd in shame—with rapid speed
Back to his lord return'd the faithful steed,
Wondrous to see! and stabled there remain'd,
Till the strong spell no more its power retain'd.
No chance than this could yield sincerer joy
To good Astolpho, who resolv'd t' employ 190
Th' occasion given new regions to explore,
Oceans and realms by him unseen before.
He prov'd how well the matchless steed could bear
The flying rider, when through fields of air
He late escap'd from Iudia's fatal lands,
Freed by Melissa from her cruel hands,
Who, with infernal arts, his limbs estrang'd
From human form, and to a myrtle chang'd.
He saw, how Logistilla, to restrain
The docile beast, had fix'd the curbing rein; 200
And mark'd the counsel which the prudent dame
Rogero gave, his furious course to tame.
The ready saddle on the steed he brac'd,
Then in his mouth the bit and reins he plac'd,
As suited best; for choice of bridles there
He found, which many a steed was wont to wear.
The thought of Rabicano yet detain'd
The knight, and yet awhile his flight restrain'd.
Well had he cause to hold the courser dear;
None better in the list with vested spear 210
Could run at tilt: with him at Gallia's land
He travell'd safe from Egypt's burning sand.
Debating long, Astolpho now decreed,
With some well-chosen friend to intrust the steed,
Rather than leave him an invalu'd prey,
For him whom Fortune led to pass the way.
His purpose fix'd, with looks intent he stood,
To mark if hind or huntsman cross'd the wood,
Who to some neighbouring town might lead behind
Good Rabicano, to his charge consign'd. 220
All day he stay'd, he stay'd till roseate morn
Had made, in eastern skies, her wish'd return,
When, scarce the shadows chas'd by misty light,
He saw, or seem'd to see, a wand'ring knight.
But, ere I speak the rest[8], I first shall tell
What to the noble Bradamant befel,
With brave Rogero, when (dispell'd their fear)
No more the clangour of the horn they hear.
The lovers saw, what, ne'er till then reveal'd,
Atlantes long from either had conceal'd: 230
Such mists of darkness o'er their sight he drew,
That neither, till that hour, the other knew.
On Bradamant Rogero fix'd his eyes;
She on Rogero gaz'd with like surprise.
Now round her waist his eager arms he throws,
Her blushes kindling like the maiden rose,
While from her lips each balmy sweet he proves,
The blossoms of his first auspicious loves!
A thousand times th' enraptur'd lovers meet
In fond embrace; a thousand times repeat 240
Their mutual vows, while scarce their breasts contain
The joy that throbs in every glowing vein.
Yet much they sorrow'd, that by magic slight
They lie'd so long estrang'd from either's sight,
And lost so many days of dear delight.
While Bradamant such favour'd grace bestows,
As the chaste maid to chaste affection owes,
She tells Rogero, would he hope to prove
The last dear blessings of connubial love,
He from her father Amon (ere the bands 250
Of sacred Hymen join their plighted hands)
Must gain consent, and in the hallow'd wave
With Christian rites his Pagan errours lave.
Rogero, for his dearest mistress' sake,
Not only yields a Christian's name to take,
Which once his father and his uncle bore,
Which all his ancestors profess'd before;
But vows, for her, in every chance to give
The remnant years Heaven doom'd him yet to live.
"Behold me sworn," he cries, "at thy desire,
"To plunge in water, or to plunge in fire." 261
Then first to be baptiz'd, and next to wed,
Rogero follow'd as the virgin led:
Tow'rds Vallombrosa[10] led the martial dame,
That to an ancient abbey gave the name,
Wealthy and fair, in hallow'd rituals blest,
And courteous to receive the stranger guest.
Now issuing from the wood a gentle maid
They chanc'd to meet, whose looks her grief betray'd.

[5] Atlantes.—Nothing more is heard of him till the xxxvith Book, ver. 461.

[6] Such passages as these, that are certainly ludicrous and familiar, and very different from the genius of epic writing, will not admit of any elevation of language, and yet ought surely to be preserved, if a translation means to exhibit to an English reader the features of his author.

[7] Atlantes. [8] Angelica.

[9] The poet returns to Astolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 66.

[10] The religious order of Vallombrosa had its beginning from one Giovanni Gualberto, a Florentine, who, forsaking the world, led a solitary life in a part of the Appenines called Vall'ombrosa (shady vale), and built a church there.

Fornari.

Rogero, prompt to feel for each distress,
But chief those sorrows which the fair oppress;
With pity touch'd the tender mourner view'd,
(Whose trickling tears her blooming cheeks bedew'd)
And, greeting mild, besought the cause to know,
That o'er her features drew the clouds of woe.
He spoke; when, lifting up her humid eyes,
To speak her grief, she sweetly thus replies:
"Ah! noble knight! thou soon shalt learn," she said,
"Why o'er my face these drops of anguish spread:
I mourn a youth, who, ere the day is past,
Must in a neighbouring castle breathe his last.
He lov'd the fairest of the female train,
Whose sire, Marsilius, holds the rule of Spain.
Cloth'd in a female garb, with soft disguise,
His well-feign'd voice and downcast bashful eyes
Belyʼd his sex——their loves awhile conceal'd,
At length ill chance to strangers' ears reveal'd:
Each tells his fellow, till at length they bring
(Tale following tale) the tidings to the king.
Last night a guard from stern Marsilius came,
To seize in bed the lover and the dame:
Thence were they hurried by the king's command,
And in the castle walls apart detain'd;
And, ah! I fear ere this day's sad decline
The youth in torment must his life resign.
And now, to shun the dreadful sight I fly:
Alive they sentence him by fire to die.
Can e'er my soul again such sorrows know,
That every future bliss will change to woe,
Oft as I call to mind the cruel flame
That prey'd relentless on his beauteous frame?"
While Bradamant attends the mournful tale,
She feels the sympathy of grief assail
Her tender breast; nor less she seem'd to feel,
Than if she trembled for a brother's weal.
Then, turning to Rogero, thus she cried:
"For this unhappy let our force be tried."
The damsel next she sooth'd—"Compose thy grief,
Trust in our arms to bring unhoped relief.
Lead to yon' wall—and should he yet survive,
No earthly power shall him of life deprive."
No less Rogero, than the warlike maid,
With ardour burns to give the wretched aid,
Then to the dame, from whose grief-swelling eyes
A torrent streams—"Why this delay?" he cries.
"Not tears avail in this disastrous state;
Conduct us instant to the scene of fate;
And here I vow to free him from his foes, [oppose:
Though swords and spears, by thousands sang'd, 'd,
But hence—nor thus in fruitless converse stay,
Till yonder flames shall mock our long delay."
Thus he: The presence of the warlike pair,
Whose mien and words their dauntless souls declare,
Fair hope rekindles in the virgin's breast,
So late with sorrow and with fear oppress;
Yet, pondering now she stood which path to tread,
Of two that tow'rds the destin'd castle led—
"Should we," she cried, "the readiest track pursue,
That open lies extended to the view,
I trust in time our succour might we give,
Ere yet the pile the deadly flame receive;
But since compell'd to take the winding way
Heavy and rough, I fear the closing day
To end our travel scarcely will suffice;
And, ere we reach the place, the victim dies."
"But wherefore must we shun," Rogero cried,
"The nearest path?"—And thus the maid replied:
"Athwart our way a stately castle stands,
Which Pinabello, Pontier's earl, commands;
Who, scarce three days elaps'd, has fram'd a law
That knights and damsels holds in cruel awe: [341
He, worst of men, with every vice is stor'd,
Son of Anselmo, Altaviva's lord:
From whose ill-omen'd gate no knight nor dame
Departs unstay'd, and 'scapes untouch'd with shame,
Each thence must fare on foot: the warrior leaves
His shining arms; the dame her vesture gives.
No braver knights, through all the realms of France,
Now hold, or many a year have held, the lance,
Than four, that rank'd in Pinabello's train,
Have sworn his lawless custom to maintain.
Hear whence it rose—and mark the law unjust
On noble minds t' impose such impious trust!—
In marriage bed is Pinabello join'd
To one, the scandal of the female kind,
Whom late, as with her lord she chanc'd to ride,
A champion met, that brought to shame her pride.
Behind the champion, on his steed, was borne
An aged crone, whom with insulting scorn
Th' injurious earl address'd: the stranger-knight[11]
With Pinabello wag'd th' unequal fight.
Him, strong in pride, but weak in arms, he struck
Headlong to earth; then from her palfrey took
The haughty fair one, left on foot, and dress'd
The ancient beldame in her youthful vest.
The dame dismounted (whom with rancorous mind
In every evil Pinabello join'd)
Declar'd no night nor day could rest afford,
No future hour behold her peace restor'd,
Unless a thousand dames and warriors foil'd,
She view'd unhors'd, of vest and arms despoil'd.
"It chanc'd that day to Pinabello came
Four noble knights, the first in martial fame;
These knights, with whom but few in arms could vie,
Return'd from realms beneath a distant sky:
Young Sansonetto[12]; Guido, Savage nam'd;
Gryphon and Aquilant, the brethren fam'd,
These Pinabello at his gate receives
With semblance fair, and courteous welcome gives.
At night, when sleep has lull'd each sense to peace,
He binds the four, nor will their bonds release,
Till all consenting, as his laws prescribe,
A year and day to dwell amidst his tribe,
Shall swear from knights their steeds and arms to wrest,
And from the dames take their steeds and vest.
To this compell'd, with heavy hearts they swore;
And not a champion, to this fatal hour,
Has yet been found their vigour to sustain,
Who press'd not, at his length, the fearful plain.
Full many a champion there his fall receives,
And, stript of arms, on foot the castle leaves.
'Tis fix'd, that he who first with single force
Shall pass the bridge, alone must run the course:
But should such lance against the stranger fail,
The rest united must his strength assail.
Reflect, if each can boast such nerve in fight,
What three must prove, when three their spears unite.
Ill suits it us, whose haste forbids our stay,
In such a strife to hazard new delay.
For grant, that here your arms attain success,
As sure your warlike looks proclaim no less,

[11] See Book xx. ver. 807.
[12] See Book xx. ver. 769.

Yet much I fear, ere evening shades arise,
The youth, for whom I weep, unaided dies."
Rogero then——" 'T is ours, with ready zeal,
What honour bids, unbounted to fulfil;
The rest let Heaven direct, or Fortune guide,
What pow'rs soe'er in these events preside.
To thee the sequel of the jousts may show
How far our aid protection can bestow
On him, who, (as thou say'st) in youthful prime,
Is doom'd to death for such a venial crime."
Thus he. No more replied the gentle maid,
But through the nearest way the pair convey'd:
Not past three miles their journey they pursu'd,
When now the castle's bridge and gates they view'd,
Where arms and vests are left, where valu'd life
Is put to hazard in the dangerous strife.
The ready warder, on the ramparts plac'd,
Twice rung the warning—when, behold! in haste,
On a low steed an ancient sire appear'd,
And, as he came, his voice before was heard.
"Hold, strangers, hold!" he thus began to say,
"Here stop, and here the fine exacted pay!
If yet you know not—let me now reveal
Our law—" and then he sought their law to tell,
And next t' enforce, with accents sage and grave,
That counsel, which to every knight he gave.
"You lady of her vest, my sons, bereave;
"And you," he cried, "your arms and coursers leave[12];
Nor think, by dreadful perils here enclos'd,
With four such warriors safe to stand oppos'd.
Arms, vests, and coursers[13] we with ease obtain,
But life, once lost, what prowess can regain?"
Rogero cut him short—"Forbear to show,
In fruitless prelude, what prepar'd we know.
No more—I come to prove, if what my will
Aspires to act, my actions can fulfil.
Arms, steed, and vest, I ne'er to others yield
For empty threatenings in an entry'd field;
And well I trust, for sounding words alone,
My partner never will resign his own.
But give me to behold them face to face,
Whose strength must purchase to my foul disgrace,
My arms and steed—e'er yonder hill we haste,
Nor longer here the precious hours can waste."
To whom the sire—"Lo! issuing to the plain
One warrior comes"—nor were his words in vain.
High on the bridge appear'd the noble knight,
In crimson surcoat deck'd with flowers of white.
Now Bradamant Rogero su'd to trust
With her the first fair honours of the joust,
From his high seat to hurl the knight, who wore
The mantled red, with flowers embroider'd o'er.
In vain she su'd, Rogero this denyd:
Constrain'd to yield, the silent stood beside
To view the course, while on himself her knight
Took all the hazards of the dubious fight.

Rogero then inquir'd the warrior's name,
Who foremost from the castle's portal came.
"'T is Sansonetto," thus the sire replied,
"I know th' embroider'd scarf with crimson dy'd."
Now Pinabello issu'd from the gate,
And round their lord his thronging menials wait,
All well prepar'd of arms and steeds to spoil
The hapless knights that fell within the toil.
Swift to the course each hardy champion press'd,
And firmly held his ponderous spear in rest.
Huge, knotty, long, in native forests bred,
The tough ash ending in a steely head.
Of these full ten had Sansonetto brought,
From neighbouring woods—of these in lances wrought
He fix'd on two; in brave Rogero's hand
The one he plac'd, and one himself retain'd.
Now here, now there, impatient of delay,
Each silent wheels his steed a different way:
Then turning swift, with level'd spears, they meet,
The field wide-shaking to their courers' feet,
Against their shields unerring aim they took:
Rogero's shield receiv'd, unhurt, the stroke:
Atlantes' buckler, whose enchanted light
With powerful splendour clos'd the gazer's sight,
Which still, unless by dangers great assail'd,
The knight beneath a silken covering veil'd.
Not so the adverse shield, whose mortal mould
Could not against the furious tourney hold.
As with a thunder-bolt the spear impell'd. [held,
Reach'd the stunn'd arm that scarce the buckler
And Sansonetto, with a grievous wound
Forc'd from his seat, fell prostrate on the ground.
The first was he, of all the social train
Compell'd this ruffian usage to maintain,
That yet had fail'd a stranger to despoil,
Or, from his seat dismounted, prest the soil:
Who laughs to day, some future day may mourn,
And find to frowns the smiles of Fortune turn.
Again the warder rings th' alarm, and calls
The remnant three to quit the castle-walls.
Meantime it chanc'd, that Pinabello came
To noble lieutenant, and sought the name
Of him whose valour thus in arms excell'd,
Who thus the champion of his castle quell'd.
Eternal Heaven to give his crimes the meed
They well deserv'd, conducts him on the steed
Which, scarce eight months elaps'd, the wretch before
From Bradamant, by murderous treason, bore:
Where, if your mem'ry still the tale recall,
In Merlin's tomb he let the virgin fall;
What time the shatter'd pole receiv'd her weight,
And Heaven reserv'd her for a happier fate.
The generous heroine with a nearer view
Her consort saw, and soon the traitor knew;
His well-known voice recall'd, his every look
Intent she mark'd, and to herself she spoke.
"Lo! this is he, who once my death design'd,
Now hither brought his due reward to find."
At once she threatens—to the sword applies
Her eager hand, and on the caitiff flies.
Between his castle and the recreant knight
She cuts off all retreat, nor can his flight
Avail to reach the gate; as to his den
The fox retires beset by dogs and men.
Defenceless, pale, before the martial maid,
He seeks, with coward cries, the woodland shade:
With trembling heart he spurs his rapid steed,
And hopes alone for safety from his speed.

[12] These kind of laws occur perpetually in the old romances, and several such are to be found in Spenser, particularly one, whereby knights and ladies pay toll of their beards and hair.

[13] Not unlike these lines is the speech of Achilles to the ambassadors in the ixth Iliad:

Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain;
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
Pope, ver. 518

The Dardan dame pursues, with all the zeal
Of just revenge, and whirls her fatal steel,
Now at his side or bosom aims the wound:
The tumult echoes, and the woods resound.
But at the castle Pinabello's crew
Nor heard his clamours, nor his danger knew:
There every eye was fix'd, there every sense
Rogero's conflict held in deep suspense.
And now the three remaining champions came
From forth the fort; with these the vengeful dame
Who fram'd the base device, while every knight
Blush'd with a single foe to wage the fight;
And rather wish'd to die, in fame unstain'd,
Than meet a conquest so ignobly gain'd.
But she, who first th' unequal joust design'd,
T' enforce th' observance, bade them call to mind
How each had sworn, by every solemn tie,
For her revenge their strength combin'd to try.
"But if my single weapon can suffice,
T' unhorse you' warrior," Savage Guido cries,
"Thus shall I joust!—be mine the single strife,
And if I fail—exact my forfeit life."
Gryphon and Aquilant alike demand
To meet the stranger singly, hand to hand.
To these th' imperious dame—"Why thus delay
In vain debate the business of the day?
I brought you here you' champion's arms to take,
Nor other compacts, other laws to make.
Why urge not pleas like this, ere yet ye swore
T' observe my will, when first within my power;
Not when th' occasion calls you to maintain
Your promise given, nor make that promise vain?"
Thus they—"Behold," Rogero eager cries,
"The knights and dame!—if still you seek the prize
Of armour, steed, or vest, why this delay
To seize with valour's arms the offer'd prey?"
The matron there impels each tardy knight,
Here storms Rogero, and demands the fight.
Ill forc'd at length, though fir'd with generous rage,
All rush at once the stranger to engage.
First rode the brother-chiefs, whose lineal name
From the high marquis of Burgundia came;
Then mounted on a steed of heavier pace,
Behind them Guido Savage held his place.
Rogero with the spear to combat drew,
The spear that Sansonetto late o'erthrew:
His valiant arm the fated buckler bore,
Which in Pyrene's hills Atlantes wore;
Th' enchanted buckler, whose resistless light
At greatest need preserv'd the noble knight:
Yet only thrice the wondrous aid he try'd:
And only thrice the shield its aid supply'd:
Twice, when the joys of shameful life he fled
For seats where virtue[15] every blessing shed;
The last, when in the billowy main he left
The raging orc, of precious food bereft.
Save these alone, in every chance beside,
A veil was wont the dazzling orb to hide;
At ease remov'd, where'er the dangerous hour
Requir'd the help of more than mortal power.
Well-fenc'd by this, he rush'd with warlike heat
Against the three that came his force to meet:
Not more he fear'd each warrior's threat'ning spear,
Than boldest hearts the weakest infants fear.
At Gryphon now Rogero aim'd the thrust
Above the buckler's verge, the furious joust
His helm confess'd; on either hand he reel'd,
Till, falling from his steed, he press'd the field.
Against Rogero's buckler Gryphon sent
The spear, that, erring from the knight's intent,
Struck on th' impassive orb with fruitless sound,
And, hissing, glanc'd across the polish'd round;
The veil it rent, and freed the magic rays:
Advancing Aquilant receiv'd the blaze;
On Guido Savage next, who came the last,
The wondrous targe its beamy splendour cast.
All fell—but little yet Rogero knew
The finish'd joust, and swift his falchion drew;
Then wheel'd his steed, when on the ground he view'd
His prostrate foes with little force subdu'd;
Knights, squires, and each that issu'd to the plain,
The numerous foot, and all the female train,
Alike he saw, as if in battle dead,
Prone on the field each warrior courser spread:
Till, casting down a casual glance, he spy'd
From his left arm, dependent at his side,
The veil that still was wont the light to hide.
Sudden he turn'd, and sought with anxious care
His bosom's best belov'd, the martial fair,
Her whom he left, where, plac'd apart, she stood
To mark the tilt begun; but when he view'd
The fair no more, he deem'd her course was bent
To free the lover, and his fate prevent,
Who, while she stay'd to attend the castle's strife,
She fear'd in flames would lose his hapless life.
Among the rest he sees the gentle maid,
Their fair conductress, deep in slumber laid:
Her in his arms he rais'd, and, plac'd before
High on his steed, the pensive warrior bore:
Her scarf he took, and wrapt with this, conceal'd
The buckler's blaze; the blaze no more reveal'd,
The virgin soon her heavy eyes unseal'd:
Rogero's features flush'd with rosy shame,
His down-cast looks his secret thoughts proclaim;
He fears that all his former deeds are stain'd
By such a conquest so ignobly gain'd.
"Where shall I turn?" he cries, "how cleanse away
The infamy of this ill-omen'd day?
The triumph here achiev'd each tongue shall tell,
Not due to valour, but to magic spell."
Thus he: with generous wrath his bosom glow'd;
When, what he sought, spontaneous chance bestow'd.
Far in a wood's surrounding gloom he found
A crystal well, that sunk beneath the ground:
Hither, when rated herds their food forsake,
Oppress'd with heat they come their thirst to slake.
Rogero then—"No more shall scorn or blame,
From thee, O shield! arise to taint my name:
No longer mine——I here such arms forgo,
Nor more to thee will shameful succour owe."
Thus he; and swift alighting as he spoke,
With generous wrath a craggy stone he took;
To this the buckler, well secur'd, he tied,
And to the well consign'd—"Lie there," he cried,
"And with thee there my foul dishonour hide."
Deep was the well, and high the waters swell'd:
Ponderous the stone, and ponderous was the shield:
At once it sunk, a bed the bottom gave,
And sudden o'er it clos'd the limpid wave.
Soon Fame divulg'd the deed, with trumpet's sound,
Through France, through Spain, through every region round;
From tongue to tongue it spread, and many a train
Of noble knights aspir'd the prize to gain.

[15] See Book vii. and x.

In vain they sought the forest, where, conceal'd
From human sight, remain'd the precious shield:
The dame who blaz'd the tale, refused to tell
What secret wood contain'd the fatal well.
When brave Rogero[16] from the castle pass'd,
Where, with such little strife, to earth he cast
The knights of Pinabello's guard, and left
The valiant four of strength and sense bereft;
The light renew'd, each eye unclos'd appear'd;
Each from the ground his limbs astonish'd rear'd;
All day they commun'd of the wondrous shield
That every sight in magic slumber seal'd.
While such discourse they held, the news arriv'd
Of Pinabello late of life deprived:
Of Pinabello slain were tidings brought;
But yet unknown what hand the deed had wrought.
Deep in a vale, with gloomy woods embrac'd,
The martial dame the recreant warrior join'd;
Where, in his panting breast and bleeding side,
A hundred times the vengeful blade she dy'd,
And from her seat the hateful spirit chas'd,
Whose impious deeds had all the land disgrac'd.
Then, with that steed which late with guileful art
The traitor took, she hasten'd to depart
And join her knight, but now explor'd in vain
Her former way, and rov'd o'er hill and plain
With travel long, while Fortune yet denyd
To lov'd Rogero's sight her course to guide.
But he that hears my tale with grateful ear,
Must to th' ensuing book the rest defer.

BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant, after the death of Pinabello, loses herself in a wood: she is met by Astolpho, who, preparing to take his flight on the griffin-horse, intrusts her with the care of his horse Rabicano. Bradamant meets her brother Aladdo, and goes with him to Mount Albano, from which place she sends Hippalca, her maid, on a message to Rogero, with his horse Frontino, which is afterwards taken from her by Rodomont. Zerbino, travelling with Gabrina, finds the dead body of Pinabello: he is accused of the murder, and led to be put to death. The arrival of Orlando and Isabella. Meeting of the two lovers. Mandricardo overtakes Orlando: their battle. Orlando, parting from Zerbino and Isabella, comes to the grotto where Angelica and Medoro used to meet. The manner in which he discovers the whole story of their love; which discovery ends in the total deprivation of his senses.

In man to man his friendly succour lends,
It rarely proves but fair reward attends
Each generous deed; at least we thus assure
Our future peace, and Heaven's regard secure.
Who wrongs another, soon or late shall find
The punishment for evil deeds assign'd.
The proverb holds, that oft man's wandering train
Each other meet; but mountains fix'd remain[1].
Behold the fate on Pinabello brought
In due return for all the ill he wrought.
While gracious God (who ne'er beholds unmov'd,
With sufferings unobserv'd the guiltless prov'd)
The virgin sav'd; and ever saves the just,
Who, press'd with sorrows, place in him their trust.
When Pinabello deem'd the noble maid
His wretched victim, in the cavern'd shade
Alive entomb'd, he little fear'd to view
Her vengeful arms his sullen guile pursue;
Where nought avail'd his near paternal seat,
T' avert the vengeance he was doom'd to meet.
Midst savage mountains Altaripa stands,
Fast by the confines of Pontieri's lands;
The hoary earl Anselmo's fair domain:
Of him was born, of unpropitious strain,
That wretch, whom now to 'scape from Clermont's sword,
No friends assist, no powers relief: for I,
Beneath a hill the generous dame assails
His worthless life, and soon her arm prevails
Against a foe that no defence prepares
But heartless cries and unavailing prayers.
The traitor slain, who once her death design'd,
She turn'd again her dearest knight to find,
Whom late she left in strife unequal join'd.
But envious Fortune through the dreary shade
By winding paths her wandering steed convey'd,
And to the woodland's deep recesses led,
What time, at sun-set, eve her shadows spread.
Unknowing where th' approaching night to pass,
She checks her reins, and on the verdant grass,
Beneath the covering trees, her limbs she throws,
To cheat the tedious hours with short repose;
Now watches Venus, Saturn, Mars, or Jove,
With every wandering star that shines above:
But from her sleeping sense, or waking mind,
Her dear Rogero never is disjoin'd.
She sighs to think revenge her soul could move
Beyond the softer claims of faithful love,
"Inensate rage has sever'd me," she cries,
"From all I hold most dear——Unheeding eyes!
That when I first my treacherous foe pursu'd,
Mark'd not the tracks of this perplexing wood.
Then had I known in safety to return,
Nor here been lost, dejected and forlorn."
In words like these she mourns without relief;
And now she broods in silence o'er her grief;
While winds of sighs, and floods of tears, that
Her gentle breast, a cruel tempest make. [shake
At length the long-expected morn appears,
When streaky light the gray horizon cheers.
She takes her steed, that graz'd beside the way,
And, mounting, turns to meet the rising day.
Nor far she pass'd, when, issuing from the wood,
She came to where the wizard's palace stood,
Where once, with many a fraud, Atlantes' power
Had long detain'd her in his magic bower.
Astolpho here she met, who lately join'd
The griffin-steed[2], and but his flight restrain'd

[16] He resumes the story of Rogero, Book xxv. ver. 28.

[1] From the ancient proverb, *Mons cum monte non spiscetur*. The meaning of this rather uncouth passage is, that though mountains never meet, yet men, who are ever wandering from place to place, may unexpectedly meet with those to whom they have done a good or ill turn, and find their punishment or their reward.

[2] The griffin-horse came into the possession of Astolpho in the xxiid Book, ver. 173, where he destroys the enchanted dwelling of Atlantes.

For Rabicano's sake, till chance should give
Some trusty friend, his courser to receive.
The thoughtful Paladin his face display'd
Without his casque, when through the misty shade
The valiant Bradamant her kinsman knew,
And, greeting fair, impatient nearer drew;
Declar'd her name, her covering helm unlac'd,
Reveal'd her features, and the knight embrac'd.
To Otho's son[3], who sought some trusty friend
To whom he might his Rabican commend,
No friend could Fortune, at his present need,
Like Bradamant supply, to keep the steed
Till his return; and, when his flight was o'er,
Again in safety to his hand restore.
Their greeting done—"Too long I here delay
My purpos'd voyage through a trackless way:"
Astolpho cried;—then to the maid he told
His flight design'd, and bade his steed behold.
She saw, but saw incurious what before
Her eyes had seen, when from th' enchanted tower
Atlantes' hand the flying courser rein'd,
And with the maid a combat strange maintain'd.
She calls to mind the day, on which she view'd
The parting pinions, and his course pursu'd
With sharpen'd sight, when, soaring to the skies,
He bore Rogero from her longing eyes.
Astolpho tells, that to her friendly care
He Rabicano gives, beyond compare
First in the course, whose swiftness leaves behind
The arrow parting on the wings of wind;
To her his ponderous arms he means to give,
And wills her at Albano these to leave
Till his return; since armour might be spar'd,
Or aught of weight that could his flight retard.
His sword and horn he still retain'd, though well
His horn alone could every danger quell.
To Bradamant he gave the golden lance,
Which once the son of Galaphron to France
From India brought, whose hidden power was such
T' unhorse each champion with its magic touch.
Astolpho now bestrode the winged horse,
And slowly through the air impell'd his course,
Till Bradamant, who watch'd his upward flight,
All in a moment lost him from her sight.
So from the port the guiding pilot steers
Who dangerous sands and rocky shallows fears;
But when he leaves the rocks and sands behind,
He shifts each sail, and scuds before the wind.
The duke departing[4] thus: the martial maid,
In deep suspense, awhile in silence weigh'd
The means to Mount Albano thence to bear
Her kinsman's steed and implements of war.
For now, with fond desire, her bosom burn'd
To see Rogero, in his absence mourn'd,
Whom (yet deny'd to meet) her anxious mind
At least in Vallombrosa hop'd to find.
While silent thus she stood in pensive mood,
It chanc'd a peasant on the way she view'd,
And him she bade Astolpho's armour take,
And place the weight on Rabicano's back,
Then lead the courser which the burden bore,
With that which Pinabello rode before.
To Vallombrosa now she sought the way,
But doubtful of the track, she fear'd to stray
From where she wish'd; nor knew the peasant well
The country round, and thus, as chance befel,
A path she took, and through the forest wide
At random stray'd, without a friend to guide.
At noontide hour they left the covert shade,
And on a hill a castle near survey'd
Of stately site; the virgin at the view
Believ'd in this she Mount Albano knew:
And Mount Albano there the dame beheld,
In which her mother and her brethren dwell'd.
This when she found, a sudden dread oppress'd
Her heart, that flutter'd in her tender breast.
Her coming known, she fear'd the pressing train
Of friends and kindred would her steps detain,
Where she, a prey to love's consuming fire,
Might view no more the lord of her desire;
No more at Vallombrosa hope to meet
Her dear Rogero, and their vows complete.
Awhile in doubt the maid her thoughts revolv'd;
At length from Mount Albano she resolv'd
T' avert her steps, and thence her journey bend
To where the abbey's hallow'd spires ascend.
But Fortune soon, in this pursuit, bereft
Her breast of hope; for, ere the vale she left,
She on Alardo[5] sudden chanc'd to light,
And sought in vain t' elude her brother's sight.
This youth had station'd many a warlike band
Of horse and foot, which, at the king's command,
He lately rais'd from all the neighbouring land.
Return'd, he chanc'd his sister here to meet;
With seeming joy the pair each other greet;
And now, in friendly converse, side by side
Together join'd, to Mount Albano ride.
Thus to her native seats the fair return'd,
Where Beatrice had long her absence mourn'd
With fruitless tears, and sent, with anxious pain,
To seek her through the realms of France in vain.
But what are all the joys she here may prove,
Her mother's fondness or her brethren's love,
Compar'd to happiness so late possest,
When lov'd Rogero clasp'd her to his breast?
Herself restrain'd, she purpos'd one should bear
To Vallombrosa, with a faithful care,

[3] Astolpho.
[4] He returns to Astolpho, Book xxxiii. ver. 701.

[5] One of Bradamant's brothers. Romance writers give different accounts of the genealogy of the house of Clarmont. Take the following as most consonant to Ariosto. Of Guido of Antona, son of Buovo and Orlandina, daughter of the king of Langues, were born Bernardo and Chiaramonte (Clarmont). The last died young without issue; and his parents, out of regard to his memory, gave the name of Clarmont to their castle, and called their family by the same name. Bernardo had eight sons, six legitimate, and two natural. The legitimate were duke Amon of Dordona; Buovo of Agramont, or Agrismont; Gerardo of Rossigniol; Leone (Leo), afterwards pope; Otho king of England; and Milo of Anglantes. The natural sons were Anserigi and Elfrè, by some called Sanguino and Dalo. Amon had, by his wife Beatrice, five sons, Guichardo, Richardo, Rinaldo, Alardo, and Richardetto, and one daughter named Bradamant; and, according to Ariosto, he had by Constantia one natural son, afterwards called Guido Savage. Buovo of Agrismont had two legitimate sons, Vivian and Malagigi; and one natural son called Aldiger, who entertains Rogero at the castle of Agrismont in the xxxth Book. Milo of Anglantes was father to the celebrated Orlando. Of Otho, king of England, was born Astolpho, the English duke. See Quadrio della Storia d'ogni Poesia,

Her greeting kind, and tell him, how, detain'd,
She with reluctance from his sight remain'd;
And urge (if need to urge him) for her sake
The name of Christian knight baptiz'd to take;
Then woo her friends his amorous suit t' approve,
And tie the knot of hymeneal love.
By this her messenger, his generous steed
She meant to send, which, fam'd for strength and speed,
Rogero priz'd; for through the Pagan bands,
And all the realms the Gallic lord commands,
With him no steed the courser's glory claim'd,
Save Brigliadoro and Bayardo[6] fam'd.
When good Rogero[7] on the winged horse
Was borne aloft, a strange and fearful course,
He left Frontino, which the martial dame
Receiv'd in trust (Frontino was his name),
And sent to Mount Albano, where, at large,
Wanton he rov'd, or fed beneath her charge
In plenteous stalls; or when he felt the rein,
Was gently pac'd along the level plain:
Thus, pamper'd high in ease, and nurs'd with care,
His shining skin more sleek, more noble seem'd his air.
And now she urg'd her virgins to divide
The pleasing task: each virgin soon apply'd
Her ready skill, and wrought, of golden thread,
A costly set, which o'er a pall they spread
Of finest silk, and on the courser plac'd,
With trappings gay, and rich embroidery grac'd.
A maid she chose, of long-experienc'd truth,
Whose mother, Callirephia, nurs'd her youth
From infant years: to her she oft confess'd
How far Rogero all her soul possess'd;
Full oft his beauty and his valour prais'd,
And every grace above a mortal's rais'd.
To her she spoke—"Whom sooner shall I trust
Than thee, Hippalca dear, discreet and just?
In whom, like thee, of all my train," she cried,
"Can I the message of my heart confide?"
Hippalca (such the faithful damsel's name)
Was now dismiss'd; and, by the love-sick dame
Instructed in her way, receiv'd, at large,
To him (her bosom's lord) this tender charge:
To say, that while in promise late she fail'd
To reach the abbey's walls, no change prevail'd
In what she wish'd; but Fortune, that has still
The sovereign rule of all, oppos'd her will.
Thus she: then bade the damsel mount her steed,
And by the golden rein Frontino lead:
But should she, in her travel, chance to find
A wretch so senseless, or so base of mind,
To seize the steed, she will'd her but to tell
The courser's lord, his folly to repel:
For every knight she deem'd (whate'er his fame)
In arms must tremble at Rogero's name.
Much more she said, and by her trusty maid
To lov'd Rogero greetings kind convey'd;
Which, treasur'd in her mind, without delay
Hippalca bade farewel[8], and rein'd on her way.

For ten long miles[9] the maid her journey held,
Through beaten path, thick wood, or open field:
One noon of day descending from a height,
As on a narrow pass she chanc'd to light
Stony and rough, fierce Rodomont she view'd,
Who arm'd, on foot, a guiding dwarf pursu'd:
On her the cruel Pagan cast his eye,
And loud blasphem'd th' eternal hierarchy,
To find a steed so stately and so fair
Without his lord, beneath a damsel's care.
Late had he sworn, his arm the goodly horse,
He first should meet, would seize by lawless force.
Lo! this the first, and never could his need
Attain the conquest of a nobler steed.
But since to take him from a helpless maid
Honour forbade, awhile in doubt he stay'd;
With eager looks he stood, and, gazing, cried,
"Why art thou here without thy warlike guide?"
"O! were he here," Hippalca said, "thy mind
Would soon forgo the purpose it design'd:
Who this bestrides, excels thy arms in fight,
And through the world scarce breathes so brave a knight."
"What chief," return'd the Moor, "thus treads the fame
Of others down?"—"Rogero,"—said the dame.
Then he—"The steed I mine can nobly make,
Which from Rogero fam'd in arms I take;
And should he seek his courser to regain,
I here defy him to the listed plain.
The weapon's choice be his—this prize I claim—
War is my sport, and Rodomont my name!
Where'er I go, my steps he may pursue,
My deeds shall ever point me forth to view:
I shine by my own light, and mark my course
With tracks more fatal than the thunder's force."
Thus he; and turning, as these words he said,
The golden bridle o'er Frontino's head,
Leapt in the seat, and sudden left behind
Hippalca, weeping with distressful mind.
On Rodomont her threats and plaint she bends:
He hears, regardless, and the hill ascends;
Led by the dwarf, rage flushing on his cheeks,
He Doralis and Mandricardo seeks;
While the sad maid his flight indignant views,
And from afar with railings vain pursues.
Some other time shall speak[10] what these befel:—
Here Turpin, from whose page the tale I tell,
Turns to the land, where bleeding on the plain
Lies the foul traitor of Maganza slain.
When Amon's daughter[11] from the place in haste
Had turn'd her steed, and through the forest pass'd;
Thither, by different ways arriving, came
The good Zerbino, and her sex's shame[12],
He sees the body lifeless in the vale,
And tender thoughts his noble breast assail.
There Pinabello lay; and, drench'd in blood,
Pour'd from such numerous wounds the crimson flood,
It seem'd a hundred fiends, in cruel strife,
Had join'd their swords to end his wretched life.

[6] ——ne sotto il signor Gallo,
Più bel destrier di questo, o più gagliardo,
Eccetto Brigliadoro solo e Balardo.

The poet seems here to have forgotten Rabican, Astolpho's horse.

[7] See Book iv. ver. 321.

[8] He returns to Rodamont, Book xxxi. ver. 41.

[9] In the xxvith Book, on the same occasion, Ariosto says thirty miles—a little slip of the memory.

[10] He returns to Rodamont, Book xxiv. ver. 695, and to Hippalca, Book xxvi. ver. 401.

[11] See the beginning of the present Book, ver. 31.

[12] Gabrina. See Book xxii. ver. 22.

The knight of Scotland was not slow to trace
The track of horses' feet that mark'd the place,
In hope to find where from pursuit had fled
Th' unknown assassin of the warrior dead:
Meantime he bade Gabrina to remain,
And there expect his quick return again.
Now near the scene of death Gabrina drew,
Exploring all the corse with greedy view;
For still to every other vice she join'd
The deepest av'rice of a female mind:
And, but she knew not to conceal her theft,
Her hands rapacious had the knight bereft
Of every spoil; the scarf embroider'd o'er
With gold, and all the glittering arms he wore.
A belt of costly work she safely plac'd
Beneath her vest, conceal'd around her waist:
'Twas all she could; and, while of this possest,
The beldame griev'd in heart to leave the rest.
Zerbino now return'd, who, through the wood,
With fruitless search had Bradamant pursu'd;
The day declining, swift his course address'd,
With that dire hag, to find a place of rest.
Two miles remote they to a castle came
(Fam'd Altariva was the castle's name),
And here they stay'd to pass th' approaching night
That quench'd the splendour of departing light.
Here scarce arriv'd, on every side they hear
The voice of loud laments invade their ear,
And tears they see from every eye-lid fall,
As if one common woe had seiz'd on all.
Zerbino ask'd what cause their anguish wrought;
And heard of tidings to Anselmo brought,
How, 'twixt two mountains, in a shady dell,
His son, his Pinabello, murder'd fell.
Zerbino, doubtful of some evil nigh,
Withdraws apart from every prying eye:
He deem'd their sorrows must his death bewail,
Whom late he saw lie bleeding in the vale.
Soon came the bier with Pinabello dead,
While torches round their solemn splendour shed,
To where the thickest ranks lamenting stand,
Raise the shrill cry, and wring the mournful hand;
Where every eye is fill'd with gushing woe,
And down the beard the trickling currents flow.
Above the rest, see, impotent in grief,
The wretched father mocks each vain relief;
While all, as sacred custom each invites,
Prepare, with pomp, the last funereal rites;
Such as of old were wont the dead to grace,
But now forgot by this degenerate race.
The herald from the prince declares aloud
The sovereign will, and to the murmuring crowd
Proclaims, that vast rewards the man shall gain
Who tells the wretch by whom his son was slain.
From tongue to tongue the spreading tidings flew,
From ear to ear, till all the city knew:
At last they reach'd the hag, whose fury fell
Not bears or tigers of the wood excel;
Who now Zerbino to destroy prepares;
Whether through hatred that the knight she bears;
Or that her impious soul aspir'd to show
A human breast that mock'd at human woe;
Or whether greedy gain her purpose wrought;
The presence of th' afflicted earl she sought:
There first with plausive speech his ear amus'd,
And good Zerbino of the deed accus'd;
Then from her lap, to prove the story true,
The costly belt produc'd in open view,
Which, seen, too well the wretched parent knew.
With tears, his hands uplifting to the skies,
"Thou shalt not perish unrevenge'd!"—he cries;
Then bids surround the house.——With furious zeal
The people, rous'd, obey their ruler's will;
And while no danger near Zerbino knows,
He finds himself a prisoner to his foes.
Giv'n to Anselmo's rage, when sunk to rest
Refreshing sleep his heavy eyes depress'd,
Him in a darksome cell that night detain'd,
They kept in shackles and with bolts restrain'd,
Condemn'd to suffer for imputed guilt,
In that sad valley where the blood was spilt.
No further proof there needs the fact to try;
Their lord has sentenc'd, and th' accus'd must die.
When from her couch Aurora made return,
With many-colour'd beams to paint the morn,
The populace, as with one voice, demand
The prisoner's life, and press on every hand
With bow and bolt; Zerbino thence they led
To atone the blood another's hand had shed.
On a low steed the knight of Scotland rides,
His noble arms close pinion'd to his sides,
And head cast down: but God, who still defends
The guiltless that for help on him depends,
Already watchful o'er the warrior's state,
Prepares to snatch him from the hand of fate.
Orlando thither comes [9], and comes to save
The prince from shame and an untimely grave:
Along the plain he view'd the swarming crew,
That to his death the wretched champion drew.
Galego's daughter, Isabella fair,
With him he brought, who, from the watry war
And bulging vessel sav'd, was doom'd, at land,
Th' unhappy captive of a lawless band:
She, whose lov'd form Zerbino's heart possess'd,
More dear than life that warm'd his faithful breast.
Orlando, since he freed the gentle maid,
Had watch'd beside her with a guardian's aid.
When on the subject plain her eyes she bent,
She ask'd Orlando what the concourse meant:
"'Tis mine to learn the cause,"—the warrior said,
Then left his charge, and down the mountain sped.
The throng he join'd; when, from th' ignoble train,
Zerbino soon he singled on the plain;
And by his outward looks, at first, divin'd
The chief a baron of no vulgar kind.
Approaching near, he ask'd his cause of shame,
And whither led in bands, and whence he came.
At this, his head the mourning champion rear'd,
And, when the Paladin's demand he heard,
With brief reply his piteous tale disclos'd.
In truth sincere, that soon the earl dispos'd,
For his defence, to combat on his side,
Who, guiltless of the charge, unjustly dy'd.
But when he found that Altariva's lord
The sentence pass'd, the nobler sufferer's word
Stood more confirm'd; for in Anselmo's breast
He deem'd that justice ne'er her seat possess'd.
Between Maganza's house, and Clermont, reign'd
A lineal hate, from sire to son maintain'd.
Then to the herd he turn'd with threat'ning cry:
"Ye caitiff bands! release the knight, or die!"
"And who is he," said one to prove his zeal,
In luckless hour, "that thus with words would kill?
Well was his menace, were our feeble frame
Of wax or straw, and his consuming flame."

[9] See Book xiii.

He said; and ran against the knight of France;
And him Orlando met with rested lance.
That glittering armour, which the night before
The fierce Maganza from Zerbino tore,
Now proudly worn, could not the death prevent,
Which from his spear Aglantes' warrior rent.
On his right cheek was driv'n the pointed wood,
And though the temper'd helm the point withstood,
The neck refus'd the furious stroke to bear;
The bone snapt short, and life dissolv'd in air.
At once, while yet the spear remain'd in rest,
He pierc'd another through the panting breast;
There left the lance, and Durindana drew,
And midst the thickest press resistless flew.
Of this, the skull in equal parts he cleaves;
Thus, of his head at one fierce stroke bereaves:
Some in the neck he thrust—a moment's space
Beholds a hundred dead, or held in chase.
A third are slain, or fly with fear oppress'd:
His thundering falchion knows nor pause nor rest.
This quits his helmet; that, his cumbrous shield;
All cast their useless weapons on the field.
Some leap the fosse, some scour the broad-way side;
In forests some, and some in caverns hide:
That day Orlando gave his wrath the rein,
And will'd that none should there alive remain:
As Turpin writes, from whom the truth I tell,
Full fourscore breathless by his weapon fell.
The throng dispers'd, he to Zerbino press'd,
Whose anxious heart yet trembled in his breast;
What words can speak Zerbino's alter'd cheer,
Soon as he saw his brave deliverer near?
Low had he fall'n, and prostrate on the ground
Ador'd the knight, from whom such aid he found;
But to the steed his feet with cords were bound.
Orlando now his limbs from shackles freed,
And help'd him to resume his warlike weed,
Which late the captain of Maganza's train
Had worn in battle, but had worn in vain.
Meanwhile, Zerbino Isabella view'd,
Who on the neighbouring height attentive stood,
Till peace succeeding now to war's alarms,
She left the hill, and, bright in blooming charms,
Approach'd the field, where, when she nearer drew,
In her his best-belov'd Zerbino knew:
Her, whom from lying fame he' mourn'd as lost
In roaring billows on the rocky coast.
As with a bolt of ice, his heart became
All freezing cold; a trembling seiz'd his frame:
But soon a feverish heat, succeeding, spread
Through every part, and dy'd his cheeks with red.
Love bade him rush, and clasp her to his breast:
But reverence for Aglantes' kind repress'd
His eager wish——and, ah! too sure he thought
Her virgin grace the stranger's soul had caught.
From sorrows thus to deeper sorrows cast,
He finds how soon his mighty joys are past:
And better could he bear to lose her charms
By death, than see her in another's arms:
But most to find her in his power he griev'd,
Whose sword so late his threaten'd life reprieve'd:
No other knight (howe'er in battle prov'd)
Had pass'd unquestion'd with the maid he lov'd.
But what the earl had wrought that glorious day,
Impell'd him every grateful meed to pay.
And at the champion's feet his head subjected lay.
Thus journeying on, the knights and princely maid,
At length dismounting, near a fountain stay'd:
The wearied earl relieu'd his laden brows,
And lade Zerbino there his helm unclose.
Soon as the fair her lover's face espies,
From her soft cheek the ray colour flies,
Then swift returns——so looks the humid flower
When Sol's bright beams succeed the drizzling shower:
Careless of aught, she runs with eager pace [12],
And clasps Zerbino with a dear embrace;
There, while in silence to his neck she grows,
Tear following tear, his face and breast o'erflows.
Orlando, by their side, attentive stands,
Their meeting marks, nor other proof demands
That this unknown, who late his succour prov'd,
Was prince Zerbino by the dame belov'd.
Soon as the fair-one rais'd her voice to speak,
(The drops yet hanging on her tender cheek)
Her grateful lips no other could proclaim
Than the full praises of Orlando's name,
His valorous succour for her sake bestow'd,
And every courtesy the warrior show'd.
Zerbino, who so lov'd the princely maid,
Her good with his in equal scales he weigh'd:
Low at his knee the generous earl ador'd,
Who in one day had twice his life restor'd.
Thus they: when sudden from the neighbouring brake [shake;
They heard, with rustling sound, the branches
Each to his naked head his helm apply'd:
Each seiz'd the reins; but, ere he could bestride
His foaming courser, from the woodland came,
Before their sight, a champion and a dame [13],
The knight was Mandricardo, who pursu'd
Orlando's track, till Doralis he view'd:
But when the warrior from her numerous band
Had won the damsel with his conquering hand,
The zeal grew slack that urg'd him to obtain
Revenge on him, who on the bloody plain
Had Manilardo quell'd, and young Alcido slain.
He knew not yet the sable chief, whose might
Had rais'd his envy, was Aglantes' knight;
Though him his deeds and fair report proclaim
A wandering champion of no common fame.
Him (while beside unmark'd Zerbino stood,)
From head to foot fierce Mandricardo view'd,
And, finding every sign describ'd agree,
"Lo! thou the man," he cried, "I wish to see.
Ten days my anxious search, from plain to plain,
Has trac'd thy course, but trac'd till now in vain:
So have thy deeds, in all our camp confest,
With rival envy fir'd my swelling breast,
For hundreds sent by thee to Pluto's strand,
Where scarcely one escap'd thy dreadful hand,
To tell the numbers which thy weapon slew
Of Tremizen and Norway's valiant crew;
I was not slow to follow, with thy sight
To feast my eyes, and prove thy force in fight.
Full well-inform'd I know thy sable dress;
Thy vest and armour him I seek confess.

[12] It may at first appear extraordinary, that this discovery should not have happened before, as, by the poet's words, Zerbino may be supposed to have declared his name to Orlando when the Paladin first accosted him; but it must be observed, in defence of Ariosto, that Isabella was not then present, being left by Orlando on the hill during the battle.

[13] See Book xiv. ver. 490.

But were not such external marks reveal'd,
And didst thou with a thousand lurk conceal'd,
Thy bold demeanour must too surely tell
That thou art he in battle prov'd so well."
"Thee too, no less," Orlando thus replied,
"All must pronounce a knight of valour try'd;
For thoughtes so noble never shall we find
The tenants of a base degenerate mind.
If me thou com'st to view—indulge thy will—
Unloose my helmet, and behold thy fill!"
But having view'd me well, proceed to prove
(What most thy generous envy seem'd to move)
How much in arms my prowess may compare
With that demeanour thou hast held so fair."
"'Tis there I fix my wish," the Pagan cried,
"My first demand is fully satisfied."
Meanwhile the earl from head to foot explor'd
The Tartar round, but view'd nor ax nor sword;
Then ask'd what weapon most the fight maintain,
Should his first onset with the lance be vain.
"Heed not my want," he said, "this single spear
Has often taught my bravest foes to fear:
A solemn oath I took, no sword to wear,
Till Durindana from the earl I bear:
Him through the world I seek—for such my vow,
When first I plac'd this helmet o'er my brow:
Which, with these arms, I conquer'd—all of yore,
By Hector worn a thousand years before.
This sword alone was wanting to the rest,
How stol'n, I know not; but of this possest
'T is said the Paladin subdues his foes,
And hence his courage more undaunted grows:
But let me once his arm in combat join,
His ill-got spoils he quickly shall resign:
Yet more—my bosom glows with fierce desire
To avenge the death of Agrican, my sire,
Whom base Orlando slew in treacherous strife,
Nor could he else have reach'd his noble life."
The earl, no longer silent, stern replies:
"Thou ly'st, and each that dares affirm it lies.
Chance gives thee what thou seek'st—Orlando view
In me, who Agrican with honour slew.
Behold the sword thou long hast wish'd to gain,
And, if thou seek'st, with glory mayst obtain.
Though justly mine, yet will I now contend
With thee my claim, and to a tree suspend
The valu'd prize, which rightly thou shalt take,
If me thy force can slay, or prisoner make."
He said: and instant from his side unbrac'd,
And Durindana on a sapling plac'd.
Already now they part to half the space,
Sent from the bow, a whizzing shaft can trace:
Already each on each impels his steed,
And gives the reins at freedom to his speed:
Already each directs his spear aright,
Where the clos'd helmet but admits the light.
The ash seems brittle ice, and to the sky
With sudden crash a thousand splinters fly.
The staves break short—yet neither knight would yield
One foot, one inch—then wheeling round the field
Again they meet, and with the vant-plate[16] rear,
Firm in each grasp, the truncheon of the spear
That yet remain'd—those chiefs that once engag'd,
With sword or lance, like rustics now engag'd,
(Whose blows dispute the stream or meadow's right)
With shatter'd staves pursu'd a cruel fight.

Four times they struck, the fourth the truncheon broke
Close to the wrist, nor bore another stroke:
While either knight, as mutual fury reign'd,
Alone with gauntlet arm'd the strife maintain'd:
Where'er they grapple, plate and steely scale
They rend asunder, and disjoint the mail:
Not ponderous hammers fall with weightier blows,
Not clasps of iron stronger can enclose
With griping hold.—What now remains to save
The Pagan's honour who the challenge gave?
Or what in such a fruitless fight avail'd,
Where more th' assailant suffer'd than th' assail'd?
Each nerve exerting, with Orlando clos'd
The Pagan warrior, breast to breast oppos'd,
In hope with him the like success to prove,
As with Antæus once, the son of Jove.
With both his arms he grasps the mighty foe,
Tugs with full force, and draws him to and fro:
He foams, he raves—he scarcely can contain
His rising rage, nor heeds his courser's rein.
Collected in himself, Orlando tries
Whate'er advantage strength or skill supplies.
His hand he to the Pagan's steed extends,
And from his head by chance the bridle rends.
The Saracen with every art essays,
In vain, his rival from the seat to raise:
But, firm, with pressing knees, the earl preserves
His saddle still, nor here nor there he swerves;
Till, yielding to the Pagan's furious force,
The girth breaks short, and sudden from his horse
Orlando falls to earth; but still his feet
The stirreps keep, and still, as in the seat,
His thighs are strain'd, while, with a clanking sound,
His armour rattled as he touch'd the ground.
The adverse courser, from the bridle freed,
Across the champaign bends with rapid speed
His devious way: when thus the fair espy'd
Her lover borne from her unguarded side;
Without his presence fearful to remain,
His flight to trace she turns her palfrey's rein.
The haughty Pagan, as his courser flies,
Now soothes, now strikes, and now with angry cries
He threats the beast, as if with sense endu'd,
Who, mindless of his lord, his way pursu'd.
Three miles he bore, and still had borne the knight,
But that a crossing ditch oppos'd their flight:
There fell both man and horse: the Pagan struck
Against the ground, but from the dangerous shock
Escap'd unhurt; and here concludes his speed:
But how unbridled shall he guide the steed?
Him by the ruffled mane, in furious mood,
The Tartar seiz'd, and now debating stood
What course to take,—To whom the damsel cried,
"Lo! from my palfrey be your need supply'd;
Bridled or loose, mine, patient of command,
Obeys the voice, and answers to the hand."
The Pagan deem'd it ill a knight became
T' accept the proffer of a courteous dame;
But Fortune, wont her kindly aid to give,
Found better means that might his wants relieve,
And foul Gabrina to the place convey'd,
Who, since her guile Zerbino had betray'd,
Shunn'd every stranger, like the wolf that flies
The hunters' voice, and dogs' pursuing cries.
This beldame now the youthful vestments wore,
Which Pinabello's dame had worn before;
She press'd the saddle (late her gorgeous seat)
And unaware the Tartar chanc'd to meet.

[16] The part by which the spear was held.

King Stordilano's daughter [17], and her knight,
Behold with laughter such an uncouth sight;
The dress ill-suiting her unseemly shape,
And wither'd features like a grandam ape!
From her, his courser's bridle to supply,
He takes the reins; then, with a shouting cry,
Her palfrey drives, that to the forest bears
The trembling crone expiring with her fears,
Through rough or even paths, o'er hills and dales,
By hanging cliffs, deep streams, or gloomy vales.
But let us to pursue [18] her tale forbear,
When brave Orlando better claims our care:
His saddle now repair'd, and every need
Supply'd, he mounted on his warlike steed:
Awhile he stay'd, in hopes, ere long, to view
His foe return, the combat to renew;
At length resolv'd the Tartar to pursue.
Yet, ere he went, as one whose deeds express'd
The soft effusions of a courteous breast,
With gentle speech, fair smiles, and open look,
He friendly leave of both the lovers took.
Zerbino mourn'd to quit the generous chief;
And Isabella wept with tenfer grief:
The noble earl their earnest suit refus'd
To share his fortune, and to each excus'd
What honour must deny; for greater shame,
He urg'd, could never stain a warrior's name,
Than, in the day of glorious strife, to make
A friend his danger and his toils partake.
He then besought them, if the Pagan knight
(Ere him he met) should chance on them to light,
To tell him that Orlando meant to wait
Three days at hand to end the stern debate,
So late begun; and thence direct his course
To where imperial Charles encamp'd his force,
Beneath the numerous banners rang'd, and where
The Tartar prince to seek him might repair.
This done: as each his separate fortune guides,
Zerbino here, and there Orlando rides [19]:
But ere the valiant earl the place forsook,
His trusty falchion from the tree he took.
The winding course the Pagan's steed pursu'd
Through the thick covert of the entangled wood
Perplex'd Orlando, who, with fruitless pain,
Two days had follow'd, nor his sight could gain;
Then reach'd a stream that through a meadow led,
Whose vivid turf an emerald carpet spread,
Spangled with flowers of many a dazzling hue,
Where numerous trees in beauteous order grew,
Whose shadowy branches gave a kind retreat
To flocks and naked swains from mid-day heat.
With ponderous cuirass, shield, and helm, oppress,
Orlando soon the welcome gales confess'd;
And entering here to seek a short repose,
In evil chance a dreadful seat he chose;
A seat, where every hope must fade away
On that unhappy, that detested day.
There, casting round a casual glance, he view'd
Full many a tree, that trembled o'er the flood,
Inscrib'd with words, in which, as near he drew,
The hand of his Angelica he knew.
This place was one, of many a mead and bower,
For which Medoro, at the sultry hour [20],
Oft left the shepherd's cot, by love inspir'd,
And with Cathay's unrivall'd queen retir'd.
Angelica and her Medoro twin'd,
In amorous posies on the sylvan rind,
He sees, while every letter proves a dart,
Which love inflicts in his bleeding heart.
Fain would he by a thousand ways deceive
His cruel thoughts, fain would he not believe
What yet he must—then hopes some other fair
The name of his Angelica may bear.
"But, ah!" he cried, "too surely can I tell
These characters oft seen and known so well—
Yet should this fiction but conceal her love,
Medoro then may blest Orlando prove."
Thus, self-deceiv'd, forlorn Orlando strays
Still far from truth, still wanders in the maze
Of doubts and fears, while in his breast he tries
To feed that hope his better sense denies.
So the poor bird, that from the fields of air
Lights in the fraudful gin or viscous snare,
The more he flutters, and the subtle wiles
Attempts to 'scape, the faster makes the toils.
Now came Orlando where the gentlest hill,
Curv'd in an arch, o'er-hung the limpid rill:
Around the cavern's mouth were seen to twine
The creeping ivy and the curling vine.
Oft here the happy pair were wont to waste
The noontide heats, embracing and embrac'd;
And chiefly here, inscrib'd or carv'd, their names
Innumerous witness'd to their growing flames.
Alighting here, the warrior pensive stood,
And at the grotto's rustic entrance view'd
Words, by the hand of young Medoro wrought:
And fresh they seem'd, as when his amorous thought
For bliss enjoy'd his grateful thanks express'd,
And first in tuneful verse his passion dress'd.
Such in his native tongue might sure excel,
And thus, in ours transfus'd, the sense I tell.
"Hail! lovely plants, clear streams, and meadows green;
And thou, dear cave, whose cool-sequester'd scene
No sun molests! where she, of royal strain,
Angelica, by numbers woo'd in vain,
Daughter of Galaphron, with heavenly charms
Was oft enfolded in these happy arms!
O! let me, poor Medoro, thus repay
Such boundless rapture; thus with every lay
Of grateful praise the tender bosom move,
Lords, knights, and dames, that know the sweets of love:
Each traveller, or hind of low degree,
Whom choice or fortune leads the place to see;
Till all shall cry—'Thou Sun! thou Moon, attend!
This fountain, grotto, mead, and shade defend!
Guard them, ye choir of nymphs! nor let the swain
With flocks or herds the sacred haunts profane!'"
These verses, in Arabian written, drew
The knight's attention, who their idiom knew.
To him full well was many a language known,
But chiefly this, familiar to his own:
Such knowledge sav'd him oft, in distant lands,
From wrong and shame amid the Pagan bands.
But, ah! no more th' advantage shall he boast,
That in one fatal hour so dearly cost!
Three times he reads, as oft he reads again
The cruel lines; as oft he strives, in vain,
To give each sense the lie, and fondly tries
To disbelieve the witness of his eyes;
While at each word he feels the jealous smart,
And sudden coldness freezing at his heart.

[17] Doralis.

[18] Gabrina is again introduced, Book xxiv. ver. 234.

[19] Zerbino and Isabella appear again, Book xxiv. ver. 105.

[20] See Book xix. ver. 251.

Fix'd on the stone. In stiffening gaze, that prov'd
His secret pangs, he stood with looks unmov'd,
A seeming statue! while the godlike light
Of reason nearly seem'd eclips'd in night.
Confide in him, who by experience knows,
This is the woe surpassing other woes!
From his sad brow the wonted cheer is fled,
Low on his breast declines his drooping head;
Nor can he find (while grief each sense o'erbears)
Voice for his plaints, or moisture for his tears.
Impatient sorrow seeks its way to force,
But with too eager haste retards the course.
As when a full-brimm'd vase, with ample waist
And slender entrance form'd, is downward plac'd
And stands revers'd, the rushing waters pent,
All crowd at once to issue at the vent:
The narrow vent the struggling tide restrains,
And scarcely drop by drop the bubbling liquor drains.

He wishes—hopes—believes some foe might
A falsehood to defile his fair-one's name; [frame
Or with dire malice, by the tainting breath
Of jealous rage, to work his certain death.
Yet he, whoe'er the foe, his skill had prov'd
In feigning well the characters belov'd.

When now the Sun had to his sister's reign
Resign'd the skies, Orlando mounts again
His Brigliadoro's back, and soon espies
The curling smoke from neighbouring hamlets rise.
The herds are heard to low, the dogs to bay;
And to the village now his lonely way
Orlando takes, there pale and languid leaves
His Brigliadoro, where a youth receives
The generous courser; while, with ready haste,
One from the champion has his mail unbrac'd:
One takes his spurs of gold; and one from rest
His armour scours and cleanses from the dust.

Lo! this the cot, where, feeble with his wound,
Medoro lay, where wondrous chance he found.

No nourishment the warrior here desir'd,
On grief he fed, nor other food requir'd.
He sought to rest, but ah! the more he sought,
New pangs were added to his troubled thought:
Where'er he turn'd his sight, he still descry'd
The hated words inscrib'd on every side.
He would have spoke, but held his peace in fear
To know the truth he dreaded most to hear.

The gentle swain, who mark'd his secret grief,
With cheerful speech, to give his pains relief,
Told all th' adventure that the pair befel,
Which oft before his tongue was wont to tell
To every guest that gave a willing ear,
For many a guest was pleas'd the tale to hear.
He told how to his cot the virgin brought
Medoro wounded: how his cure she wrought,
While in her bosom Love's impoison'd dart
With deeper wound transfix'd her bleeding heart:
Hence, mindless of her birth, a princess bred,
Rich India's heir, she deign'd, by passion led,
A friendless youth of low estate to wed.
In witness of his tale, the peasant show'd
The bracelet by Angelica bestow'd,
Departing thence, her token of regard,
His hospitable welcome to reward.

This fatal proof, his well-known present, left
Of every gleam of hope his soul bereft:
Love, that had tortur'd long his wretched thrall,
With this concluding stroke determin'd all.

At length, from every view retir'd apart,
He gives full vent to his o'erfatour'd heart:
Now from his eyes the streaming shower releas'd,
Stains his pale cheek, and wanders down his breast;
Deeply he groans, and, staggering with his woes,
On the lone bed his listless body throws,
But rests no more than if in wilds forlorn,
Stretch'd on the naked rock or pointed thorn.
While thus he lay, he sudden call'd to mind,
That on the couch, where then his limbs recliu'd,
His faithless mistress, and her paramour,
Had oft with love beguil'd the amorous hour.
Stung with the thought, the hated down he flies:
Not swifter from the turf is seen to rise
The swain, who, courting grateful sleep, perceives
A serpent darting through the rustling leaves.
Each object now is loathsome to his sight;
The bed—the cot—the swain—he heeds no light
To guide his steps, not Dian's silver ray,
Nor cheerful dawn, the harbinger of day.
He takes his armour, and his steed he takes,
And through surrounding gloom impatient makes
His darkling way, there vents his woes alone,
In many a dreadful plaint and dreary groan.
Unceasing still he weeps, unceasing mourns;
Alike to him the night, the day returns;
Cities and towns he shuns; in woods he lies,
His bed the earth, his canopy the skies.
He wonders oft what fountain can supply
His flood of grief; how sigh succeeds to sigh.
"These are not tears," he cried, "that ceaseless flow;
For other signs are these that speak my woe.
Before the fire my vital moisture flies,
And now, exhaling, issues at my eyes:
Lo! thus it streams, and thus shall ever spend,
Till with its course my life and sorrows end.
These are not sighs that thus my torments show;
Sighs have a pause, but these no respite know.
Love burns my heart! these are the gales he makes,
As round the flame his fanning wings he shakes.
How canst thou, wondrous Love[21]! surround with fire,
Yet, unconsum'd, preserve my heart entire?
I am not he[22], the man my looks proclaim,
The man that lately bore Orlando's name;
He, by his fair one's cruel falsehood, dies;
And now, inter'd, her hapless victim lies.
I am his spirit freed from mortal chains,
Doom'd in this hell to rove with endless pains;
A wretched warning here on Earth to prove
For all henceforth who put their trust in love."

Through the still night, the earl from shade to shade
Thus lonely rov'd, and when the day display'd
Its twilight gleam, chance to the fountain led
His wandering course, where first his fate he read
In fond Medoro's strains—the sight awakes
His torpid sense, each patient thought forsakes
His maddening breast, that rage and hatred breathes,
And from his side he swift the sword unsheaths.
He hews the rock, he makes the letters fly;
The shatter'd fragments mount into the sky:
Hapless the cave whose stones, the trees whose
Bear with Angelica Medoro join'd; [rind,
From that curs'd day no longer to receive,
And flocks or swains with cooling shade relieve;

[21] It is much to be regretted, that the poet has disgraced this passage with such poor conceits.

[22] Imitated from Catullus.

Non ego sed tenuis vagulat umbra mea.

While that fair fountain, late so silvery pure,
Remain'd as little from his arm secure:
Together heap'ds and earthen clods he drew,
Crags, stones, and trunks, and in the waters threw;
Deep to its bed, with ooze and mud he spoil'd
The murmuring current, and its spring defil'd,
His limbs now moisten'd with a briny tide,
When strength no more his senseless wrath supplied,
Prone on the turf he sunk, numerv'd and spent,
All motionless, his looks on Heav'n intent,
Stretch'd without food or sleep; while thrice the Sun
Had stay'd, and thrice his daily course had run.
The fourth dire morn, with frantic rage possest,
He rends the armour from his back and breast:
Here lies the helmet, there the boasy shield,
Cuishes and cuirass further spread the field;
And all his other arms at random strow'd,
In divers parts he scatters through the wood;
Then from his body strips the covering vest,
And bares his sinewy limbs and hairy chest;
And now begins such feats of boundless rage,
As far and near th' astonish'd world engage.
His sword he left, else had his dreadful hand
With blood and horrour fill'd each wasted land:
But little, pole-ax, sword, or mace he needs
T' assist his strength, that every strength exceeds.
First his huge grasp a lofty pine up-tears
Sheer by the roots, alike another fares
Of equal growth; as easy round him strow'd,
As lowly weeds, or shrubs, or dwarfish wood.
Vast oaks and elms before his fury fall;
The stately fir, tough ash, and cedar tall.
As when a fowler for the field prepares
His sylvan warfare; ere he spreads his snares,
From stubble, reeds, and furze, th' obstructed land
Around he clears: no less Orlando's hand
Levels the trees that long had tower'd above,
For rolling years the glory of the grove!
The rustic swains that mid the woodland shade
Heard the loud crash, forsook their flocks that stray'd
Without a shepherd, while their masters flew
To learn the tumult and the wonder view [a].
Thus far I've reach'd, but further to extend
The present story might, perchance, offend;
And rather would I here defer the rest,
Than with a tedious tale your ear molest.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The extravagant fears of Orlando in his madness. Zerbino and Isabella are met by Almonio and Corebo, who bring Odorico, bound, to receive from Zerbino the punishment for his infidelity. Arrival of Gabrina, and the sentence passed on these two by Zerbino. Zerbino fights with Mandricardo in defence of Orlando's sword: issue of the combat. Meeting of Mandricardo and Rodomont: a dreadful battle between them for Doralis, till, on the appearance of a messenger from the Pagan camp, and at the request of Doralis, they agree to break off the combat and go to the assistance of Agramant.

Whoe'er his feet on Cupid's snares shall set,
Must seek t' escape, ere in th' entangling net
His wings are caught; for sage experience tells,
In love's extreme, extreme of madness dwells.
Though each may rage not with the wild excess
Orlando rag'd, their phrensy all express
By different ways—what more our folly shows,
Than while we others seek, ourselves to lose?
Various th' effects of this destructive flame,
The first dire cause of phrensy is the same:
Love is a forest, where the lover strays
From path to path, bewilder'd in the maze;
And he who leads his life in amorous pain,
Deserves to feel the gyves and shackling chain.
Here some may cry—"Brother, thy words have shown
Another's faults, forgetful of thy own."
Yes—in my intervals of sense I see
My bosom's conflict with the charge agree:
Yet have I striv'n, and hope in time to cure
The wounds I now from beauty's shafts endure.
I told, how from his limbs Orlando drew
Furious his arms, and o'er the forest threw
The scatter'd harness; how his vest he rent,
And to the ground his fatal falchion sent:
How trees he rooted, while the woods around
And cavern'd rocks re-echo'd to the sound:
Till rustic swains, to where the tumult spread,
Their grievous sins, or cruel planets led.
As nearer now the madman they beheld,
Whose feats of strength all human strength excell'd,
They turn'd to fly; but knew not where, nor whence,
Such sudden fears distracted every sense.
Swift he pursu'd, and one who vainly fled
He seiz'd, and from the shoulders rent the head[b].

[a] This book concludes with one of the finest incidents in the poem, which gives name to the whole work, the madness of Orlando. The narrative begins at ver. 726. Few passages, in any author, excel the remaining part of the book; and it is surely needless to point out to the reader of taste and discernment the pathos and fire of the poet, whether we contemplate his hero in the first dawn of his jealousy, or through the gradual progress of this passion, in which, while he seems to fly from conviction, he finds, by a train of concurrent circumstances, most artfully brought together, the truth forced upon him, till at length he breaks out into a phrensy, that closes the book with wonderful sublimity!

[b] Hear the description of the extravagant and ludicrous feats performed by Orlando in his madness, which passages of our author Cervantes seems to ridicule, when he represents Don Quixote in the sable mountain, debating whether he shall imitate the melancholy phrensy of Amadis de Gaul, or the more boisterous fury of Orlando.

"Have I not told you," said Don Quixote, "that I design to imitate Amadis, acting here the desperado, the senseless, and the madman: at the same time copying the valiant Don Orlando, when he found, by the side of a fountain, some indications that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro: at grief whereof he ran mad,

Easy, as from the stalk, or tender shoot,
A peasant crops the flower, or plucks the fruit;
The lifeless body by the legs he took,
And, as a club, against his fellows shook.
Two stretch'd on earth in lasting slumber lay,
Perchance to rise not till the judgment day.
The rest were soon dispers'd on every side,
So well advis'd their rapid feet they ply'd;
Nor had the madman loiter'd to pursue,
But on their herds with headlong speed he flew.
The labouring hinds the peril near survey'd,
And left their ploughs, with all the rural trade
Of scythes and spades, while, seiz'd with pale affright,
One climbs a roof, and one the temple's height,
(Since elms and oaks avail not,) trembling there,
They view the dreadful havoc from afar.
Before his fury steeds and oxen yield,
And swift the courser that escapes the field.
Now might ye hear in every village rise
Tumultuous clamours, blending human cries
With rustic horns and pipes; while echo'd round
The pealing bells from neighbouring steeples sound.
All seize such weapons as the time provides,
Bows, slings, and staves; and down the mountain's sides
A thousand rush; while from the dells below
As many swarm against a single foe.
As when the tide appears the shore to lave,
The southern wind impelling wave on wave,
Scarce curls the first, the second deeper swells,
And this, the third with rising force excels;
Till more and more the victor-flood ascends,
And o'er the sands his liquid scourge extends:
Th' increasing throngs Orlando thus assail,
Pour down the hill, and issue from the vale.
Ten wretches first, then other ten he slew,
That near his hand in wild disorder drew.
None from his fated skin could draw the blood;
His skin unhurt each weapon's stroke withstood:

To him such wondrous grace the King of Heaven
To guard his faith and holy church had given.
Could aught of mortal risk Orlando's life,
Great were his risk in this unequal strife:
Then had he miss'd the mail he late unbrac'd,
And miss'd the falchion which aside he cast.
The crowds, that view'd each weapon slain'd in vain,
With backward steps retreated from the plain; 80
When mad Orlando, who no further thought,
The rustic dwellings of a hamlet sought:
All theuce were fled; yet there in plenteous store
He found such food as suits the village poor,
Of homely kind;—but prest with pining fast
On roots or bread his eager hands he cast;
Greedy alike devour'd whate'er he saw,
Or savoury viands bak'd, or morsels raw:
Then through the country round, with rapid pace,
To man and beast alike he gave the chase; 90
Through the deep covert of the tangled wood
The nimble goat or light-foot dear pursu'd.
Oft on the bear and tusky boar he flew,
And, with his single arm, in combat slew;
Then, with their flesh, his savage spoils of fight
Insatiate gorg'd his ravenous appetite.
Thus o'er the realm of France, from land to land,
He ran, till on a day a bridge he gain'd,
Where swift (enclos'd in craggy banks and steep)
A river pours its current broad and deep, 100
And built beside a stately castle stands,
That far around the subject fields commands.
What there ensu'd some future time shall tell;
Now turn to what Zerbino* next befel.
Orlando gone, awhile Zerbino stood,
Then took the path the Paladin pursu'd;
Scarce past a mile, slow riding, when he spy'd
A recreant knight with hands behind him ty'd,
Plac'd on a humble steed, and for his guard,
On either side a knight in arms prepar'd. 110
Full soon Zerbino, as he nearer drew,
Full soon the lovely Isabella knew
False Odorico, trusted late to keep
Her virgin charms, like wolves to watch the sheep.
Him had the prince preferr'd o'er every friend,
From ill or shame his mistress to defend;
Nor could he think that faith, to him so prov'd,
Would fail to her, whom more than life he lov'd.
Then chanc'd fair Isabella to unfold
Her past escapes; and all the tale she told. 120
How, ere her vessel bulg'd beneath the wave,
She sought the bark her sinking life to save:
How Odorico had his faith betray'd;
And how the outlaws to their cave convey'd
Her helpless youth,—and scarce these words she said,
When, lo! she saw the traitor prisoner led.
The two, who thither brought the faithless knight,
On Isabella cast their wondering sight,
As one they oft had seen; with her they guess'd
Their dearest lord, the partner of her breast, 130
Companion rode; for well his blazon'd shield
The colours of his noble line reveal'd.
Approaching near, they saw with rapture'd eyes
His well-known face confirm their first surmise.

tore up trees by the roots, disturbed the waters of the crystal springs, slew the shepherds, destroyed flocks, fired cottages, demolished houses, dragged mares on the ground, and did a hundred thousand other extravagancies, worthy to be recorded, and had in eternal remembrance. And supposing that I do not intend to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotelando (for he had all these three names) in every point, and in all the mad things he acted, said, and thought, I will make a sketch of them the best I can, in what I judge the most essential. And, perhaps, I may satisfy myself with only copying Amadis, who, without playing any mischievous pranks, by weepings and tendernesses, arrived to as great a fame as the best of them all."

Jarvis's Don Quixote, Vol. I. b. ii. c. 11.

Though much of the satire in the above citation must be allowed to be just, and though most of the actions recorded of Orlando in his madness may be given up to all the severity of criticism; yet no part of the description in the foregoing book, notwithstanding several of the circumstances are unfairly included in the ridicule of Cervantes, can be censured by any discerning reader: but let the whole of the passage be tried by the standard of truth and nature, and compared with whatever is excellent of the kind in ancient or modern poetry, and surely Ariosto will not lose by the comparison.

* Orlando appears again Book xxix. ver. 231. The last we heard of Zerbino was when he parted from Orlando, Book xxiii. ver. 783.

Swift from their stools they leapt, with eager pace,
And open arms, impatient to embrace
Zerbino's knees: bareheaded now they stood
Before his sight, and lowly reverent bow'd.
Zerbino fix'd on each his earnest view,
And soon Corebo and Almonio knew;
Those well-try'd friends, to whom he gave the care
With Odorico to protect the fair.
Almonio then—"Since Heaven has pleas'd once more
To thee thy Isabella to restore,
Why should I now, my much-lov'd lord, relate,
What well thou know'st—why in this captive state
You caitiff rides—for she, the fair betray'd,
Has long ere this his treacherous guilt display'd;
Has told, how, by his base and guileful art
Deceiv'd, the wretch induc'd me to depart:
How brave Corebo[2], to defend her, stood,
And, deeply wounded, shed his generous blood.
"Attend the sequel—From the town in haste,
With steeds and menials to the strand I pass'd;
Still casting round my eager eyes to find
The friends and virgin whom I left behind.
Foremost I spurr'd, and travers'd all the shore,
Search'd every part their feet had trod before:
In vain—no sign appear'd on either hand,
But some new marks of footsteps on the sand.
I follow'd these, and these my course convey'd
Beneath the covert of the woodland shade:
Led by the sound of arms, at length I found
Unblest Corebo bleeding on the ground——
'Where is our virgin-charge I left so late?
Where Odorico? say, what adverse fate
Has here reduc'd thee to this wretched state?'
Thus I—and now the fatal truth reveal'd,
I sought th' apostate wretch; the wretch conceal'd
Deceiv'd my search, and, all the day beguil'd,
Through wood and brake I wander'd in the wild;
At length return'd to where a crimson tide
From pale Corebo's wounds the herbage dy'd;
Where (speedy help delay'd) the gloomy grave
Alone could take what art refus'd to save;
Where friars and monks might funeral rites prepare,
When vain the healing conch and leech's care.
"Then from the woodland to the town I bore
The fainting youth, his vigour to restore;
Where soon our host a sage physician found,
With sovereign plants to close each bleeding wound.
Corebo cur'd, he took his arms and horse;
To find the wretch we bent our eager course;
Him in Alphonso's regal court I met,
And, dar'd in open list, against him set
My trusty lance: the king allow'd the fight
With every regal form to prove the right.
My cause prevail'd; for Fortune, who at will
Oft conquest gives, dispensing good or ill,
So help'd my arms, his strength avail'd no more,
And he remain'd a captive in my power.
Th' offender's crime reveal'd, the monarch gave
To me his life, to punish or to save.
Nor would I free, nor take his forfeit head,
But thus to thee in captive chains have led,
That thy decree might doom him to be slain,
Or kept alive, reserv'd for further pain.
Fame spoke thee join'd with Charles' imperial force,
And hopes to find thee, hither urg'd our course.

All thanks to Heaven! that thus, when least I thought,
To see my prince my happy steps has brought:
Nor less my thanks, that thus I see restor'd
Thy Isabella to her plighted lord;
Whom late the traitor, with insidious art,
Had seem'd for ever from thy arms to part."
Zerbino silent, while Almonio spoke,
On Odorico fix'd his earnest look:
Hatred he little felt[4], but chief he mourn'd
To find his hope from friendship thus return'd;
To think that one, who least had cause to leave
His prince and friend, should both alike deceive:
Till, with a deep-drawn sigh, he rais'd his head,
And thus, benignant, to the prisoner said:
"Declare, unhappy, nor the truth suppress;
And if we right have heard, thy guilt confess."
At this the faithless friend, low-bending, press'd
His knee to earth, and thus his lord address'd:
"To err is still the lot of man below:
But hence the good, from wicked minds, we know;
The last, by nature prone to every fault,
At once give way to evil's first assault.
The good for brave defence their weapons wield,
But, if the foe be strong, no less they yield.
Hadst thou, O prince! consign'd to my command
Some frontier-post, and had my dastard hand
Without resistance given the hostile powers
To plant the standard on thy conquer'd towers;
Then might the foulest curse pursue my name,
The traitor's danger and the coward's shame.
But, if compell'd to yield, not blame would meet,
But praise itself might follow such defeat.
'T was mine to guard my faith from mental foes,
Like some strong fort which numerous troops enclose.
With all the force supplied me from above
By Heaven's supreme decree, full long I strove
To guard the fortress, till my vigour fail'd,
And the strong foe with stronger arms prevail'd."
Thus Odorico spoke; and more he said
To prove what mighty power his faith betray'd;
With every art of soothing speech address'd,
He sought to move his injur'd prince's breast:
While good Zerbino stood in deep suspense,
Or to forgive, or punish such offence.
Thoughts of the heavy crime now seem'd to wake
His sleeping wrath, the traitor's life to take:

[2] See Book xiii. ver. 199. from which part this narrative is continued by Almonio.

[4] Zerbino is one of the most amiable characters in the whole work, and must strongly interest the reader. His sentiments of mercy and generosity, on the reflection of his friend's treachery and ingratitude, may remind us of the behaviour of Titus the Roman emperor to his friend Sextus, who had conspired against his life, so admirably painted by Metastasio, an author who abounds in the most noble and elevated sentiments. Titus, in his interview with Sextus, thus endeavours to make him confess his guilt:

Observe me, Sextus, we are now alone,
Thy sovereign is not present: open then
Thy heart to Titus; trust it with thy friend;
I promise thee, Augustus ne'er shall know
The secret thou disclosest: tell me how
Thy faith was first seduc'd: let us together
Seek some pretence t' excuse thee: I, perchance,
Shall be e'en happier than thyself to find it.
Act. iii. Scene 8.

Now dear remembrance of their friendship past,
Which, till that fatal chance, so firm could last,
With pity's stream resentment's flame suppress'd,
And nourish'd mercy in his generous breast.
While, unresolv'd, Zerbino still remains
To free th' offender, or to hold in chains;
By death to sweep him from his sight, or give
The wretch in lengthen'd sufferings yet to live,
Behold, loud neighing[5], comes th' affrighted steed,
Which Mandricardo from his bridle freed,
And with him bears the beldame pale for breath,
Whose guile had nearly wrought Zerbino's death.
The roving palfrey from a distant ground
The courser hears, and seeks the kindred sound.
Soon as Zerbino thither turns his eyes;
He lifts his hands in praises to the skies,
For two so wicked to his power resign'd,
Whose deeds deserv'd his deepest hate to find.
The noble knight that impious crone detains:
And now he ponders with himself what pains
Her crimes should meet; to lop her nose and ears,
To make her piece-meal die, at first appears
A just decree; to give her limbs for food
To gorge the hungry vultures' screaming brood.
Now this, now that, his wavering thoughts revolve;
At length determin'd, fix his last resolve:
Then, turning to his friends, he cries—"I give
My free consent the faithless youth shall live.
Though such offence may scarce forgiveness gain,
At least it merits not severest pain.
Still let him live, and freed, my mercy prove,
Since well I know his crime the crime of love.
Love has ere this a firmer bosom brought
To guilt more deep than Odorico's fault,
Which now we judge—to him let grace be shown,
The suffering should be mine, and mine alone.
Blind as I was, so vast a trust to yield,
Yet knew how flame can catch the stubble field!"
To Odorico then—"Be this thy doom,
The penance of thy deed—thy task to come;
One circling year this woman's steps attend,
From all that seek her life, her life defend;
Her foes be thine—and range, at her command,
The realms of spacious France, from land to land."
Zerbino thus: and him, who for his crime
Deserv'd his death, he gave some future time
To certain fate; expos'd in every shape,
To perils human wit could ne'er escape.
So oft some ill-starr'd knight, or wife, or maid,
Her arts had ruin'd, and her guile betray'd;
Whoe'er her safety watches, risks his life
With wandering knights in many a dangerous strife.
Thus each was justly punish'd—she for crimes
That long for vengeance cried in former times,
While he, for her defence who wrongly stood,
In some stern fight must shed his vital blood.
A solemn oath Zerbino fram'd to bind
The recreant knight to keep the terms enjoin'd;
And vow'd, if e'er he broke the faith he swore,
And fell again the captive of his power,
No longer prayer or mercy to regard,
But with his death his perjury reward.
Then to Almonio and his friend he made
A sign to free their prisoner; these obey'd
With slow reluctance; either grieve'd to find
Himself defrauded of revenge design'd.
And now the faithless knight the place forsook,
And with him thence that aged beldame took.
What chanc'd to these, no farther Turpin writes,
But thus another bard the tale recites:
The bard, his name untold, has thus declar'd:—
Ere these together one day's journey far'd,
False Odorico, deaf to every call
Of plighted faith, to free himself from thrall,
Around Gabrina's neck a halter flung,
And to an elm the crone detested hung;
And thence a twelvemonth, but unknown the place,
Almonio made him run the self-same race.
Zerbino, who the Paladin pursues
With earnest search, and fears the track to lose,
Now sends a message to his martial train,
Anxious what cause could thus their lord detain.
To good Almonio he his charge declares,
Which now to tell, the Muse for haste forbears.
To good Almonio is Corebo join'd,
And Isabella sole remains behind.
Great was the love Zerbino had profess'd,
And great in Isabella's tender breast
For brave Orlando; great was either's zeal
To learn what chance the virtuous earl befel,
So late unhors'd: three days to' await the knight[6],
Whose fearless arm rejects the sword in fight,
The earl had vow'd; and hence till thrice the day
Had rose and set, the prince decreed to stay,
And to the squadrons his return delay.
In every place through which Orlando pass'd,
His hapless way Zerbino following trac'd:
At length he came where midst the lonely grove
The fair ingrate had carv'd the notes of love.
The spring disturb'd, the trees and cave he view'd;
Those lopt and rooted, this in fragments hew'd.
Not far he saw a sudden gleam and light,
And first the warrior-cuirass struck his sight:
The helmet next—not that which fam'd of yore,
The haughty African, Almontes wore.
He heard a courser in the woods conceal'd
Repeated neigh, and now advanc'd, beheld
Where Brigliadoro graz'd the verdant plain,
While from his saddle hung the lomen'd rein.
He Durindana sought, and soon he found
The sword, unsheath'd, lie useless on the ground.
He saw the surcoat, which, in pieces strow'd,
The wretched earl had scatter'd through the wood.
With Isabella now Zerbino gaz'd
In sad suspense, while every object rais'd
A secret fear, yet little they divin'd
(Howe'er they weigh'd the signs with anxious mind)
Orlando from his better sense disjoin'd.
One drop of blood discover'd on the plain
Had imag'd to their thoughts the champion slain.
And now a rustic hind with headlong pace
Approach'd, deep terrour on his bloodless face,
Who late in safety from a rock's tall height,
Beheld the wretched madman's frantic might;
How from his limbs he drew his vest and arms,
And shepherds slew, and wrought a thousand harms.
He certain tidings to Zerbino gives,
Who, fill'd with wonder, scarce the truth believes,
Though clear the proofs—the shepherd's tale he hears
With pitying heart, and leaves his seat in tears.
He lights to gather from the woodland ground
The warlike relics widely scatter'd round,

[5] See Book xxiii. ver. 675, where Mandricardo takes away Gabrina's bridle.

[6] Mandricardo.

With him the gentle fair her steed forsakes,
And from the ground the arms and vestment takes;
When, lo! appears a dame in looks distrest,
Sighs frequent bursting from her mournful breast:
If any ask who thus her woes deplor'd,
'T was Flordelis[7], who rov'd to seek her lord;
For Brandimart, departing thence unknown,
Had left the fair in Paris' regal town;
Where seven or eight long moons the mourner stay'd;
But when she found his wish'd return delay'd,
From sea to sea she pass'd, from plain to plain,
Far as the hills that sever France from Spain;
All parts she search'd, but where estrang'd from home
He liv'd in old Atlantes' magic dome;
Where, with Ruggero Brandimart detain'd,
Where, with Orlando stern Ferrau remain'd.
But when Astolpho, with his wondrous blast,
Had driv'n the sorc'rer from his seats aghast,
To Paris Brandimart again return'd,
Unknown to her, who still his absence mourn'd.
Thus lovely Flordelis, to chance resign'd,
Zerbino and his Isabella join'd:
Too well she Brigliadoro knew, who stray'd
Without his lord, and, ah! with grief survey'd
Each cruel object, while she heard relate
The dreadful sequel of Orlando's fate,
Who rov'd, of sense distraught, from place to place,
A wretched outcast of the human race.

Zerbino now the arms together drew,
And fix'd them on a pine in open view,
A trophy fair! and, lest some 'venturous knight
(Native or stranger born) on these should light,
The verdant rind this short inscription bore:
THESE ARMS THE PALADIN ORLANDO WORE.
As if he said—Let none these arms remove,
But such as dare Orlando's fury prove.

This pious task perform'd, the prince with speed
Prepar'd to part; but, ere he rein'd his steed,
Fierce Mandricardo[8] came, who, when he turn'd
And saw the trunk with those rich spoils adorn'd,
Heask'd from whence, and who such arms dispos'd;
To whom Zerbino, all he knew, disclos'd.
The Pagan king o'erjoy'd, no longer stay'd,
Approach'd the pine, then seiz'd the sword, and said,
"Let rashly none presume my steed to claim,
This fatal blade by law of arms I claim:
Long, long ere now this gallant sword was won[9],
And still, where'er I find, I claim my own.
Orlando, fearing to defend his right,
Has feign'd his madness but to shun the fight:
Then wherefore should I now forbear to take
What coward lowness urg'd him to forsake?"

"Rash knight, refrain—rethink," Zerbino cries,
"Without dispute, to match the glorious prize.
If such thy claim to Hector's arms, then know
'T was theft, not valour, did those arms bestow."

No more was said; for each with equal heat,
And equal courage, springs his foe to meet.
Scarce is the fight begun, when echo'd round
A hundred blows their polish'd arms resound.
Where Durindana threatens from on high,
Zerbino seems a rapid flame to fly
The falling stroke, where'er to shun the steel
Light as a deer he makes his counter wheel.
Behoves him now his utmost skill t' employ,
Since, from that edge, accustom'd to destroy,
One wound might send him to the dreary grove,
Where love-lorn ghosts through shades of myrtle[10] rove.
As singled from the herd, the nimble hound
Invades the boar, and cautious circling round,
Stills every side, but still maintains the field,
By turns assaulting, and by turns repell'd:
So brave Zerbino, as the sword descends,
Or threats aloft, with wariest heed attends;
Honour and life to guard, his sharpen'd eyes
Watch every stroke, and as he strikes he flies.
Thus he; while fiercely as the Pagan foe
Whirls his dread sword, and gives or fails the blow,
He seems a whirlwind that from Heaven descends,
And 'twixt two Alpine hills the forest rends;
Now, beat to earth, the trees deep groaning bear,
Now from the trunks the shatter'd branches tear:
Though oft Zerbino turn'd aside, or fled
The trenchant blade, at length the Pagan sped
A downward stroke, that with full force impress
Between the sword and buckler, reach'd his breast.
Strong was the corslet, strong the plated mail,
With texture firm; yet all could nought avail
Against the blade, that thund'ring from above,
Through plate and mail, and shatter'd corslet drove.
The sword fell short, else had the stroke design'd
Cleft all the knight, yet reach'd so far to find
The naked part, whence from the shallow wound,
A span in length, the warm blood trickling round
Stray'd o'er his shining arms, and stain'd the ground.
So have I seen a silken flowret spread,
And dye the silver vest with blushing red,
Wrought by her snowy hand with matchless art,
That hand, whose whiteness oft has pierc'd my heart.
Ah! what avails the good Zerbino now
Courage to dare, or strength to urge the blow,
Though master of the war!—there virtue fail'd,
Where stronger arms and stronger nerve prevail'd.
Slight was the wound, though by the crimson hue
Not slight it seem'd, but, startled at the view,
Pale Isabella's heart, with fear oppress,
All cold and trembling, sunk within her breast.
Zerbino, fir'd with generous thirst of fame,
With deep resentment stung, and conscious shame,

[7] In the twelfth book, ver. 604, Flordelis is mentioned to have left Paris in search of her husband Brandimart, who was gone after Orlando.

[8] See Book xxiii. ver. 692, where Mandricardo is last mentioned.

[9] Mandricardo seems to mean that he had proved his title to the sword, by the perilous adventure which he encountered at the castle of the Syrian Fairy, where he conquered the armour of Hector. The story is told at large in the notes to book xiv. ver. 249.

[10] Virgil in his sixth Æneid tells us, that the ghosts of departed lovers were thus disposed of.

Hic, quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit,
Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum
Silva tegit.——

The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moan.—

Dryden.

Rais'd both his hands, and with redoubled might
Struck on the helmet of the Tartar knight.
The staggering Saracen the weight confess'd,
And to the saddle bow'd his haughty crest:
Th' enchanted casque made every weapon vain,
Else that dire stroke had cleft him to the brain.
Impatient for revenge, the Pagan lord
Against Zerbino's helmet rais'd the sword.
Zerbino, who the foe's intent beheld,
Swift to the right his well-taught courser wheel'd;
Yet not so swift, nor could he shun so well
The biting edge, which on his buckler fell,
But through the plates from side to side it went,
And deep beneath his mailed gauntlet rent;
Laid bare his arm, then glancing downward found
His steel-clad thigh, and deep impress'd a wound.
Now here, now there, Zerbino strikes in vain;
The foe's tough arms, unhurt, the stroke sustain:
Each pass he tries; no pass the plates afford,
And harmless from the surface bounds the sword.
Not so the Tartar king—his fiercer might
With such advantage urg'd th' unequal fight;
Seven times his steel has drunk Zerbino's blood,
Has pierc'd or cleft his shield, his helmet hew'd.
By slow degrees life's issuing current drains
His ebbing strength, but dauntless he remains:
His vigorous heart, still nourish'd with the flame
Of inbred worth, supports his feeble frame.
Sad Isabella, now with fears distress'd,
To Doralis her earnest suit address'd;
By every power adjur'd her to suppress
The battle's rage, and turn their strife to peace.
Courteous as fair, and doubting yet th' event
Of combat, Doralis with glad consent
To Isabella yielding, soon inclin'd
To friendly truce her valiant lover's mind.
Not less Zerbino calm'd his vengeful heart
For her he lov'd, consenting to depart
Where'er she led, and, at her powerful word,
Unfinish'd left th' adventure of the sword.
But Flordelis, who ill-defended view'd
Unblest Orlando's falchion, weeping stood
To wail the loss; and oft she wish'd that fate
Had brought her lord to share the dire debate.
Yet could she e'er (if chance so fair befel)
To her lov'd Brandimart the story tell;
Stern Mandricardo, to his deadly cost,
Might rue that conquest now his haughty boast.
From morn till evening Flordelis [11] in vain
Still sought her lord, from morn till eve again
At random stray'd, while he, whose loss she mourn'd,
Once more to Paris' regal walls return'd.
So long she travers'd mountain, hill, and wood,
At length she came, where near a running flood
The wretched Paladin she saw and knew——
But let us now Zerbino's tale pursue [12].
Though scarce the noble youth his seat maintains,
So fast his blood has flow'd, so fast it drains,
Yet, self-accus'd, affliction rends his mind,
For Durindana to the foe resign'd:
His pains increase—and soon with shortening breath
He feels the certain chill approach of death.

Th' enfeebled warrior now his courser stays,
And near a fountain's side his limbs he lays.
Ah! what avails the wretched virgin's grief?
What can she here to yield her lord relief?
In desert wilds for want she sees him die,
No friend to help, no peopled dwelling nigh,
Where she, for pity or reward, might find
Some skilful leech, his streaming wounds to bind.
In vain she weeps—in vain with frantic cries
She calls on Fortune, and condemns the skies.
"Why was I not in surging waters lost,
When first my vessel left Galicia's coast?"
Zerbino, as his dying eyes he turned
On her, while thus her cruel fate she mourn'd,
More felt her sorrows, than the painful strife
Of nature struggling on the verge of life.
"My heart's sole treasure! mayst thou still," he said,
"When I, alas! am number'd with the dead,
Preserve my love—think not for death I grieve;
But thee, thus guideless and forlorn to leave,
Weighs heavy here—O! were my mortal date
Prolong'd to see thee in a happier state,
Blest were this awful hour—contest in death,
On that lov'd bosom to resign my breath.
But summon'd now at Fate's unpitying call,
Unknown what future lot to thee may fall—
By those soft lips, by those fond eyes I swear,
By those dear locks that could my heart ensnare!
Despairing to the shades of night I go,
Where thoughts of thee, left to a world of woe,
Shall rend this faithful breast with deeper pains
Than all that Hell's avenging realm [13] contains."
At this, sad Isabella pour'd a shower
Of trickling tears, and lowly bending o'er,
Close to his mouth her trembling lips she laid,
His mouth now pale like some fair rose decay'd;
A vernal rose, that, crop't before the time,
Bends the green stalk, and withers ere its prime.
"Think not," she said, "life of my breaking heart!
"Without thy Isabella to depart:
Let no such fears thy dying bosom rend:
Where'er thou go'st, my spirit shall attend:
One hour to both shall like dimission give,
Shall fix our doom, in future worlds to live,
And part no more—when ruthless death shall close
Thy fading eyes—that moment ends my woes!
Or should I still survive that stroke of grief,
At least thy sword will yield a sure relief.
And, ah! I trust, reliev'd from mortal state,
Each breathless corse shall meet a milder fate,
When some, in pity of our hapless doom,
May close our bodies in one peaceful tomb."
Thus she: and while his throbbing pulse she feels
Weak, and more weak, as death relentless steals
Each vital sense, with her sad lip she drains
The last faint breath of life that yet remains.
To raise his feeble voice Zerbino try'd—
"I charge thee now—O lov'd in death," he cried,
"By that affection which thy bosom bore,
Whom, for my sake, thou left'st thy father's shore,
And, if a truth like mine such power can give,
While Heaven shall please—I now command thee, live!

[11] Here it seems that Flordelis departs without accosting Zerbino and Isabella, to whom she appears a stranger.

[12] He returns to Flordelis, Book xxix. ver. 297. and to Mandricardo in the 639th verse of this book.

[13] We must always remember that the Italian poets, without scruple, make use of the old Pagan mythology.

Not never be it from thy thought remov'd,
That, much as man can love, Zerbino lov'd.
Fear not but God, in time, will succour lend,
From every ill thy virtue to defend;
As once he sent the Roman knight to save
Thy youth unfriended from the robber's cave:
As from the seas he drew thee safe to land, [hand:
And snatch'd thee from th' impure Biscayner's
And when at last all other hopes we lose,
Be death the last sad refuge that we choose."
Thus spoke the dying knight; but scarce were heard
His latter words in accents weak preferr'd.
Here ended life[14]——the light so drooping dies,
When oil or wax no more the flame supplies.
What tongue can tell how mourn'd the wretched maid,
What plaints she utter'd, and what tears she shed,
When in her arms her dear Zerbino lay,
All icy cold, a lump of lifeless clay!
Prone on the bleeding corse herself she threw,
Clasp'd his stiff limbs, and bath'd with tender dew:
She rav'd so loud, that all the plains around,
And woods, re-echo'd the distressful sound:
Nor her white breast, nor blooming cheeks she spares,
But, cruel, that she strikes, and these she tears;
She rends her golden locks, that know not blame,
Invoking, vainly, oft the much-lov'd name;
And, little mindful of Zerbino's charge,
His sword had set her frantic soul at large,
But, lo! a hermit, wont each stated day
To the clear fount to bend his lonely way,
Came from his neighbouring dwelling, timely sent
By Heaven's high will t' oppose her dire intent.
This reverend man, in whom at once were join'd
A sage experience and a gentle mind,
Whose hallow'd wisdom all examples knew,
And brought, as in a mirror, these to view;
Now, with a pious healing hand, address'd
The balm of patience to her wounded breast,
And many a woman bright in virtue nam'd,
In either volume's[15] sacred text proclaim'd.
He show'd how vain our search of bliss is spent,
When God alone can yield us true content;
That Earth's enjoyments, ever shifting, leave
The wish unsated, and the hope deceive.
He wrought so far, with mild persuasion's breath,
To change her heart so lately fix'd on death,
And raise her wish to quit this vale of strife,
And dedicate to God her future life.
Yet would she never banish from her mind
Zerbino's love, or leave his corse behind,
Resolv'd through all her pilgrimage to bear
With her the relics of a form so dear.
Then, by the hermit's aid, who show'd in age
A strength of limb his years could ill presage,
Zerbino on his pensive steed she laid,
And travers'd many a mile the woodland shade.
The cautious hermit[16] led not to his cell
The lovely maid, with him alone to dwell,
Where stood his mansion in the neighbouring dell.

His thoughts suggest—that hand we justly blame
Which bears at once the fuel and the flame,
Nor would in prudence or in years confide,
By such a proof to find his virtue tried;
But meant to lead her to Provence, where stood,
Near fam'd Marseilles, a holy house, endow'd
With wealthy gifts, whose spacious walls contain'd,
Of heaven-devoted dames, a saint-like band.
Awhile their steps a friendly castle stay'd,
Where, in a sable coffin clos'd, they laid
The slaughter'd knight, and safely thence convey'd[17].
A spacious tract of land, day following day,
Through the lone wild and least frequented way,
They strove to pass unknown, secure from harms,
Now all the country round was fill'd with arms.
At length a knight they met, who stopp'd their course
With brutal insult and unmanly force:
Of him some fitter time the Muse shall tell,
Now turn to what the Tartar king befel[18].
The battle ended thus, his generous steed
The warrior from the reins and saddle freed,
And turn'd him loose to graze the flowery mead.
Pleas'd with the fair retreat, his limbs he laid
Beside the stream beneath the cooling shade;
But lay not long, ere from a distant height
Descending to the plain, appear'd a knight:
Him, soon as Doralis beheld, she knew,
And pointing out to Mandricardo's view,
"Unless the distant sight deceive my eyes,
Lo! yonder comes fierce Rodomont," she cries.
"To give thee combat from the hill he speeds,
And well such combat now thy prowess needs;
Rage for my loss, inflam'd to his bed,
Has drawn down all his vengeance on thy head."
As the bold hawk a fiercer mien assumes,
Lifts his high head, and spreads his ruffled plumes,
If chance some birds of household breed he spies
(The starling, duck, or dove,) before him rise;
So Mandricardo, well assur'd to hear
From Rodomont the bloody wreaths of war,
With joy exulting, mounts his steed again,
His feet the stirrups press, his hand the rein.
And now the wrathful chiefs approach'd so near,
That each the other's threatening words might hear.
The king of Algiers shook his haughty head,
Wav'd his right arm, and thus aloud he said;
"Soon shall I make thee rue thy fatal joy,
Who for a short-liv'd gift, and amorous toy,
Hast dar'd t' insult a prince, whose powerful hand
Shall wreak the vengeance that such wrongs demand."

[14] The death of Zerbino, with all the attendant circumstances, is one of those fine passages so admired by the Italians, and which, if the translator has done any justice to his author, cannot fail strongly to affect the English reader.

[15] Old and New Testament.

[16] So light a turn given to the narrative, after so beautiful and affecting a catastrophe, will, I fear, disgust the reader; but, at the same time, as it strongly marks the general complexion of the early Italian poets of this class, and more especially the genius of Ariosto, it was not thought allowable to omit the passage. These are among the parts alluded to by Gravina, who accuses Ariosto of "sometimes mingling ludicrous reflections or allusions with serious matter." See the Preface.

[17] In the time of Ariosto, Joan, queen of Castile, in like manner carried with her, in a coffin, the body of her dead husband, Philip of Austria.
Zatta.

[18] He returns to Isabella and the hermit, Book xxviii. ver. 676.

Then Mandricardo thus:—"In vain he tries
To shake my courage who with threats defies.
Women and boys are scar'd with seeming harms,
Or those that ne'er were bred to use of arms:
Not such am I—whose soul no terror knows,
The hour of combat is to me repose:
On foot, on horse, disarm'd, or arm'd, I dare,
In the close list, or open field of war?"[10] I have'd;
Rage follows rage, and threatenings threatenings
Their swords are drawn, and thundering strokes succeed.
Like winds that first but whisper through the brake,
Next the high tops of elms or beeches shake;
Then whirl the gathering dust aloft in air,
Sweep oats away, and lay the forest bare;
In tempests kill the flocks that graze the plain,
And whelm the vessels in the howling main.
These Pagan knights, whose like could ne'er be found
Through all the realms for deeds of arms renown'd,
With dauntless hearts and many a dreadful stroke,
Pursu'd a fight that well their race bespoke.
With horrid clangour oft their falchions meet;
Earth seems to groan and shake beneath their feet;
While, from their batter'd armour, frequent fly
The fiery sparks, ascending to the sky.
On either side alike the knights assail
The plates to sever, or to rend the mail.
Each inch of ground they guard with equal care,
And in a narrow orb contract the war.
Amidst a thousand aim'd, the Tartar bends
A stroke, that driv'n with both his hands, descends
On Sarza's front—the many-colour'd light
Now skims in mist before his dazzled sight.
Back fell the African, of sense bereav'd.
The crupper of his steed his helm receiv'd;
He lost his stirrups, and his seat had lost,
E'en in her sight whose love he valu'd most;
But as a bow of temper'd steel, constrain'd
To yield reluctant to a potent hand,
The more it bends, the stronger, when releas'd,
It springs, and sends the shaft with strength increas'd:
Again the Pagan rising from the blow,
Return'd redoubled vengeance on his foe,
Where late himself the hostile weapon felt,
Stern Rodomont on Mandricardo dealt
The furious blade; the blade no entrance found;
The Trojan casque secur'd the knight from wound;
But scarce the Tartar, with the blow bereav'd
Of sight and sense, the day from night perceiv'd,
While Rodomont repeated strokes bestow'd,
And on his helmet laid the furious load;
The Tartar's courser, that beheld with fear
The hostile steel which hiss'd aloft in air,
With his own fate his rider's safety bought:
For while to shun the fearful noise he sought,
Full on his neck descends the weighty sword,
And gives to him the wound design'd his lord:
He wanted Hector's helm his head to shield,
And hence he fell—but instant from the field
Rais'd on his feet, again with fearless look
Bold Mandricardo Durindana shook:
Rage swell'd his breast to view his courser slain;
While Rodomont on him with loosen'd rein
Impell'd his steed; but Mandricardo stood
Firm as some rock amidst the billowy flood;
While, with his lord o'erthrown, extended low
Was laid the courser of the Saxran foe.
Sudden the king of Algiers left his steed:
His feet as swiftly from the stirrups freed,
And stood recover'd with the foe to wage
An equal fight; no less the Tartar's rage
His rival met——Now blows succeeding blows,
Fierce and more fierce the burning combat grows.
But, lo! an envoy came from Afric's bands,
With numbers more dispatch'd thro' Gallia's lands,
Back to their banners every chief to call,
And private knight, when need requir'd them all:
For he[11], whose arms the golden lily bore,
Had in their works besieg'd the Pagan power;
And did not speedy aid retrieve their fame,
Destruction soon must whelm the Moorish name.
The trusty herald, as he nearer drew,
By arms and vestment well the warriors knew;
But more he knew them by their force in field,
And weapons, which like theirs, no hands could wield.
He dares not rush between their wrathful swords,
And trust the privilege his name affords:
To Doralis he hastens first to tell
What deep mischance the Saracens befel;
How Agramant, Marsilius, and their train,
With Stordilano join'd, a siege sustain
From Christian Charles; and will'd her to relate
To either combatant their sovereign's state.
He said—the damsel with undaunted breast
Between them stept, and in these words address'd:
"I charge ye, by the love which well I know
To me ye bear, your swords, your courage show
T' assert a nobler cause—be now display'd
Your mutual worth our friendly camp to aid;
Where the brave Saracens besieg'd, await
Your saving arm, or some disastrous fate."
The herald then his embassy reveal'd,
And letters gave to Ulien's offspring[11], seal'd
From king Troyano's son; when either knight
Agreed to calm his wrath, and stay the fight;
And fix the truce, till some propitious hour
Should raise the siege, and free the suffering Moor.
The siege once rais'd, no longer either breast
Shall let revenge or rival hatred rest,
But rage anew, till, mutual valour tried,
Their fatal title to the dame decide.
Thus they; and she to whom their faith they vow'd,
The sacred pledge for either warrior stood.
But Discord stern, whose unrelenting mind
Abhorr'd all treaties that to peace incliu'd,
And Pride no less, the friendly terms oppos'd
That thus in hated league their anger clos'd.

[10] This speech of Mandricardo is in the spirit of Hector to Ajax, before the single combat between them. Ajax had defied him with haughtiness, to which he replies:

Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer every call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance to wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
Pope's Iliad, book vii. ver. 285.

[11] Charles. [11] Rodomont.

But these in vain, with force combin'd, assail'd,
Where Love's resistless power o'er all prevail'd:
He bent his bow, his arrows swiftly flew,
Till Pride and Discord from the field withdrew:
The truce confirm'd by her whose sovereign sway
Compell'd each hardy champion to obey.
One warlike steed they miss'd, for in the fight
Lay dead the courser of the Tartar knight;
When thither gallant Brizliadoro stray'd,
Who crept, beside the stream, the verdant glade.
Since here the book concludes, permit me here
To pause, and for a while the tale defer.

BOOK XXV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero goes, with the damsel, to deliver the youth who was condemned to die. Tale of Richardetto and Fiordespina. Rogero and Richardetto arrive at the castle of Agramont, where they are entertained by Aldiger of the house of Clermont. Aldiger gives Richardetto unwelcome tidings of their kinsmen Malagigi and Vivian, who were prisoners to Lanfusa, the mother of Ferrau. Rogero engages to set them at liberty. Rogero's letter to Bradamant to excuse his absence. Rogero, Richardetto, and Aldiger, set out next day to rescue Malagigi and Vivian from the hands of the Pagans.

The thirst of honour and the force of love
Eternal strife in youthful bosoms move:
Nor yet is known which most inclines the scales,
Since this or that alike in turn prevails.
The call of glory, and the sense of right,
Not little now can weigh with either knight
To stay the combat, for the damsel fought
Till succour to the Moorish camp was brought
But love more weigh'd—and had not heg commands
(Whose power was sovereign) held their wrathful hands,
Ne'er had the battle ceas'd, till one subdu'd
Had stain'd his rival's wreaths with vital blood;
And Agramant, with all his social train,
Had hop'd assistance from their arms in vain.
Condemn not Love—if oft he merits blame,
His generous influence oft our praise may claim.
All thoughts of contest o'er, the warlike pair
Tow'rds Paris' walls, with her, the gentle fair,
Direct their steeds: the dwarf attends their course,
The dwarf who led, to meet his rival's force,
The jealous Rodomont, nor ceas'd to trace
The Tartar, till he brought them face to face.
A meadow entering now, at ease they find
Four knights beside a crystal fount recliu'd,
Two all unarm'd, two wear their helmets lac'd;
And by their side a beauteous dame is plac'd.
But who the knights and dame[1], some future time
Shall tell—Rogero first demands my rhyme:
Rogero, who, but late the tale has shown,
In the deep well[2] his magic shield had thrown.
Scarce from the well a mile Rogero pass'd,
When, lo! an envoy came; (of those in haste,
Dispatch'd by king Troyano's son, to claim
His champions to retrieve the Pagan name)
From him he heard the camp's disastrous state,
Where now the powers, beslegʼd by Charles, await
(Unless reliev'd) the last distress of fate.
At this, conflicting thoughts Rogero press'd,
And rent at once his undetermin'd breast
With different calls—nor which t' attend he knows,
Scarce time or place to weigh their choice allows.
At length the herald he dismiss'd, and sped
His course to follow where the damsel led,
Who urg'd him on, till with the setting Sun
They reach'd a city by Marsilius won
From royal Charles, where still his arms maintain'd,
Amidst the heart of France, his conquest gain'd.
No bridge nor portal here their haste delay'd:
None clos'd the portal, nor their passage stay'd;
Though near the fosse and gate was seen to stand
(To guard the place) an arm'd and numerous band.
The maid, his fair conductress, well they knew,
And hence, unquestion'd, let the knight pursue
His purpos'd way, till to the square he came,
And saw the thronging crowd and kindled flame,
Where stood the youth, who seem'd prepar'd to wait,
With downcast looks, his near-approaching fate.
But when, by chance, he rais'd his mournful eyes
Suffus'd in tears, Rogero, with surprise,
Believ'd in him his Bradamant he view'd;
So much the youth a kindred likeness shew'd:
Still as he gaz'd, and gaz'd with nearer look,
The mien and features Bradamant bespoke:
"Or this," he cries, "is she, or I no more
Am that Rogero I was call'd before.
Through too much zeal to give th' unhappy aid,
She hither came, and here, by fate betray'd,
A prisoner stands—Why did thy haste, my fair,
Forbid thy knight th' adventurous deed to share?
Yet, thanks to Heaven! that favour'd thus I come,
With timely succour to reverse thy doom."
His sword unsheathing with a furious look,
(His spear on Pinabello's knights he broke)
Against the throngs unarm'd his steed he guides,
O'er many a body, prest to earth, he rides.
With cries the wretches fly, and all the train
(So numerous late) are chas'd, or maim'd, or slain.
As when, beside a pool, the household herd
Of smaller birds in flocks securely feed;
If chance a hawk, descending from the skies,
Amidst them strikes, and makes his single prize;
Each quits his fellow, for himself provides,
And from his feather'd foe for safety hides:
So had you seen dispers'd the heartless crew,
When first Rogero on their numbers flew;
From four or six that thence too slowly fled,
At one fierce stroke Rogero lopt the head:
Cleft to the breast through some his steel he sent;
There, through the skull; here, to the teeth it went.
What though no ponderous helms their heads enclose,
But lighter morions bind each wretch's brows,
Yet, were they arm'd as proof, his raging blade
Through temper'd helmet had the passage made.
Rogero's strength was not the strength we find
In modern knights, or their degenerate kind:
Not such the tusky boar or lion boasts,
The fiercest beast of ours, or foreign coasts:
Perchance the thunder may his force excel,
Or that dire fiend (not he that reigns in Hell,

[1] He returns to these Book xxvi. ver. 498.
[2] See Book xxii. ver. 663.

But that) which, arm'd with fire, my lord employs[3],
Which drives through seas and skies, and all destroys.
Not less than one was slain at every wound,
But oftener two at once he hurl'd to ground:
Now four, now five he slew; and soon remain'd
A hundred breathless by his fatal hand.
The sword, which from his noble side he drew,
Cuts, like soft curd, the hardest steel in two.
This sword, the work of Falerina's skill[4],
Was in Orgagna's garden forg'd to kill
The bold Orlando: but her alter'd mind
Full soon repented what she once design'd:
For all her arts she found in vain employ'd,
When with this sword her garden he destroy'd.
What horrours now, what slaughter must it yield,
When giv'n in such a warrior's hand to wield!
If e'er Rogero force or skill possess'd,
To save his mistress now it shone confess'd.
As the poor hare defends her from the hound,
So from the knight the crowds their safety found.
What numbers by his thundering arm lay dead! 120
But who shall number those who trembling fled?
Meanwhile the damsel loos'd the cruel bands
That captive held the wretched victim's hands;
With zealous speed she arm'd them for the fight,
The buckler grac'd his left, the sword his right.
Fir'd with his wrongs, he rush'd with vengeful mind,
To vent his rage on that degenerate kind:
Such were his deeds, as future times shall tell
That valour which he then approv'd so well.
The parting Sun beneath the western main 130
Had plung'd, in ruddy waves, his golden wain,
When, with the youth preserv'd from cruel fate,
Rogero issu'd victor from the gate.
The youth, reprieved by good Rogero's aid
From threaten'd death, his grateful thanks repaid;
Thanks ever due to one, who thus, unknown,
Had for another's safety risk'd his own;
Then begg'd him to reveal his name, and show
To whom his life could such deliverance owe.
Rogero to himself—"Lo! there are seen 140
My fair-one's features, with her beauteous mien;
But not the voice of Bradamant I hear,
Whose sweetness stole upon my rapture'd ear.
Not such the thanks that Bradamant would pay
To him she loves, on this eventful day.
But can it be———or can my faithful dame
So soon forget her dear Rogero's name?"
To ease his doubts, he thus with courteous grace:
"These eyes are, sure, familiar to thy face;
But when, or where, I seek in vain to find, 150
Thou, gentle youth, relieve my wandering mind."
"Thou mayst, ere this, sir Knight, have met these eyes,
"But when, or where, I know not," he replies,
"Since through the world, like other knights, I range
From land to land, to seek adventures strange.
Perchance in me a sister's form appears,
Who wears the cuirass, and the falchion rears.

Our birth was one—and oft our semblant make
Has held our parents in a fond mistake:
Not those the first, of numbers, who, deceiv'd 160
By either's looks, have each for each believ'd,
One difference only seen—these tresses shorn
Scarce reach my shoulders, as by men are worn;
While hers, with lengthen'd growth, in many a fold,
Beneath her helm in silken braids are roll'd.
Once on her head a Pagan's weapon fell
With ghastly wound[5], but how, 't were long to tell;
When, for her cure, a holy father's care
(Of Jesus' train) lopt close her length of hair:
No sign was then that either could proclaim, 170
And all our difference was in sex and name.
Her Bradamant, call Richardetto me;
I brother to Rinaldo, sister she.
If now you deign to lend attention, hear
A wondrous tale that well deserves your ear:
A chance, which from our mutual likeness rose,
Begun in joy, but nearly clos'd in woes."
Rogero, who no other tale requir'd,
No sweeter converse than of her desir'd,
Of her his best belov'd, and sole delight, 180
Besought the youth his story to recite.
He thus began: "As through the woodland shade,
With tresses shorn, my martial sister stray'd,
One day fatigu'd with toil, and faint with heat,
She reach'd a pleasant fountain's cool retreat;
Then left her steed, her shining helm unbound,
And sunk in slumber on the verdant ground.
Not all the fables ancient poets tell,
Or fancy'd legends, can this truth excel.
"A royal virgin, eager at the chase, 190
Fair Flordespina, to the lonely place
By fortune came, and, drawing nigh, survey'd
My sleeping sister in bright arms array'd,
All, save her head: her side the falchion wore,
And every part a manly semblance bore.
Struck with her form, awhile the virgin gaz'd
In wonder rapt, till Love a passion rais'd,
That soon through all her tender bosom blaz'd.
She urg'd her to the chase; then from the crew
Of horns and hounds the seeming champion drew
To where no prying witness might intrude, 201
In deepest shade of friendly solitude.
By words and gesture there, the gentle maid
The secret of her deep-struck heart betray'd:
With languor-darting eyes, with sighs of fire,
She show'd her soul consuming with desire.
Now from her cheeks the rosy colour fled;
Returning warmth now flush'd the deep'ning red:
Till, lost in thoughts of visionary bliss,
And bolder grown[6], she ventur'd on a kiss. 210

[3] By these lines the poet is supposed to mean a large piece of artillery belonging to the duke of Ferrara, which, from the vast execution it did in the field, had justly acquired the name of the GREAT DEVIL. Ruscelli.

[4] See note to Book xli. ver. 192, for an account of this adventure.

[5] Bradamant, being without her helmet, was wounded by a Pagan, and afterwards cured of the wound by a father of the order of Jesus, who, for that purpose, caused her hair to be cut off; to which circumstance Ariosto several times alludes.

See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[6] This behaviour of Flordespina seems an outrage on all female decency; but it must be remembered, that our poet, in this extensive work, exhibits every kind of personage; that the attractions of Flordespina are merely the attractions of beauty; and that her character is so far from being amiable, that the Italian commentators have made her to represent inordinate and ungoverned passion.

Too well my sister knew her manly frame,
And martial guise, beguil'd the gentle dame;
She knew no power t' assuage the fair one's smart,
And soft compassion touch'd her friendly heart.
"Then to herself——'T were better to reveal
My woman's sex, and thus her phrensy heal;
To own myself a maid of gentle mind,
Not seem a youth of rude degenerate kind.'
And well she said—for recreant must he prove,
A man whose pulse was never warm to love;
Who, when some beauteous damsel courts his arms,
With youthful sweetness and alluring charms,
Should waste in talk the hour good fortune brings,
And, like a cuckoo, hang his coward wings.
My sister now, with mild address, prepar'd
To soothe the virgin, and the truth declar'd;
'That like Camilla, panting for a name,
Or fierce Hyppolita, she burnt for fame;
And in Aranlia born, on Afric's shore,
From earliest youth the lance and buckler bore.'
"In vain she spoke; her words no spark remove
Of passion kindled in the fire of love:
Too late the medicine came to heal the smart,
Since Love, alas! too deep has plung'd his dart.
Whene'er she views the manly mien and arms,
A transient hope her beating bosom warms;
But soon the lov'd one's sex recall'd to mind,
Again is hope to cold despair resign'd.
Whe'er that day had heard the virgin mourn,
Would sigh for sigh, and tear for tear return.
"'Did ever wretch?,' she cried, 'such torments know
To equal what I feel—my cureless woe!
All other loves, save mine, success may find,
Whether of lawful or of impious kind.
From the sharp thorn the blooming rose we part,
But vain desire must ever rend my heart.
Ah, ruthless Love! since, envious of my bliss,
Thou must, with cruel pains, pollute my peace,
Suffic'd it not to give some common wound,
Which others from thy various darts have found?
Ne'er midst the human race, or bestial train,
A female seeks a female's love to gain:
No damsel's charms attract a damsel's sight,
Nor birds in birds, nor lambs in lambs delight:
In air—on earth—but one, alas! can prove,
And I, alas! that one—so strange a love.
Thus, ruthless power! my wretched fate must show
A great example of thy rule below.
The wife of Ninus[8], by the furies fir'd,
To her son's bed with impious lust aspir'd:
Myrrha her father lov'd; the Cretan dame
A bull deceiv'd——but wilder is my flame.
In these the females still the males pursue,
And each attain'd her wish, if tales be true.
But here should Dædalus his arts apply,
No art could such a Gordian knot untie.
Which Nature fram'd to make my passion vain,
Nature, whose laws must every power restrain.'
"Thus to herself laments the fair distrest,
And feeds eternal anguish in her breast:
She rends her locks, she tears her lovely cheeks,
While on herself a mad revenge she seeks:
Touch'd with her woe, my pitying sister hears,
Sighs back her sighs, and answers tears with tears.
In vain she strives to cure her senseless love,
No words can soothe her, and no reasons move;
While she, who seeks not comfort but relief,
Still mourns the more, and sinks from grief to grief.
"The day but little now remain'd to run,
Red in the west appear'd the setting Sun;
And time requir'd to seek a port for those
That would not there in forest wilds repose;
When now the virgin huntress made request,
For Bradamant beneath her roof to rest.
My sister, yielding to the dame consent,
Together to Marsilius' town they went;
Where but for thee, whose aid so timely came,
These wretched limbs had fed the hungry flame.
Arriving, Flordespina to the place
My sister welcom'd with a sister's grace;
Then in a female garb her friend array'd,
That all who saw might know her for a maid:
And more—she hop'd, the cause of her distress
From error nourish'd by the maidlike dress;
The dress once chang'd, her fond desire might cease,
And all her bosom be compos'd to peace.
Ah! how unlike that night the couch they prest!
One soundly lock'd in all-composing rest:
One waking sigh'd, or, if she clos'd her eyes,
In broken slumbers flattering visions rise.
She fancies, at her prayer, indulgent Heaven
To Bradamant a better sex had given.
As worn with tedious watch the patient dreams
(Long parch'd with feverish thirst) of limpid streams,
And cooling draughts; so she in sleep enjoys
What all in vain her waking thought employs.
Sudden she starts, extending round the bed
Her longing hands; but finds the blessing fled.
That night what offerings she to Macon vow'd,
To every power!—that, for her sake bestowed,
Some miracle, in pity to her flame,
Might to a youth transform the virgin dame.

[7] This complaint of Flordespina is closely copied from the fable of Iphis and Ianthe, in Ovid. See Metam. But while the poet makes Flordespina enumerate the unnatural loves of Semiramis, Pasiphaë, and Myrrha, and complain of the singularity of her own, he seems entirely to forget the story of Iphis and Ianthe.

[8] Semiramis. This name is said to have been given her because she was nourished by doves, which are so called in the Syrian tongue. Many fables are told of her. Diodorus Siculus relates, that she was born in a wood, near the city of Ascalonia; that her mother was a reputed goddess, and her father a priest; that at her birth she was concealed in a grotto, where the doves, stealing milk from the shepherds, carried it to the infant. He relates, that she was afterwards brought up by the king's head shepherd, and in process of time married Ninus, king of Assyria. At his death she took upon her the government of the empire, and was famous for her courage and conduct. She was a princess of the most abandoned principles; and, in order to conceal her amours, is said to have caused every man to be put to death who partook of her favours. She had a son by her husband called Ninus, with whom, some say, she fell in love; and that, upon her solicitation to comply with her impious desires, she was slain by him. Others say, that she married him; and, in order to cover her guilt, enacted a law, by which it was permitted for a mother to marry her son.

In vain she prays—in vain her tears—her love—
No Muse hears her, and no powers approve.
All night she mourn'd, till Phœbus from the wave
His locks disclos'd, and light returning gave:
The light return'd, from bed the pair arose,
Day adding force to Flordespina's woes:
For Prodamant (whom much it irk'd to prove
The hapless object of so vain a love,
And by her presence more inflame the smart)
Declar'd her speedy purpose to depart.
But, ere she went, fair Flordespina brought
A stately steed, with trappings richly wrought;
To these a surcoat join'd of costly make,
Work'd by her hands, and will'd her, for the sake
Of parting love, the precious gifts to take.
"And now my sister urg'd her speedy way
To Mount Alhano, ere the close of day;
Where we, her mother and her brethren, flew
With eager joy, her welcome face to view.
Her helm unlac'd, we saw her tresses shorn,
Which once in fillets round her head were worn;
Nor less we wonder'd o'er her arms to find
A surcoat us'd by knights of foreign kind;
Her wound receiv'd and cur'd, her shorten'd hair,
She told, and how in woods the huntress fair
Surpris'd her sleeping; nor conceal'd the love
The virgin proffer'd in the lonely grove;
What pity touch'd her breast, and how the maid
Led to the neighbouring fort her steps convey'd,
Where in sad state she left the fair to mourn:
With all that had befall'n till her return.
"Well known to me was Flordespina's name,
At Saragozza I beheld the dame,
And since in France; when, not unmov'd, I view'd
Her sparkling eyes, her features rosy-hued,
Her neck of snow—but cautious I repress'd
The young desire awakening in my breast;
Since hopeless love can never harbour rest.
Fit now such fair occasion gave it way,
My flame reviv'd that long extinguish'd lay.
Love fram'd the web of hope, and in the loom
Prepar'd the texture of my joys to come:
He taught me with the fair a pleasing part,
To gain the lilies that fire the lover's heart.
Easy the fraud—my face and mien so like
My sister's form, that each beholder strike
With resultant looks, might well the dame deceive,
To make her fondly all I wish'd believe.
"Awhile I paus'd—but young and amorous blood
Impell'd me to embrace the proffer'd good.
The mighty secret that employ'd my thought,
To none I told, of none I counsel sought.
At night I hasten'd where the arms were plac'd,
The arms my sister from her limbs unlac'd.
Array'd in these, and mounted on her steed
I went, nor till the day defer'd my speed:
All night I rode till early dawn of day,
While love and Flordespina led the way:
Her seat I reach'd, ere from th' ethereal height
The Sun in briny waves had quench'd his light.
Each knew the steed I rode, the arms I wore,
With which my sister left the gate before;
And happy he, who with dispateiful care
First brings the tidings to the royal fair;
Who from the princely dame can best away
Such thanks and gifts as fits a queen to pay.
"Soon Flordespina came, with eager pace,
The smile of transport brightening in her face;
And ran to meet me with a warm embrace.
Around my neck her milk-white arms she threw,
And kiss'd my lips as to my breast she grew.
Think at the time if Love employ'd his dart,
And drove the thrilling weapon to my heart.
My hand she seiz'd, nor sought the menial aid
Of page or dame, but to her room convey'd.
Her steps I follow'd: there, with eager haste,
Herself from helm to spur my arms unlac'd.
A garment, late her own, she took, and drest
My youthful members in a female vest,
Of artful work, with costly labour crown'd;
And in a golden caul my hair she bound.
My eyes I govern'd like a bashful maid,
Nor look, nor voice, my manly sex betray'd.
And now she brought me to a stately hall,
Where knights and gallant dames, assembled all,
Receiv'd us entering, and such honours paid,
As suit the rank of queen or princely maid.
In secret oft I smil'd, when I beheld
The courtly youths, by soft desire impell'd,
With wanton glances meet my bashful eyes;
Nor know what lurk'd beneath my coy disguise.
"'T was late; and now remov'd the festive board,
With every viand of the season stor'd,
The princely maid, by fond affection led,
That night receiv'd me to partake her bed.
The train of pages gone, with all the state
Of dames and maids accustom'd there to wait,
We, both despoil'd of vests, together lay,
With torches flaming like the beams of day.
"Then thus—'Be not surpris'd, O lovely maid!
To find your guest so soon return'd,' I said;
'When you, perchance, believ'd me wandering far,
And hop'd to see me—Heaven knew when or where!
First learn the cause I left you thus to mourn,
Then learn the cause of my unlook'd return.
Could my long dwelling here, O gentle dame!
Have quench'd the sparks of your unhappy flame,
Ne'er had I left your roof, by night or day,
Blest in your sight to wear my life away.
But since my presence more inflam'd your grief,
I deem'd my absence best could yield relief.
Chance led my travel from the beaten road
Through the deep mazes of a tangled wood,
Where loud resounding from the neighbouring shade,
I heard a female voice that call'd for aid:
I ran, and close behind a crystal brook
Beheld a Faun, that in his meshes took
A naked damsel from the stream, and stood
Prepar'd to make the prey his living food.
I saw, and instant flew with sword in hand,
By force the cruel purpose to withstand.
The impious felon of his life bereft,
She to the stream return'd which late she left.
'Thou hast not given me aid,' she cries, 'in vain;
Ask what thou wilt, and, what thou ask'st, obtain.
A watery nymph am I, and here reside,
Beneath the surface of this limpid tide.
All miracles are mine—my power can force
The elements, and alter Nature's course:
Drawn by my voice, the Moon her sphere forsakes,
Fire turns to ice, and air a body takes:
And oft, by simple words my power I prove
To stop the Sun, the solid Earth to move.
Now fix thy choice—and at thy choice receive
What fits thee best to ask, and me to give.'
"'So proffer'd she; but I no wealth desir'd,
Nor rule, nor lands, nor o'er mankind aspir'd

To rise in knowledge, or in arts excel;
Or gain a victor's name by warring well:
I only wish'd some healing balm to find,
To cure the longing of thy love-sick mind;
Nor more presum'd to speak, her wisdom best
Could point the means—to her I left the rest.
" 'Scarce had I ended, when beneath the tide
Once more she plung'd, nor to my words replied;
But in my face the sprinkling waters threw,
And scatter'd o'er my limbs the magic dew.
When (strange to tell!) I felt through all my frame
Unheard-of change! my sex no more the same,
And from a woman I a man became.
To ease thy doubt—the certain proof receive
Of what, entry'd, thy thoughts could ne'er believe.
As in my former sex, so boast I still
To thee devoted all my power and will.
Then talk them both—for ever shall they prove
Henceforth the slaves of Floridaspina's love.'
" Thus I—and gently now her hand I seize,
To soothe her hopes, and every doubt appease.
" 'Great Heaven!' she cried, 'if sleep such dreams can make,
I still may sleep, and never more awake.'
" Between us two, from all securely kept,
A few short months th' important secret slept.
But soon (how fleet is bliss!) our loves betray'd,
Some spy the tidings to the king convey'd.
My doom was seal'd—and thou, whose noble hand
Redeem'd my life from you relentless band,
Beheld'st me sentenc'd on the blazing pyre,
My crime to expiate in consuming fire."
Thus Richardetto to Rogero told[10]
The tale of love, while through the night they hold
Their dreary course, and gain a rising ground,
With pendent rocks and caves encompass'd round.
A narrow, stony path before them lay,
And up the mountain led their weary way,
Where Agrismont, a stately castle, stands,
Which Aldiger, of Clarmont's race, commands.
Though basely born, he, Ermoy's offspring own'd,
In Vivian and in Malagigi found
A brother's name; but credit not the tongue
That speaks his lawful birth from Gerard sprung[11].

Whate'er his sire, the youth, of generous strain,
Was prudent, liberal, courteous, and humane:
And night or day, what chance might e'er befall,
He watch'd with care his lov'd fraternal wall.
His kinsman, Richardetto, in the place
Due welcome met, nor less the courteous grace,
For Richardetto's sake, Rogero prov'd,
A kinsman dear by Aldiger belov'd;
Though now his guests he met not with that air
Of cheerful greeting he was wont to wear,
But pensive came: that day were tidings brought,
Which fill'd his face with grief, his breast with thought.
Instead of glad salute, with heavy look
Young Richardetto first he thus bespoke:
" Alas! my kinsman—hear no pow disclose
Unwelcome news, to speak our kindred's woes.
Know, Bertolagi, sprung of ruthless seed,
But with Lanfusa[12], ruthless dame! agreed
Large wealth in sums of countless gold to pay,
For which our captive brethren to convey,
Vivian and Malagigi, to the hand
Of Bertolagi, and his impious band.
Ever since the time Ferrau subdu'd in fight
Our kinsmen, has she kept each helpless knight
In the drear confines of a dark-some cell,
Till this dire compact which I hasten to tell.
To morrow's sun the prisoners, with a guard,
He sends to Bertolagi, where garpar'd,
Near fair Rayona, he with gifts of cost
Shall buy the dearest blood that France can boast
To our Rinaldo on a swift-foot steed
The news I sent, but much I fear our need
Requires that speedy succour from his sword,
The length of way forbids him to afford.
No force have I to lead against the foe;
My will is prompt, but, ah! my means are slow.
Then, whither shall I turn, what method try?
If in his hands they fall, they surely die."
Ill Richardetto this advice receiv'd,
Which, grieving him, no less Rogero griev'd:
He saw, where both in pensive silence stood,
Oppress with evil chance, despairing good;
Then dauntless thus:—" Compose each anxious breast,
With me alone this enterprise shall rest;
Against a thousand weapons shall you see
Mine boldly drawn to set your brethren free:
My single arm the Pagan bands shall face;
Give but a guide to lead to yonder place,
Where such a convent throngs your wretched race.
Soon shall the battle's tumult reach your ear,
Though distant, each the cries or groans shall hear
Of those that bargain for each wretched thrall,
Of those that fly me, or of those that fall."
Thus he; and what he spoke, one warrior knew
By proof late seen, his deeds might well make true;
While one scarce heard, or heard but as the words
Of those, whose hoping little hope affords.
But Richardetto him aside address'd,
And told how late his life, when sore distress'd,
Rogero sav'd, and well he knew his deed
On fit occasion would his speech exceed.

* Two licentious stanzas of the original are here omitted in the translation, and were expunged by the poet from a printed copy in his possession, published in the year 1532. Rossetti saw this copy in the hands of Galasso Ariosto, the brother of Ludovico; and it is certain, by a letter from Galasso to Peter Bembo, that Ariosto, had he lived, meant to have revised this edition, and to have given another with his last corrections and improvements; in which it is highly probable that most of, if not all, these exceptionable parts would have been totally changed or omitted.

[10] This account of Floridaspina's love for Bradamant is continued from Bayardo. Some readers may probably wish that our poet had made the conclusion happier for Floridaspina; but it may be alleged, that, the manners of this princess not exhibiting a pattern of female modesty, she has less claim to the sympathy of the reader, or the attention of the poet; and, perhaps, a kind of moral may be deduced, if we consider her being totally forsaken by Richardetto, as a punishment for her breach of chastity.

[11] Gerardo, a younger brother of Amon and Buovo, (see note to Book xxiii.) and by what Ariosto here says, it should seem that some author had made Aldiger the legitimate son of Gerard.

[12] Lanfusa, the mother of Ferrau.

At this good Aldiger, with alter'd mind,
To do him reverence every thought inclin'd;
And at his table plac'd, where Plenty poor'd
Her well-fill'd horn; he honour'd as his lord.
And now the knights and noble youth agree,
Without more aid the captive pair to free.
The hour approach'd, when sleep prepar'd to close
The eyes of lords and knights in soft repose,
All, save Rogero's; in whose anxious breast
Corroding thought repell'd approaching rest.
The siege of Agramant, which late he heard,
Engross'd his thoughts: he knew each hour deferr'd
To join his lord, must sully his fair fame;
Nor could he, but with deepest sense of shame,
Assist his sovereign's foes, and own the Christian name.
His change of faith at other times had prov'd
A mind sincere, by pure religion mov'd;
But now, when Agramant, in state distrest,
Requir'd his arm, might rather speak him prest
With dastard fear, than urg'd by force of truth:
While these reflections pain the generous youth,
He dares not yet to Agramant depart,
Without her leave, the sovereign of his heart.
Each thought by turns his dubious bosom sways;
Now this prevails, and now more lightly weighs.
Once had he hop'd, but vainly hop'd, to meet
His Bradamant at Flordespina's seat,
Which with the guiding fair and martial maid [13]
He lately sought in Richardetto's aid.
And now he calls to mind his first design,
At Vallombrosa's walls his love to join,
His virgin-love, who there might well expect
His sight in vain, and blame his slow neglect.
His thoughts thus changing, never at a stay,
He fix'd at length, by letter to convey
His secret soul; though doubtful yet whose care
Might to her hand the gentle message hear;
Yet trusts that chance would on his way provide
A messenger, in whom he might confide.
He quits his bed—and pens and light [14] demands:
The ready pages, with officious hands,
Each need supply—and first, as lovers use,
He greets her fair, then greets th' unwelcome news.
He bids her think, on him what shame must wait,
Should death or bondage be his sovereign's fate:
That since he hop'd her husband's name to gain,
No slightest blemish must his honour stain:
As nought impure must her pure love enjoy,
Whose soul was truth, refin'd from all alloy.
If e'er he wish'd to purchase virtuous fame,
Or wish'd, when purchas'd, to preserve the claim,
What must he now, when she, his future wife,
Would share with him in each event of life?
With him in weal or woe be ever join'd,
Two bodies link'd by one informing mind?
And as he oft had vow'd, he thus once more
His vows confirm'd; the fated season o'er,
For which he to his lord must keep unstain'd
His loyal truth; he then, if life remain'd,
By every proof would all her fears relieve,
And Christian faith with open rites receive;
And from her sire, her brother, all her train
Of kindred friends, her hand in marriage gain.
"First will I raise," he said, "with thy consent,
The siege by which my sovereign lord is pent,
Lest men should say, while Agramant maintain'd
His prosperous state, Rogero firm remain'd;
But now, for Charles, since Fortune changes hands,
He spreads his standard with the victors' bands.
Some thrice five days, or twenty, let me prove
My force, my monarch's danger to remove,
Then will I frame a just excuse, to take
My leave of Agramant—for honour's sake,
I ask no more, and all my future life
I give to thee, my mistress and my wife."
In phrase like this [15], Rogero painted well
His secret thoughts, which scarce the Muse can tell;
Nor stay'd his pen, till, words fast flowing o'er,
The love-directed page could hold no more.
The letter ending here, the lines he seal'd,
And, sealing, in his careful bosom held,
In hopes some friend, ere one revolving day,
Might to her hand the gentle charge convey.
The letter clos'd, he clos'd in slumber deep
His heavy lids o'er-watch'd;—the power of sleep
Stood near his couch, and o'er his members threw
The peaceful drops of Lethe's silent dew.
He slept, till in the east a breaking cloud
With blended hues of white and purple glow'd;
Whence flowers were strow'd o'er all the smiling skies,
And, thron'd in gold, the morn began to rise.
When now the birds from every verdant spray,
With early music hail'd the new-born day,
Good Aldiger (Rogero thence to lead,
With Richardetto, where their venturous deed
Must set the brethren free from captive bands
Condemn'd to impious Bertolagi's hands)
Was first on foot; and with him either guest,
Who heard the summons, left his downy rest.
Now cloth'd with temper'd steel, in meet array,
Rogero with the kinsmen took his way.
Oft had Rogero pray'd, but pray'd in vain,
His single arm might that day's glory gain:
The two, through ardour in their kinsmen's cause
To join his arms, and urg'd by honour's laws,
Like rocks unmov'd, refus'd to him to yield
Alone the danger of so brave a field.
The hour approach'd, when either Pagan train
Prepar'd to bring each car, and loaded wain,
With Malagigi, Vivian, and the gold
For which the wretched chiefs were bought and sold.
The warriors reach'd the place; a field that lay,
Of wide extent, expos'd to Phœbus' ray:
No laurel there, no myrtle's fragrant wood,
Nor oak, nor elm, nor lofty cypress stood;

[13] Bradamant.

[14] The Italian:

——————— salta delle piume,
Sa fa dar carta, inchiostro, penna e lume
Literally,
——— ——— He leaps from his bed,
And causes paper, ink, pens, and a light to be given him.

These familiar passages cannot well be rendered in our language, and it is surely difficult to convey, in any tolerable manner, the author's sense in English verse.

[15] Spenser has in like manner introduced a letter into his poem; upon which Mr. Upton observes, "Spenser has not the authority of Homer and Virgil for introducing an epistle in his epic poem, but he has the authority of Ariosto."

But thorns and brambles chok'd the barren soil,
That felt no spade, nor own'd the ploughman's toil.
The three bold champions check'd their coursers' rein,
Where stretch'd a path extending o'er the plain;
When drawing nigh, a warrior they behold,
Array'd in costly arms that flam'd with gold,
In whose fair shield of vivid green, appears
The wondrous bird that lives a thousand years.
Here cease, my lord, while thus the book I close,
And, pausing here, entreat awhile repose.

BOOK XXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero, Richardetto, and Aldiger, meet an unknown warrior, who joins their party. They attack the troops of Maganza and the Moor, and defeat them. Rogero and Marphisa signalize their valour. The prisoners, Malagigi and Vivian, are set at liberty. The warriors reposing themselves after the battle, Malagigi explains to the rest the mystical sculpture on the fountain made by Merlin. Hippalca arrives, and gives an account to Richardetto and Rogero of her losing Frontino, which was taken away by Rodomont. Rogero departs to revenge the affront. Arrival of Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Doralis. Mandricardo jousts with all the knights, and overthrows them: his battle with Marphisa. Rogero returns to the fountain. Strange dissensions amongst the warriors. Rogero claims his horse of Rodomont; and Mandricardo wrangles with Rogero for the device on his shield. Rodomont, Mandricardo, and Rogero fight: Marphisa takes part with Rogero. Malagigi, fearing for the safety of Richardetto attacked by Rodomont, causes, by his magic art, a demon to enter the horse of Doralis, which carrying her away, she is immediately followed by Mandricardo and Rodomont, who are afterwards pursued by Rogero and Marphisa.

'Tis generous dames of ancient time despis'd
The charms of wealth, and virtue only priz'd:
In this our age, we see the female train
Scarce bend a wish to aught but sordid gain.
Yet those who, blest with inbred goodness, shun
That love of gold which has the sex undone,
Living, content and peace may justly claim;
And, dead, should find the meed of endless fame.
For ever, sure, must Bradamant be prais'd,
Who not her thoughts to power or riches rais'd,
But lov'd whate'er bespoke the noble mind.
Grace, courage, honour, in Rogero join'd;
And well deserv'd a knight of such desert
Should bear her image in his constant heart:
And for her sake those valorous deeds achieve,
Which after-ages scarcely could believe.
Rogero, with the two, as late I told,
With Aldiger and Richardetto bold,
(The knights of Clarmont) bright in steel array'd,
Prepar'd to give the brother-prisoners aid.
I told you how a warrior cross'd the field,
Of fearless gesture, bearing on his shield
The bird that from its ashes springs to birth,
And (strange to tell) but one appears on Earth.
Soon as the knight unknown, advancing, view'd
Where each brave chief prepar'd for combat stood,
Eager he burn'd to prove, in martial deed,
How far their valour with their looks agreed.
"Is there amongst you one who dares," he cries,
"With me in single fight dispute the prize?
With spear or sword in rough encounter meet,
Till one shall fall, while one retains his seat!"
"That man were I"—thus Aldiger replied,
"With thee the steed to wield, the spear to guide:
But (as thyself shalt see) far other task
Bids us refuse what courage bids thee ask;
A task, that scarce permits these few short words,
Much less the time to run at tilt affords.
Behold, where station'd here we three prepare
At least six hundred men in arms to dare,
That by our love and valour may be freed
Two wretched friends, to cruel bonds decreed."
He said; and to the brave unknown reveal'd
The cause at full that brought them to the field.
"Well hast thou urg'd such reasons as suffice
For just excuse," the stranger thus replies,
"And sure these knights you seem whose dauntless worth
Scarce meets its equal through the spacious Earth.
With you I sought, erewhile, to run the course
On equal terms, for proof of either's force:
But since on others I shall see your might
Far better tried—I claim no more the fight:
But this I claim—my arms with yours to wield,
With yours to join this helmet, lance and shield,
And trust to prove, when on your side I stand,
Not undeserving of so brave a band."
Some here may wish to learn the warrior's name,
Who thus, a fearless candidate for fame,
Would with Rogero and his fellows meet
The dreadful hazards of their hardy feat.
She then (no longer he this champion call)
Was bold Marphisa, from whose hand his fall
Zerbino suffer'd, sworn by her to guard
Gabrina foul, for every ill prepar'd.
The good Rogero, and each noble lord
Of Clarmont's house, receiv'd with one accord
The proffer'd aid of her, whom all esteem'd
Of manly sex, as by her dress she seem'd.
Not long they stay'd, ere Aldiger beheld,
And show'd his friends at distance on the field,
A banner rais'd, that to the breezes flow'd,
And round the banner throng'd a mingled crowd.
When now advanc'd, so near in sight they drew,
That by their Moorish garb the warriors knew
The hostile band; amid the shouting throng
They saw the hapless brethren borne along
On two low steeds, expecting to behold
For sums of wealth their persons chang'd and sold.
Then thus Marphisa—"Wherefore such delay,
When these are present, to begin the fray?"
Rogero answer'd—"Of th' invited train
To crown the banquet, many guests remain,
Nor yet arriv'd—we form a solemn treat,
And all must join to make the feast complete,
Soon will the rest attend."—While thus he said,
His bold conquerors the remnant foes survey'd:
The traitors of Maganza's line advance,
And all is ready to begin the dance.
There swarm'd the numbers of Maganza's crew,
With groaning mules in loaded wains, that drew
Gold, vests, and precious wealth; while here were seen
The captive brethren, with dejected mien;

Who slowly rode, in shameful shackles bound,
With lances, swords, and bows, encompass'd round;
And Bertolagi (cause of either's grief)
Was heard conferring with the Moorish chief.
Not Buovo's son, nor he[1] of Amon's strain,
The traitor present, could their wrath contain.
At once his spear in rest each warrior took;
And each, at once, the proud Magnozan struck.
One through his helm the deadly wound impress'd;
One drove the thrilling weapon through his breast.
As Bertolagi by their[2] knights was slain,
Like him so perish all, that wrong maintain.
At this Marphisa with Rogero fir'd,
No other signal for th' attack requir'd;
And ere her spear she broke, the martial maid
Low on the ground three warriors breathless laid.
The other impious chief was worthy found
From fierce Rogero's spear to meet his wound: 110
He fell; and, by the same dire weapon slain,
Two more were sent to Death's relentless reign.
An errour now amidst th' assail'd was bred,
That wide and wider to their ruin spread:
Those of Maganza deem'd themselves betray'd
By the fierce Saracens; the Moors, dismay'd
By frequent sounds and deaths on every hand,
With treacherous murder charg'd Maganza's band;
Till fell reproach to mutual carnage rose,
With spears in rest, drawn swords, and bended bows. 120

Now here, now there, by turns Rogero flew
On either troop; now two, now twenty slew.
As many by the Virgin's weapon kill'd,
In divers parts lay scatter'd o'er the field.
The rider from his saddle lifeless fell,
Where'er descended either trenchant steel;
Helmet and corslets yielded where it came;
As crackling sere-wood to destroying flame.
If e'er you saw, or e'er have heard the tale,
How, when fierce factions in the hive prevail, 130
As to the standard in the fields of air
The buzzing legions for the fight prepare,
Amidst them oft the hungry swallow pours,
Rends, kills, or scatters, and whole troops devours;
So think Marphisa, so Rogero rag'd;
Alike by turns each dastard troop engag'd,
But Richardetto[3] near his kinsmen clang'd
The slaughter thus; nor thus alternate rang'd;
The band of Saracens untouch'd they leave,
While all their furies to Maganza cleave. 140
Rinaldo's brother, to the dauntless mind
That fits a knight, had mighty prowess join'd;
And now the hatred he Maganza bore,
Gave twofold vigour to his wonted power:
This fir'd the base-born son of Buovo's bed,
Who, like a lion, his resentment fed:
Through helm and head his weapon took its course,
And both gave way before the crushing force.
What soul but here had caught the martial ire?
What breast but here had glow'd with Hector's fire?
Here, with Marphisa and Rogero join'd, 151
The choice, the flower of all the warrior-kind.
Marphisa, as she fought, o'er turn'd her eyes,
And view'd her comrades' deeds with vast surprise;
She prais'd them all; but good Rogero rais'd
Her wonder most, him o'er mankind she prais'd:
Sometimes she deem'd that Mars had from above
Left his fifth Heaven, the fights of men to prove.
She mark'd his dreadful sword, that never fail'd,
Against whose edge no temper'd steel avail'd; 160
The helm and cuirass strong it pierces through,
It cleaves the rider to the seat in two,
And steeds, divided, in a crimson tide,
The corse in equal parts on either side[4],
Nor, dreadful there, its dreadful fury stays,
But with his wretched lord the courser slays.
From many a neck his falchion lops the head;
Oft o'er the hips, sheer through the body sped,
It parts the trunk: now fire the rapid steel
Severs at once—and more I fear to tell, 170
Lest truth should falsehood seem: but Turpin fam'd,
Who knew the truth, and what he knew proclaim'd,
Leaves men to credit or reject his page,
Which blazons deeds unknown in this degenerate age.

Alike appear'd Marphisa's martial ire,
Her foes all frozen, and herself all fire!
While she no less attracts Rogero's gaze,
Than he before might claim the virgin's praise:
And as she deem'd him Mars, so, had he known
His partner's sex, to equal wonder won 180
Of her great deeds, he sure had styl'd the fair
The dread Bellona, patroness of war!
Caught each from each, their kindling ardour rose,
Dire emulation for their wretched foes!
On whom they thus their mutual prowess show'd,
On nerve, on bone, on limbs all drench'd in blood.
Full soon the might of these resistless four
Dispers'd each camp, and broke their strongest power.
Who hop'd to 'scape, his limbs from armour freed,
And stript in lighter vesture urg'd his speed. 190
Happy the man whose courser swiftest flies,
No common pace his safety now supplies;
While he, who wants a steed, laments the harms
That soon on foot attend the trade of arms.
The field and plunder to the conquering band
Were left; nor guard nor muleteer remain'd.
There fled Maganza's force, here fled the Moor,
Those left the prisoners, these their wealthy store.
With joyful looks, and with exulting mind,
The noble kinsmen hasten'd to unbind 200
Vivian and Malagigi, whilst a train
Bore heaps of treasure from the loaded wain;
Vases of silver wrought (the victor's prize),
And female vests that flam'd with costly dyes;
Viands, on which their hunger might be fed,
With generous wines, and all-sustaining bread.

[1] Richardetto.

[2] These passages remind us of the wounds given by knights-errant in romances, so often ridiculed by Cervantes, and for which Ariosto is, with these authors, liable to the censure of extravagance. The last, who, like Don Quixote, is intoxicated with reading romances, makes the following eulogium on those performances, in answer to the priest who had recommended history: "before God, your worship should have said what I have read concerning Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who with one back-stroke cut asunder five giants in the middle, as if they had been so many bean-cods."
Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iv. c. v.

Each helm unlac'd, the noble warrior-maid
Appear'd confest[3]: her golden locks display'd
Her hidden sex, and on her lovely face
Bright shone the charms that female features grace.
With rapture, all the generous virgin view'd,
And now to learn her glorious name they sued:
She, with her friends, to mild deportment woo'd,
Complacent heard, nor what they wish'd refus'd.
On her, whose deeds so late their wonder rais'd,
Each ardent knight with eye insatiate gaz'd:
She on Ruggiero; him alone she heard,
With him alone she stood, with him conferr'd.
But now the pages call'd her to repair
Where, by a fountain's side, the feast to share,
In the cool shelter which a hill display'd,
Her friends repos'd beneath the grateful shade.
This fountain, rais'd with art, was one of four
Which Merlin made in France by magic lore;
Of purest marble was the structure bright,
With dazzling polish smooth, and milky white;
Here Merlin, by his skill divine, had brought
Expressive forms in rising sculpture wrought.
Thou wouldst have said they seem'd in act to strive,
And breathe, and move—in all but speech alive!
There, sculptur'd, from the woods a monster came[4],
Of fearful aspect, and of mingled frame:
An ass's ears, a wolf's stern front he wore,
With ravening teeth as long undrench'd with gore;
A lion's rending paws: in all the rest
His shape and hue the wily fox express'd.
With rage untam'd he travers'd Gallia's land,
Spain, Italy, and England's distant strand:
Europe and Asia had his force o'er-run,
And every clime beneath the rolling Sun.
Where'er he pass'd, the wounds or deaths he dealt,
The low, the proud, and every station felt:
But most the last—his fellest wrath he pour'd
On king, on prince, on potentate, and lord.
The Roman court his worst of furies knew,
There popes and mitred cardinals he slew.
This beast the hallow'd seat of Peter soil'd,
And with lewd scandals the pure faith defil'd.
Before the monster's rage in ruins fall
Each strong-built fort, and well-defended wall.
To honours even divine he dares pretend;
He makes th' incensate crowd in homage bend;
Rids servile tongues his impious glories swell,
And boasts to keep the keys of Heaven and Hell[5].
Behold a warrior near, who round his hairs
The sacred wreath of regal laurel wears:
Three youths beside, whose kingly vestments hold,
Inwrought with silk, the fleur-de-lis of gold:
With these a lion the like signal shows;
And all combin'd the raging beast oppose.
Of one the name is graven o'er his head,
The name of one is in his garment read.
Behold the chief, who to the hilt has gor'd
The monster's bowels with his crimson'd sword:
Francis the First of France—and near him stands
Great Maximilian, lord of Austria's lands;
The emp'ror Charles (the fifth that bears the name)
Has pierc'd his ravenous throat with deadly aim.
Henry the Eighth of England next succeeds,
Pierc'd by whose shaft in from the savage bleeds:
Leo the Tenth[6], the name you lion bears,
Who fastening on his ears the monster tears:
Close and more close these four the foe invade,
And others now advancing join in aid.
Pale terrour seems to fly from every place,
While, ready to retrieve each past disgrace,
The nobles, though but few, united strive,
And the dire pest at length of life deprive.
Marphisa with the knights impatient sought
To know the chiefs at full, whose arms had wrought
A deed so brave, by whom the beast lay dead,
That far and wide such desolation spread;
Since the fair front, with figures sculptur'd o'er,
The names discover'd, but reveal'd no more.

[3] So Britomart disarms in Spenser.

With that her glittering helmet she unlac'd,
Which doft, her golden locks, that were unbound
Still in a knot, unto her heels down trac'd.
Fairy Queen, book iii. c. iv. st. 15.

Both poets compare their respective heroines to Bellona.

[4] Most of the commentators have explained this monster to mean Avarice, which had over-run all the Christian world, and brought scandal on the professors of the faith. Sir John Harrington, who lived in an age of allegory, says that Ariosto describes this vice very significantly; he makes "her ugly, because of all vices it is most hateful; ears of an ass, being for the most part ignorant, or at least careless of other men's good opinions; a wolf in head and breast, namely, ravenous and never satisfied; a lion's grisly jaw, terrible and devouring; a fox in all the rest, wily and crafty." See notes to sir John Harrington's translation of this book.

Lavezzola, a commentator, extols this description of Ariosto, as far superior to Dante, who simply represents Avarice in the form of a lean and hungry wolf.

E una lupa, che di tutta brame,
Sembra carca con la sua magrezza,
E molte genti fè già viver grame.
Inferno, cant. i.

——— Inflam'd with every fierce desire,
A famish'd she wolf like a spectre came,
Beneath whose gripe shall many a wretch expire.
Hayley.

Mr. Upton thinks, that by this monster is characterized Superstition, as ignorant, ravenous, cruel, and cunning. See his note to Fairy Queen, book i. c. viii. st. 13.

The different explanations prove the uncertainty that often attends allegorical description, though I cannot but think, from many circumstances, that Ariosto means to represent Avarice. Spenser, whose work is one continued allegory, would sometimes be totally unintelligible, but that he generally gives the names to his personified characters.

[5] It is not easy to say how far Ariosto meant to carry his satire, but a Protestant commentator might very easily deduce from this passage a severe reflection on the sale of pardons and indulgences, in order to feed the avarice of the Romish clergy.

[6] Pope Leo X. here figured under the similitude of a lion, in which manner the poet often speaks of him: a kind of punning allusion to his name.

On Malagigi Virian turns his eyes,
Who near in silence sat, and thus he cries:
"'Tis thou must speak what all request to learn,
For in thy looks thy knowledge I discern:
Say, what are those, whose weapons, well employ'd,
Have, with yon lion's aid, the beast destroy'd?"
Then Malagigi—"Think not you behold
A past event in story'd annals told;
Know first, the chiefs you see are yet unborn,
The chiefs whose deeds the marble fount adorn.
Seven hundred years elaps'd, their matchless worth
Shall gladden, in their age, the wondering Earth:
Merlin, the magic sage, this fountain made,
What time the British realm king Arthur sway'd.
From Hell this monster came to plague mankind,
When lands were first by stated bounds confin'd;
When commerce, weights, and measures first began,
When written laws were fram'd 'twixt man and man.
As yet his power no distant realm attain'd,
But various countries long submit remain'd:
He troubles, in our age, full many a place,
And spreads his mischiefs through the human race.
Since first on Earth appear'd th' infernal beast,
We see, and still shall see, his bulk increas'd
Beyond the worst of plagues; not that so fam'd
In ancient page, terrific Python[7] nam'd,
Can equal this!—What carnage shall be spread!
In every part what baneful venom shed!
Whate'er the sculpture shows, his rage exceeds;
Unutterable and detested deeds!
Long shall the groaning world for mercy sue
When these, whose names are read, these chosen few,
Whose fame must shine like Phœbus' beams display'd,
At utmost need shall bring their glorious aid.
Not one shall more the cruel beast appall,
Than Francis[8], whom the Franks their sovereign call.
He first of men!—with happy omens led,
The crown scarce settled on his youthful head,
Shall cross th' opposing Alps, and render vain
Whate'er against him would the pass maintain;
Impell'd by generous wrath t' avenge the shame
Which from the rustic folds and sheep-cotes came[9],
With sudden inroad, on the Gallic name.
To Lombardy's rich fields he then descends,
The flower of Gallia on his march attends.
Th' Helvetian power he routs, as never more
To raise its pride to what it rose before:
Then to the church's scandal, to the stain
Of either camp, of Florence and of Spain,
He storms the castle, which till then was held,
Through strength of bulwark, never to be quell'd.

Where'er he wields[10] his weapon, prostrate lies
Each hostile standard, or before him flies:
Nor fosse nor rampart can his force oppose,
And strongest walls in vain the town enclose.
This glorious chief shall every gift possess
By Heaven decreed the happiest prince to bless:
As Cæsar brave; his prudence far renown'd,
As his at Thrasymene and Trebia found:
Him Alexander's fortune shall attend:
On every deed in vain our toil we bend,
Unless good fortune our designs befriend."
Thus Malagigi spoke, and new desire
In every knight was kindled to inquire
The names of other chiefs, whose arms could quell
The dreadful beast by whom such numbers fell.
There, midst the first, was read Bernardo's name[11],
Whom Merlin's sculpture chronicled to fame:
By him shall Bibiena gain renown,
With neighbouring Florence, and Sienna's town.
No foot shall step before Giovanni's place;
Ghismund or Ludovico's[12] deeds efface.
Francisco[13] see, nor from his generous sire
Brave Frederico[14] shrinks: an equal fire
His kinsmen feel: alike each dauntless look:
Ferrara's there, and here Urbino's duke[15]:
From one of these brave Guidobaldo[16] sprang,
Pursues his sire, with love of glory stung:
With Ottoben there Sinabaldo[17] drives
The raging beast, and each for conquest strives.

[7] Python was a monstrous serpent, said by the ancient poets to have been engendered from the slime of the Earth after the deluge. He was killed by the darts of Apollo; in commemoration of which event were instituted the Pythian games.

[8] The poet, in this allegory, celebrates the liberality of the most magnanimous king Francis I. the successor of Lewis XII. who, for the unbounded generosity of his disposition, may not only be said to have deeply wounded, but in a manner destroyed, the monster Avarice. He was a munificent patron of art and genius.

[9] The poet means the Switzers, who, at that time, followed no employment in their own country but that of shepherds and herdsmen.

[10] He means the emperor Charles V. whom he compares to Cæsar for his valour, to Fabius Maximus for his prudence, and to Alexander the Great for his success.

[11] This Bernardo was surnamed Divitio, though he was generally called Bibiena, from the town of that name near Florence, where he resided. He attached himself to the fortune of Giovanni di Medici, afterwards Leo, and was by him created cardinal of Santa Maria, in Portico. He wrote the comedy called Calandra, and caused it to be represented at Rome by the young nobility, in honour of Isabella duchess of Mantua. He died at no advanced age, having conceived hopes of obtaining the popedom on the decease of Leo.

[12] Three cardinals, Giovanni Salviati, one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Florence; a man of profound learning and virtue. Ghismondo Gonzaga, created cardinal by Julius II. The third was Ludovico of Arragon, likewise a cardinal.

[13] Francisco Gonzaga, second of the name, and fourth marquis of Mantua: he succeeded to the possessions of his father Frederic at eighteen years of age, and fought against Charles VIII. of France; he was a general of consummate skill and intrepidity; and Charles, enamoured of his worth, in vain endeavoured to corrupt his faith, and detach him from the Venetians. Fornari.

[14] Frederico Gonzaga, son of Francisco, after the death of his father, was by Leo X. made captain general of the Roman church, and of the republic of Florence. He was magnificent, liberal, just, and a great patron of virtue and learning. Fornari.

[15] Alphonso of Este, and Francisco Maria della Rovere.

[16] Guidobaldo the second, afterwards duke of Urbino, son of Francesco Maria.

[17] Of these names were two noble youths, bro-

Lewis of Gazalo[18], with speeding art,
Warms in the monster's neck the feather'd dart:
His dart and bow had Phœbus' gift supply'd,
When Mars the falchion girded to his side.
See two Hippolitos[19] of Este's breed;
Two Hercules[20], and next of kindred seed
Another Hercules, and near him shine
A third Hippolito[21]: this last the line
Of Medicis: the first Gonzaga's race:
All these with equal warmth the monster chase.
Not Julian's son[22] above his sire prevails,
Nor in his brother's steps Ferrantes[23] fails:
Unconquer'd Doria[24] shows an equal mind:
By none Francisco Sforza[25] left behind.
See two appear, whose blood illustrious flows
From noble Avolo[26], whose banner shows
The rock which whelm'd beneath Typhœus bore,
Typhœus fell with serpents cover'd o'er.
Scarce one so prompt as these in noble deed,
Scarce one so prompt to make the monster bleed.

See here Francesco of Pescara[27] fam'd,
And there Alphonso see of Vasco[28] nam'd.
Where is Gonsalvo[29] next, whose acts shall raise
The Spanish realm with never-dying praise?
Of him would Malagigi gladly tell,
Whom none, in this intrepid band, excel.
William of Monserrato's[30] name is read,
With those who came the monster's blood to shed,
While midst the chiefs that thus th' assault maintain,
Lo! some are wounded there, some here are slain.
Thus in discourse, the banquet of the mind,
Their hunger fled, on carpets rich reclin'd,
Beside the fount in bowery shades they lay,
And careless pass'd the sultry hours away;
While Malagigi, and while Vivian drest
In shining steel, kept watch to guard the rest.
Now unaccompany'd behold a dame,
With looks impatient, to the fountain came:
Hippalca was she call'd, from whom the hand
Of ruthless Rodomont Frontino gain'd:
Him all the live-long day pursu'd the maid,
With threats to move him, or with prayers persuade;
But when she found nor threats nor prayers succeed,
Direct for Agrismont she bent her speed,
Since there she heard (but how, remains untold)
Rogero stay'd with Richardetto bold.
The place full well she knew, the ready way
As well she knew that near the fountain lay.
She came, and sudden there Rogero view'd;
But as Love's prudent envoy, well indu'd
With cautious thought, whatever chance might fall,
And prompt to change at meet occasion's call;
Soon as her lady's brother she beheld,
She check'd her bridle, and her haste repell'd,
And midst the warriors coldly passing by,
On young Rogero cast a stranger's eye.
Then Richardetto rose to meet the dame,
And ask'd her whither bound, and whence she came.
She then with heavy cheer, and eyes yet red
From many a falling tear, thus, sighing, said;

thers of the family of Fischi at Genoa. Ottobon was an ecclesiastic. These retired into voluntary exile, that they might not, by a private enmity which they had incurred, draw a war upon their country. There were likewise two pontiffs of the same name. One was Innocent IV. first called Sinibaldo of Genoa, of the family of the Fischi. He ordered the cardinals to wear a red hat, and was a liberal and munificent pontiff. The other, Adrian IV. before called Ottobon, nephew of pope Innocent IV. of the same family and country, created cardinal by his uncle. He was a man of great ability and application, but lived only forty days after he came to the papal chair. Fornari.

[18] Luigi Gonzaga, surnamed Rodomont from his valour, was the son of Ludovico Gonzaga, and called Gazalo from a castle which he held. This person is further spoken of in the succeeding notes.

[19] One, to whom the poet dedicates his book; the other, son of Alphonso duke of Ferrara, likewise a cardinal. Fornari.

[20] Hercules, the father of Alphonso duke of Ferrara, and his son afterwards duke of Ferrara. Fornari.

[21] Hercules Gonzaga, cardinal of Mantua: Hippolito of the honoured family of Medicis, cardinal of St. Lorenzo. He died by poison, much lamented for his many virtues. Fornari.

[22] The brother of Lorenzo of Medicis was called Julian, and lost his life in a popular insurrection: but his death was afterwards severely revenged by the Florentines. His son was pope Clement VII. born a few days after his father's death. Fornari.

[23] Ferrantes Gonzaga, brother to the duke of Mantua, at one time viceroy of the island of Sicily, and afterwards lieutenant of the duchy of Milan, and general of the army for the emperor. Fornari.

[24] See Book xv. note to ver. 218, where his character is displayed at large.

[25] He means the second Francisco Sforza, son of Ludovico il Moro, who having married the daughter of Christiern king of Dacia, and sister to Charles V. obtained the duchy of Milan. Fornari.

[26] This noble family of the Avoli came from Spain, well known at Toledo, and of great repute and antiquity. Fornari.

[27] Marquis of Pescara and son of Alphonso. He was a great commander, and prosperous in every undertaking, except at Ravenna, where, receiving many wounds, he was taken prisoner; but fortune from that time was ever favourable to him. To the study of arms he joined the embellishment of letters; and while prisoner with the French, addressed to his wife Victoria an elegant dialogue on love. At last, after many victories obtained over the French, his strength being wasted with fatigue, he died in the flower of his age, covered with laurels. Fornari.

[28] Cousin to the before-named Francesco, and no less an ornament to the house of Avoli. Fornari.

[29] Gonsalvo Ferrantes was born at Cordova in Andalusia, of an ancient and noble family. By his assistance Ferdinando conquered the city of Granada, and the kingdom of Naples. He gained the title of Great, and at last died of a fever in the seventy-second year of his age, in the year 1515. Fornari.

[30] He means William the third marquis of Monserrato. He was rich in every accomplishment of mind and body, and gained many victories in France. He died in the flower of his age. Fornari.

But spoke so loud, that brave Rogero's ear,
Who stood beside, might every accent hear:
"Late, at your sister's charge, o'er hill and plain,
I led a generous courser by the rein,
In the swift pace and fields of battle prov'd,
Frontino call'd, and much the steed she lov'd.
Full thirty miles[21] I unmolested pass'd,
And hop'd secure to reach Marseilles at last;
To which ere long she meant to bend her way,
And bade me there for her arrival stay
A few short days—and such my fond belief—
I thought the world knew not so bold a chief
To seize the beast, when I, t' oppose the deed,
Should say—'Rinaldo's sister owns the steed.' (run
But vain my thoughts have prov'd, since yester's
A Pagan hand by force Frontino won;
Nor, when he heard his noble owner's name,
Restor'd the courser, or allow'd the claim.
With many a curse, with many a fruitless prayer,
Him I pursu'd; nor yet have left him far,
Where his stol'n courser, and his boasted might,
Can scarce defend him, closely prov'd in fight
By one who seem'd[22] to challenge all his skill,
And may, I trust, avenge the wrongs I feel." [close,
She said; and scarcely thus her speech could
Ere, starting from his seat, Rogero rose,
And, turning swift to Richardetto, pray'd
(The sole reward he ask'd for welcome aid
Left late bestow'd) that he alone might go,
And with the damsel seek her daring foe.
The haughty Saracen, whose lawless force
Had from her guidance reft the warrior horse.
Though Richardetto deem'd it ill became
A courteous champion, at another's claim,
To quit the deed that on his honour lay;
Yet, now compell'd, he gave unwilling way
To good Rogero's suit, who bade adieu,
And with Hippalca from the rest withdrew;
Who, left behind, all silent with amaze,
Scarce found a tongue his valorous acts to praise.
Meantime at distance now from listening ears,
Hippalca to th' impatient knight declares
Her tender greeting, in whose gentle breast
His matchless virtues ever liv'd imprest,
Which late before her faithful lips had told,
But Richardetto's sight her speech control'd:
She said, the Pagan, as he seiz'd the steed,
This vaunt had added to his lawless deed:
"Since 't is Rogero's, I more gladly make
This courser mine, which if he would retake,
Tell him, whene'er he dares assert his right,
I ne'er shall seek to hide me from his sight;
That Rodomont am I—whose dauntless name,
Where'er I go, my noble deeds proclaim."
Rogero heard, and by his features show'd
What deep resentment in his bosom glow'd:
Frontino much he priz'd, and more he lov'd,
As sent from her whose deeds her truth had prov'd:
He deem'd this outrage done in foul despite,
To stain the name and honour of a knight;
And shame were his, unless his arm with speed
From Rodomont redeem the generous steed,
And on the Saracen's head avenge th' ungentle deed.

The dame Rogero led with eager pace,
To bring him with the Saracen face to face:
They journey'd till they reach'd a double way:
One, down the plain; one, up the mountain lay;
And either to the neighbouring valley brought,
Where Rodomont with Mandricardo fought:
Short was the uphill path, but rough to tread;
Longer, but smooth, the path that downward led.
Hippalca took the first, in zeal to gain
The lost Frontino, and revenge obtain.
The king of Algiers, with the dwarf, the dame,
And Tartar knight, the way less rugged came.
These knights, who sought but late each other's life,
With Doralis, the lovely cause of strife,
In friendship rode, descending to the plain,
And reach'd the fountain where the noble train,
Where Malagigi, and where Vivian stay'd;
Where Aldiger and Richardetto laid,
With bold Marphisa rested in the shade.
Marphisa, at each noble knight's request,
Had cloth'd her person in a female vest,
With rich attire and costly ornament,
By Bertolagi to Lanfusa sent;
And though but rare appear'd the martial maid
Without her cuirass, helm and brawny blade;
Yet, at their suit, she now her mail unbrac'd,
And shone a dame with every beauty grac'd.
Soon as the Tartar had Marphisa seen,
He purpos'd from her knights the dame to win,
And, in exchange for Doralis, bestow
Her youthful beauties on his rival foe,
As if the lover should such terms approve,
To sell a mistress, or transfer a love!
With joy he view'd Marphisa's mien and face,
That worthy seem'd the bravest knight to grace;
And sudden every chief he there beheld
He call'd to joust, and dar'd them to the field.
Vivian and Malagigi, ready drest
In helmet, plate, and mail to guard the rest,
Upstarted from their seats, prepar'd to fight
With each advancing chief; but Sarza's knight,
Who came not thither in the joists to run,
Stood still, and left the champions one to one.
First Vivian, with a heart unus'd to fear,
Firm in the rest declin'd a ponderous spear:
The Pagan monarch with superior force
Appear'd well vers'd in every dreadful course:
Each aim'd his weapon, where he deem'd the blow
Might surest take—full on his helm the foe
From gallant Vivian's hand receiv'd the stroke;
But he nor fell, nor bow'd beneath the shock.
The Pagan king his tougher spear impell'd,
Which broke, like ice, the plates of Vivian's shield:
Hurl'd from his seat, amid the flowery way,
Stretch'd on his side the hapless warrior lay.
Then Malagigi, rous'd at honour's call,
In haste advanc'd t' avenge his brother's fall;
But unadvis'd his haste—so ill he far'd,
He less aveng'd him than his fortune shar'd.
The third brave brother, eager for the fight,
Before his kinsman on his courser light
Leaps clad in arms, the Saracen defies,
Throws up the reins, and to the trial flies.
Fierce on the Pagan's temper'd helm, below
The vizor's sight, resounds the forceful blow:
Shiver'd in four, the spear to heaven ascends:
Firm sits the knight, nor in the saddle bends.
The Tartar champion, in the furious course,
On Aldiger's left side with cruel force

[21] In the xxiiid book, Ariosto says ten miles only.

[22] After Rodomont had taken Frontino from Hippalca, she followed him till he met Mandricardo, with whom she left him engaged in single combat; to which circumstance she here alludes.

His weapon drove—the shield oppos'd in vain,
And less the cuirass could the stroke sustain:
Through his white shoulder pass'd the ruthless steel,
And wounded Aldiger began to reel;
Then falling, on the flowery turf lay spread,
All pale his features, and his armour red [31]!
Next Richardetto to th' encounter press'd,
And coming, plac'd so huge a spear in rest,
As prov'd how justly (often prov'd before)
The name of Paladin of France he bore.
Well on the Pagan knight his spear he bent,
Had favouring fortune answer'd his intent;
But headlong on the ground he lay o'erthrown,
His falling courser's fault, and not his own.
No knight appearing more whose venturous hand
With Mandricardo in the joust might stand,
The Pagan deem'd his arms had won the dame,
And where she sate he near the fountain came,
And thus began—"Thou, damsel, art my prize,
If in thy cause no other champion rise
To rein the steed—thy charms revert to me,
For so, thou know'st, the laws of arms decree."
Marphisa, raising with indignant pride [cry'd,
Her haughty looks—"Thy judgment errs," she
"I grant the plea (nor should thy right decline)
That I by laws of war were justly thine;
Did I, of these thy spear to earth has thrown,
One for my lord or for my champion own,
I own no lord, to none have subject been,
And he who wins me, from myself must win.
I wield the buckler, and the lance sustain,
And many a knight by me has press'd the plain.
My arms and steed!"—the fiery virgin said,
And, at her word, the ready squires obey'd.
Stripp'd off her flowing robe, in vesture light
She stands with well turn'd limbs reveal'd to sight;
Beauty and strength uniting in her frame,
All save her face the god of war proclaim.
And now with plate and mail encompass'd round,
Her sword she girts, and, with an active bound,
Bestrides her steed, which, govern'd by her hand,
Rears, turns, and wheels subservient to command.
Now boldly she the Pagan prince defies,
Wields her strong lance, and to th' encounter flies.
Penthesilea thus, in battle prov'd,
Through Trojan fields to meet Achilles mov'd.
Close to the grass, like brittle glass, were rent
The crashing spears; but neither rider bent
One foot, one inch—them fir'd with generous rage,
To prove how well her daring foe could wage
A closer fight, Marphisa bar'd the sword,
And rush'd intrepid on the Tartar lord.
The Tartar, who the dame unhurt espies,
Blasphemes each element, and threats the skies;
While she, who hop'd his shield to rend in twain,
Accuses Heaven in no less angry strain.
Each wields the gleaming sword, while, batter'd round,
Their jointed arms like beaten anvils sound.
Alike in arms of fated steel attir'd,
Arms never more than on this day requir'd:
So strong the helm, the cuirass, plate, and greave,
No point could pierce them, and no edge could cleave.
The strife had lasted till the setting light,
Nor yet th' ensuing day had clos'd the fight;
But Rodomont rush'd in their rage to stay,
And chide his rival for ill-tim'd delay.

"If war thou seek'st," the king of Algiers cry'd,
"First let us two our late dispute decide.
Thou know'st," he said, "our truce was made to give
Our monarch succour, and his camp relieve;
Nor must we, ere our friends are freed from harms,
Engage in jousts, or mix in fiercer arms."
Then to Marphisa, with a courteous air,
He turn'd, and show'd the regal messenger,
And told her how from Agramant he came,
To ask their swords to save the Moorish name;
And hop'd, at his request her valour won
Would aid the cause of king Troyano's son:
By this 't were better far, with generous aim,
To lift to heaven the pinions of her fame,
Than by low brawls defeat the great design,
Against the common foe their strength to join.
Long had Marphisa wish'd with sword and lance
To prove, in equal field, the peers of France.
Who fought for Charles; and hence the dame agreed
To assist their sovereign at his greatest need,
Till from the Christian powers the camp was freed.
Meanwhile Rogero, with the guiding maid,
The rugged path, that up the hill convey'd,
Pursu'd in vain, for when the vale they gain'd,
No longer there fierce Rodomont remain'd.
Rogero thence, to reach the fount that stood
By Merlin rais'd, with eager speed pursu'd
The late-worn track that in the turf he view'd.
He will'd Hippalca then, without delay,
Should Mount Albano seek, that distant lay
A day's short journey, but a different road
The traveller to Merlin's fountain show'd.
He bade her trust in him, nor trust in vain,
His arm, ere long, Frontino would regain;
To her he gave the tender lines to bear,
Which late, at Agrismont, his anxious care
Had penn'd to ease the dear expecting maid,
And hither, in his breast conceal'd, convey'd.
To this he added many a gentle charge,
To speak his love, and plead his cause at large.
All these Hippalca promis'd to retain;
Then bade adieu, and turn'd her palfrey's rein.
Swift on her way the trusty envoy goes,
And Mount Albano sees [32] at evening close.
Rogero then the Sarzan prince pursu'd,
With anxious speed, till near the fount he view'd
The king, with Mandricardo at his side,
And Doralis in peace and friendship ride.
Now to the place in haste Rogero drew,
And by Frontino well his rider knew:
Low o'er his spear the youth impatient bent,
And to the chief a stern defiance sent:
But less the suffering patience Job of old
Display'd, so full in hallow'd pages told,
Than Rodomont that day, who curb'd his pride,
His wonted fury, when to fight defy'd.
Deaf to the combat! he, whom danger's charms
Had ever fir'd, who joy'd to mix in arms!
Ne'er till this day, nor since, the Sarzan knight
Was ever known to shun the proffer'd fight;
So much the wish to aid his king distress'd,
The ruling passion of his soul suppress'd,
So fix'd he stood, that had his prescient mind
The certain issue of the strife divin'd,
As sure a prize, as when the leopard draws
The fearful hare within his ravenous paws,

[31] Literal from the Italian.
Rosso ne l'arme e pallido nel volto.

[32] He returns to Hippalca, Book xvi. ver. 543.

Even then his prudence had declin'd the fray,
Nor with a single blow prolong'd his stay.
Even that Rogero, who the battle claim'd,
That champion, high o'er other champions fam'd,
The man he wish'd to single from mankind,
And through the world had gladly rov'd to find,
Now fail'd to rouse him to the listed plain;
And him Achilles had provok'd in vain;
So well his soul repress'd her wonted ire,
So deep in embers slept the smother'd fire.
He told Rogero why he shunn'd the fight,
And ask'd his aid to guard their sovereign's right,
As well becomm'd a true and loyal knight.
The siege once rais'd, full leisure would remain,
Among themselves their quarrels to maintain.
"I give consent," to him Rogero cry'd,
"To cease awhile our battle to decide,
Till Agramant is freed from hostile power,
So thou to me Frontino first restore.
Say, wouldst thou have me till the camp's release
Delay the combat and confirm the peace?
(The combat claim'd, to prove thy deed has stain'd
The name of knighthood, from a damsel's hand
To take my steed) Frontino now resign,
Else shall the powers of Earth in vain combine
To make me for one hour the fight decline."
While thus Rogero from the Saracen's hands
Frontino, or the instant fight, demands;
And he, resolv'd, to neither will accede,
To give the battle, or restore the steed,
Lo! Mandricardo, on a different side,
New cause for contest in the field descry'd:
He sees, for his defence Rogero bear
The bird, that reigns o'er others prince of air,
The argent eagle in an azure shield,
Which once the Trojan knight[26] was seen to wield;
Which now Rogero challeng'd as his due,
Rogero, who his line from Hector drew.
Fierce Mandricardo, at the sight inflam'd,
With anger rav'd to view the bird he claim'd
Usurp'd by other hands, and, to his scorn,
On other shields great Hector's eagle borne.
Like him intrepid Mandricardo wore
The bird that Ganymede from Ida bore,
Such as he won it that tremendous day,
When at the magic dome[27] he seiz'd the dazzling prey.
Known is the tale, how from the Fairy's land,
This shield, with all the glorious arms, he gain'd,
These arms by Vulcan forg'd, with skill divine,
To grace the knight of Priam's regal line.
For this before, in mutual strife engag'd,
Had Mandricardo and Rogero rag'd;
Why then the conflict ceas'd, I leave to tell,
Nor longer speak of what is known so well:
Thenceforth till now they never met in field.
But Mandricardo, when he view'd the shield,
Steps proudly forth, and, with a threatening cry—
"Lo! here, Rogero, I thy force defy.
Thou dar'st for thy device my eagle take;
Nor is this day the first my claim I make:
Think'st thou, as once my arm revenge forbore,
I still shall pass thy usurpation o'er?
Since neither threats, nor gentle means address,
Suffice to drive this folly from thy breast,
Soon shall I prove thou better might'st have weigh'd
The charge I gave, and in good time obey'd."
As in the crackling wood, when breath inspires
The sudden blaze to wake the sleeping fires;
So to his ear when first the challenge came,
Rogero's anger burst to instant flame. [rang'd,
"Thou think'st t' o'erpower me now—" he cries
"But though another has my arms engag'd,
They soon shall win (thou to thy cost shalt see)
From him Frontino, Hector's shield from thee.
For this but late before[28] I wag'd the strife,
And late refrain'd to touch thy forfeit life.
As then no weapon at thy side I view'd,
Those deeds were sport, but these must end in blood.
Ill fate for thee you argent bird to bear,
Which thou usurp'st, and I with justice wear;
Deliver'd down to me, the rightful heir."
"'Tis thou usurp'st my right"—and at the word,
Stern Mandricardo grasp'd his dreadful sword,
That sword, which once in fight Orlando drew,
And late in madness midst the forest threw.
Rogero then, whose unexampled mind
From courteous lore had never yet declin'd,
Soon as he saw his foe the falchion wield,
Let fall his spear as useless on the field.
His sword, good Balisarda, then with haste
His right hand seiz'd, his left the shield embrac'd;
But Rodomont between them spurr'd his steed.
Marphisa interpos'd with equal speed.
This, one; and that, the other knight repell'd;
By prayers impor'd them, and by force with-held;
While of the treaty Algiers' king complain'd,
By Mandricardo twice so ill maintain'd;
First, when, to win Marphisa's charms, he mov'd
Against her knights, and well his valour prov'd;
And, from Rogero now his shield to take,
Could thus the cause of Agramant forsake.
"If strife thou seek'st—then let our swords," he cry'd,
"A quarrel nobler far than these decide.
With these the combat done, my dauntless hands
Shall answer him who now his steed demands:
If from my sword thy life survives the fight,
Thou mayst with him dispute the buckler's right."
"Per other may the chance of arms provide,
To Rodomont," fierce Mandricardo cry'd,
"When, like some fount, that ne'er its current drains,
My dauntless vigour unimpair'd remains,
To meet Rogero, or a thousand foes,
With all the world, should all the world oppose."
Words follow words, and wrath new wrath supplies,
Now here, now there, increasing tumults rise.
Fell Mandricardo, whom new rage inflames,
With Rodomont, and with Rogero claims
At once the fight: unus'd affronts to bear,
Rogero spurns at peace, and breathes but war.
On either side Marphisa would restrain
The growing strife, that makes her labour vain.
As when, escaping from its broken shores,
The angry stream through various channels pours,
The peasant sees the waves the meads o'erflow,
And trembles for his promis'd crops below;

[26] Hector.

[27] See note to Book xiv. ver. 240, for the history of this adventure.

[28] Boyardo tells us, that when first Rogero and Mandricardo met, a dispute ensued between them for this shield of Hector, which Mandricardo had won at the Fairy's castle.

While here his cares against the flood prevale,
Through other breaches bursts the scouring tide:
Thus while with Rodomont Rogero rag'd,
And Mandricardo in like strife engag'd;
Where each aspir'd, his brother-chiefs above,
Himself in courage, strength, and skill to prove,
Marphisa strove to calm each restless soul,
No words can soothe them, and no art control.
If one a moment from the fight she drew,
She saw the other chiefs th' assault renew.
The dame, who sought to calm each furious peer,
Then spoke—"Attend, my lords, my counsel hear:
O! let us yet these vain debates compose,
Till Agramant is freed from Christian foes.
If each will thus neglect his country's right,
Then I with Mandricardo claim the fight;
To prove how well (for such his boast has been)
He from myself in arms myself can win;
But if our king demands our better care,
Then let us hence, and every strife forbear."
"Not one shall aid our king with readier speed
Than I—but let him first restore the steed,"
Rogero cry'd—"let him my words attend,
Restore the courser, or himself defend.
Here will I fall in glorious combat slain,
Or, with Frontino, victor quit the plain."
Then Rodomont—"The first may well befall;
The last for other force than thine may call—"
Then thus pursu'd—"Hear, what I now protest,
If further ill betide our king distrest,
Yours be the blame, since here prepar'd I stand,
To act what duty and what fame demand."
Thus he—but little heedful of the word,
Rogero furious grasp'd his shining sword:
Like some wild boar with Rodomont he clos'd,
To shoulder shoulder, shield to shield oppos'd:
With sudden force the Saracen prince he shook,
One foot the stirrup unaware forsook.
"Defer the combat," Mandricardo cry'd,
"Or if thou fight'st, with me thy arm be try'd."
He said, and now inflam'd with deeper spite,
Struck on the helmet of the youthful knight;
Low to his courser's neck Rogero bent,
Nor soon recovering rose, for swiftly sent
By Ulien's mighty son, the thundering steel,
With dreadful ruin on his head-piece fell:
Of adamantine proof his helm was made,
Else to his chin had cleft the reeking blade.
Rogero's hands numb'd with sudden pain,
One lost the falchion, and one lost the rein;
The startled courser bears him o'er the land,
And Balisarda glitters on the sand.
Marphisa, who that day in arms had stood
With brave Rogero, now the warrior view'd
By two at once in strife unequal prest,
And indignation fill'd her generous breast.
On Mandricardo, turning swift, she sped
Her unsheath'd falchion at the Tartar's head.
The king of Algiers on Rogero drives—
Frontino 's won, unless some aid arrives.
But Richardetto and bold Vivian bring
Their friendly aid: while 'twixt the knight and king
That spurs his steed, and this with ready sword
Supplies Rogero, now to arms restor'd.
T' avenge his late disgrace Rogero burns,
And swift on Algiers' king indignant turns
So when by chance some ox a lion gores
At unawares, the generous savage roars
With fury more than pain, while round he flings
His lashing tail, and swift to vengeance springs:
On Rodomont's proud head Rogero pour'd
A storm of blows, and had his own good sword
Then arm'd his hand, the Afric knight had found
His helm, though tough, too weak to ward the wound;
That helm, which once for Rabel's king was wrought,
When with the stars an impious war he sought.
Discord, who now beholds with joyful eyes
Strife follow strife, on tumult tumult rise;
Exults that contest never more could cease,
By truce suspended, or compos'd by peace;
Secure of ill, her sister Pride she calls,
With her to seek again the cloister'd walls.
But let them hence—while we attend the fight,
Where, on the forehead of the Saracen knight,
Rogero drove his weighty blade so well,
That backward on his steed the rider fell;
His harden'd scales behind, his haughty crest,
And clanking helm, Frontino's crupper prest;
While thrice, and four times, here and there he reel'd,
And seem'd just falling on the grassy field;
Nor had his open'd grasp the sword retain'd,
But that a chain secur'd it to his hand.
With Mandricardo fierce Marphisa wag'd
A dreadful fight, that all his force engag'd.
Not less the Tartar fought with temper'd charms;
Their corslets well secur'd each breast from harms,
And either equal seem'd in strength and arms.
At length Marphisa's courser wheeling round
In narrow circuit on the slippery ground,
Fell sidelong down, and while to rise he strove,
Fierce Mandricardo Brigliadoro drove
Against his flank, forgetting knightly love,
And low to earth the struggling courser bore.
With grief Rogero saw the warrior-maid
In evil plight, nor long his help delay'd:
His arm at freedom, while the Saracen foe
Was senseless from his late inflicted blow,
On Mandricardo swift the sword he sped.
The well-aim'd stroke had cleft the Tartar's head,
With Balisarda had his hand been arm'd,
Or the fierce Tartar's helm less strongly charm'd.
The king of Algiers, now recovering, view'd
Young Richardetto, whom he saw intrude
With daring aid the combat to molest,
When late his powerful arm Rogero prest.
To him he turn'd, and came full well prepar'd,
His deeds of good with evil to reward:
But Malagigi, deep in magic taught,
A strange device to save his kinsman wrought.
Though wanting here his book, whose potent force
Could stop the Sun in his meridian course,
His mem'ry yet those awful words retain'd,
Which the foul demons at his will restrain'd:
On Doralis he prov'd his magic slight,
And in her beast convey'd a subtle spright:
The beast, that Stordilano's daughter bore,
Receiv'd the infernal angel, which the power
Of Vivian's brother from the realms of Hell,
Where Minos sits, had drawn by fated spell.
The palfrey, late so gentle to command,
Tost only mov'd by her directing hand,
The sudden impulse of the demon found,
And thrice ten feet he vaulted from the ground;
A dreadful leap! yet though he seem'd to fly,
The fair one kept her seat, while from on high,
Trembling for life, she gave a fearful cry.
Now lighting on his feet, the frantic steed
Runs as the spirit drives; with furious speed

He bears the damsel, shrieking with affright,
And leaves behind the feather'd arrow's flight.
Rous'd at her voice, the son of Ulieu stays
His arm from combat, and the fair surveys.
The fair he follows, rapid as the wind,
And Mandricardo spurs as swift behind.
The Tartar, bent no more with hostile arm
To work Rogero or Marphisa harm,
Awaits not truce or peace, but, where he views
Stern Rodomont and Doralis, pursues.
Meantime Marphisa from the earth arose,
(With rage and shame her generous bosom glows)
And, burning for revenge, too late beheld
The Tartar champion distant on the field,
Rogero, when he sees th' unfinish'd fray,
Roars like a lion baffled of his prey.
Both know 't was vain to chase, with either steed,
Good Bajardo or Frontino's speed.
Rogero deem'd disgrace must stain his name,
In his Frontino to renounce the claim
The list untried—nor will Marphisa rest,
Till prov'd in fight the Tartar breast to breast.
The martial virgin and the knight agree
To follow those on whom they wish'd to see
Their full revenge, and, if unfound before,
They hop'd to find them with the Turkish power;
Where, lest the siege might work the Pagans woe,
The knights would haste t' attack the Christian foe.
Rogero, ere he yet his friends forsook,
A courteous leave of every warrior took;
And back returning to the fountain, came
Where the lov'd brother of his beauteous dame
Remain'd apart; to him the gentle knight
Firm friendship vows, in good or evil plight;
Then to his sister, by the youth, conveys [phrase;
Fair thoughts and greeting, couch'd in cautious
Such cautious phrase, as may her fears remove,
But no suspicion wake of secret love.
To Malagigi, Vivian, then in few,
To wounded Aldiger he bids adieu:
While these, with good Rogero, change no less
The grateful farewel, and their thanks express,
Again renew'd, with future service vow'd,
For ever due to aid so well bestow'd [28].
Marphisa, eager Paris' walls to find,
Scarce bent a thought on those she left behind:
But Malagigi and good Vivian, prest
By friendly zeal, with distant signs address'd
The parting maid: her Richardetto view'd,
And with like greeting her retreat pursu'd;
While hapless Aldiger [29], with recent wound,
Unwilling lay, reclin'd along the ground.
First Rodomont with Mandricardo fled;
Next these Marphisa and Rogero sped
Their course to Paris—deeds transcending thought,
Shall in th' ensuing book to light be brought;
Deeds of those noble four, whose matchless hands
With rout and death o'erthrew the Christian bands.

BOOK XXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rodomont and Mandricardo, following Doralis, are drawn near the Christian forces, where they are met by Gradasso and Sacripant, and all together fall upon the camp of Charles. Rogero and Marphisa arriving next, join them in the attack. Great slaughter of the Christians, who are compelled to retire within the walls of Paris. The archangel Michael finds out Discord in the monastery, and sends her again to the Pagans. Dissensions renewed amongst the leaders. Agramant commands that the contending knights should draw lots for the order of the combat. The first lot falls on Rodomont and Mandricardo. Preparations for the lists. While the knights are arming, a debate arises between Sacripant and Mandricardo for the sword Durindana. Rogero again asserts his claim to the shield of Hector. Agramant and Marsilius endeavour to pacify them. Another quarrel breaks out between Rodomont and Sacripant for the horse Frontino, which is likewise claimed by Rogero. Brunello is forcibly carried off by Marphisa in the face of Agramant and his whole court. Agramant persuades Rodomont and Mandricardo to refer their title to Doralis to her own decision: they agree, and Doralis decides in favour of Mandricardo. Rodomont leaves the camp with indignation. His invective against women. He is received and hospitably entertained by a country host.

Amidst the various gifts by Heaven assign'd,
With special grace to enrich the female kind,
Be this the praise, where most the sex aspires,
To counsel well when sudden need requires:
But seldom man mature advice supplies,
When time the means of long debate denies:
Good Malagigi wrought with fair intent,
And well it seem'd, but different was th' event:
For while he kept, by force of magic charms,
His kinsman Richardetto safe from harms,
The fiend, obedient to his potent word,
Convey'd the Tartar prince and Saxon lord [1]
To distance far; nor then the sage foreknew,
What mischief hence on Christian Charles he drew.
Had time allow'd him leisure to reflect,
Some safer means had offer'd to protect
His kinsman's life, nor would, in evil hour,
His spells have thus distrest the Christian power:
Some wiser arts the demon had constrain'd,
To bear to furthest east or western land
Th' affrighted dame, for France no more to view,
Where both the lovers might her flight pursue.
But that malignant fiend, man's endless foe,
By Heaven's high justice doom'd to realms of woe,
Contriv'd what most the faithful world dismay,
Since his dread master [2] ne'er prescrib'd his way.
The pelfrey with the hidden demon bold
His rapid flight; no crossing stream repell'd
His bounding course; nor woods' entangled shade,
Nor fen, nor cliff, nor rock, his speed delay'd: 20
Till through the Franks and English camps he bore
(And all the unnumber'd host that Christ adore)

[28] Alluding to the delivery of Vivian and Malagigi, Book xxvi.

[29] We hear no more of Aldiger in this poem.

[1] Mandricardo and Rodomont.

[2] Since Malagigi had not prescribed the route which the demon was to take, but left him to his own disposal, he took that course with the damsel which would draw Mandricardo and Rodomont towards the Christian camp, and consequently bring distress on Charlemain.

Th' affrighted dame, and safely had restor'd
To her lov'd sire, Granada's royal lord.
Meanwhile the son of Agrican pursu'd
The flying fair, and soon no longer view'd:
With him was Ulieu's son, but either knight
Had lost her image from his straining sight:
Yet, by the track, they follow'd still the chase,
As nimble hounds the goat or leveret trace:
Till either lover certain tidings gain'd,
That with her sire the princely dame remain'd.
Take heed, O Charles!—What clouds thy sky deform,
Hang o'er thy head, and threat the bursting storm!
Not these alone, but king Gradasso [3] stands
With Sacripant, prepar'd to assault thy bands;
While Fortune, to complete thy ruin'd state,
Has robb'd thee of each glorious lamp, that late,
Of strength and wisdom beam'd thy purest light,
And leaves thee now in long endearing night.
Orlando now, estrang'd to every thought
Of good or evil, roves with wit distraught
O'er hill and plain, unhous'd and naked lies
In heat or cold, in fair or stormy skies!
Rinaldo, scarce with better sense inspir'd,
Has left his prince when aid was most requir'd,
Of fair Angelica the news to gain,
In Paris lately sought, but sought in vain:
An aged hermit [4], vers'd in magic art,
(As once I told) had play'd a fraudful part;
And wrought th' unwary knight to fond belief,
That she, so lov'd, was won by Brava's chief [5].
At this, with jealous rage and grief distrest,
That ne'er before a lover's heart oppress'd,
He enter'd Paris' walls, then voyag'd o'er
(So chance decreed) to Britain's distant shore.
The battle fought, in which such fame he won [6],
The Moors besieg'd and freed the regal town,
Paris again he view'd; each convent there,
And every dome explor'd with fruitless care;
He deem'd, with Brava's chief, the lovely maid
To Brava or Anglante's seats convey'd:
Now pass'd the hours; and thither hastes the knight;
But there nor chief nor damsel meets his sight;
And thence to Paris' walls he turns anew,
In hopes, ere long, the Paladin to view:
No Paladin he views: with rage he burns:
Again to Brava and Anglante turns.
Alike he journeys on by night or day,
In morn's cool breeze, or noon-tide's sultry ray;
And many a time one path repeated tries,
The Sun or Moon, by turns, its light supplies.
But he, our ancient foe, through whom the band
Of hapless Eve transgress'd the high command,
With livid eyes imperial Charles beheld,
What time vain love had from the camp expell'd
Albano's knight; he mark'd with horrid joy
What force might thus the Christian powers annoy;
And now together brought against their host,
The flower of arms the Pagan world could boast.

He fires the king Gradasso, fires the breast
Of noble Sacripant; who, since releas'd
From old Atlantes' castle, where they shar'd
One common error, had companions far'd?
Along the way: he these incites to aid
Their sovereign Agramant, and Charles invade.
Himself, by secret ways, their course attends,
And safely brings to join their Pagan friends.
Another steed he bids with trusty speed
Fierce Rodomont and Mandricardo lead,
Where late the demon urg'd the damsel's steed.
A third he sent, that to the Pagan crew
Valiant Rogero and Marphisa drew;
Nor yet so swiftly to the camp they pass'd,
But of the six, these two arriv'd the last.
Th' infernal angel, who relentless sought
The Christian's loss, this subtle train had wrought,
Lest, with Rogero Rodomont arriv'd,
The late contention for the steed reviv'd
Should cross his great design, for either knight
Might then renew his undecided fight.
The first brave warrior that together join'd
Beheld in distant prospect to the wind
The banners wave, and saw the tents ascend,
Where those besiege the works, and these defend.
And now, the council held, the dauntless fear,
In spite of Charles and all his numerous power,
To raise the siege with joint consent agree,
And Agramant from threatening ruin free.
Compact and firm they bend their daring way
Where deep encamp'd the Christian army lay;
While Africa and Spain aloud they cry,
Now Pagans known to every ear and eye.
Through all the host, "To arms, to arms," resound
A thousand tongues; but ere their arms they found,
The hostile steel invades them unprepar'd,
And the first onset puts to flight the guard.
The Christian chiefs, while thus the tumult spread,
Scarce knew from whom, or why their soldiers fled:
Some deem'd this daring insult they sustain
From the fierce Swiss or hardy Gascon train:
But, while uncertain whence th' incursion came,
They call the troops of every clime and name.
Loud beats the drum; the trump its clangour pours;
The sky re-echoes, and the tumult roars!
Imperial Charles, amidst his gathering bands,
All, save his helmet, arm'd, intrepid stands.
He calls his Paladins, and bids them tell,
What sudden force could thus his legions quell.
By threats now these, now those he stays from flight,
And others he beholds (too cruel sight!)
With heads dissever'd by the furious blade,
With bosoms pierc'd, and bowels open laid;
While some return (escap'd from greater harms)
With bleeding limbs, with sever'd hands and arms.
Advancing still, he sees where, scatter'd round,
Unnumber'd wretches gasping bite the ground;

[3] The last we heard of Gradasso was at the enchanted palace of Atlantes, Book xii., from which place all the knights were released by Astolpho.

[4] See Book ii. ver. 89, where the hypocritical hermit deceives Rinaldo and Sacripant with a lying vision, and parts the battle between the two rivals.

[5] Orlando.

[6] See Books xvi. xvii. & seq.

[7] This seems to be a little slip of the poet's memory, as Sacripant and Gradasso did not leave the palace of Atlantes together; for Sacripant, (see Book xii. ver. 230.) when the ring had dispelled the illusion that so long detained him, had quitted the palace with Orlando and Ferrau, and followed the flight of Angelica; but it appears (see Book xxii. ver. 141.) that Gradasso remained behind in the enchanted palace with Rogero, Bradamant, Ivoldo, and others, till the enchantment was dissolved by Astolpho. Of this oversight of the poet the Italian commentators have taken no notice.

Dreadful to view! all weltering in their gore,
When leech or drugs shall ne'er avail them more.
Where'er this little band resistless came,
They left eternal monuments of fame;
While Charles with wonder, grief, and shame, beheld
The fearful carnage of so dire a field.
So one, who suffers by the thunder's force,
Explores the track of its destructive course.

These noble four the tents had scarcely gain'd,
Where Afric's monarch still entrench'd remain'd,
When on a different side, th' assault to aid,
Appear'd Rogero and the martial maid[8],
Soon as the generous pair had darted round
Their skilful sight, to mark the camp and ground;
And saw how best the conflict to maintain,
And raise the siege; they gave their steeds the rein.
As, when the mine is fir'd, the straining eyes
Scarce view the flame as through the train it flies,
Till bursting forth, the fury levels all,
Tears the firm rock, and shakes the strongest wall:
So swift Rogero and Marphisa flew,
Such was their rage amongst the warring crew.
Adant, direct, their furious blows they dealt;
Discover'd scalps, lopt arms, and shoulders felt
The trenchant steel, while, for escape too slow,
Huge crowds divide before each gallant foe.
Whoe'er has seen o'er hill or vale a storm
Sweep fiercely on, with ruin part deform,
Part leave unhurt, may judge how, scatter'd wide,
This warlike couple pierc'd the martial tide.
Those, who from Rodomont's destructive hand
Had fled, and 'scap'd the first assailing band
Of four such warriors[9], gave their thanks to Heaven,
That strength and swiftness to their feet had given.
But now with weapons brandish'd at their breast,
By bold Rogero and Marphisa prest,
They see too late that him who stands or flies,
What Fate has sentenc'd, Fate to shun denies.
New danger follows one already past,
Who 'scapes the first, must doubly pay the last.
So fares it with the timorous fox, expell'd
From ancient seats which once she safely held;
Whom for her thefts the village hinds conspire
To chase with vapour of the smouldering fire.
Driv'n with her cubs upon the hound to run,
And meet that death she hop'd in vain to shun.

At length Marphisa and Rogero gain
The inmost trenches, whom the Pagan train
Joyful receive with eyes on Heaven intent,
In grateful thanks for aid so timely sent.
No longer fear the meanest bosom knows,
Each Pagan arm defies a hundred foes;
With one united voice, their chiefs they call,
And burn with ardour on the camp to fall.
The Moorish drum, the horn and timbrel blend
Their rattling sounds that to the skies ascend:
While streamers rais'd aloft, and banners join'd,
With mix'd devices tremble in the wind.
Not less the chiefs of Charles, with martial care,
The troops of Britanny and France prepare:
With these Italian, German, English, close
Their martial lines, and fierce the battle glows!
Stern Rodomont, of unresisted might,
With Mandricardo, dreadful in the fight:
Noble Rogero (virtue's constant stream),
And king Gradasso, every nation's theme!
Marphisa steel'd in arms, and with her join'd
Circassia's prince[10], who never lagg'd behind;
All these at once the king of France assail'd,
And urg'd his vows, that nothing now avail'd.
On John and Dennis (patron saints) he calls,
But, soon compell'd, retires to Paris' walls.
Th' o'erbearing valour of this matchless train
(The knights and dame), the Muse, my lord! in vain
Attempts to paint, nor can describe in speech,
What beggars fancy, and no words can reach.

Think then what numbers fell of life bereav'd,
What loss that day unhappy Charles receiv'd!
With these Ferrau demands his share of fame,
And with him many a Moor of gallant frame;
For haste, what numbers in the Seine were lost,
The bridge too quiet for the flying host!
Some wish, like Icarus, for wings to soar
From death, that threats behind and threats before.
What hapless Paladins were then enslav'd!
Vienna's marquis[11], and Ugero sav'd
Alone from bonds: see Oliviero stand,
Near his right shoulder by a hostile hand
The wound inflicted deep, while at his side
Ugero's head pours forth a purple tide.
If, like Rinaldo or Orlando lost,
Brave Brandimart had left the Christian host,
In exile then might Charles have led his life,
Had fortune giv'n him to survive the strife.
Whate'er cool thought or strength of nerve supply'd,
Intrepid Brandimart had vainly try'd;
Till forc'd at length to give the tempest way,
Slow he recedes, and scarce resigns the day.

Thus Agramant propitious Fortune view'd,
And once again the siege of Charles renew'd.
The cries of orphans, and the widows' moans,
Sons for their fathers, fathers for their sons,
From Earth ascending, reach'd th' empyreal height,
Where Michael sate in realms of purest light.
He heard; and looking down with sad survey,
Beheld, the food of wolves and birds of prey,
Stretch'd in their blood by thousands on the plain,
Of every nation, his lov'd people slain.

The blessed angel blush'd celestial red[12],
To find his great Creator ill obey'd:
To Discord late he gave his high command,
To kindle strife amidst the Pagan band;
Far different now, he sees the Pagans' hate
All firmly join'd against the Christian state.
As when some faithful envoy, who at large
Receives commission for a weighty charge,
Chides his neglect, recalling to his thought
Some valu'd purpose, midst his zeal forgot,
And, ere he seek his lord, with eager care
Pends every power th' omission to repair:
The angel thus will not to God ascend,
Till future deeds his errour past amend.
To where before in hallow'd cloisters plac'd,
He Discord met, he ply'd his wings in haste:
Again he found, where midst the monks she sate,
And at a chapter urg'd the dire debate:

[8] Marphisa.

[9] Rodomont, Mandricardo, Gradasso, and Sacripant, who first attacked the camp of the Christians, and were afterwards joined by Rogero and Marphisa.

[10] Sacripant.

[11] Oliviero.

[12] Thus Milton makes his angel change colour:

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red——.

Paradise Lost, b. viii. ver. 618.

Pleas'd with their strife, she view'd with joyful eye,
Cast at each other, prayers and curses fly.
With holy wrath the heavenly angel burn'd,
Her by the locks he seiz'd, and seizing spurn'd;
Then in his hand a crosier swift he took,
And on her head, her arms, and shoulder, broke.
"Mercy! ah, mercy!"—loud the fury yell'd,
While close the heavenly executor's knees she held.
But Michael set not yet the fiend at large,
Till to the Saracens, with weighty charge,
He thus dismiss'd her—"Hence! nor more forsake
Your hostile camp my heavier wrath to wake."
Though Discord, sorely bruis'd, with back and breast
The livid marks of many a stripe confess'd,
Yet trembling more with fear of future harm,
From the strong power of that angelic arm;
Her bellows swift she seiz'd with kindled fire,
And store of fuel that might well conspire
T' increase the flame, with which her ruthless art
Lights up fell strife, that, rankling in the heart,
To Rodomont and Mandricardo spread,
With good Rogero: these the fury led
Before the king, for now, each peril o'er
From Christian foes, their legions fear'd no more
A new assault from Charles' defeated power.
Their quarrels told, each to the monarch shows
The causes whence their late dissensions rose,
And begg'd his voice the contest to decide,
By whom in arms their claims should first be try'd.
Marphisa with the rest attention won,
Eager to end her combat late begun,
Which first the Tartar urg'd; nor would she yield
A day, an hour, her title to the field;
But with a generous warmth enforc'd her right,
To meet with instant arms the Tartar knight.
Not less would Rodomont conclude the strife,
That to himself or rival gives the wife;
The mighty strife, by joint consent delay'd,
To give their friendly camps and succour aid.
Rogero would annul his claim, and vow'd
That ill his honour Rodomont allow'd
From him the steed unjustly to detain,
And not in battle first the deed maintain.
More to perplex their broils the Tartar knight
Stept forth, and lend deny'd Rogero's right
To bear the lord with silver wings display'd:
And, as he spoke, each rage his bosom sway'd,
He dar'd the three at once to combat call,
By one sole trial to determine all:
Alike the rest in mingled fight had clos'd,
But that the king his high commands oppos'd.
King Agramant, that further strife may cease,
With prayers and soothing words entreats the peace.
In vain he soothes and prays—with deafen'd ear,
Each knight refuses peace or truce to hear:
And now his thoughts suggest the warriors' names
Inscrib'd on lots shall fix their several claims:
He bids four scrolls the written names disclose:
One Rodomont and Mandricardo shows:
With Mandricardo one Rogero bears:
Rodomont with Rogero one declares:
One Mandricardo with Marphisa joins:
These to be drawn, as fickle chance inclines,
The king commands; and lo! the first that came
Bore Sacra's king [17] and Mandricardo's name.

Next, with Rogero Mandricardo stood:
Rodomont and Rogero third were view'd:
Last, Mandricardo with Marphisa join'd;
Which sore displeas'd the martial virgin's mind.
Not better pleas'd his lot Rogero saw,
Lest he, decreed the foremost chance to draw,
Should wage such conflict with the Tartar knight,
Marphisa and himself might late their right
To meet the son of Agrican in fight.
Not far from Paris' walls a tract of ground
Was seen, a little mile in compass round;
Where, in theatric guise, the seats dispos'd,
With gentle rise a middle space enclos'd.
There once a castle stood, but now o'erthrown
By wars and time no more the place was known.
The lists were here design'd; with busy care
The workmen clear'd the ground and form'd a square
Of large extent, and four'd on either hand,
With two wide gates, as ancient rites demand;
And at the barrier's end, the lists to close,
On either side a fair pavilion rose.
Now came the day, when swords must fix the right,
Nam'd by the king, and wish'd by either knight:
Plac'd in the tent that to the west appears,
His giant limbs the king of Algiers rears;
Their bold Ferrau and Sacripant assist,
With scaly hide to arm him for the list:
And where the eastern gate its valves expands,
With king Gradasso Falsirones stands,
There for the son of Agrican employ
Their aid, to deck him with the arms of Troy.
High on a lofty throne, in royal state,
The king of Spain and king of Afric sate:
Next Stordilano and the peers were plac'd
Above the rest, in rank and honours grac'd.
Happy is he who on some rising height
Or tufted tree can sit to view the sight!
Great is the press, and deep on every side,
Through all the camp, was pour'd the mingled tide.
Castilla's queen was present; many a queen
And princess fair, with noble dames were seen,
From Arage, Castile, Granada's land,
And near the bound where Atlas' pillars stand.
There Stordilano's daughter, with the rest,
Appears in robes of various colour dress'd:
One vest was green, and one a pale red
Of saffron'd dye, like roses newly shed:
A garb Marphisa wore, that might proclaim
(Succinct and simple) both the knight and dame.
Like her apparell'd, near Thermodon's flood,
Hippolyta with all her virgins stood.
Already in his coat of arms array'd,
That royal Agramant's device display'd,
The herald enter'd, in the list to cause
The bounds prescrib'd, and state the duel's law.
While now impatient throngs demand the fight,
While oft their murmurs chide, and oft invite
Each lordly champion, sudden in their ear
From Mandricardo's tent a noise they hear,
Loud and more loud, deriv'd from wrathful words
Between the Sericane and Tartar lords.
Soon as the king of Sericane had dress'd
The Tartar monarch in his martial vest,
He stood prepar'd to gird the sword, which, tried
In battle oft, had grac'd Orlando's side,
When Durindana on the hilt he views,
And that device Almontes wont to use,

[17] Rodomont.

[18] Rodmont. [19] Mandricardo

From whom, long since, beside a limpid brook,
This sword, while yet a youth, Orlando took.
He saw, and knew full well the famous sword,
That arm'd the hand of great Anglante's lord;
Which prize to gain he left his native shore,
With such a force as ne'er was seen before;
And, some few years elaps'd, Castilia view'd,
And France itself beneath his arms subdu'd.
He marvell'd now, by what strange means obtain'd
He saw this sword in Mandricardo's hand,
Then ask'd what chance had given the fatal blade,
And when and where he from the earl convey'd
The precious prize—The Tartar prince reply'd:
"Erewhile in fight Orlando's force I tried:
At length he feign'd a madness to conceal
His dastard feelings; for he knew too well,
While this he wore, he still his trembling life
With me must risk in never-ending strife.
The beaver thus, who sees the woodland crew
Near and more near his hunted steps pursue,
Well conscious what they seek, behind him leaves
The sought for treasure, and his life reprieves."
Ere yet he ceas'd, Gradasso took the word:
"To thee, nor any, will I yield the sword.
Justly I claim what long I toil'd to gain,
My gold expended and my people slain!
Some other weapon seek—nor deem it strange
That this I challenge——let Orlando range
Frantic or wild, where'er this sword I hold,
The sword is mine—thou, as thyself hast told,
Found'st it far distant from its owner thrown,
But, found by me, I claim it for my own.
This falchion shall the right I plead maintain—
The list shall be my judge—prepare to gain
This sword by force, if this thou seek'st in fight,
To wield on Rodomont; since every knight
Who uses arms, should win them by his might."
At this the Tartar rais'd his daring head:
"What sweeter sound can reach my ears," he said,
"Than aught that speaks of war?—But first, in field,
To thee his turn the Sarzan prince must yield.
Procure with me the foremost fight to wage,
And let the second Rodomont engage:
Doubt not I stand prepar'd for thee—for all—
To answer thine and every mortal call."
Rogero then, increasing strife to breed:
"Think not t' infringe the terms so late agreed.
Be Rodomont the first in list to join,
Or, if he change, his fight must follow mine.
Grant what Gradasso pleads, that in the field
A knight must win his arms who arms would wield.
Shalt thou my bird with argent wings display,
Till from my grasp thou rend'st the shield away?
Lo! here I stand t' abide the lot's decree;
The first to Rodomont—the next to me!
If thou persist our treaty to confound,
I spurn all order, and despise all bound:
Nor will I for a moment wave my right,
But call thee forth this instant to the fight."
"Let each of you be Mars," then made reply
Fierce Mandricardo, "each his prowess try;
What arm shall dare forbid me here to wield
The trusty falchion or the glorious shield?"
Then fir'd to wrath, with steely gauntlet bent,
At Sericana's king a stroke he sent,
Whose better hand at unawares it took,
And Durindana straight his grasp forsook.
Gradasso, bursting then with rage, beheld
The sword disputed from his hand compell'd.
Indignant shame, despite, and burning fire,
Flush'd all his face; his eyeballs sparkled fire:
Fierce for revenge a backward step he made,
And stood in act to draw the deadly blade:
But Mandricardo, ever unappall'd,
Him and Rogero to the battle call'd.
"Come, both at once—come, Rodomont!" he cried,
"To make the third, and come all three defy'd.
Come, Spain and Afric! all of human race,
No fight shall e'er my glories past disgrace."
Thus he who nothing fear'd; and as he spoke,
In his right hand Almontes' weapon shook,
Firmly embrac'd his shield, for fight prepar'd,
And good Rogero and Gradasso dar'd.
"Leave him to me, and soon this sovereign steel,"
Exclaims Gradasso, "shall his phrensy heal." 490
"Not so," Rogero cries: "to me resign
You boasting chief——the combat first is mine."
"Go thou—the fight is mine"—by turns they cried—
Then all at once each other loud defy'd.
Nor this nor that would yield; and now, ensnag'd,
All three at once a medley war had wag'd;
When numbers present, as the warriors close'd,
With ill advice amidst them interpos'd;
And to their cost had soon his fortune known,
Who for another's safety risks his own: 500
Not all the world their souls to peace had won,
But lo! the Spanish monarch with the son
Of great Trojano came, whose presence quell'd
Their frantic rage, and each in reverence held.
Now Agramant demands, what sudden cause
To new contention thus each warrior draws.
Th' occasion known, he strives with every art
To calm the rage of stern Gradasso's heart;
That he to Mandricardo might afford
One single day the loan of Hector's sword, 510
Till the dire fight was wag'd with Sarza's lord.
While Agramant with soothing words address,
Essays by turns t' appease each angry breast,
New sounds of tumult in the western tent
From Rodomont and Sacripant were sent.
Circassia's monarch stood with Sarza's knight,
(As late we told) to arm him for the fight,
And with Ferrau had on the champion brac'd
Those arms which once his proud forefather grac'd.
And now they came to where the courser stood, 520
Who dash'd around the whitening foam, and chew'd
The golden bit: this stood, Frontino nam'd.
Was that whose loss Rogero's wrath inflam'd.
Meanwhile the generous Sacripant, whose care
Most such a champion for the list prepare,
Observ'd the gallant steed with nearer view,
When soon his marks and faultless limbs he knew,
And own'd his Frontaletto, for whose sake
He went on foot, nor other steed would take:
Stol'n by Brunello, on that fatal day, 530
When from the fair[16] he bore her ring away;
When Balisarda and his horn he 'reft[17]
From great Anglante's earl with impious theft;
When from her side Marphisa's sword he bore,
And with his plunder reach'd Biserta's shore;
Then gave Rogero Balisarda fam'd,
With this good courser, since Frontino nam'd.
Each certain proof the fierce Circassian weigh'd,
Then turning to the Sarzan king, he said:

[16] Angelica.

[17] This horn was won by Orlando from Almontes, when he slew him at the fountain. See Aspramont.

"Know, chief! this steed is mine—by fraud purloin'd
Before Albracca—numbers left behind
Could witness what I tell—behold my sword
Shall full conviction of the truth afford.
But since together for awhile we far'd
In friendly sort, and mutual converse shar'd;
And since thy want I know—to thee I yield
My generous courser for the lis'ted field,
My right acknowledge first; else hope in vain
To keep a steed which only arms can gain."
Stern Rodomont, than whom no prouder knight
E'er wielded weapon in the list of fight,
Thus answer'd—"Had another's lips declar'd
Such ill-judged words as Sacripant has dar'd,
He to his cost might find 'twere better far,
That speechless born he breath'd the vital air;
But as thou urgest, for the friendship late
Between us held, in this I wave debate.
To bid thee now (and heed what I advise)
Defer awhile thy arduous enterprise,
Till thou hast mark'd the issue of the fight.
This day, between me and the Tartar knight,
When his example shall thy prudence wake,
To beg me as thy gift this steed to take."
"With thee 't is courteous to be brutal," cries
Fierce Sacripant, with lightning in his eyes'
"But mark me plainer now—henceforth take heed
How far thou dar'st usurp my trusty steed:
I here forbid thee, while this better hand
Can, grasp'd aloft, the vengeful sword command.
If other means should fail, unarm'd I fight,
And stand with tooth and nail to guard my right."
Cries, threats succeed, and ire enkindles ire:
Less swift through stubble runs the blaze of fire.
Fierce Rodomont complete his armour wears,
But Sacripant nor helm nor cuirass bears,
Yet seems (so well he knew his sword to wield)
Securely fenc'd as with a covering shield:
Though Rodomont excell'd in nerve of fight,
No less in skill excell'd Circassia's knight.
Not with more swiftness turns the kindling wheel,
When from the stone is ground the whitening meal,
Than Sacripant, with hand and foot untir'd,
Turn'd, chang'd, and parry'd still as need requir'd.
Their swords Ferrau and Serpentino drew,
And midst the chiefs themselves undaunted threw:
Then Isolero, king Grandonio came,
And many nobles of the Moorish name.
Such was the tumult, such the noise combin'd,
That reach'd the tent where both the princes join'd,
Essay'd to calm Ruggero's wrath in vain,
The Tartar lord and king of Sericane.
Now to king Agramant, perplex'd in thought,
A messenger unwelcome tidings brought,
That Sacripant, with Rodomont engag'd,
A cruel battle for his courser wag'd.
Then thus the king bespoke the lord of Spain:
"Amidst these new alarms, thou here remain,
Lest aught should worse among these chiefs befall,
While I attend where yonder tumults call."
When Rodomont his royal lord beheld,
He stay'd his weapon, and his fury quell'd:
Not with less awe Circassia's prince retir'd,
When Agramant appear'd; who now inquir'd,
With kingly looks, and with majestic tone,
From what new cause this sudden strife was grown.
The whole declar'd, he sought with fruitless care
T' appease each warrior, and the breach repair.
Unmov'd, Circassia's monarch still deny'd
The king of Algiers longer should bestride
The generous steed, unless by fair request
For that day's use he first his lord address'd.
But Rodomont, as wont, with fell disdain
Reply'd—"Nor thou, nor Heaven, so far shall gain,
That, what this arm can on myself bestow,
I ever to another's gift will owe."
The king inquir'd of Sacripant his right
To urge such claim, and if by force or slight
He lost the steed: the prince the truth display'd,
And, as he spoke, a blush his shame betray'd.
He own'd how well the subtle thief[18] had wrought,
Who marking, while he sate entranc'd in thought,
Four stakes beneath his saddle plac'd, and drew
The courser thence, ere aught his rider knew.
Amidst the train appear'd Marphisa bold,
Who, while his courser's loss the warrior told,
In colour chang'd, for on the self-same day
A robber's hand[19] had borne her sword away.
Advancing near, her eyes confess'd the steed,
On which Brunello once, with light-foot speed,
Escap'd pursuit: brave Sacripant she knew,
Till then unfound; she mark'd the mingled crew
That crowded near, when numbers there appear'd,
That oft these thefts from base Brunello heard.
All turn'd to him, by whom they knew abus'd
The knight and dame, and by their looks accus'd.
Of each Marphisa ask'd, nor fail'd to find
That this was he whose hand her sword purloin'd.
She learnt, for this and many an impious cheat,
For which he well deserv'd a noose to meet,
By Agramant the shameless wretch was prais'd,
And (strange to tell) to regal honours rais'd.
Marphisa felt her former wrath to wake,
Determin'd, for her injur'd honour's sake,
On the foul thief a just revenge to take.
Now by her squire she bade her helm be lac'd,
Her other shining arms already brac'd
Her martial limbs, for never yet the maid
Ten days was seen, but bright in mail array'd,
Since her fair person, brave beyond compare,
She first inur'd the weight of steel to bear.
Then, with her helmet clos'd, she went and found
Brunello seated midst the peers around.
Him, when she saw, the dame with furious heat
Seiz'd by the throat, and dragg'd him from his seat;
Easy, as grip'd within his hooky claws,
The ravenous eagle some weak chicken draws,
And bore him thus before Troyano's heir,
Then deep engag'd to heal intestine war.
Brunello, fearing worse might yet befall,
Cras'd not to weep and loud for pity call.
His cries were heard amidst the mix'd alarms
Of shouts and tumults from the camp in arms.
For mercy now he sues, now aid demands:
Near as he drew, thick crowd the gazing bands:
To Afric's king the dame her prisoner took,
And thus address'd him with an haughty look:
"This wretch, thy vassal, by my hand ere long
Aloft suspended, shall atone the wrong

[18] This ludicrous and extravagant incident is taken from Boyardo. The passage is wittily ridiculed by Cervantes, where Sancho, while asleep, loses his ass, which is stolen from him by Gines de Passamonte in the same manner.

[19] Brunello.

My honour felt—for know, his shameful theft,
Him of his horse, me of my sword bereft[91].
Should there be one who dares my purpose blame,
Forth let him stand, and what he thinks proclaim:
To prove my justice, I his might defy,
And in thy presence give his tongue the lie.
Since some may urge, ill-chosen time I take,
When civil broils so many murmurs make;
When Discord kindles now, with dire alarms,
The bravest warriors of the camp to arms;
Three days I respite his determin'd fate;
Meanwhile would any friend prolong his date,
Let such appear—I eat ere then release'd,
I give him to the birds a welcome feast.
But three miles distant, by the wood's lone side,
To yonder tower behold my course I guide:
Without companion shall I there retire,
Save two, a damsel and a faithful squire.
If any dare this wretch's cause befriend,
There let him come, I there his arms attend."
She said; and waiting no reply, pursu'd
Her destin'd way to reach the neighbouring wood;
Brunello on her courser's neck she cast,
And in his locks the martial virgin fast
Her hand secur'd, while loud he shriek'd and pray'd,
Invoking every friend by name for aid.
King Agramant, amid these tumults[92] tost,
Where thought itself to find a clue was lost,
Above the rest more sorely now displeas'd,
Behold Brunello by Marphisa seiz'd:
Not that he still the treacherous caitiff lov'd;
Who (some few days elaps'd) his anger mov'd,
Ere since the ring's late loss, the king revolv'd
Brunello's fault, and oft his death resolv'd.
But now he deem'd a monarch's sacred name
Too boldly scorn'd, and red with conscious shame,
He stood prepar'd to follow, with his band
T' avenge th' affront that regal power sustain'd:
But grave Sobrino[93], present, soon inclin'd
To better thoughts the prince's wrathful mind.

"It ill beseem'd, in such a cause," he said,
"So great a king, of sovereign kings the head,
To wage a fight, where, should his arms succeed,
More blame than honour must attend the deed:
When men would say — 'Much has our king obtain'd,
Who scarce hard conquest o'er a woman gain'd!'
Great is his danger, small his praise must prove
Who dares against her arm to combat move.
'T were best to leave Brunello to his death:
Or if a word could save the culprit's breath
From threaten'd noose, that word we should withhold,
And leave the course of justice uncontrol'd.
Then canst," he added, "to Marphisa send,
That she his sentence may to thee commend
As king and judge—and first thy promise plight,
The hangman's hand shall do her honour right.
But should she this refuse—the contest cease,
Leave him to her—and rest the maid in peace:
So still to thee her love he firmly ty'd,
Hang up Brunello, and all thieves beside."
Sobrino's words the monarch's warmth assuage,
Who listens to his counsel just and sage;
Nor only leaves himself at large the maid,
But wills that none should her retreat invade;
For public good, his feelings he suppress'd,
And hop'd, by his example o'er the rest,
To soothe to concord each contending breast.
But Discord laugh'd aloud, who knew no fear
Of peace or friendship ever more to hear:
Now here, now there, she travers'd o'er the plain,
Nor could the tumult of her joy contain:
No less exulting, stalk'd her sister Pride,
Who constant fuel to the fire supply'd,
And, with a shout that reach'd the firmament,
The sign of victory to Michael sent.
At that dread voice[92], at that tremendous sound,
The Seine ran back, and Paris trembled round;
Through Arden's sable groves the echoes spread,
And savage beasts in gloomy coverts fled:
Illais, and Arli, Rhone's far-winding shore,
The Alps, and mount Ghibenna heard the roar:
This Rhodan, Soane, Garonne, Rhine confess'd;
While mothers clasp'd their infants to the breast,
Each furious chief demands the fight to wage,
And each will foremost in the list engage:
Their claims so various, so perplex'd the cause,
Apollo's self could scarce the bands unloose:
Yet every art king Agramant would try,
And first the Gordian knot of strife untie
Between the African[94] and Scythian lord[95],
For beauteous Doralis, by both ador'd.
The king, by turns, would each to reason bend,
As prince, as brother, counsellor, and friend:
But when he saw that neither would incline
To truce, or peace, or her he lov'd resign;
Fair cause of all their strife! he sought to find
Some middle course, to meet each rival's mind.

[91] This is told in Boyardo. See Book viii. note to ver. 728.

[92] Nothing can be better worked up than the confusion in the camp of the Pagans, from these dissensions among their leaders. Cervantes humourously makes Don Quixote, in the midst of the quarrels at the inn, thus allude to the above passage of Ariosto: "Did I not tell you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legions of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you see, with your own eyes, how the Discord of Agramant's camp is passed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse, yonder for the eagle—here again for the helmet: and we all fight, and no one understands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramant, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us, &c."

See Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iv. c. xviii.

[93] This is the first appearance of Sobrino in Ariosto. His character is continued from Boyardo, where he makes a figure in the council held by Agramant, to debate on the intended invasion of France, and endeavours to dissuade the king from that expedition. Sobrino appears to be the Nestor of the poem.

[92] See Virgil.

Contremuit nemus, &c.
Et tripodas matres pressere ad pectora natos.
Æn. vii.

Young mothers wildly stare with fears possest,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The woods all thunder'd———— Dryden.

[94] Rodamont. [95] Mandricardo.

He meant the damsel should decide their loves,
And name the consort whom her choice approves.
So, at her sovereign bidding, might they cease
From further strife, and finally bind the peace.
Each knight agreed, for each his love believ'd
With mutual passion by the dame receiv'd.
The king of Sarza, who long time had su'd
To gain her hand, ere Mandricardo woo'd;
Accustom'd in her presence still to live,
With every grace that fits a maid to give;
Securely hop'd her sentence would dismiss
His jealous pangs, and fix his future bliss.
Nor he alone, but thus each Pagan thought,
Who knew for her what deeds his arm had wrought,
In tournament and field—"Not thus," they cried,
"Should Mandricardo by her doom abide."
But he who love's soft hours with her had led,
While Sol on worlds below his splendour shed;
Who knew what flame her gentle heart avow'd,
Laugh'd at the judgment of the erring crowd.
Before his sovereign lord each peer confirms,
With every solemn form, the stated terms,
Then to the dame appeals; with downcast eyes,
While her fair face the blooms colour dyes,
She owns her bosom held the Tartar dear:
With wonder all the soft confession hear.
Fierce Rodomont, as if each sense was fled,
Scarce dares again exalt his drooping head;
But when his wonted fury had dispell'd
The first surprise and shame, that silent held
His faltering tongue, he call'd the doom unjust,
And, snatching from his side his sure-est trust,
Before the king and camp the blade he draws,
And swears, that this shall win or lose the cause;
Nor the light breath of woman's wayward will,
Who what they least should value, favour still.
Swift Mandricardo answers to his call:
"Act as thou wilt—I stand prepar'd for all.
Yet ere thy ship the harbour safely gains,
A mighty tract of sea ploughs'd remains."
But Agramant here interpos'd, and blam'd
The Sarzan prince, who 'gainst all order claim'd
The fight anew—so for the king prevails,
He makes this rising fury strike her sails.
Now Rodomont, indignant to sustain
A two-fold shame before this princely train,
First from his king, to whom his pride gave way,
And next his dame, in one ill-omen'd day,
No longer there will dwell; but from the band,
That late in battle own'd his guiding hand,
Two squires aloof he takes, and, swift as wind
Departing, leaves the Moorish tents behind.
As when the surly bull [87], o'ercome in fight,
Resigns his heifer for the victor's right;
For woods and barren sands he leaves the mead,
Where once he us'd the numerous herds to lead:
Loudly he roars, as night or day returns,
While still his breast with inbred fury burns.
So struck with rage, with phrensy and despair,
Goes Algiers' king, rejected by the fair.
Him good Ruggero had prepar'd with speed
To follow, and regain his faithful steed;
But soon recalling to his generous mind
The list with Mandricardo next design'd,
He checks his rein, and turns to claim the fight
For king Gradasso next assert his right
To Durindana, with the Scythian knight [88].
Yet much he griev'd to see, before his eyes,
Frontino lost, an undisputed prize.
Though once his battle with the Tartar fought,
Not long his generous steed shall rest forgot.
But Sacripant, whom no such cause detain'd,
For whom no other strife or list remain'd,
In haste the course of Rodomont pursu'd,
And soon had join'd him, but a chance withstood;
A sudden chance that cross'd him in the way,
And kept him wandering all the live-long day.
By fortune fall'n amidst the Seine he found
A hapless maid [89], who in the stream had drown'd,
But that he came to give her timely aid,
Leapt in the flood, and her to land convey'd.
He sought his steed, but loosen'd from his hand
The steed awaited not his lord's command:
All day he fled, and scarce with setting light
Resign'd his bridle to the weary'd knight.
Two hundred miles o'er hill and plain he pass'd;
But where he found stern Rodomont at last,
And how they met, I shall not here record,
With small advantage to Circassia's lord.
How there he lost his steed, and how he fell
In captive bonds [90]—I hasten now to tell,
How fir'd with wrath, before the princes shown'd,
Against his mistress and his king inflam'd,
Far from the camp the king of Sarza went,
And how on both he gave his anger vent.
Where'er the Saracen in phrensy griev'd,
The ambient air his burning sighs receiv'd,
In pity Echo from her cavern mourn'd,
And to his plaints in plaintive notes return'd.
"O female sex!" he cried, "whose worthless mind,
Inconstant, shifts with every changing wind:
O faithless woman! perjur'd and unjust,
Most wretched those who place in thee their trust!
Not all my service tried, my love express
By thousand proofs, could in one cruel breast
Secure a heart, so soon, alas! estrang'd
From truth like mine, and to another chang'd.
Nor have I lost thee now, because my name
Is doom'd eclips'd by Mandricardo's fame:
Nor know I what my source of woe to call—
But thou art woman—that comprises all!
O sex accurs'd [91]!—by God and Nature sent,
A deadly bane to poison man's content!

[87] See Virgil.

Nec mos bellantes una stabulare: sed alter
Victus abit, longeque boatibus exulat oris,
Multa gemens ignominiam, plagasque superbi
Victoris, tum quos amisit inultus amores;
Et stabula aspectans regni excessit avitis.
Georg. lib. iii. ver. 224.

Nor, when the war is o'er, their rage expires;
To distant vales the vanquish'd wretch retires;
Weeps his disgrace, his conquering rival's boast,
Yet more the fair, that unavenged he lost;
And oft with pensive looks, as he retreats,
The parting exile views his ancient seats.
Warton, ver. 290.

[88] Mandricardo.

[89] This adventure, just touched upon here by Ariosto, is no where else mentioned by him, or by Boyardo.

[90] In another part, mention is made of Sacripant being vanquished by Rodomont at the bridge; but no particular account is given of that incident.

[91] This exclamation of Rodomont against the

So hateful snakes are bred, the wolf and bear
So haunt the shades; so nurs'd by genial air
Swarm gnats and wasps, the venom'd insect train,
And tares are bred amidst the golden grain.
Why could not Nature (fostering nurse of Earth!)
Without thy aid give man his happier birth?
As trees, by human skill engrafted, bear
The juicy fig, smooth plum, or racy pear?
But, ah! can Nature aught that 's perfect frame,
When Nature bears herself a female name[31]?
Yet be not hence with empty pride o'er-run,
To think, O woman! man is born your son.
On prickly thorns appears the blooming rose;
And from a fetid herb the lily grows.
Insidious, cruel sex! whose faithless mind
No love can influence, and no truth can bind;
Ingrate and impious, plagues of human kind!"

Complaining thus, the king of Sarza rode,
Now murmur'd low, now rais'd his voice aloud,
Heard far and wide; with undistinguish'd blame,
At once involving all the female name.
Rash! unadvis'd! though some our anger raise,
For these found ill, a hundred merit praise.
What if, amidst the fair I yet have lov'd,
Not one, perchance I met, that faithful prov'd,
Shall I the whole with general censure blot,
And not accuse my own unhappy lot?
Such was my chance—if, midst a hundred, one
Were faithless found, on her my choice must run.
But still I trust, ere life with years decay,
Ere creeping age shall change these locks to gray[32],
Some happier hour may yet my hope renew,
And see my love repaid with love as true.
Should e'er such future bliss my vows befall,
That faithful she will make amends for all:
While to the height her honours I rehearse,
With pen or tongue, in prose, or numerous verse.

The Saracen, who thus his mistress blam'd,
As ill advis'd against his king exclaim'd;
And oft he wish'd some storm of adverse fate
Might fall unlook'd, to overwhelm his state;

To make each wretched house in Afric mourn,
And to the lowest stone each pile o'erturn;
That Agramant, expell'd his realm in grief,
Might rove a mendicant without relief;
Till once again his powers should restore
The exil'd monarch to the regal power;
And in his proof of loyal duty show
What to a faithful friend a friend must owe;
A faithful friend, whose merits should receive
(Though worlds oppos'd) whate'er his prince could give.

The Pagan thus, as troubled passions wrought,
Now on his king, now on his mistress thought:
He spurr'd his steed, but ne'er to sleep address'd
His watchful eyes, nor gave Frontino rest:
Next day his course to Sonna's banks he sped,
(That to Provence with winding current led)
For Africa once more to cross the main,
And see his long forsaken realms again.
He view'd the river, fill'd from side to side
With barks and vessels floating on the tide;
That from afar, with all provisions stow'd,
To Pagan bands convey'd the welcome load.
The country round was subject to the Moors,
From Paris' walls to Aequamorta's shores;
A pleasing tract! and all from plain to plain,
Stretch'd on the right, that reach'd the bounds of Spain.
Now from the ships remov'd, the busy crowd
On many a beast and wain the burthens stow'd:
From different parts the banks were cover'd round
With well-fed herds, that graz'd the verdant ground;
And near the river divers huts were kept,
Where all night long the hinds and drivers slept.

The king of Algiers here, surpris'd by night,
When damps and gloom succeed departing light,
Yields to a country host (there born and bred)
Who begg'd him for his guest at board and bed.
His steed dispos'd, rich plenty crown'd the board,
With Greekish wines, and wines of Corfù stor'd,
In all the rest a Moor[33] the Pagan show'd,
But in his drink preferr'd the Gallic mode.
The host, with welcome looks and sumptuous fare,
Would every honour for his guest prepare;
Whom by his garb and mien he well divin'd
A knight of prowess high, and noble kind.
But he, at variance with himself (whose heart,
As if divided from its better part,
Still to his mistress turn'd), with pensive look
There sate, nor with a word the silence broke.
Our jolly host, who better could advance
His private good than any host of France;
Who midst a land with foreign foes o'er-run,
Preserv'd his chattels, goods, and house his own;
Had call'd, in honour of his noble guest,
His friends and kindred to partake the feast.
Of these none dar'd to speak, but gaz'd with awe,
While mute and sad the Saracen they saw;
Who sate with head cast down in mournful wise,
As if he fear'd to meet a stranger's eyes.
Thus long he mus'd, till from his bosom broke
A sigh, when sudden as from sleep he woke;

female sex may recall to the mind of the reader the reflections of Adam on the transgression of Eve, particularly these lines:

——O! why did God,
Creator wise, who peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind——

Par. Lost, book x.

But it must be frankly acknowledged, that the passage of Ariosto is, as too usual, debased by ludicrous images and expressions.

[31] Surely the poet has carried this conceit to the utmost, that Nature, being herself a female, and consequently imperfect, could produce nothing perfect.

[32] The attachment of Ariosto to the fair sex has been shown in the account of his Life, and appears in various parts of his works; and this passage in particular, among many others, seems to prove that his love had been divided by a number of objects, though, at the same time, it likewise seems to prove that he had been rather unsuccessful in the fidelity of his mistresses.

[33] By the law of Mahomet his votaries are forbidden the use of wine: but the poet, who meant Rodomont for a character of impiety, makes him pay no attention to the dictates of his own religion, and only observe the customs of a Moor when they did not combat his passions.

Prepar'd to speak, his drooping lids he rais'd,
And round the board with look compos'd he gaz'd;
Then ask'd his host, and next to each apply'd,
If any there the marriage state had tried,
And slumber'd with a consort at his side.
He said: the host, and every guest he found
In wedlock's law to female partners bound.
He next inquir'd, if each believ'd his spouse
Had duly kept her matrimonial vows: 990
When, save mine host, they one and all declar'd,
That none with them their wives' affections shar'd.
To this the host—"Each, as he will, believes,
But sure am I—that each himself deceives:
For this your credulous, uxorious mind,
I can but call you each with dotage blind;
And so no less must say this noble knight,
Unless he means to tell you black for white.
For as t' enrich the world has Fate preferr'd
A single phenix, (rare and only bird!) 1000
So, is it said, one only man through life
Is giv'n to 'scape the falsehoods of a wife:
Each will himself that happy mortal call,
That husband sole, who bears the palm from all!
Yet how can each the boasted treasure own,
When through the sex no two chaste wives are known?
Like you I thought, and still perhaps had deem'd
All women virtuous, that were so esteem'd;
But, that a gentle squire, in Venice bred,
And late for my good fortune hither led, 1010
Such stories told, all which full well he knew,
As from my thought the fond deception drew.
Francis Valerio[24] was he call'd, whose name
Shall ever place in my remembrance claim.
Right was he learn'd in women, and could well
The frauds of marry'd and unmarry'd tell:
Tales new, and tales long since, of every kind,
He told, with these his own experience join'd;
He fully prov'd, of high or low degree,
How vain the hope a virtuous dame to see. 1020
Should ever one seem chaster than the rest,
'T is that her art can veil her frailties best.
From those (of which such numbers would he tell,
That scarce the third in my remembrance dwell)
One story fix'd within my mind remain'd,
And there engrav'd has still its place maintain'd;
Which, all that hear, shall like myself receive,
And every falsehood of the sex believe;
And if it please thine ear, I, noble knight,
To their confusion will the tale recite. 1030
"What better," cried the Pagan, "canst thou find,
To suit the present temper of my mind,
Than stories, where examples may display
That worthless sex, accustom'd to betray?
Yet ere thou speak'st, against me take thy place,
So shall I better hear thee face to face."
But, in the ensuing book, we see declar'd
What tale for Rodomont mine host prepar'd.

[24] Gian' Francesco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, a great enemy to women: he lived in intimacy with the poet, and is mentioned by him with particular kindness at the beginning of the xlviith Book, and is here likewise, by a poetical anachronism, made to live in the time of Charlemain, and from his hatred of women, Ariosto puts into his mouth this severe tale against the sex.

BOOK XXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rodomont hears from his host the tale of Astolpho and Jocundo, a severe satire upon the female sex. The characters of women further discussed. Rodomont leaves his host, and pursues his intended journey for Algiers; but meeting with a pleasing spot, he takes possession of a chapel which the Christians had deserted, and resolves to fix his residence there. The arrival of Isabella and the hermit with the dead body of Zerbino.

Ye dames[1]! and ye to whom each dame is dear,
To this unhallowed tale refuse an ear;
A tale mine host has caught from lying Fame,
To stain the lustre of the female name:
Yet such a tongue alike in vain essays
To blot with censure or exalt with praise;
In blaming others, fools their folly show,
And must attempt to speak when least they know.
Pass o'er this part unread, the story stands
Unhurt without it, nor the page demands; 10
What Turpin told before, I but rehearse,
No envy prompts, no malice points the verse:
My better lines your matchless worth have shown,
My loyal faith to all your sex is known.
To seal this truth a thousand proofs I give,
That still in you, and you alone, I live.
Then pass, or with a careless eye survey
Th' opprobrious tale, the fable of a day.

[1] This celebrated tale, one of the severest satires that was ever written upon the female sex, has been imitated by several authors, particularly by the witty Fontaine, the Prior of France.

Boileau has compared this tale of Fontaine with the Jocunde of M. Boullion, and not only given the preference to the former, but endeavours to show, that for the pleasantry of narrative, Fontaine is superior to the Italian author; at the same time he candidly speaks thus of Ariosto: Donnez, si vous voulez, à l'Ariosto toute la gloire de l'invention, ne lui denions pas le prix que lui est justement dû, pour l'élégance, la netteté et la brevité inimitable avec laquelle il dit tant de choses en si peu de mots; ne rabaissons point malicieusement, en faveur de notre nation, le plus ingenieux auteur des derniers siecles.—Dissertation sur la Jocunde de M. Fontaine.

It must be confessed, that several parts of this tale are highly exceptionable in the original for licentiousness of idea and language; yet, if we compare the passages with other writers of the early times, we shall find that Ariosto is by no means entitled to exclusive censure. A general grossness then prevailed among the poets, particularly of the humorous kind, as our own Chaucer will sufficiently prove; and Spenser, in a later age, will scarcely incur less condemnation. The account of Hellenor among the Satyrs is equal for indelicacy to any parts of Ariosto. To this we may add, that the poets of a much more refined time have given themselves such unjustifiable liberties, that the severe eye of decency may find numerous passages to expunge in Prior, Dryden, and even Pope himself.

But to resume my task—When every guest
A due attention in his looks express'd,
Mine host oppos'd against the Pagan sate,
And thus began his story to relate:
" Where Lombardy extends her fruitful plain
The young Astolpho held his peaceful reign,
His brother's heir—renown'd for every grace
Of manly person, and the charms of face.
Scarce could Apelles, Zeuxis, or a name
More fam'd in art, have sketch'd a lovelier frame.
Thus fresh in blooming youth the monarch shone,
Fair in all eyes, but fairer in his own.
Much less he priz'd his state of kingly power,
His numerous armies, his exhaustless store
Of wealth and friends, in which he far excell'd
Each boasted prince that near dominion held,
Than beauty's gift, whose full perfection rais'd
His form o'er every youth for beauty prais'd.
Amongst the train, that in their prince's sight
Paid daily homage, was a Roman knight;
Faustus his name, whom dear the king esteem'd,
And oft with him would boast how high he deem'd
His person's charms, and bade him boldly tell
If one he knew to match, much less excel,
Such manly grace: thus he in vaunting pride:
And, as he little thought, the knight replied,
'O king!' said Faustus, 'doubtless few there are
Whose beauty can with Pavia's lord compare:
But one I know may urge no bold a claim,
My brother he, Jocundo is his name:
Set him apart, your charms all charms efface;
His equal yours, or least superior grace.'
" Astolpho with surprise these words receiv'd,
And scarce such unexpected truth believ'd;
Then felt a wish within his bosom rais'd
To see this youth unknown, so highly prais'd;
And Faustus urg'd his sacred faith to plight,
To bring this wonder to his prince's sight.
" 'Great king,' the knight return'd, 'with truth I fear,
Hard is the task to bring Jocundo here:
Pleas'd with his humble lot assign'd by Fate,
Scarce is he known to pass the city's gate;
He lives content with his paternal store,
Nor squanders that, nor seeks to gather more;
And he as distant Pavia's towers would deem,
As some the banks of Tanais' icy stream;
But most I dread the attempt the youth to tear
From her whose love partakes his joy and care;
Th' enamour'd husband from a wife to draw,
Whose every wish to him is more than law.
Yet, gracious king, thy servant shall obey,
And prove each art to speed him on his way.'
" The king adds royal gifts to earnest prayers,
And for his embassy the knight prepares.
" On wings of zeal observant Faustus flew,
And soon imperial Rome arose in view:
Then to his brother's humble roof he went,
Told the king's wish, and gain'd his slow consent;
Implor'd the wife, and check'd each rising sigh
With thoughts of mighty gifts and honours high,
And for his sake besought her to comply.
" At length Jocundo fix'd the parting day,
And steeds and servants his'd, and fair array
To deck his manly form, for oft the grace
Of costly vest improves a beauteous face.
Meanwhile with heaving breast and flowing tears,
The dear companion of his life appears;
Vows that his absence she shall ever mourn,
And never live to see his wish'd return.
'Cease, my lov'd spouse,' the tender husband cries,
While equal sorrows trickle from his eyes.
'Cease thy dear plaints: so Fortune speed my war,
As but two months I my return delay,
Nor Pavia's proffer'd crown should bribe my longer stay.'
'Ah, me!' she sigh'd, 'and must I then sustain
Such length of absence, such an age of pain?
Ah! no, the grave will first my portion be,
These fading eyes no more their lord shall see:
Then welcome death!'—To sorrow thus a prey,
Food she rejects, and groans the night away;
Touch'd with her grief he lifts his eyes to Heaven,
Oft sighs, and oft repents his promise given.
" Now from her lovely neck a cross she drew,
Thick set with precious gems of various hue,
Which once a pilgrim of Bohemia bore
When sick, returning from Judæa's shore;
Her sire the drooping stranger entertain'd,
And at his death the hallow'd relic gain'd.
This cross she begg'd him at his neck to wear,
And in his mind her dear remembrance bear.
With joy the youth is seen the pledge to take,
Not for memorial, but the giver's sake;
Since neither time nor place his faith could move,
Nor fortune, good or ill, disperse his love;
Nor could her image from his thought depart,
Or death's strong grasp divide it from his heart.
" On that black evening, which forerun the day
That her lov'd consort summon'd on his way,
Increasing grief her tender soul oppress'd,
And oft she fainted on her husband's breast.
Not once they clos'd their eyes; no tongue can tell
How oft they kiss'd, how oft they bade farewel;
Till breaking from her soft embrace he fled,
And left her drown'd in sorrow on the bed.
" Scarce two short miles he journey'd, ere his mind
Recall'd the treasure to his care consign'd,
The precious cross, which in his thoughtless haste
He left behind beneath his pillow plac'd.
'Ah me!' he cried, 'how fitly shall I frame
A fair pretence to mitigate the blame?
Well may my wife my loyal truth suspect,
Her gifts and love repaid with such neglect.'
He knew 't were vain, with cold excuse to send
A menial servant, or a nearer friend:
Himself in person must return to prove
His faith unstained, and her doubts remove.
He rein'd his steed, and cried, 'My Faustus, go
Tow'rds Pavia's court with gentle steps and slow;
I must again to Rome; but short my stay,
Soon shall my speed o'ertake you on the way;
No other can supply my wants'—He said;
Then bade adieu, and turn'd his courser's head:
Alone he cross'd old Tiber's yellow stream,
What time the shade retir'd from Phœbus' beam:
When, hastening home, he found the darling fair
Fast lock'd in sleep (so poignant was her care!)—
The curtain with a cautious hand he drew,
And view'd, what little there he thought to view;
For, lo! his chaste, his faithful spouse he found
In wanton sheets, with amorous fetters bound,
Clasp'd by a youth, in whose adulterous face
He knew the author of his foul disgrace:
A low-born hind defil'd his master's bed,
Whose hand had rear'd him, and whose bounty fed.
Think what amazement chill'd his curdling blood,
As fix'd in stupid gaze he speechless stood:

Ne'er may your soul, by sad experience, know
The cruel anguish of Jocundo's woe!
Rage urg'd him on to draw the sword, and take
A just revenge; but Love, that still could wake,
For this ingrate, soft feelings in his breast,
Spite of himself the threatening stroke repress'd.
All-powerful Love, that from his anger sav'd
Her forfeit life, so far his heart enslav'd,
He fear'd to chase the slumber from her eyes,
And with the shock her tender soul surprise.
Silent the room he left, with silent speed
The stairs descended, and regain'd his steed;
Goaded by grief, he goads his fiery beast,
And joins his brother ere the hour of rest. [look,
"All mark'd his change of cheer, his mournful
That some near anguish at his heart bespoke; 170
Yet none, amidst so many, e'er divin'd
The secret cause that rankled in his mind:
All knew he left them to return to Rome,
But he had made a trip to Cuckoldom*.
Each deem'd that love lay festering in his thought,
But none could tell how love his sorrow wrought.
His brother deem'd he mourn'd his consort left,
Of comfort and society bereft:
But he had different motives to complain,
Her too much company had caus'd his pain. 180
He sighs, he weeps, while Faustus to his grief
(The cause unknown) can yield no kind relief:
In vain he seeks the healing balm to pour,
What hand can heal, that cannot probe the sore?
The healing balm is rankest venom found,
Which more inflames, and wider makes the wound.
His consort's once-lov'd name distracts his breast,
His appetite is gone, and lost his rest;
While those fair features, that so late might claim
The palm of beauty, seem'd to mock the same: 190
With deep-sunk eyes, and large projecting nose,
With wither'd flesh, a skeleton he shows;
And, bred from grief, a fever on the way
At Arbia, and at Aran fore'd his stay,
Till lost those charms that once such fame had won,
Like gather'd roses fading in the sun.
"Though Faustus, touch'd with deep regret, perceiv'd
His brother's woeful state, no less he griev'd
To think the prince, to whom his faith he ow'd,
Should doubt his truth for praise so ill bestow'd. 200
He promis'd one of matchless form and face,
And one he brings deprived of every grace:
Yet with Jocundo, still he journey'd on,
Till now they enter'd Pavia's regal town:
But, fearful of disgrace, the Roman knight
At first decliu'd to meet Astolpho's sight,
Till to the king by letter he reveal'd
That dire disease, and some distress conceal'd,
Prey'd on his brother's ruin'd health, defac'd
His rosy bloom, and laid each beauty waste. 210
Astolpho, gracious prince, well pleas'd to hear
The man he long'd so much to see was near,
Resolv'd his noblest welcome to extend,
And greet Jocundo as his dearest friend.

No envy in his generous breast was known,
To find a beauty that excell'd his own;
Since, but for pale disease, full well he knew
His rival's charms most every charm subdue.
Superb apartments to the youth he gives,
And only in Jocundo's presence lives; 220
His wishes to prevent all means applies,
And every way to do him honour tries;
While he, noblest, in languor wastes his life,
Lamenting still the falsehood of his wife:
Nor song, nor dance, nor music's sprightly strains
Can drown remembrance, or assuage his pains.
"In these apartments of the regal dome,
An ancient hall was next his lonely room,
The room where oft retir'd in grief he pines,
And shows, and games, and company declines; 230
Broods o'er the deed that robb'd his soul of rest,
And adds new scorpions to his tortur'd breast;
Yet, strange to tell, a balsam here he found,
Of sovereign power to close his rankling wound.
"Far in the hall, where artificial night,
With windows ever clos'd, expell'd the light,
A chink appear'd, and through the mouldering flaw,
Whence came a feeble ray, he thought he saw
What few would hear, and fewer would believe,
Nor from another would himself receive. 240
There, though the opening chink, reveal'd was seen
The secret chamber of Astolpho's queen;
A sacred privacy to all deny'd,
But those in whom the fair could well confide:
Here oft Astolpho's beauteous consort sate,
Forgetful of her lord and regal state;
And here he view'd a dwarf of hideous face,
And shape uncouth, the woman fair embrace.
"Struck with the sight, yet doubting what he view'd,
As in a trance awhile Jocundo stood: 250
But, when convinc'd, no longer could he deem
The sight th' allusion of an idle dream.
'Ye gods!' he cried, 'can she resign her charms
To the rude clasp of such a lover's arms?
A queen, whose lord with every gift is crown'd,
In form unrivall'd, as in worth renown'd!'
Reflection, that before so pain'd his heart,
Now took, by slow degrees, his consort's part.
What though she sought a young gallant to find,
Her fault was but the fault of all her kind: 260
Whose favours none could ever singly prove,
And if desire of change her breast could move,
At least no monster had enjoy'd her love.
"Next day, returning at th' accustom'd hour,
He found the lovers busy'd as before:
Still fearless of surprise, the dwarf and dame
The king dishonour'd with the deed of shame.
Day following day their mutual vigour proves,
And Sunday was no sabbath to their loves.
Yet most he marvell'd that the fair complain'd, 270
And thought th' ill-shapen cub her charms disdain'd.
One morn, when to the friendly chink he came,
He found, dissolv'd in tears, the amorous dame,
Who twice already, by her trusty maid,
Had call'd the dwarf, and still the dwarf delay'd.
Again she sent: her maid these tidings brought;
'The dice, my lady, take up all his thought;
And rather than forgo his gain at play,
He dares your gracious summons disobey.'
"At this strange sight Jocundo chang'd his cheer, 280
No more his cheeks receive the falling tear;

* The Italian is,

——gito ers a Corneto:—

Corneto, the name of a place near Rome. The word likewise means cuckoldom; but the humour of the original, arising from the double meaning of the word, could not be preserved in the same manner in the translation.

Joy lights his eyes, the clouds of grief are o'er,
And what his name imports[3], he looks once more;
His manly front resumes its wonted grace,
And angel beauty brightens in his face.
" The king, his brother, all the court, confess
The wondrous turn; but none the cause can guess.
If from the youth the monarch long'd to know
What sudden comfort had assuag'd his woe,
Not less the youth the secret wish'd to tell,
And to the king his injuries reveal;
Yet will'd he should for such atrocious fact,
Like him, no vengeance from his wife exact:
Then by a sacred vow the prince he ty'd,
Whate'er his ear receiv'd, or eye descry'd,
Though the dire truth deprir'd his soul of rest,
Though in th' offence fell treason stood confess'd,
That, soon or late, he never would engage
The guilt to punish, but restrain his rage,
Nor let a single word or deed evince
The crime detected by an injur'd prince.
" The king, who little dreamt his wrongs sus-
By solemn plighted vow himself restrain'd. [tain'd,
Jocundo then began the cause to show,
Whence sickness, sprung from soul-consuming woe,
Prey'd on his health; and how his wife, debas'd
To sordid lust, had with his slave disgrac'd
Her husband's bed; how, near his death, he found
An unexpected salve to close the wound.
' And know, O monarch! to my secret grief
Thy palace has supply'd the strange relief;
For, while I mourn'd my fortune, chance disclos'd
A mightier far to equal fate expos'd.'
He said, and to the place the monarch drew,
That gave his hideous rival to his view,
Whose charms had taught his faithful wife to yield,
And now was ploughing in another's field.
" There needs not here an oath t' enforce belief,
If stiffen'd at the sight with rage and grief
The monarch stood, while scarcely he repress'd
The mingled passions struggling in his breast:
As one distraught of every sense he far'd,
With open lips for issuing words prepar'd;
But soon, remembrance of his vow repell'd
The rising tempest that within rebell'd.
" Then to Jocundo—' Say, what course remains?
Direct me, brother, since thy will restrains
My just resentment, and forbids this hand
To take the just revenge my wrongs demand.'
' 'Faith,' said Jocundo, ' let us these forsake,
And prove if others more resistance make;
With every art assail the wedded fair,
And plant on others' brows the fruits we bear.
What woman shall our form and rank disdain,
When such base paramours can grace obtain?
Grant that sometimes our youth and beauty fail,
The power of riches ever shall prevail:
Nor let us here return, till female smiles,
Won from a thousand, crown our amorous toils.
Long absence, while in foreign lands we roam,
To prove that virtue, to our cost at home
So fully prov'd, may sovereign balm impart
To sooth the anguish of an injur'd heart.'
" The king assents, and for th' intended way
With speed prepares, impatient of delay.
Through fruitful Italy their course they bend,
Two pages only on their steps attend.

And now they left the soft Italian land,
To visit Flanders, France, and Albion's strand.
Free to their love they found each melting fair,
And found the loveliest oft the kindest were:
And while on some they costly gifts bestow'd,
To others' bounty equal gifts they ow'd:
With siege of warm entreaty some they won,
And others pray'd themselves to be undone.
Here one short month, there two the lovers made
Their amorous stay, and every proof essay'd,
While, like the virtuous wives, each female, ty'd
In nuptial fetters, with their suit comply'd.
At length both tir'd, where both alike pursue
Increasing dangers with adventures new,
Conscious what mischiefs oft on those await
Who knock too frequent at their neighbour's gate,
Now deem'd it best to seek some generous fair,
Whose charms, by turns, might either's passion share,
For each had try'd, and try'd in vain, to prove
A female constant to his single love.
' Since still some other must partake my bed,
The place be yours, my friend,' the monarch said,
' Of all the sex this certain truth is known,
No woman yet was ere content with one.
Then let us with some gentle friend enjoy
A bliss, unmix'd with jealousy's alloy;
So shall our moments roll in sportive ease,
Nor shall our love disturb another's peace.
What better fortune can a woman claim
Than two such husbands to return her flame?
And while to one no wife will constant prove,
Yet surely two must gratify her love.'
" Thus spoke Astolpho; and the Roman youth
Approv'd what then he deem'd the voice of truth.
At length the Spaniard's ample realm they gain'd,
Where what they sought, Valenza's seats contain'd;
A daughter of their host, of low degree,
Of manners mild, of features fair to see;
On her they fix'd—for on her blooming face
The spring of youth diffus'd its earliest grace.
With her the fire a numerous offspring rear'd;
And thoughts of piercing poverty he fear'd:
He saw his means small portion could provide,
And few, he knew, would take a dowerless bride:
Hence to their wish, he yields without delay
His daughter's charms, the solace of their way,
And on their love and plighted faith relies,
To treat with tender care their gentle prize.
They take the damsel, and in friendship prove
The amorous warfare of alternate love.
The Spanish region thence they travers'd o'er,
And pass'd the realms of Syphax[4] to explore.
At noon they from Valenza took their way;
Zattiva clos'd the labours of the day.
" The strangers here, as strangers ever do,
Proceed the wonders of the place to view;
Where many a costly dome demands their praise,
And reverend fanes their admiration raise.
Meantime the damsel sees, from room to room,
All ready for her lords' returning home:
Some spread the couch, some tend and feed with care
The weary'd steeds, and some the meal prepare.
" It chanc'd, that busy'd thus the fair one spy'd
A youth, who oft had slumber'd by her side

[3] The word Giocondo in the Italian, signifies cheerful, jocund.

[4] By the realms of Syphax the poet means part of the kingdom of Africa.

In happier days, when, with her father plac'd,
He liv'd a menial by her bounty grac'd.
Each other well they knew, but fear'd to speak,
Lest squint suspicion on their words should break.
But, all the rest retir'd, the lovers meet,
And, from discovery safe, each other greet.
The youth demands her whither she was bound,
And which, of either lord, her favour found?
Flammetta own'd the truth, for such the name
The damsel bore; from Greece her lover came.
'Ah, me!' he cried, 'when fortune seem'd to give
The long'd-for day with thee in joy to live,
My dear Flammetta seeks a foreign shore,
And wretched I must ne'er behold her more.
Thou go'st—and others have thy charms possess'd,
Sweet love is turn'd to poison in my breast:
In vain I hop'd, while still I strove to save
My pittance, earn'd by what each stranger gave,
With thee my slender fortune to divide,
And from thy father's hand receive my beauteous bride.'

" The sorrowing fair-one clasp'd him to her breast,
And mourn'd his fruitless suit so late address'd.
Sore wept the crafty Greek, and, with a sigh,
'Canst thou, inhuman, let thy lover die?
Give me, at least, ere we for ever part,
T' allay the flame that preys upon my heart;
One moment part in thy belov'd embrace,
Will make me death without complaining face.'
'Not less my wish,' the amorous girl replies,
Consenting passion sparkling in her eyes,
'But how, with spies surrounded, can we prove
Our mutual warmth, and give a loose to love?'
'Ah!' said the Greek, 'too well convinc'd I know,
Did half my ardour in thy bosom glow,
Thy wit would e'en this night some means employ,
To snatch at least a momentary joy.'
'In vain,' she answers, 'much-lov'd youth, you see,
Since I each night repose between the two.'
'Weak is th' excuse,' the plaintive Greek rejoin'd;
'For, if thou feel'st my woe, thy gentle mind
Will yield relief, and, spite of all, remove
Whate'er may seem t' oppose the suit of love.'

" Awhile she paus'd; then, smiling, bade him come,
While all were slumbering, to the wish'd-for room;
Describ'd the way, and taught what course to take,
How, undiscover'd, his return to make.

" Well pleas'd he heard, and when the drowsy god
Had laid on every eye his potent rod,
He seeks her door, with long and silent strides;
The door admits him: slowly in he glides:
Firm on his hindmost foot awhile he stays,
The other, rais'd, with cautious stealth essays
A forward step; and wide his hands are spread,
On either side to find th' expected bed.
He reach'd the feet, and made his artful way
Beneath the covering where Flammetta lay. [o'er,

" Soon as the Greek, the night's short blessing
Returning seeks the way he came before,
And Phœbus' beams to light the east begin,
Flammetta rising lets the pages in.

" Now with his friend the king prepares to jest:
'Brother,' he cried, 'it fits thee sure to rest:
Some leisure must recruit your weary spright,
Tir'd with the watching of so long a night.'
Jocundo then replies in taunting vein:
'Repose be yours, since you the toil sustain.'
'You use my words—fair rest betide your grace,
As to the huntsman weary'd in the chase.'
'I,' said the king, 'I would in truth have try'd
The lover's suit, but found my suit deny'd.'
Again Jocundo thus—'Your slave am I,
'T is yours to break, or with our terms comply.
But such dispute or taunts there needed none,
You might have chid my love, and claim'd your own.'

" Words follow'd words, replies succeed replies,
Till oft repeated jests, grown serious, rise
To harsh debate: they call the girl to clear
The doubtful truth: the girl, with conscious fear,
Steps trembling forth, commanded to reveal
What each alike seem'd earnest to conceal.
'Declare,' with stern regard the monarch cried,
'And fear not evil shall thyself betide,
Which of us two, so long in love's delight
Usurp'd with thee the pleasures of the night?'

" Impatient both await the girl's reply,
And hope her words will fix on one the lie:
Flammetta, lowly prostrate on the ground,
Of life despairing, since her fault was found,
Implor'd forgiveness, and with tears confess'd,
That, urg'd by love, which long had sway'd her breast,
Some pity on a faithful swain to take,
Who years had sigh'd, and sigh'd but for her sake,
That night she gave the tender frailty way,
In hopes one errour would alike betray
Each noble lover that beside her lay.

" Thus she: Jocundo and the king amaz'd,
Long on each other's face in silence gaz'd:
Ne'er had they heard, nor through the world believ'd
Two like themselves by female guile deceiv'd.
Now sudden mirth the place of wonder took,
And either's side convulsive laughter shook
With peals so loud, that scarcely could they breathe,
But sunk exhausted on the couch beneath.
So much they laugh'd, their bosoms ak'd with pain,
Nor could their eyes the gushing tears restrain:
At length they said—'What man shall hope to stay
His wife from wandering the forbidden way?
Since we, in one same bed, so closely join'd,
Bet worn us both in vain this lass confin'd?
Were numerous as his hairs a husband's eyes,
A wife's deceit would every watch surprise.
A thousand women we before have try'd,
Yet found not one our amorous suit deny'd.
A second thousand like the first would fall:
But this last proof may well suffice for all.
Then cease we more to blame our mates, or find
Their thoughts less chaste than those of all their kind;
And since they both are virtuous as the best,
Let us return and live with them at rest.'

" This point resolv'd, they bade the lover come
(Call'd by Flammetta) to receive his doom;
With many a witness present, for his bride
They gave the girl, with ample gifts beside;
Then both return'd contented to their wives,
And led in peace the remnant of their lives."

Here ceas'd mine host[1] his story to relate,
While every guest with mute attention sate.

[1] This is copied by Spenser, in his account of the Squire of Dames, with no less severity on the fair sex, where the squire relates, that travelling through the world in search of a chaste woman, he finds only three to reject his suit, thus humorously characterized by the poet:

The first that then refused me (said he)
Cecca, was but a common courtesane,

Nor yet the Pagan knight his silence broke:
At length, the tale concluded, thus he spoke:
"What various frauds, of every artful name,
The wily heart of womankind can frame!
Not all the power of human wit can tell
The thousandth part in which the sex excel."
But one of graver years, and reverend mien,
And better judgment at the board was seen,
Who holy wrath to hear the beauteous race
Thus roughly treated by a tongue so base,
And conscious of their worth, in secret burn'd,
And to the vile defamer thus return'd:
"What cruel slanders every day supplies
Detested tales, but thine the worst of lies!
Whoe'er thy author be, though on his tongue,
In other points, e'en gospel truths were hung;
Not fair experience of the female kind,
But some offence late rankling in his mind,
Urg'd him to speak; his hatred of a few,
On all the sex such blame unjustly threw.
But let his wrath subside, and soon your ear
Would more their praises than their censure hear.
For one to blame, his lips might number o'er
A hundred women fam'd for virtuous lore:
Then cease to rail at all—if one has swerv'd
From honour's laws, which thousands have preserv'd.
And since thy friend Valerio other taught,
Not judgment sway'd, but passion warp'd his thought.
Say, which of you, in nuptial union ty'd,
Has never from his consort stept aside;
Who, when occasion call'd, refus'd to taste
Forbidden pleasures, or his substance waste
On alien charms; while, save the abandon'd crew
Of hireling loves, no women men pursue?
Is there a husband will not leave his home
(Though fair his wife) for other joys to roam?
Let smiling love from wife or maiden try
With gifts to bend, what virtue would deny?
To please the sex what lover will refuse,
Or stop his ear when charming woman woos?
And oft, I fear, from some injurious cause,
The fair are led t' infringe the nuptial laws:
Perchance, their beauty view'd with sated eye,
They see their lords to foreign beauties fly:
Love claims return—what we to others give,
We claim in equal measure to receive.
Could I a statute frame, each guilty wife,
In sinful commerce found, should yield her life,
Unless she clearly to the world could prove,
Her consort had indulg'd unlawful love;
But this once prov'd, the dame slander'd should be,
From courts, and from her lord's resentment free:
For Christ has taught[6]—'To others never do
That which yourselves would wish undone to you.'
Yet this refused to have a-do with me,
Because I could not give her many a jane:
(Therrat full heartily laugh'd Satyrane.)
The second was an holy nun to chuse,
Which would not let me be her chapellane,
Because she knew (she said) I would disclose
Her counsel if she should her trust in me repose.
The third a damsel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance,
Full little weened I, that chastity
Had lodging in so mean a maintenance:
Save her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itself embrace, &c.
Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. vii. st. 53.

[6] The custom of introducing religious aphorisms,

Yet still incontinence, if this we call
Weak woman's crime, is not the crime of all.
But e'en in this our sex's guilt is most,
Since not a man of chastity can boast:
All crimes are his, and crimes of deepest dye,
Usurious griping, pillage, blasphemy,
And crimson murder; crimes though rarely known
To woman's sex, familiar to our own."
Here the just sage his weighty reasons clos'd;
And many a fair example had propos'd,
Of virtuous dames; but with averted ear
The Pagan king, who loath'd the truth to hear,
Aw'd him with threatening glance and brow severe.
Yet while in dread the sage from speech refrain'd,
The truth unshaken in his soul remain'd.
The Saxon prince here bade the contest cease,
Then left the board, and hop'd to rest in peace
Till dawn of day: but all the sleepless night,
He mourn'd his changeful mistress' cruel flight;
And thence departing with the morning ray,
Rush'd by ship to take his future way;
Yet, like a champion, who with prudent heed
O'erwatches all, attentive for his steed,
That steed so good, so fair, which late he bore,
From Sacripant and from Rogero's power:
And conscious, that for two whole days he press'd
Too far the mettle of the generous beast;
He fix'd down Soona's stream a bark to take,
For speed, for ease, and for Frontino's sake.
He bade the ready boatman from the shore
The cable loose, and stretch the dashing oar:
Before the wind the vessel lightly glides,
And the swift stream with swifter prow divides:
But Rodomont in vain, on land or wave,
From cruel care his anxious breast would save:
He mounts his steed, it follows close behind,
He sails the bark, it breathes in every wind!
Now in his soul the fatal inmate dwells,
And every hope or comfort thence expels;
While he, alas! with cruel anguish pain'd,
Conscious his inmost fort the foe has gain'd,
Expects no friendly hand can aid impart,
While self-consuming thoughts distract his heart.
All day and night, the liquid road he press'd,
His king and mistress rankling in his breast:
In vain from shore or bark he hopes relief,
Nor shore nor bark can soothe his rage of grief.
Thus the sick patient seeks t' assuage his pain,
While the fierce fever throbs in every vein;
From side to side he shifts his place by turns,
But unremitting still the fever burns.
Tir'd with the stream, again he sought the strand,
And pass'd Vienna and Valenza's land.
The walls of Lyons next the Pagan view'd,
And where Avignon's bridge stupendous stood.
These towns, and more, of semblance rich and gay,
That 'twixt th' Iberian hills and river[7] lay,

or allusions to texts of scripture, in compositions even of the familiar kind, was common with the writers of the early ages. Our Chaucer abounds with such instances, and many may be found in Shakespear; which passages were not then deemed reprehensible, nor, it is probable, gave offence to the nicest ear.

[7] By the river, he means the Rhodan; by the Iberian hills, he means the hill Jubaldo in Spain; by which he would infer that Agramant and Marsilius, after the last defeat of Charles, had made

Paid to the monarch-Moor[*] and king of Spain 630
Allegiance due, as lords of that domain.
Won by their hands from Gallia's shrinking reign.
Thence on the right to Aequamort he bends,
And straight for Afric's realm his course intends;
Till near a river he a town survey'd,
Which Ceres store and purple Bacchus sway'd;
Compell'd their favourite dwelling to forgo,
From cruel inroads of a barbarous foe:
Here smile the fields, there roars the surgy main,
And bright in valleys gleams the golden grain. 640
On this fair spot a chapel neat he found,
Built on a hill, and lately wall'd around:
This, when the flames of war their horrour spread,
The priest deserted, and with terrour fled:
Struck with the site, as from the camp remov'd,
The hated camp and arms no longer lov'd,
The king resolv'd on this sequester'd shore
To fix his seat, nor dream of Afric more:
Pleas'd with this new abode and place of rest,
Algiers so lov'd was banish'd from his breast. 650
With their stern lord the squires attending dwell'd,
The walls himself, his train, and courser held;
Not far his turrets proud Montpelier shows;
And, near, another stately castle rose;
Which seated on the river's gentle tide,
The town with stores for every need supply'd.
One day, while deep immers'd in pensive mood,
The king, as wont, a thousand thoughts pursu'd;
Along a path-way through th' enamell'd green,
Approaching nigh, a lovely dame was seen: 660
An aged monk, with beard descending low,
Beside her came, with solemn steps and slow;
A warrior-steed he led, that proudly bore
A weighty bier with sable cover'd o'er:
But who the monk, and who th' afflicted fair,
Or what the load, 't were useless to declare:
All knew 't was Isabella, hapless maid,
Who lov'd Zerbino's breathless corse convey'd:
Her in Provence I left, and at her side
This reverend sire, her comforter and guide; 670
By whom confirm'd, she meant her future days
To dedicate for God's eternal praise.
Though on her cheek was spread a death-like hue,
Though to the winds her locks dishevell'd flew;
Though sighs incessant speak her careless woe,
And from her eyes unbidden fountains flow:
Though every mournful sigh too well express'd
The anguish harbour'd in her gentle breast;
Through all her grief such beauties were descry'd
The Loves and Graces there might still reside. 680
Soon as the Saracen the mourner view'd,
Th' unlook'd for sight his haughty soul subdu'd;
No more he blam'd, or loath'd that gentle race,
Whose charms inspire us, and whose virtues grace,
While Isabella worthy seem'd to prove
The peerless object of his second love;
And from his breast expung'd Granada's dame,
As pity yields to pity, flame to flame.
The Pagan saw, and kindling at the view,
With eager step to meet the virgin drew; 690
And with demeanour fair and mild address,
Inquire the cause that wrought her deep distress.
She told the sorrows of her secret breast,
And, how deny'd on Earth a place of rest,
Her soul had fix'd to bid the world farewell,
And with her God in holy mansion dwell.
Loud laugh'd the Pagan, who nor God would know,
Nor own his laws, to every faith a foe!
He blam'd her erring zeal, to keep confin'd
Such beauty, form'd but to delight mankind: 700
"The sordid miser, brooding on his store,
Thus hides," she cries, "in caves his shining ore;
Whence nothing good he to himself derives,
And others of his useful wealth deprives:
Snakes, lions, bears are sought in fear of harms,
Not guiltless maids who breathe but love and charms."
The man of God, who such vain converse fears,
Like skilful pilot that the vessel steers,
Attends his charge, lest, lightly drawn astray,
Her feet should wander from the rightful way: 710
And now the hoary sire with grace imbued,
Prepares a splendid feast of holy food.
But the fierce Pagan, born with evil taste,
Rejects the dainties of the rich repast.
At length, when oft he chid, oft strove in vain
The preacher's hateful counsel to restrain,
His patience wasted, with vindictive ire
He rais'd his arm against that aged sire:
Yet lest our story should too long appear,
We, for your ease, will close the labours here, 720
And let this hapless monk th' example teach,
To curb the license of ungovern'd speech.

BOOK XXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rodomont falls in love with Isabella, and endeavours to persuade her to break her vow: his behaviour to the hermit who opposes him. The fortitude of Isabella, and her device to preserve her chastity. Conflict between Rodomont and Orlando. Further account of the mad actions of Orlando. Medoro and Angelica, in their way to embark for India, meet with Orlando, when Angelica, with great difficulty, escapes from the madman's hands.

Behold the state of man's unstable mind,
Still prone to change with every changing wind!
All our resolves are weak, but weakest prove
Where sprung from sense of disappointed love.
When late the Saracen, to wrath inflam'd,
On womankind with bitterest gall exclaim'd,
It seem'd as if no power could e'er control,
Far less expunge such hatred from his soul.
So much, fair dames, his words your hard provoke,
Which ill advis'd against your sex he spoke, 10
That never will I leave him, till his breast
Again has beauty's sovereign sway confess'd:
Still shall my verse condemn his slanderous speech,
That fondly durst your spotless name impeach.
The shafts of rage he from his quiver drew,
And threw, at all, without distinction threw:
But Isabella, with a single look,
At once his firmest resolution shook;
And now to her he chang'd his former flame,
Though yet to him unknown her country, race, or name. 20
Thus, as new passion fir'd his amorous thought,
With every eloquence of words, he sought
To shake the purpose of her steadfast will,
That would to God her virgin vow fulfil.

[*] Agramant.

themselves masters of Catalonia, and from Narbona (Narbanne) to Paris.

The hermit, as a fencing shield, to arm
Her chaste intent against all worldly harm,
By pious reasons, strong and duly weigh'd,
With all his power stood forth to guard the maid.
Not long the impious Pagan could endure
The holy sire, who preach'd in zeal secure:
He bade him, in good time, his cell regain,
And leave the damsel; but he bade in vain:
Till rous'd at length, no longer he forbore,
But seiz'd his beard, whence by the roots he tore
The silver hairs; and, with dire rage impell'd,
With savage grasp his aged neck he held; [threw[1];
And, whirling round, some three miles thence he
Swift towards the sea the wretched hermit flew!
What then befel him, little I relate,
For various tales are rumour'd of his fate:
Some say against a rock his limbs were thrown,
And piecemeal dash'd upon the craggy stone:
Some say, that midst the sea his death he found,
And, as he knew not how to swim, was drown'd
Spite of his orisons—Some say, the hand
Of his good saint convey'd him safe to land:
But be it as it may,—I pass it o'er,
Henceforth of him the story speaks no more.
When cruel Rodamont had thus remov'd
The talking hermit, oft in vain reprov'd,
With milder looks he turn'd, where, at his side,
The damsel stood all pale and terrify'd;
Whom now in speech by lovers oft addrest,
He call'd his life, of every good the best;
His balm of hope, fair comfort, smiling joy,
With each endearment amorous tongues employ.
Courteous he seem'd, as if he would disarm
Her thoughts of fear, that any force might harm
Her virgin vow: those graces that inflam'd
His cruel heart, his wonted pride had tam'd;
And though his hand could pluck the fruit, he chose
T' abstain at distance, and but touch the boughs.
He fondly hop'd by slow degrees to find
Fair Isabella to his wish inclin'd:
While she, subjected to a tyrant's laws, [claws)
(Like some poor mouse[2] within her foe's sharp
Unfriended and forlorn, would rather dare
The worst of ills than what she fear'd to bear;
Still pondering on the means, if such could be,
Herself and honour from his power to free;
With her own hand determin'd to prevent
Her shame by death, ere his abhorr'd intent
Should make her wrong the knight, who, late entwin'd
By her lov'd arms, his parting breath resign'd;
To whom, with heart devout, the mourning dame
Had vow'd to dedicate her virgin name. [fire
She mark'd, and trembling mark'd, th' unhallow'd
That warm'd the Pagan with impure desire.
What shall she do? How shape her dangerous course?
What way remains t' elude his brutal force?
Long time revolving in her fearful mind
A thousand schemes, at length, her thoughts design'd
One that might save her chastity from blame;
Which here we tell to her eternal fame.
The Pagan, by his words and deeds, confess'd
The lurking purpose of his impious breast:
Lost was the courtesy which first he show'd,
When fair his speech in gentlest accents flow'd.
To him the damsel—"Wouldst thou but ensure
My honour safe[3], a gift thou mayst procure,
Of far more worth than aught thou canst obtain
From what must fix on me eternal stain.
Scorn not a lasting prize, a prize to raise
O'er all the sons of war thy deathless praise.
A hundred and a hundred mayst thou find,
Fair dames, the loveliest of our female kind;
But who, like me, are fated to bestow
Th' invalu'd good thou to my hand mayst owe.
A herb I know, and late have seen, that boil'd
With rue and ivy, o'er a fire when pil'd
With cypress-wood, will (strange to tell) produce,
By guiltless fingers squeez'd, a sovereign juice,
With which, thrice bath'd, the body will be found
One moon secur'd unhurt from flame or wound:
That month elaps'd, the bathing we renew,
No longer time avails the powerful dew.
The proof of what I tell, thy wondering eyes
Shall witness soon—to thee a nobler prize
(Or much I err) than if this day had view'd
All Europe by thy conquering arm subdu'd.
In recompense for what I shall bestow
I ask but this—here plight thy solemn vow,
Ne'er from this hour by word or deed to harm
My virgin honour, or my fears alarm."
The damsel thus the Pagan's suit repress'd,
Who now with new desire of fame possess'd,
Vow'd all she ask'd, impatient to be made
Alike impassive to the flame or blade:
Resolv'd to curb his lust, till prov'd he view'd
The wondrous water with such spell indu'd,
Through which his limbs might scorn each weapon's
As Cygnus or Achilles[4] scorn'd before; [power,

[1] No partiality for the poet can apologize for the extravagance of such passages as these: wherever they occur, the translator freely gives them up to the critic, as lawful game, and means this for a general declaration of his opinion on the subject.

[2] Certainly too ludicrous an image on so pathetic an occasion.

[3] A similar story is told of a virgin in the time of Mirvan, the caliph, in the eighth century, and of another named Erasilla (the time uncertain) related by Francesco Barbaro, in his book concerning the choice of a wife. Zatta.

[4] Ovid tells us, Metam. book xii. that Cygnus, the son of Neptune, could not be wounded. The common story of Achilles is, that he was dipped in the river Styx by his mother Thetis, and thereby became invulnerable in every part except the heel by which she held him; and that he was at last shot by Paris at the altar, in the only vulnerable place, at the instigation of Apollo, during the ceremony of his nuptials with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam. This fable is certainly of much later date than Homer, and not countenanced in the poems of Virgil, Horace, or Ovid. Homer represents him as being wounded in the battle of the river, by Asteropeus, who was ambi-dexter, and threw two darts at Achilles at the same time.

At once Asteropeus discharg'd each lance,
(For both his dextrous hands the lance could wield)
One struck, but pierc'd not the Vulcanian shield:
One raz'd Achilles' hand, the spouting blood
Spun forth—— Pope's Iliad, b. xxi. ver. 182.

Achilles was not slain in the temple, but fell in the field of battle, according to Homer, as appears

But meant his compact should no longer bind:
No fear, no reverence, in his impious mind,
Of God or saint—for breach of faith the worst
Of Afric's sons, by perjur'd deeds accurst!

by the conversation between that hero and Agamemnon in the shades.

"O son of Peleus! greater than mankind!"
Thus Agamemnon's kingly shade rejoin'd;
"Thrice happy thou, to press the martial plain,
'Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:
In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
Great and terrific even in death you lay."
Pope's Odys. book xxiv. ver. 51.

Hesiod has no account of the modern fable of Achilles, nor any of the ancient Greek tragedians. Sophocles thus mentions his death, in the tragedy of Philoctetes, Act ii. Scene i.

Phil. Is then Achilles dead?
Neop. ——————He is, and not
By mortal hands, but by Apollo's shaft
Fell glorious*.

Bion, who lived 187 years before Christ, in a fragment of an epithalamium on the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis, makes no mention of the immersion in the Styx; neither does Catullus in his poem on the same subject. Strabo, who died 65 years after Catullus, does not speak of this fable of the Styx, although he frequently alludes to the story of Achilles. Horace calls Achilles, Filius Thetidos Marinæ, in three places. He speaks thus of his death—Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem; and mentions him frequently, but never as having been invulnerable.

Ovid gives no countenance to the story, though he particularly commemorates the death of Cygnus, slain by Achilles; and tells us, that the Grecian hero, to his great surprise, finding him invulnerable, was obliged to strangle him; that before his death he boasted to Achilles of his superior advantage derived from being the son of Neptune, alluding to this preternatural gift:

Nate deâ (nam te famâ prænovimus) inquit
Ille, quid a nobis vulnus miraris abesse?
(Mirabatur enim) non hæc, quam cernis, equinis
Fulva jubis cassis, neque onus cava parma sinistræ
Auxilio mihi sunt: decor est quæsitus ab istis.
Mars quoque ab hoc capere arma solet: removebitur omne
Tegminis officium; tamen indestrictus abibo.
Est aliquid, non esse satum Nereïde, sed qui
Nereaque, et natas, et totum temperet æquor.
Metam. lib. xii. ver. 86.

—————————— Goddess born!
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;
This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need:
'T is somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Your sire is mortal, mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I could contemn thy dart
Though naked, and impassible depart.
Dryden.

The poet afterwards tells us, that Achilles was shot by an arrow from Paris, sent into the midst of the battle, but does not describe him as wounded in any particular part: speaking of Apollo standing by Paris, he says,

Dixit: et ostendens sternentem Troia ferro
Corpora Peliden, arcus obvertit in illum:
Certaque letiferâ direxit spicula dextrâ.
Met. lib. xii. ver. 604.

He said, and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield,
And how he look'd a god, and mow'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs aright
Th' envenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.
Dryden.

Virgil records the circumstance of his being slain by Paris, in the prayer of Æneas to Apollo, which Dryden translates with hasty inaccuracy, his mind being impressed with the popular fable:

Indulgent god! propitious power to Troy!
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy;
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierced the proud Grecian's only mortal part.

For which the original gives no authority: the words of Virgil are,

Phœbe, graves Trojæ semper miserate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis direxti tela manusque
Corpus in Æ cidæ—— Æn. vi. 56.

Thus faithfully rendered by Pitt:

Hear, Phœbus, gracious god! whose aid divine
So oft has saved the wretched Trojan line,
And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,
The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.

The story of Achilles being slain in the temple at his nuptials with Polyxena, seems to have been of later invention than his dipping in the Styx: the author of both these fables is unknown; but the first may be traced back, if not to the inventor, at least as early as the Augustan age, when Hyginus, the freedman of Augustus and friend of Ovid, relates the death of Achilles thus, and seems to speak of the incident of the heel as a current but probably a vulgar story; and therefore not noticed by the classic writers of the time, who closely adhered to the authority of Homer:

Hectore sepulto, cum Achilles circa mœnia Trojanorum vagaretur, ac diceret se solum Trojam expugnâsse, Apollo iratus, Alexandrum Paris se simulans, talum, quem mortalem habuisse dicitur, sagitta percussit et occidit.

"After the funeral of Hector, when Achilles was boasting before the walls of Troy that he singly would take the city, Apollo being incensed took upon him the likeness of Paris, and, wounding Achilles in the heel, in which he was said to be mortal, slew him."

The histories now extant under the names of Dictys Cretensis, and Dares the Phrygian, both said to have been present at the siege of Troy, have the story of Achilles with all the modern circumstances; but these histories are supposititious, the originals being lost. Statius, who died 91 years after Christ, in his Achilleid mentions the circumstance of the river Styx. Thetis speaking to Chiron says,

—— Sæpe ipsa, nefas! sub inania natum
Tartara, et ad Stygios iterum fero mergere fontes.
Lib. i.

* See Dr. Francklin's elegant translation of Sophocles.

O'er hanging cliffs, through valleys dark with shade,
From towns and cities far the virgin stray'd,
Collecting various herbs, while at her side
The Pagan watch'd, and every motion eyed.
Such store provided now as seem'd to suit
Her present purpose, or with leaf or root,
Damp evening rose, when to their home they came,
Where she, the paragon of virtuous fame,
What yet remain'd of night, with seeming care
Employ'd the powerful mixture to prepare,
That bubbled o'er the blaze, while still the knight
With due attention mark'd each mystic rite.
Now with his squires in sportive dice and play
The king of Algiers pass'd the hours away,
When from the kindled fire, the heat enclos'd
In narrow bounds, to raging thirst dispos'd
The lord and menials, who insatiate drained
Two vases huge that Grecian wine contain'd,
Which from some travellers the day before
His squires had seiz'd, and to their master bore.
Stern Rodomont till then to wine unus'd,
Which to his sect the prophet's law refus'd,
Extoll'd the heavenly liquor far above
Celestial manna, or the drink of Jove;
And blaming now his country's ancient rite,
Huge bowls and goblets empties with delight:

How oft this breast could Hell's dire horrours brave,
To plunge my offspring in the Stygian wave!

She says to her son, when she has taken him to Scyros:

Mox iterum campos, iterum Centaurica reddam
Lustra tibi; per ego hoc decus, et ventura juventa
Gaudia, si terras, humilemque experta maritum
Te propter, si progenitum Stygis amne severo
Armavi (totumque utinam) cape tuta paromper
Tegmina, nil nocitura animo. Lib. ii.

Soon shalt thou view (when eas'd my present fears)
Those shades, where Chiron watch'd thy playful years,
Again thy own—By all thy hop'd-for praise!
By all the joys that wait thy youthful days!
If, for thy sake, a mortal's bed I chose,
And bear, for thee, a mother's anxious woes;
If Styx, by me, thy tender limbs could arm,
(Why felt not every part the potent charm!)
Here bear, a while secure, the female name,
Nor think these robes can taint thy future fame.

Seneca, Plutarch, and Pausanias are silent on this head. Quintus Calaber, who lived about two hundred years after Augustus, and wrote a supplement to Homer's Iliad, represents Achilles as wounded by Memnon, king of the Æthiopians. Lactantius, in his argument to the xiith book of the Metamorphoses, refers to the vulgar tradition of the heel, which is the more singular, as no such circumstance occurs in his author: and Servius, in his note on the vith book of the Æneid, to the before-cited passage has the like reference. In the edition of Virgil by Masvicius, the commentator on the same place refers both to the story of the Styx and of Polyæna: and, speaking of the words here made use of by the poet, he adds: Et bene ait direxti—quasi ad solum vulnerabilem locum. Dryden, in the preface to his translation of the Æneid, refers to a passage of M. Segrais where the French writer is defending Virgil for giving his hero enchanted arms. "This accusation," says

From hand to hand with foaming brimmers crown'd,
The wine swift circles, and the head turns round.
At length removing from the crackling flame
The vase with herbs infus'd, the virgin dame
To Rodomont began—"What best may prove
The words I speak, and every doubt remove,
Experience, that can sever truth from lies,
Instruct the learn'd, and make the vulgar wise,
Not on another, but on me shall show
The wondrous power this unction can bestow.
Behold me now, while o'er my fearless head
My neck and breast the potent charm I shed,
Thy force, thy sword undaunted to receive;
And prove if that can strike, or this can cleave."
She said; and stooping as she spoke, display'd
Her neck uncover'd to the Pagan blade:
Th' unthinking Saracen, (whose wretched sense
Wine had subdued, for which was no defence
From helm or shield,) he, at the fatal word,
Rais'd his full arm, and bar'd his murdering sword.
And, lo! that head, where love was wont to dwell,
From her fair neck and breast divided fell:
Thrice from the floor the head was seen to bound,
And thrice was heard[6] Zerbino's name to sound,

Dryden, "must fall on Homer ere it can reach Virgil. Achilles was as well provided with them as Æneas, though *he was invulnerable without them.*" He goes on thus: "In defence of Virgil—he has been more cautious than his predecessor or descendants, for Æneas was actually wounded in the xiith book of the Æneid." Thus far Dryden. But it is very extraordinary that so cool and judicious a critic as Segrais should take up this unclassical fable. Speaking of the enchanted arms given to the heroes of epic poetry or romance, he says, Ces presens des Dieux sont même une preuve de la valeur du prince, à qui ils sont faits; et il ne se trouve point que les mechans et les hommes mediocres ayent obtenu des graces pareilles, la providence ne les accorde qu'aux hommes rares qui meritent seuls, qu'elle les conserve dans les dangers où leur courage les porte. Autrement il faudroit dire qu' Achille n'étoit pas vaillant, puis qu'outre un pareil secours d'armes forgés par Vulcain, sa mere avoit encore *ajouté des charmes qui le rendoient invulnerable.*

To conclude this subject, in the discussion of which I hope I shall not have been thought tedious, though the first inventor of the story is unknown, it is undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, and has been occasionally made use of or rejected by different authors, but ought certainly never to be alluded to in any criticism or observation on Homer, to whom the fable appears to be wholly unknown. But it is no wonder that a fiction of this kind, so consonant to the genius of romance, should be adopted by Boyardo and Ariosto.

[5] The ill faith of the Carthaginians was known to a proverb in the time of the Romans, *Punica fides.* Thus Addison in the mouth of Juba:

Our Punic faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb. Cato.

[6] Cordambo, the giant's head in Spenser, speaks when cut off by Arthur.

Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. viii.

His head before him humbled on the ground,
The while his bubbling tongue did yet blaspheme.

For whose dear sake she found such way t' escape
The Pagan's hand, nor fear'd, in such a shape,
T' encounter death to follow him she lov'd—
Hail, spotless soul[7]! for purest faith approv'd, 180
Whose act has shown how dear thy plighted spouse
By thee was held, how dear thy virgin vows:
Fair Chastity, on Earth now little heard,
By thee to life and blooming years preferr'd,
Go, blessed soul! depart in peace to Heaven!
So to my feeble Muse such aid be given,
As may with every grace the song adorn,
And give thy name to ages yet unborn!
Go hence in peace to Heaven, and leave behind
Thy bright example still to womankind! 190
At this stupendous deed, from purest skies
On Earth the great Creator bent his eyes,
And said—"Thy virtue merits more renown
Than hers whose death robb'd Tarquin of his crown:
Henceforth I mean for ever, for thy sake,
Amidst my saints a great decree to make,
Which by th' inviolable stream I swear[8],
To every future age thy praise shall bear:

Let every maid that holds thy name[9] be blest
With genius, beauty, virtue, o'er the rest 200
Of woman's sex, but most the prize obtain
For chastity and faith without a stain;
While Pindus, Helicon, Parnassus' hill
Sound Isabella, Isabella still."
Th' Almighty spoke, the air was hush'd around,
Smooth spread the waves o'er ocean's vast profound,
To the third Heaven[10] the virgin-soul withdrew,
And in the arms of her Zerbino flew,
While, left behind, the second Brutus[11] stood, 209
Abash'd, confounded, stain'd with guiltless blood;
Who now, the wine's o'er-mastering fumes dispell'd,
Curs'd his dire rashness, and with grief beheld
The breathless body of the murder'd maid,
And ponder'd how t' appease her angry shade:
Since to her mortal part he death could give,
He hopes to make her name immortal live.
For this intent, the place where late she dwelt,
Where her fair form his brutal fury felt,
He chang'd or built anew, with spacious room
Enlarg'd, converting to a stately tomb, 220
From various parts around him, far and near,
Artists he found for favour or for fear:
Six thousand men, with ceaseless labour, wrought
Huge massy stones, from neighbouring quarries brought;
With those he bade the stately building rise
Of wondrous bulk, that lifted to the skies
Its towering head, and in the midst enclos'd
The faithful lovers[12] that in death repos'd.
Such was the structure which the world amaz'd,
By Adrian on the banks of Tyber rais'd[13], 230

[7] Poetry deals in the wonderful, and nothing is so tame and prosaic as Scaliger's criticism on the verse of Homer Il. x. which Spenser had in view, Falsum est a pulmone caput avulsum loqui poss. It is false that a head can speak after separation from the lungs. Hear Ovid, Met. v. ver. 104.

Demetit ense caput; quod protinus incidit arvo,
Atque ibi semianimi verba execrantia linguâ
Edidit——

The trenchant falchion lopt his head away,
The gory visage on the altar lay,
While on the lips imperfect accents hung,
And curses linger'd on the dying tongue.

[8] And speaking of a lady's tongue, (which may be less wonderful,) when cut off and flung upon the ground, he says, terraque tremens immurmurat——

——and trembling murmurs on the ground.

[9] So Homer, who is all wonderful, and the father of all poetical wonders, speaks of Dolon, whose head was cut off by Diomed. Mr. Pope's translation is admirable:

The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
Il. x. 10.[14]

See Upton's notes on Spenser.

[7] On this passage Mr. Upton observes, that Ariosto, in admiration of the chastity and martyrdom of Isabella, breaks out into a most elegant apostrophe, which Spenser copies in his address to Florimel, when she is in prison tempted by Proteus:

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief
Than loss of chastity, or 'change of love——
Most virtuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crown of heavenly praise with saints above——
But yet, what so my feeble Muse can frame
Shall be t' advance——
Fairy Queen, b. iii. c. viii. st. 42.

[8] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator, takes great pains to clear Ariosto from censure, for having introduced the Supreme Being, on this occasion, taking an oath like Jupiter in the Iliad or Æneid; though I fear that such passage can be defended by no argument adduced in its justification, but that it must in general be acknowledged, that Ariosto, like the rest of his countrymen, often introduces the fictions of poetry on the most solemn occasions. But a heavier charge may be here brought against the poet for making the Almighty approve the action of Lucretia, and thereby giving a sanction to suicide. This passage the Italian commentator has candidly confessed to be a gross breach of propriety and decorum.

[9] By this extravagant prophecy on all who bear the name of Isabella, the poet is said to make an eulogium on the duchess of Mantua, the daughter of Hercules duke of Ferrara, and wife of Ferrando king of Naples; the wife of Ferdinando king of Spain, to whose wisdom is attributed chiefly the discovery of the new world by Columbus; the wife of Frederick, king of Naples; the wife of Guido, duke of Urbino; but more especially a daughter of the king of Hungary, who was canonized by pope Gregory IX. for the sanctity of her life;—all these ladies bore the name of Isabella.
Porcacchi.

[10] Ariosto here follows the fiction of some of the ancient poets, who taught that those lovers, who had been constant, were after death received into the third Heaven, the region of Venus the goddess of love. Porcacchi.

[11] Brusus, surnamed without mercy, a character in the romances of the Round-Table. He is largely spoken of by Alamanni, in his poetical romance of Girone il Cortese; and is mentioned by Pulci in his Morgante, canto xiii. who calls him Brusus without pity.

[12] Zerbino and Isabella.

[13] The poet means the noble castle of St. Angelo

Close to the sepulchre a tower was join'd,
The spacious dwelling for himself design'd.
A narrow bridge[14], scarce two feet wide, he made
Fair stretch'd in length, which o'er the stream he laid
That ran beneath, and scarce the bridge supply'd
Space for two steeds abreast to cross the tide,
Or, meeting, pass: nor plac'd from end to end
Was rail or fence the stranger to defend.
Baptiz'd or Pagan, all that travel here,
He will'd henceforth should buy their passage dear;
For with their spoils, t' atone the virgin's doom,
He vow'd a thousand trophies at her tomb.
Ten days beheld the bridge complete; but more
Requir'd to raise the sepulchre and tower:
Yet well the work advanc'd, and on the height
A watch was plac'd to note each coming knight;
And oft as near the bridge a warrior drew,
The horn to Rodomont a signal blew.
Sudden he arm'd him for the course, and stood
Now here, now there, on either side the flood.
Whene'er a warrior reach'd the fatal tower,
The king of Algiers took the adverse shore:
The slender bridge the dangerous list supply'd,
There if the steed but little swerv'd aside,
Prone in the river's headlong depth he fell:
No fight, for peril, could such fight excel,
Thus often risk'd, the Saracen believ'd
Whene'er he fell, the rushing stream receiv'd
In draughts compell'd, would purify his soul
For sins committed through th' inflaming bowl;
As if from water certain core was brought
For wrongs, which wine by hand or tongue had wrought.

Few days elaps'd, ere numerous knights were led,
For Spain and Italy that path to tread.
The thirst of fame, to some more dear than life,
Brought many knights to prove the dangerous strife,
While all who hop'd the victor's meed to gain,
Resign'd their arms, and numbers there were slain.
Of vanquish'd Pagans that the course had run,
He kept their spoils alone, and armour won.
Of these the names on tablets fairly traced,
And hung on high the polish'd marble graced:
But every Christian close in durance pent
He held design'd for Afric to be sent.

The work proceeding, on a certain day
The mad Orlando thither bent his way.
The frantic earl by fortune thither came,
When Rodomont, beside the rapid stream,
Urg'd on the task: as yet unfinish'd stood
The tower and tomb, and scarcely o'er the flood
The bridge complete, when thither came the knight
Of wits distraught, what time in corselet bright
The Pagan watch'd to guard the tomb and tower,
And all his armour, save his helmet, wore.

Meanwhile Orlando, as his phrensy led,
At once o'erleapt the bar with fearless tread:
Him Rodomont, who stood on foot, espy'd,
And thus from far—"Forbear thy steps," he cried:
"This bridge, thou slave! was ne'er design'd for thee,
But noble knights and lords of high degree."
Orlando, stranger now to reason's force,
Turn'd a deaf ear, and onward held his course.
"I must chastise this fool," the Pagan cries,
And as he speaks, with rapid feet he flies
To plunge him in the stream, nor thinks to try
A fall with one that could his strength defy.

And now it chanc'd a fair and gentle dame
T' attempt the passage near the river came;
Her lovely form in courtly weeds array'd,
And all her mien a noble race display'd.
Lo! this was she (if still your mind retain
The tale I told[15]) who long had sought in vain
The steps of Brandimart, and far explor'd
Each part but that which now detain'd her lord.

Fair Flordelis, arriving near the flood,
Beheld where on the bridge the Pagan stood,
Clos'd with Orlando, while each nerve he ply'd
To hurl the madman headlong in the tide.
The virtuous dame, when, with a nearer view,
She mark'd his features, well Orlando knew;
And fill'd with grief, at such dire sight amaz'd,
On him thus naked and forlorn she gaz'd.

Awhile she staid t' await the conflict's end,
Where two such foes in matchless strength contend.
They press, they gripe, their utmost nerve they show,
Each strives the other from the bridge to throw.
And, muttering to himself, the Pagan cries,
"What to this fool such unlook'd force supplies?"
Now here now there he struggles, shifts, and turns,
With shame he reddens, and with wrath he burns:
With either hand he seeks, in vain, to take
Some firmer hold, that best the earl may shake;
And oft between his legs the furious knight
The left foot now inserts, and now the right.
Orlando Rodomont entwines around,
Like the fierce bear that struggles from the ground
T' uproot the tree from which he fell, and deals
His senseless rage on that which nothing feels.

Hapless Orlando, with his wits destroy'd,
Nor slight, nor art, but strength alone employ'd;

at Rome, built by Pope Adrian VI. on the river Tyber. This building was afterwards enlarged by several successive popes, till Pius V. put the finishing hand to it.

[14] This fiction of Rodomont's bridge is truly in the spirit of romance. We often read of knights meeting with such adventures: in the old romance of Morte Arthur, sir Launcelot encounters a churl who defended a passage over a river.

"On the third day he rode over a great long bridge, and there started upon him suddenly a passing foul churl, and he smote his horse on the nose, that he turned about, and asked him why he rode over that bridge without his license? and he struck at him with a mighty great club full of pins of iron. Then sir Launcelot drew his sword, and put the stroke back, and clove his head unto the navel." Morte Arthur, part i. c. cxi.

Spenser has a passage similar to this of Ariosto, where a bridge of this kind is described, and a combat ensues between sir Arthegal and a Saracen:

Here beyond,
A cursed cruel Saracen doth wonne,
That keeps a bridge's passage by strong hand,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne.
Fairy Queen, b. v. c. ii. st. 4.

[15] Flordelis is here again introduced, who last made her appearance in the xxivth book, ver. 535, and was present at the single combat between Mandricardo and Zerbino; after which she continued her search of Brandimart till she came to this bridge.

(Such wondrous strength the world from end to end
No living chief to equal him could send!)
Himself now backward from the bridge he threw,
And with him, close embrac'd, the Pagan drew.
Both sink together to the depth profound,
Leap the dash'd waves, and loud the shores resound!
The water soon divides their struggling limbs;
Orlando, naked, disencumber'd swims:
Amid the stream he plies, as with an oar,
His strong-knit joints, and safely gains the shore:
Then o'er the plain he speeds his course, nor stays
To mark how far he merits blame or praise.
The Pagan, whom his ponderous arms surround,
More slowly gains, at length, the distant ground.
Meanwhile securely o'er the bridge and tide
The dame had past, and round on every side
Explor'd the tomb, if there her anxious eye
Might any spoils of Brandimart espy.
Yet while nor arms nor mantle there she view'd
Of him she lov'd—fond hopes she still renew'd
To meet her lord—but let us turn to find
The wretched earl[16], who fled with senseless mind,
And left the bridge, the stream, and tower behind[17].
Wild were the thought[18] t' attempt, in tuneful verse
The madness of Orlando to rehearse:
Such various feats—their number would exceed
What leisure could describe, or tongue could tell:
A few I choose that best befit my song;
A few that to my story best belong:
Nor will I fail the wonder to recite
Wrought near Tolosa on Pyrene's height.
O'er many a tract of land the earl had past,
And reach'd the range of craggy hills at last,
That sever France from Spain, whose lofty head
Receives the beams by evening Phœbus shed.
Here, while he paced along a narrow way,
That o'er a deep tremendous valley lay,
Two village lads he met, who drove before
A laden ass that wintry fuel bore.
These, when they view'd the hapless champion lost
To every sense, as in their path he crost,
Aloud they call'd, and, threatening, bade him leave
The middle track, and free the passage give.
Orlando to their threats no word return'd,
But with his foot, beneath the belly, spurn'd
The wretched beast, with strength beyond compare,
And rais'd from earth dismiss'd to soar in air;
Thence on the summit of a hill he fell,
That rear'd its head a mile beyond the dell.
The youths he next assail'd: one, less discreet
Than happy, chanced a strange escape to meet:
For, struck with terror, from the hanging steep
Twice thirty feet he took a venturous leap:
A thorny bush, against the cliff's rough side
That in the mid-way grew, its aid supply'd
To break his fall; and now, unhurt, he stood,
Save that his face the bramble's grazing show'd,
That raz'd the skin, and drew the purple blood.
His fellow seiz'd a jutting crag, and sprung
To scale the rock; but while aloft he clung,
The madman, on his swift destruction bent,
Grasp'd either leg, these at his arms' extent
He strain'd asunder, till, with dreadful force,
He tore in bloody halves the panting corse.
Thus, for his bird, the falconer oft prepares
The living meal, when limb from limb he tears
The fowl or heron, destin'd for his food,
With entrails warm and flesh distilling blood.
Thrice happy he that in the vale beneath
Surviv'd a fall, that threaten'd instant death.
This wondrous chance he made to others known,
Which Turpin to our age delivers down.
Such deeds, and many far transcending thought,
The madman, as he pass'd the mountain, wrought,
Till wandering far, descending to the plain,
He reach'd at length the southern bounds of Spain,
And bent his course along the sea, that laves
Fair Tesacona's strand with briny waves.
There, with strange schemes his brain distemper'd,
He meant a dwelling on the beach to build,
A shelter from the Sun; and, cover'd o'er
With parching sand, upon the burning shore
Conceal'd he lay, when, lo! the princely dame
Of rich Cathay with her Medoro came.
These late espous'd, by fortune thither brought,
From the steep height the Spanish borders sought.
Th' unthinking damsel near Orlando drew,
Who, save his head, lay buried deep from view.
The squalid look her frantic lover wore,
No memory wak'd of him she knew before:
For since the time his phrensy had begun,
He wander'd, naked, in the shade or sun:
His tawny members seem'd to speak his birth
In hot Sienna, or the sultry earth
Where Amon's fane[19] in Garamantia stood,
Or those steep hills[20] whence Nile derives his flood:
Deep in the socket sunk each gloomy eye,
His visage pale, his features lean and dry:
His uncomb'd hair in fearful ellocks hung;
His squalid beard was matted, thick, and long.
Soon as Angelica, with startled look,
The madman view'd, through every joint she shook:
She shook with fear, while loud to Heaven she cried,
And call'd for succour to her trusty guide:
When mad Orlando view'd that lovely face,
As if by instinct, starting from his place,
He gaz'd, and with an idiot joy beheld
Those heavenly charms that every charm excell'd:
Though all reflection that she once possess'd
His soul's dear love was banish'd from his breast,
He sees, he likes—and what he likes pursues:
So the staunch hound, amid the tainted dews,
Winds his fleet prey; the youth who view'd his dame
Thus closely prest, behind the madman came
With trampling courser, and to rage inflam'd,
Against his back the glittering weapon aim'd.
Sheer through his neck he thought to drive the sword,
But found the wondrous flesh no pass afford.
Orlando felt the sword, and turning round,
With hand, unarm'd, laid lifeless on the ground.

[16] He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxi. ver. 429.

[17] He returns to Rodomont, Book xxxi. ver. 461.

[18] Concerning the extravagant feats of Orlando in his madness, the reader is referred to the note on Book xxiv. ver. 34.

[19] Syrma, a city of Egypt, subject to the most intense heat of the Sun. The temple of Amon was situated in Africa, and held in veneration by the Garamantians, a people inhabiting those parts.

[20] Mountains of Ethiopia, called the Mountains of the Moon.

Medoro's steed—then hasten'd to pursue
The trembling damsel that before him flew,
That spurr'd her mare, whose pace had seem'd too slow,
Though like an arrow from the well-strung bow.
But now she call'd her last resource to mind,
Her wondrous ring, which still she us'd to find
Her sure defence, which held between her lips,
Conceal'd her person with a strange eclipse:
The charm she tried, and vanish'd from the sight,
As with the whistling blast th' extinguish'd light.
Then, whether fear, or whether eager haste,
Th' affrighted damsel in her seat displac'd;
Or whether then her mare, ill-fated, fell
By sudden trip—'t is doubtful here to tell.
But while the ring she from her finger drew,
And, in her mouth clapp'd, conceal'd from view
Her lovely form, the stirrups from her feet
She lost, and tumbled headlong from her seat:
And had she never fall'n, the madman's arms
Had surely seiz'd and wrought her further harm;
Her life perhaps had then the forfeit paid
For all her scorn—but Fortune gave her aid.
Now must the damsel, of her mare bereft,
Some other palfrey seek by fraud or theft:
For this the Paladin with eager speed
Pursues; and doubt not hero another steed
Will soon be her.[1]—But let us now repair
To him who, losing thus the vanish'd fair,
Her beast pursued along the sandy plain.
At length he see'n her by the flowing mane:
With ease the Paladin her swiftness stay'd,
As one with gentle hand the gentler maid.
The bridle now he took, and with a bound,
The frantic hero, rising from the ground,
Vaults in the seat, then drives her many a mile,
Nor gives a moment's respite to her toil;
Nor frees her from the saddle, bit, or rein,
Nor lets her taste of grass, or hay, or grain.
It chanc'd as o'er a fosse he urg'd her pace,
Both beast and man fell headlong in the place.
No hurt Orlando knew: but with the shock
The wretched beast, miss'd, her shoulder broke.
And he compell'd awhile Orlando stays;
At length athwart his back the mare he lays,
And bears as far, as sent with vigorous art
Thrice from the bow-string flies the feather'd dart;
Till by the weight oppress, with rein in hand,
He leads her limping o'er the shelly strand.
The crippled mare pursues his steps with pain—
"Come on—come on!"—Orlando cries in vain.
At length the bridle, with a noose supply'd,
He took, and round her better leg he tied,
Then dragg'd along, and as he dragg'd, he said:
"Well mayst thou follow now, so greatly led."
Against the flinty road the covering hair
Was rent and torn, and all the flesh laid bare,
Till death eas'd; nor yet Orlando ceas'd,
But onward drew the mangled lifeless beast.
Still towards the west he pass'd, and in his course
Dwellings and towns he wasted, took by force
From trembling peasants all the food he sought,
Or fruit or flesh: of wretches whom he caught
Unhappy some he maim'd, and some he slew,
And on his way with rage impovers'd flew.
Thus had it far'd with her whom once he lov'd,
Ere from her ring a better fate she prov'd.

[1] Angelica is mentioned again for the last time, Book xxx. ver. 111.

Curst be the ring! and evil chance betide
The knight that with the gift her hand supply'd!
Else had Orlando full revenge obtain'd
For him, and each whom once her pride disdain'd.
Not she alone, but would that all her kind
Were to Orlando's frantic arm consign'd!
All are ingrate! nor midst the perjur'd race
Is one whose merits claim the smallest grace:—
But hold; or, strain'd too far, my weary lyre
May ill supply the sound my lays require.
Here let us for awhile the tale suspend,
Till the pleas'd ear again attention lend.

BOOK XXX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Continuation of the mad feats of Orlando. The poet takes leave of Angelica. Dissensions in the camp of Agramant renewed. Rogero and Mandricardo first named by lot to decide their quarrel for the shield of Hector. Description, and issue of their combat. Bradamant laments the absence of her lover, and hears tidings of him by Hippalca. Rinaldo arrives at Mount Alban, and prepares with his brethren Guichardo, Richardo, Richardetto, and Alardo, and his kinsmen Vivian and Malagigi, to go to the assistance of Charles. Bradamant remains behind at Mount Alban.

When reason, that should still in bounds restrain
Each sudden warmth, to passion gives the rein;
And blindfold rage our hand or lips can move
To injure those who merit most our love;
Though we with tears our errours past bemoan,
Such tears can never for th' offence atone.
In vain, alas! I sorely now repent
Those words in which I gave my anger vent;
Since like a wretch I fare, who while distrest
With slow disease, has long his plaints suppress,
Till hopeless grown, to wild impatience driven,
He arms his tongue against dispensing Heaven:
His health restor'd, he owns his crime with grief,
But words once spoke admit of no relief.
Yet, ever-courteous dames! I hope from you
To meet that grace for which I lowly sue.
Forgive, what from a lover's phrensy came,
And to my beauteous foe transfer the blame;
She plunges me in ills, she bids me burn
With fierce resentment, that indulg'd must turn
On my own head—Heaven only knows if love
So true as mine deserves such fate to prove.
Not less my madness than Orlando's rage,
And such as well may pity's ear engage;
Like his, who, wandering now from hill to plain,
Had travers'd o'er Marsilius' wide domain.
Day following day from place to place he flew,
While at his back the lifeless beast he drew.
At length he reach'd a stream whose ample tide
Pour'd to the sea; there on the turfy side
The carcase left, and swiftly plunging o'er,
He gain'd by stress of arms the further shore.
When near the banks a village-swain he view'd,
Who brought his horse to water at the flood,
And onward held his way, nor thought of fear
To see one naked like Orlando near.

"Let me," the madman cried, "thy courser take,
With my good mare I mean th' exchange to make:
Look if thou wilt—behold she lies at hand,
For dead I left her there on yonder strand.
I left her dead—but well I know thy care
Will bind her wounds and every hurt repair.
Give me thy steed—and with him further pay
For such a fair exchange—dismount, I pray,
In courtesy to speed me on my way."
Loud laugh'd the swain, but answering not a word
The madman left, and turn'd him to the ford.
"Then hear'st me not"—curs'd Orlando cried,
"Give me thy horse"—and with a lengthen'd stride
Advancing swift, a staff the herdsman shook
Of knotty oak, with which the earl he struck:
At this the Paladin was rous'd to ire,
He gnash'd his teeth, his eye-balls flash'd with fire.
With hand unarm'd[1] he dealt a crushing wound,
And stretch'd the peasant lifeless on the ground.
He mounts his steed, he scours the public ways,
And towns and villages in ruin lays:
No rest, no provender the beast he gives,
But in a few short days disabled leaves.
Nor will Orlando long on foot remain,
But soon by force another steed obtain:
Whate'er he meets his lawless prize he makes;
He kills the rider, and the courser takes.
Arriv'd at Malaga, the frantic knight
Fill'd every part with tumult and affright:
Such was the ravage of his fearful hand,
Two years sufficed not to recruit the land.
Such numbers slain he left where'er he pass'd,
Such buildings burnt, to earth so many cast,
That half the country look'd a dreary waste.
To Zizera he thence pursued his way,
That near the straits of Zibeltera lay.
There loosen'd from the strand a bark he view'd,
In which a troop for solace on the flood
Enjoy'd the freshness of the morning breeze,
And skimm'd the surface of the tranquil seas:
On them Orlando call'd aloud to stay,
And him their partner in the bark convey.
In vain he call'd, when none to hear inclined;
A guest like him could little welcome find.
Swift o'er the level tide the vessel flies,
As sails the swallow through the liquid skies.
At this, with blows on blows Orlando drives
His steed, though loth, and at the sea arrives.
The steed reluctant enters in the waves,
Long vainly struggling: now the water laves
His knees and breast; now swells on either side,
Till scarce his head appears above the tide.
No more returning shall he quit the surge,
While o'er his ears the madman waves the scourge.
Ah! wretched steed! whose life must soon be lost,
Unless thou swimm'st to Afric's distant coast.
Now more and more, withdrawing from the land,
Orlando loses sight of hills and strand.
Far in the sea he wades; between his eyes
And objects lost the billows fall and rise:
Till now unequal to the watery strife,
The beast concludes his swimming and his life:
He sunk, and with the steed had sunk his load,
But self-supported on the heaving flood,
His nervous arms and legs Orlando ply'd,
And from his mouth expell'd the briny tide;
While Fortune, that o'er madmen still presides,
From death preserves him, and to Setta guides;
Then lands him safe, where near arose in sight
The walls in distance twice an arrow's flight.
At length he found along the tented coast
Encamp'd in warthy bands a countless host.
But let us leave the earl[2], till better time
To him again recall the wandering rhyme.
What next to fair Angelica befel,
Who late escap'd the madman's hand so well,
And how she found a ship in happy hour
To bear her safe for India's spicy shore;
There gave Medoro o'er her realms to reign,
Others may sing[3] in more exalted strain:
I hastes to the Tartar knight, who gain'd
Such conquest o'er his rival, as obtain'd
The fairest dame to fill a lover's arms
That Europe boasts in all her bloom of charms,
Since from our clime Angelica retir'd,
And Isabella chaste to Heaven aspir'd.
Though Mandricardo heard with conscious pride
The dame in his behalf the cause decide,
Yet short enjoyment could that chance afford,
When quarrels still on foot requir'd his sword.
There young Rogero call'd him to the field,
And claim'd the argent eagle on his shield:
Gradasso, king of Sericana's lands,
For Durindana here the fight demands.
King Agramant and king Marsilius tried
To make each warrior's angry strife subside:
But nor Rogero will the Tartar knight
Permit to bear great Hector's shield in fight;
Nor stern Gradasso let the Tartar wield
The sword Orlando's brandish'd in the field.
Thus Agramant—"No more at variance fall,
Let chance of lots each knight to battle call:
And let us prove, whom Fortune first may name;
Of him she favours, I confirm the claim:
If yet you hold your sovereign's love so dear,
To what he offers lend a willing ear;
When lots decide who first the fight shall wage,
Let him, whose name appears, his faith engage
On his own head at once each strife to take,
And, conquering for himself, a conquest make
For either's claim; or if his love cannot,
He, losing for himself, for each shall lose[4]:

[1] The Italian is,

Sul capo del pastore un pugno serra
Che spezza l' osso——

literally,

He struck the shepherd a blow on the head with his fist, and split his skull.

[2] He returns to Orlando, B. xxxix. ver. 977.

[3] Angelica and Medoro appear no more in the course of this work.

[4] It may not be amiss to take a little retrospect, in order to see how the matter was settled by Agramant, which seems rather to require some explanation. By the first lots that were drawn, the combatants stood thus: first, Rodomont and Mandricardo: second, Mandricardo and Rogero: third, Rodomont and Rogero: fourth, Mandricardo and Marphisa. The list being prepared for the fight between Rodomont and Mandricardo, while these knights are arming themselves a new dispute arises between them and Gradasso and Sacripant, for Durindana and Frontino, which puts a stop to the expected combat between Rodomont and Mandri-

So nearly, held in equal balance, weighs
Rogero's and Gradasso's martial praise,
That he whose prowess can in combat stand
With either knight, may prove his valiant hand
At all assays—let conquest grace the side,
Which Heaven's eternal justice shall provide:
But no dishonour on the loser fall,
Whate'er betide, impute to Fortune all."
  Silent Rogero and Gradasso heard
The prudent council of their king rever'd,
And each agreed, whom chance the knight might make,
The cause of either on himself should take.
The names inscrib'd within an urn they threw,
And, shaking round, the lots a stripling drew.
Wrote on the first Rogero's name they find,
But bold Gradasso's name remain'd behind.
What words can speak the joy Rogero feels,
Soon as the fateful vase his lot reveals:
Nor less the Sericanian chief rejoices:
But who shall that oppose which Heaven designs?
  And now Gradasso with officious care
Rogero for the dreadful list prepares;
By long experience in the fields of fight,
To win the day instructs the youthful knight:
His veteran skill directs him how to wield
The trenchant sword, or lift the covering shield;
What to his arm the foe may open leave,
Which stroke may reach, and which his aim deceive;
When Fortune's offers to accept or shun,
And all war's arts he points him one by one.
The lists prepar'd; ere since the lots were cast
On either side the remnant day was past,
As custom wills, in many a kind address
(As each inclines) for either knight's success,
And all the signs of love that parting friends express.
  The people, eager to behold the fight,
Throng every passage with the dawning light;
While some, impatient for the day's return,
Wait in the list all night th' approach of morn.
The vulgar herd, still caught with outward shows,
Desire the noble knights in arms to close;
These judge not of events: but all whose mind
Can from the present see what lurks behind,
Midst whom Marsilius and Sobrino know
What most can work their country's weal or woe,
Condemn the fight, while Agramant they blame
Through whom the quarrel to such issue came:
Nor ceas'd they to the monarch's thought to call
What ruin must the Moorish race befall,
Whether, by angry destiny decreed,
Rogero or the Tartar prince should bleed:
Since one such warrior lost must weaken more
Their force to meet the son of Pepin's power,
Than thousands slain, amidst whose numerous band
Not one perhaps could boast of heart or hand.
King Agramant the important truth confess'd:
But how repeal his grant? In vain he press'd
The noble knights, and each by turns address'd.
He urg'd how weak their present cause of strife,
How little such deserv'd the risk of life:
But if they scorn'd to hear the sound of peace,
At least some months might each from quarrel cease,
Till Charles was exil'd from th' imperial land,
His crown and mantle won; and from his hand
The sceptre wrench'd, no more his sway to own,
And Afric rais'd on Gallia's ruin'd throne.
In vain to this, to that the monarch sues,
Their sovereign both revere, yet both refuse
To yield in this, where he who first gives way
They deem must all a soldier's fame betray.
  But more than Agramant, and more than each
That urg'd the Tartar with dissuasive speech,
King Stordilano's lovely daughter strove
With prayers and tears his steadfast mind to move;
Begg'd him to grant what Afric's prince requir'd,
What with their prince the noblest peers desir'd.
  "Ah! me," she cried, "what more shall soothe my breast,
Or calm henceforth my troubled thoughts to rest?
When some new cause for ever can prevail
To make thee sheath thy limbs in plate and mail?
What have I gain'd, so late o'erjoy'd to find
My hand decreed without the fight design'd
With Sarza's chief—if still to risk thy life
I view so soon another kindled strife!
Alas! in vain was once my proudest boast,
That such a knight, the bravest of his host,
Could for my beauty, prodigal of breath,
Engage a squadron in the face of death;
Since now too late I find the slightest cause,
For equal risk thy sword in battle draws:
Nor was it love for these unhappy charms
That urg'd thee then, but savage thirst of arms!
Yet if sincere, as all thy words would show,
Love's faithful flames within thy bosom glow;
By love I here adjure thee, by the grief
That rends my heart, and now implores relief;
Repine not though Rogero's hand may wield
The argent eagle in an azure field.
What good awaits, what evil can be thine,
Should he retain it, or the crest resign?
Thy battle much may lose, but little gain:
Should now thy arms Rogero's bird obtain,
Small prize for mighty toil! but shouldst thou find
With face averted Fortune here unkind—

cardo. Marphisa adds to the confusion by carrying off Brunello prisoner, whom she accuses of stealing her sword; and Rogero, seeing the order of the lots disturbed, claims again his horse from Rodomont. Agramant, to settle the first dispute between Rodomont and Mandricardo, orders the cause to be determined by Doralis, who choosing Mandricardo, her former lover quits the camp with indignation. The list now remained according to the first lots, to be entered by Rogero and Mandricardo; but Gradasso persisting still to claim Durindana from Mandricardo, Agramant proposes that lots should be again drawn to determine whether Rogero or Gradasso should first engage with Mandricardo; and, to prevent future strife, proposes that whoever draws the lot of combats shall determine both his own claim and the claim of the knight who loses the lot; that when Rogero wins or loses, he shall not only win or lose the eagle for himself, but Gradasso shall, in right of his conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, take possession of Durindana or relinquish his claim; and in like manner Rogero shall in right of Gradasso's conquest, or in consequence of his defeat, continue to bear the shield of Hector, or relinquish the claim. In this last disposition of the lots, no provision seems to be made for the termination of Marphisa's quarrel with Mandricardo.

(Nor deem her ever fix'd) what tortures wait
This heart that shudders but to doubt thy fate!
Though life to thee so worthless may appear,
Thy judgment holds a painted bird more dear,
Yet, for my sake, prolong thy valu'd breath,
The death of one includes the other's death;
But, ah! more wretched far my state must prove,
If first I see the death of him I love."
In words like these she pours the strain of woe,
While sighs to sighs in quick succession flow:
The live-long night her tender plaints increase,
The live-long night she woos her lord to peace,
While from her eyes[1], which trickling tears suffuse,
He sucks, with many a kiss, the balmy dews:
Then from her rosy lips new sweets he seeks,
Weeps to her words, and thus in answer speaks:
"For Heaven's dear sake, my fair, thy grief control,
Nor let so slight a cause afflict thy soul:
Did Charles and Afric's king, with all the bands
Collected here from French and Moorish lands,
Unite their force to work my single harm,
No terrour should thy gentle breast alarm.
To thee my prowess little must appear,
If one Rogero thus can raise thy fear.
Thou mayst remember when I dauntless dar'd
(No sword or scimitar my side to guard)
With broken spear, amidst a numerous band,
To rush and quell them with my single hand.
Gradasso's self, though grief and shame oppress
His secret soul, if question'd will confess
That him in Syria once[2] I captive made:
Yet not with his Rogero's worth is weigh'd.
Nor king Gradasso will a truth disown
Which to your Isolero[3] well is known,
To Sacripant, who gives Circassia fame;
Gryphon and Aquilant, of warlike name;
To hundreds more, that equal fortune found,
By cruel foes in captive fetters bound,
Alike of Mahounet and Christian seed,
Whom in one day this arm from bondage freed.
Still must remembrance wake in every thought
What mighty deeds that glorious day I wrought:
And shall Rogero now (a child to fame)
In single trial shake my martial name?
Fear'st thou Rogero, when in fight I wear
Great Hector's arms and Durindana bear?
Why did I not in listed field engage
With Sarza's king, for thee the fight to wage? 300
Such had my valour prov'd, thy constant mind
Had surely then Rogero's fall divin'd:
For Heaven's sake, calm thy doubts, thy grief assuage,
Nor let these trickling tears so ill presage:
For know 't is honour calls me to the field,
And not an eagle painted on a shield."
Thus he; while yet, with anxious fears oppress,
The fair in moving words her suit address'd;
Words that might shake the most determin'd soul,
Might soften rocks and savage beasts control.
A woman she, with beauty's naked charms,
So nearly vanquish'd him renown'd in arms,
He promis'd, if again the king requir'd
To stay the fight, to grant the peace desir'd.
But scarce Aurora had with light begun
To streak the East and usher in the Sun,
When bold Rogero, to defend his fame,
And to the glorious bird assert his claim,
Appears in arms, where crowds the list enclose,
And from his horn a stern defiance blows.
Soon as this sound, the rattling peal of war,
The Tartar mov'd, no longer will he bear
A word of peace, but from the couch he flies
With headlong speed, and loud for arms he cries;
While in his look such savage fury glares,
That Doralis herself no farther dares
To plead for truce or peace, compell'd t' obey
Her knight's stern will, and give the battle way.
Himself his limbs in shining mail attires,
And scarce, impatient, waits th' attending squires[4];
Then mounts the generous courser, that before,
In combat, Paris' great defender[5] bore.
Soon came the king, the nobles take their seat,
And soon in arms the eager knights must meet.
Already now their shining helms are lac'd,
In either hand each ashen lance is plac'd.
The signal sounds; and at the dreadful blast,
A thousand cheeks are pale and hearts aghast:
So fierce they pour t' obey the trumpet's call,
That earth appears to open, Heaven to fall!
On either hand each knight is seen to wield
The silver eagle on his honour'd shield:
The bird, that once in air could Jove sustain;
That oft was seen amidst th' embattled train[6],
With other pinions on Thessalia's plain.
While either knight, at such a hideous shock,
Seems as a tower to winds, to waves a rock;
The crashing spears break short, and to the sky
(As Turpin truly writes) the shivers fly;
Whence from the fiery region (strange to tell!)
Again on earth the burning fragments fell.
The knights, as those who know not terrour, drew
Their flashing swords the combat to renew:
At either's helm they aim the trenchant steel:
Together met, at once their vizors feel
The fearful strokes: but neither knight would try
Ungenerous arts, or make the courser die
T' o'erthrow his lord—for wherefore should the steed
Who knows not battle's guilt in battle bleed?
Yet he who thinks the knights such compact made,
Sir! errs, and never heard the laws that sway'd
The times of old, when shameful was that arm
Esteem'd of all, that could the courser harm.

[1] This passage may be taken from Statius, where Argia endeavours to persuade Polynices to quit the siege of Thebes.

Rigat Echionius juvenis, teneruntque dolorem
Conjugis amplexu sistat, et oscula mastis
Tempestiva gerit——
——Solve metus animo—— Theb. lib. ii.

The smiling hero claps her to his breast,
And with the stamp of love her cheeks impress'd,
Prevents with blandishments the rising tears,
And kindly thus dispels her jealous fears. Lewis.

[2] Alluding to the adventure at the castle of the fairy, where he conquered Gradasso in single combat, won the armour of Hector, and set so many prisoners at liberty. See note, B. xiv. ver. 340.

[3] He gives him this appellation as being a Spaniard, and the countryman of Doralis.

[4] Orlando.

[5] The poet alludes to the battles of Cæsar and Pompey, where either army bore the Roman eagle: he says with other pinions, the Roman eagle being black, the Estensian eagle white.

Their vizors struck, though fenc'd with double fold
Of temper'd plates, could scarce the tempest hold.
Swift and more swift the gleaming swords assail,
Blows follow blows, descending thick as hail,
That breaks the trees, destroys the golden grain,
And mars the harvest of th' expecting swain.
Oft have you heard of Durindana's fame,
What fatal wounds from Balisarda came,
Judge what their strokes must prove which two such warriors aim.

But while so wary each his guard maintain'd,
No blow descended worthy either's hand:
The Tartar first his dreadful sword impell'd,
That through the middle of the buckler held
Its biting course, thence through the corselet hew'd,
And to the flesh its cruel way pursu'd.
A wound so dreadful freezes every heart
Of those that favour'd good Rogero's part:
And would but Fortune so exert her sway,
To give the palm where general suffrage lay,
Stern Mandricardo soon must fall or yield;
And thus this stroke offended half the field.
But sure some angel's interposing power
Preserv'd Rogero in that dangerous hour.
All terrible in wrath the warrior burn'd,
And to the foe his answer swift return'd:
At Mandricardo's helmet from above
He rais'd the sword, but with such haste he drove,
It fell not edgeways: nor the knight I blame,
Whose noble warmth deceiv'd his better aim.
And had not Balisarda fail'd to wound,
In vain the foe had Hector's helmet found.
So sorely Mandricardo felt the stroke,
Senseless he seem'd, the reins his hand forsook;
And threatening headlong thrice to fall, he reel'd,
While Brigliadoro cours'd around the field;
That Brigliadoro, once Orlando's care,
Who still laments a foreign lord to bear.
Not with such rage the trodden serpent glows,
Not half so fierce the wounded lion shows,
As Mandricardo to himself restor'd
From the late fury of Rogero's sword:
The deeper wrath and pride inflam'd his breast,
The more his strength and valour shone confess'd.
He spurs his steed, and to Rogero flies,
He lifts his sword, he measures with his eyes,
High on his stirrups rais'd in fell design
With one fierce stroke to cleave him to the chine.
Rogero, heedful of the foe's intent,
While yet the hand hung threatening in descent,
Beneath his arm impell'd the pointed blade,
And through the mail an ample passage made,
Then from the wound with life-blood smoking drew
His Balisarda dy'd to crimson hue;
And took such vigour from the stroke away,
That Durindana fell with lighter sway,
Though backward to his courser's crupper sent,
His brows, with anguish writh'd, Rogero bent;
And had his helm of common steel been fram'd,
That stroke had well the striker's force proclaim'd.
Rogero to his steed the spur applied,
And swift at Mandricardo's better side
The weapon aim'd, where jointed armour clos'd
With strongly temper'd plates, in vain oppos'd:
The fatal falchion, forg'd with potent charms,
Where'er it falls divides the strongest arms;
Through plate and mail a speedy course it found,
And in the Tartar's side inflict'd a wound;
Who, loud blaspheming, with such fury raves,
As roaring ocean[10] black with stormy waves.
Prepar'd to prove his strength, the fatal shield
That bears the eagle on its azure field,
With fierce impatience to the ground he cast,
And grasp'd with either hand his falchion fast.
"Full dearly hast thou prov'd," Rogero cried,
"Thou ill deserv'st the crest thou throw'st aside;
Now thrown aside, cleft by thy sword before[11],
Claim not to this thy right or title more."

Thus he; but while he spoke was doom'd to feel
The fatal edge of Durindana's steel.
Divided sheer its force the vizor prov'd,
At happy distance from his face remov'd;
Next through the saddle-bow, with dire descent,
Through iron plates the gleaming falchion went,
Through skirted mail the jointed cuishes found,
And in his thigh impress'd a ghastly wound.
From both the combatants the gushing tide
To purple hue their shining armour dy'd;
That doubtful yet it seem'd of either knight
Who best might claim th' advantage of the fight:
But soon Rogero shall that doubt decide;
The fatal sword, by which such numbers died,
He whirl'd around, and the sharp point impell'd
Where late the Tartar knight his buckler held:
Corselet and side he pierced with thrilling smart,
And found a passage to his panting heart,
His heart unguarded by his ample shield;
Stern Mandricardo now to fate must yield;
Must yield the eagle to its youthful lord;
Must yield his title to the glorious sword;
And ah! for final issue to the strife,
With sword and targe must yield his dearer life.

He died; nor yet without revenge he died,
For, ere the hostile weapon pierced his side,
His falchion, won to ill, he rais'd anew,
Whose edge had cleft Rogero's brows in two.
But that the wound the Tartar knight receiv'd,
Of wasted strength his furious arm bereav'd.
From Mandricardo as Rogero took
His wretched life, the Tartar aim'd the stroke;
And through the helm, with unresisted sway,
Deep Durindana forced its cruel way.
Back fell Rogero senseless on the ground,
A purple current gushing from the wound.
First fell Rogero, while the Tartar knight
Still kept his seat, as victor of the fight,
And each believ'd his valiant arm had gain'd
The wreath in such a glorious list obtain'd.
Fair Doralis, in that day's fight deceiv'd
With fears and hopes, th' event with all believ'd;
And gave with lifted hands her thanks to Heaven
For such an issue to the combat given:
But when appear'd to all the Pagan train
Rogero living, Mandricardo slain[12];

[10] So Spenser when the monster is wounded by the Red-Cross knight:

He cry'd, as raging seas are wont to roar.
B. i. c. xi. st. 21.

[11] See ver. 376, where Mandricardo cuts through Rogero's shield.

[12] I believe every reader will agree that this combat is admirably described, that all the turns of fortune are painted in the most lively colours, the expectation artfully kept up, and the issue unexpectedly brought about by the death of Mandricardo and the victory of Rogero.

In different breasts new passions take their turn,
These smile that wept, and those that triumph'd mourn.
The king, the lords, and knights the most renown'd,
To brave Rogero, scarcely from the ground
With anguish rais'd, a friendly greeting give,
And in their arms the conquering youth receive.
All with the knight rejoice, and all express
Sincere the thoughts their secret souls confess:
All save Gradasso, who within conceals
Far other feeling than his tongue reveals:
His outward looks the marks of joy impart,
But hidden envy rankles at his heart,
While oft he calls the lot of fate accurst
That from the sea disclos'd Rogero first.
How shall I speak the marks of love sincere
By royal Agramant, who held him dear,
Giv'n to the youth, without whose valiant hand
The king refus'd t' embark from Afric's land,
To spread his martial banners to the wind,
Or trust the force of all his powers combin'd?
And now by him the Tartar chief o'erthrown,
He deems all strength compris'd in him alone.
Not only to Rogero's weal inclin'd
The manly sex, but woman's gentler kind;
From Spain and Afric, many a lovely dame,
That with the banded powers to Gallia came,
With looks and tongue would now his worth and praise proclaim.
Even Doralis, whose streaming eyes bewail
Her noble lover senseless, cold, and pale,
Even she perchance had join'd the general voice,
But sense of shame, that curbs the female choice,
Forbade her speech—yet such his charms of face,
His courage, virtue, every winning grace,
That she who once had prov'd her wavering heart
So prompt to feel the point of Cupid's dart,
Rather than robb'd of love's soft bliss to live,
Her charms would gladly to Rogero give.
Her joys on living Mandricardo fed,
But what can profit Mandricardo dead?
Behoves her now to seek another guide,
Vigorous and young, that, ever at her side,
Might night and day for all her wants provide.
Meanwhile a leech, of every leech best read
In healing arts, was to Rogero led;
Each wound explor'd, he soon with looks assur'd
Pronounc'd the noble knight of life secur'd.
Now bade king Agramant with friendly care
Rogero to his royal tent to bear,
By night, by day to have him ever near,
So dear he lov'd him, held his life so dear.
Behind his bed on high the monarch plac'd
The shield and arms that Mandricardo grac'd,
Save Durindana, that all-famous sword,
Now made the prize of Sericana's lord:
Rogero won his arms and gallant steed,
Which good Anglante's knight in madness freed;
But him to Agramant Rogero gives,
Who gladly at his hand the gift receives.
Now leave we these[13] awhile, and change the strain
To her who for Rogero mourns in vain:
'Tis mine to tell the heart-consuming cares
That Fradamant for her Rogero bears.

Hippalca now to Mount Albano came,
With certain tidings to the love-sick dame:
She told how late by Rodomont beset,
She left Frontino, how at length she met
With Richardetto at the wizard's fount,
Rogero, and the lords of Agrismont;
That thence Rogero hasten'd to demand
Frontino taken from a damsel's hand;
But straying from the path, he fail'd to find
The Saracen prince, and miss'd the fight design'd.
Then (as he will'd) the trusty maid explain'd
What from Albano's walls the youth detain'd.
Thus she, and from her breast the lines she drew,
Those lines, which now the dame with alter'd hue
More sad than pleas'd receiv'd, with beating heart
Perusing that which little eas'd her smart:
For while she hop'd on him to feast her eye,
She found his words alone her bliss supply.
Hence on her lovely features mix'd appear
Soft disappointment and intruding fear;
Yet oft the leaf she kiss'd, while still the best
Her thoughts on him whose hand the greeting sent.
Her sighs are fire to burn the amorous page,
Her tears are rivers that the heat assuage.
How oft she read—how oft again inquires
What more from him, the lord of her desires,
The damsel brought; again the truth she knows;
Again she fears—again her sorrow flows;
And still had flow'd—but hope again repress'd
The doubts and fears that shook her tender breast,
Rogero said (and to Hippalca vow'd
By every saint to make his promise good)
Some twenty days should see her weep no more,
But to her sight her absent mate restore.
"Ah! who can Fortune's fickle turns decide,
That holds her rule o'er every state!" she cried,
"And chief in war, where every chance we prove,
Some chance may keep him ever from my love.
Alas! Rogero, who would e'er divine,
That whilst I lov'd thee with a love like mine,
Beyond myself—less friendship wouldst thou show
To me, to all—than to thy greatest foe!
To those thou shouldst oppose, thou giv'st success,
And whom thy arms should aid, thy arms oppress.
Shall we with praise or blame thy deeds regard,
That thus can punish and can thus reward?
Hast thou not heard (a story known so well)
That by Troyano's arms thy father fell?
And lo! thy sword Troyano's son attends,
From shame preserves him, and from death defends.
Is this thy vengeance for a parent slain?
Shall those who combat for his sake obtain
Such dire return, that weltering in their gore
Thou mak'st me still their wretched end deplore!"
The damsel thus her absent knight reproves,
And with her tears invokes whom most she loves:
Not once, but oft Hippalca, (gentle maid)
Would soothe her woes, would oft the fair persuade
To trust Rogero, and with patient mind
Await the period to her fears assign'd.
Hippalca's words and hope with these impress'd,
Hope ever present in the wretch's breast,
Assuage her grief, and urge her now to stay
At Mount Albano till th' expected day.
A day but ill observ'd—though him she lov'd,
For absence mourn'd unjustly she reprov'd,
Whom now one cause, another now detain'd,
And thus his seeming breach of faith constrain'd.
Meanwhile in anguish on his painful bed
The youthful knight his feeble members spread,

[13] He returns to Rogero and Agramant, B. xxxi. ver. 577.

Struggling with death, from wounds receiv'd in fight,
From wounds inflicted by the Tartar knight.
Now came the day desir'd; from rosy morn
Till sable eve she waits his wish'd return;
No tidings known but what Hippalca brought;
And since her brother Richardetto taught,
How brave Rogero at his greatest need
His life had ransom'd and his kinsmen freed [14];
All this she gladly hears, but with it hears
What mingles with her joy intruding fears:
Much was the talk of her, for female charms
No less extoll'd, than noble feats of arms;
Marphisa she, who with Rogero's sword
Had Afric's king to life and hope restor'd.
So brave a friend might Bradamant approve,
But here a thousand doubts alarm'd her love.
No light suspicion had the dame possest,
That were Marphisa fair, as fame express'd,
Such friendship might by slow degrees impart
A warmer passion to his gentle heart.
But now she chides the thought; again she cheers
Her mind with hope; again by turns she fears;
At Mount Albano still resolves t' await
In all the tumult of her anxious state,
The day that must decide her doubtful fate.
As there she stay'd, the lord [15] of that fair tower
Who of his brethren first the title bore,
(Not first in birth, but first in mighty name,
For two in birth [16] asserted earlier claim)
Rinaldo, who with martial prowess won
All praise from them, as from the stars the Sun,
The castle reach'd at early dawn of day,
One page alone attendant on his way.
While thus he pass'd, as wont, from place to place
The flight of fair Angelica to trace,
Near Paris' walls he heard th' unwelcome hour
Approach'd, that to the fell Maganzan's [17] power
Must Malagigi and must Vivian yield;
And hence to Agrismont his course he held,
Where soon he found that, freed from slavish bands
By brave Rogero and Marphisa's hands,
Their foes o'erthrown or slain, the brother-pair
And Richardetto with their friends to share
The general joy, to Mount Albano went:
Rinaldo, at the great deliverance sent,
No less rejoic'd; and deem'd each day a year
That kept him far from those he held so dear.
To Mount Albano hence with eager haste
Rinaldo came, and there his friends embrac'd,
His wife [18], his brethren, every kindred name,
But chiefly those who late from thraldom came.

[14] Vivian and Malagigi. See Book xxvi.
[15] Rinaldo.
[16] Guichardo and Richardo. [17] Bertolagi.
[18] The discovery here first made of Rinaldo's marriage, will doubtless surprise the English reader, as not the least hint has been given of such a circumstance in any former part of the poem: her name is indeed mentioned in Boyardo. (See note to book xxxix. ver. 473.) But by all the romance writers he is described to be a married man; and in the poem of Tasso, called after his name, Rinaldo, is a full account of his love for Clarice and history of his marriage. However, there is certainly something very strange in the conduct of Ariosto in this matter, which must affect the character of his hero.

Each round the Paladin impatient clung
With fond delight, and on his aspect hung:
As round their dam rejoice the callow brood,
When in her bill she brings th' expected food.
Two days he stay'd, the third his home forsook,
And with him all his martial kindred took:
With him Richardo, Richardetto rode,
Guichardo, eldest born of Amon's blood:
Th' example Vivian and Alardo warm'd,
And Malagigi with the warriors arm'd.
But Bradamant, who there expecting stay'd,
To wait her knight's return, so long delay'd;
To plead excuse a sudden sickness feign'd
That from so brave a troop her arms detain'd.
Well might the noble virgin then complain,
Though not of fever, or corporeal pain:
Sick with desire, her soul was doom'd to prove
The cruel, strange vicissitudes of love.
His banner thus from Mount Albano spread,
The flower of all his train Rinaldo led:
How these to Paris came, what thence befel
In aid of Charles, th' ensuing book shall tell.

BOOK XXXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo and his companions, in their way to the Christian camp, meet an unknown knight, who challenges them to run at tilt. Richardetto, Alardo, and Guichardo, are overthrown. Rinaldo then engages the stranger; but neither having the advantage, Rinaldo dismisses his train, and the two champions proceed to try their strength on foot, till they are parted by the night. The stranger discovers himself to Rinaldo. They overtake Rinaldo's companions, and arrive together near Paris, where they are joined by Gryphon and Aquilant. Rinaldo hears the news of Orlando's madness. Rinaldo and his company attack the trenches of the Moors by night, and are joined by Charles. Valour of Rinaldo. Brandimart goes with Flordelis in search of Orlando: his adventure at Rodomont's bridge. The forces of Agramant are defeated with great slaughter, and Agramant himself constrained to retreat to Arli. Gradasso seeks out Rinaldo, and challenges him to finish the combat formerly begun between them for Bayardo: a day is appointed, and the two knights meet to decide their difference.

What state of man such rapture can impart
As the soft passions of an amorous heart?
What life so blest as his, decreed to prove
With pleasing chains the servitude of Love;
But that the foe of every love-born breast,
That fear, suspicion, that all-dreadful pest
Call'd Jealousy, the bane of human joys,
With canker'd tooth the lover's peace destroys?
Whatever else embitters for awhile
Life's sweetest cordial, serves but as a foil
T' enhance the good: as water to the taste
Of those who thirst, or food to those who fast:
And he, who never war's destruction knows,
Can prize not peace, nor aught that peace bestows.
And while we pine, with longing eyes disjoin'd
From objects ever present to the mind,

Reflection tells, that absence must improve
The dear delight of meeting those we love:
'T is thus, unrecompens'd, we can sustain
A length of service, while the hopes remain
That every year of loyal duty past
Shall find, though late, its full reward at last:
Remembrance still of once corroding cares,
Repulse, disdain, all that a lover bears
To rend his soul, gives joy a double zest,
When joy renews the sun-shine of the breast.
But if that plague, from Hell's dire mansion brought,
Infects with deadly bane the secret thought,
Thenceforth shall pleasure woo the sense in vain,
All pleasure then corrupted turns to pain.
Lo! this the fatal stroke, the venom'd wound,
For which no salve, no medicine can be found.
Here sought avails—nor verse, nor sage's care,
Nor long observance of a kindly star:
Nor all th' experience'd charms approv'd of yore
By Zoroaster skill'd in magic lore[1].
O Jealousy! that every woe exceeds,
And soon to death the wretched sufferer leads:
Thou canst with cruel falsehood reason blind,
And burst the closest ties that hold mankind.
O Jealousy! in whose dire tempest tost,
Has hapless Bradamant each comfort lost!
I speak not here of thoughts that first depress'd
With tender doubts and fears her virgin breast,
From what Hippalca and her brother said;
But heavier tidings to her ears convey'd
By later means; such tidings as in woe
Plung'd her more deep, which soon the Muse shall show.
But to Rinaldo now[2] I turn the strain,
Who led to Paris' walls his martial train.
Next day, at evening close, a knight they spied
Advancing near, a damsel at his side:
Black was his surcoat, black his mournful shield,
Save that a bend of argent cross'd the field.
He Richardetto challeng'd to the course,
Who by his aspect seem'd a chief of force;
And he, who pass'd not, when to combat dar'd,
Wheel'd round his steed, and for the tilt prepar'd.
No further parley held; with equal speed
These noble knights, to win the victor's meed,
Together rush'd: apart Rinaldo stood,
And, with his warlike friends, th' encounter view'd.
"Firm let me guide the spear, and soon I trust
To stretch my rival headlong in the dust—"
Thus to himself bold Richardetto thought,
But different far his adverse fortune wrought.
Full on his helm, beneath the vizor's sight
With such a fury drove the stranger-knight,
He bore him from the seat, with matchless strength,
Beyond his courser twice the lance's length.
T' avenge the fall Alardo turn'd his rein
With ready speed, but sudden on the plain
Senseless he fell: so cruel was the stroke,
Through plated shield the thundering weapon broke.
Full soon his spear in rest Guichardo held,
Who view'd his brethren prostrate on the field;
Though loud Rinaldo cried—"Forbear the fight,
To me the third attempt belongs by right"
Thus he: but while he stood with helm unlac'd,
Guichardo eager, with preventive haste,
Th' encounter dar'd; nor better could maintain
His seat, but with his brethren press'd the plain.
With emulation next their force to prove,
Richardo, Vivian, Malagigi move:
But now prepar'd, Rinaldo first address'd
His ready weapon, and their speed repress'd.
"Time summons us," he cries, "to Paris' walls;
And ill it seems, when such high duty calls,
To loiter here—nor will I wait," he said,
"Till each of you by turns on earth is laid."
This to himself he spoke, which loud proclaim'd
Had touch'd his comrades, and their courage sham'd.
Each warrior now had measur'd on the field
The space to run, and each his courser wheel'd.
Rinaldo fell not, for his single hand
Compris'd the strength of all the knightly band:
Like brittle glass the spears in shivers broke;
Yet shrunk not back the warriors from the stroke
One foot, one inch,—while with the sudden force
Driven on his crupper fell each warrior-horse:
But swift Bayardo rose, as swift pursu'd
His interrupted course with speed renew'd:
Not so the adverse steed, that tumbling prone
His shoulder lux'd and broke his spinal bone.
The champion, who his slaughter'd courser view'd,
His stirrups left, and soon dismounted stood,
To Amon's gallant son (whom near he spy'd
With hand unarm'd in sign of truce) he cried:
"Sir knight! the trusty steed that lifeless here
Lies by thy force, I held, while living, dear;
And knighthood sure must feel a deadly stain,
To let him thus without revenge be slain.
Come on—exert thy skill, thy utmost might,
For thou and I must prove a closer fight."
Rinaldo then—"If for thy courser dead,
And this alone, thou to the strife art led,
Dismiss thy care—and one from me receive,
Equal to him whose death thou seem'st to grieve."
"Ill dost thou judge," the stranger thus rejoin'd,
"If for a courser's loss thou think'st my mind
So sore distress'd—hear what I now demand——
As fits a knight, with sword to sword in hand,
To prove thy further nerve—if thou as well
Canst wield thy weapon, or canst mine excel.
Then, as thou wilt, on foot, or from the steed
Pursue the fight, but let the fight succeed.
I ask but this—be each advantage thine,
So much I thirst to match thy arm with mine."
Thus he, nor in suspense Rinaldo stay'd—
"The battle claim'd I here engage," he said,
"And to remove thy doubts of this my train,
Let all depart and I alone remain.
One only page I here retain, to hold
My trusty steed"—So spoke the baron bold,
And, as he spoke, dismiss'd his noble band:
They part observant to their lord's command.
The courtesy by good Rinaldo shown,
Claim'd all the praises of the knight unknown.
The Paladin alighting, with the rein
Intrusts his page Bayardo to detain.
And when no more his standard he beheld,
Already now far distant on the field,
His buckler firm embracing, from his side
He drew the falchion, and the knight defy'd.
Thus was the fight begun, and ne'er between
Two noble chiefs was deadlier combat seen:
Each little deem'd at first th' opponent's strength
Would draw the trial to such dangerous length.
By turns huge strokes they give, by turns receive;
And neither yet has cause t' exult or grieve.

[1] Zoroaster, a king of the Bactrians, famous for his knowledge in the occult sciences.

[2] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxii. ver. 71.

With valour skill combines; and wide around
Loud echoes spread the batter'd armour's sound.
Piecemeal to earth their riven shields they send,
Lay bare the mail, and plates asunder rend.
Here less imports an arm to reach the foe,
Than well-taught art to ward each coming blow;
Where both so equal in the dangerous strife,
The first mistake might hazard fame and life.
Thus held the fight, till in his wavy bed
The sinking Sun had veil'd his golden head.
And now from shore to shore's extremest bound
Night's sable shade had veil'd th' horizon round.
No rest each warrior knows—no little cause
Can stay that sword which rival glory draws:
That sword which rancour nor revenge could raise
To mortal arms, but restless thirst of praise.

Meantime Rinaldo ponder'd in his thought
What unknown warrior so undaunted fought,
Who not alone withstood his fiercest might,
But oft his life endanger'd in the fight;
And now he gladly would the combat cease,
(Did fame permit) and join their hands in peace.
Not less the stranger-knight (who little knew
That he, who 'gainst him now his weapon drew
From malice free, was Mount Albano's lord)
Confess'd the thunder of his rival's sword,
By none surpass'd; and wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
The fight might t' avenge his courser slain.
Fain would he now the dangerous sport elude,
But conscious honour such design withstood.
Deep and more deep the glooms of evening rose,
Till darkness seem'd to mock their random blows:
Ill could they strike, and worse could ward the blade,
Conceal'd in either's hand with murky shade.

The lord of Mount Albano first address'd
His gallant foe—"The hour requires to rest:
Defer the fight till slow Arcturus' wain
Has left its place in Heaven's o'er-spangled plain.
Meanwhile in our pavilion shalt thou meet
A friendly welcome and secure retreat,
Attended as ourself, and at our hands
Receive such honour as thy worth demands."

Thus far Rinaldo: nor in vain he spoke,
His proffer'd grace the courteous baron took:
And now Rinaldo from his ready squire
Receiv'd a stately steed with rich attire,
To sword and spear well train'd in every fight,
And with this gift he grac'd the stranger knight,
Who knew ere long the chief with whom he came
Was Clarmont's leader, as by chance the name
Escap'd his lips, while journeying thus they went
To join the warriors at Rinaldo's tent.

These noble knights were near by kindred ties,
Brethren by blood; and hence new passions rise,
That conflicts in the stranger's bosom move,
Who sheds the mingled tear of joy and love.
This youth was Guido savage[1], who before
On stormy seas[2] such toils and dangers bore
With Oliviero's sons[3], Marphisa bold,
And Sansonetto, as the Muse has told.
This knight, in Pinabello's fraudful hands
A prisoner fall'n, was held in shameful bands
From his lost friends, and there compell'd was stay'd
T' enforce an impious law his host had made.

Guido, who now with eager gaze beheld
Rinaldo, who in arms such chiefs excell'd,
On whom so oft he wish'd to bend his sight,
As sighs the blind to view the long-lost light,
With transport thus began—"O honour'd lord!
What ill-starr'd chance could ever lift my sword
On one, for whom such rooted love I feel,
For whom, o'er all, I glow with kindly zeal?
My name is Guido—me Costantia bore
To noble Amon on the Euxine shore:
Not less than thine my ancestry I trace,
An alien branch of Clarmont's noble race:
A fond desire my journey hither drew,
Thyself and all my kindred friends to view:
But when I reverence meant, behold I give
Such greeting only foes from foes receive!
If to my fault indulgence may be shown,
Thy valiant followers and thyself unknown,
O say, what fair amends can such offence atone?"

Courteous he said; and now on either side
Th' embrace exchang'd, Rinaldo thus reply'd:
"Here cease—no more disturb thy generous mind
T' excuse the fight, since from our ancient kind
Thou spring'st a genuine shoot—no proof we claim
Beyond the last to speak thy lineal fame.
Thy birth were doubtful, were thy courage less,
But high-soul'd thoughts a race as high confess.
No lions fierce from timorous deer proceed;
Nor doves from eagles or from falcons breed."

So spoke the knights, and now their way pursu'd;
And, as they pass'd, their friendly talk renew'd.
The tent they reach'd, where to his comrades bold,
Of savage Guido found, Rinaldo told;
That Guido whom so long they wish'd to view,
Whom Fortune thither to their wishes drew.
The welcome tidings gladden'd every breast,
And all in him his mighty sire confess'd.
I pass the greetings of his noble race,
How oft, with joy unhop'd, the fond embrace
Sage Malagigi, Richardetto brave,
Alardo, Aldiger, and Vivian grave:
How lords and knights to him observance paid,
What he to them, and they in answer said.
At every time the kinsmen had beheld
Guido with joy—but now the joy excell'd
Beyond compare, when public need requir'd
Each arm and sword, and every bosom fir'd.

Now rose the Sun from ocean's blue profound,
With orient rays his shining temples bound:
When with the brethren, all the warrior-kind
Of Amon's race, the banners Guido join'd.
Day following day, the band their march pursu'd,
Till now the shores of winding Seine they view'd,
Whence, scarce ten miles remote, the guarded towers
Of Paris rose, besieg'd by Pagan powers.

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1 This Guido was the champion with whom Marphisa fought amongst the Amazons, (see Books xix. and xx.) and who afterwards with Gryphon, Aquilant, and Sansonetto, being sworn to defend the law made by Pinabello, was cast down by the enchanted light of Ruggero's shield: the poet gives no further account of him till his meeting with Rinaldo in this book, nor does it appear how or where he parted from the other knights: the lady in his company was Aleria his favourite wife, whom he brought from the land of the Amazons.

2 Alluding to the storm before they landed amongst the Amazons.

3 Gryphon and Aquilant.

Here Gryphon with his Aquilant they found.
The brother chiefs for arms of proof renown'd,
Of Sigismunda born—with these appear'd
A dame, that seem'd far other than the herd
Of vulgar females; splendid to behold
Round her white vests she wore a fringe of gold.
Lovely her mien, replete with every grace,
Though tears stood trembling on her mournful face,
While by her gestures and her looks intent,
She seem'd in some important converse lent.

These knights in Guido known, nor less to these
Was he, with whom so late they plough'd the seas.
"Behold a pair," he to Rinaldo cries,
"Whose like in battle scarce the world supplies:
Let these for Charles with us united stand,
And soon I trust will shrink yon Pagan band."
Rinaldo then confirm'd the praise he gave,
And own'd each warrior brave amongst the brave;
One clad in white, and one in sable vest,
And each in arms of sumptuous fashion drest.
No less the brother champions saw and knew
Rinaldo, Guido, all the generous crew;
These greeting fair Rinaldo, they embrac'd,
And cast a veil o'er all unkindness past:
Time was, at strife (which now were long to tell)
The gallant warriors, for Truffaldin[6] fell!
But now in brothers' love and friendship join'd,
All former hate was scatter'd to the wind.
To Sansonetto next (the last who came)
Rinaldo turning, to his noble name
Due honours paid, for oft Albano's knight
His praise had heard, and own'd his force in fight.

When now the dame more near Rinaldo drew,
And mark'd (for well each Paladin she knew)
His mien and arms—she to the generous chief
Disclos'd a tale that fill'd his soul with grief.
"O prince!" she said, "thy kinsman so belov'd,
"Whose saving arm our church, our empire prov'd,
Orlando, once so wise, so far renown'd,
For deeds of prowess, roves the world around,
Of better sense distraught; nor can I tell
From what strange cause this dire mischance befel.
These eyes beheld his cuirass, sword and shield
Dispers'd at random o'er the wood and field:
A courteous knight I saw[7] with pious pains
Collect the mail and weapons from the plains,
And these collecting on a sapling near
In martial pomp the splendid trophy rear.
But thither came, on that ill-fated day,
The son of Agrican, who bore away
The hapless champion's sword—think what disgrace,
What loss may thus attend the Christian race,
That Durindana, by the Tartar worn,
Should once again a Pagan's side adorn!
With this he Brigliadoro thence convey'd,
That near narcis'd without a master stray'd.
Few days are pass'd since I Orlando left
Naked, devoid of shame, of sense bereft;
Who (strange to tell) unhous'd, unsheltered lies,
And fills each cave and wood with dreadful cries."
She said; and told how on the bridge she view'd,
Where close engag'd with Rodomont he stood,
Till both, embrac'd, fell headlong in the flood.
"To every chief that held Orlando dear,"
The dame pursu'd, "to every courteous ear
The tale I tell, till one with pious care
To Paris, or some friendly place, shall bear
The wretched chief, and art or medicine find
To cure the phrensy of his moon-struck mind:
And ah! could Brandimart his sufferings know,
How would his soul with tender pity glow,
And every means essay to heal his kinsman's woe!"

This dame was Flordelis, the lovely wife
Of Brandimart, far dearer than his life:
At Paris him she sought, but sought in vain;
And now she told how, midst the Pagan train,
Debate and hatred for that famous sword
Embroil'd Gradasso and the Tartar lord:
Till, Mandricardo stern of life bereft,
The fatal sword was to Gradasso left.

Struck with the news Rinaldo stood oppress,
And thrilling sorrow fill'd his noble breast:
His heart in melting softness seem'd to run,
Like fleecy snows dissolving to the Sun;
Resolv'd, where'er forlorn Orlando stray'd,
To trace his steps, and yield him friendly aid;
But since by chance, or Heaven's all-ruling mind,
He saw near Paris' walls his squadron join'd,
He first decreed to raise the siege, and chase
From royal Charles th' exulting Pagan race;
But, anxious for th' event, delay'd th' assault
Till night had shaded o'er th' ethereal vault,
And through the camp the toils of day had shed
Lethean sleep on every drowsy head.

Far in the wood, to wait th' appointed hour,
All day conceal'd he kept his banded power:
But when the Sun the darkening skies forsook,
And to the lower world his journey took;
When harmless serpents[8], bears, and all the train
Of fabled beasts, adorn the starry plain,
Unseen in presence of the greater light,
Rinaldo leads his troops, and to their might
With Vivian, Guido's, Sansonetto's fame,
Adds Gryphon, Aquilant, Alardo's name.
His first attack surpris'd the sleeping guard,
And these he slew; for no defence prepar'd:
The trembling Moors, in evil hour, perceive
No cause for mirth, but ample cause to grieve.

[6] Truffaldin was a Pagan in Albaracca, who, taking Sacripant prisoner by surprise, offered treacherously to betray the city into the hands of king Agrican; but the proposal was generously rejected by Agrican. Having possession of the fort, he refused admittance to Orlando till Angelica had promised him protection from punishment. The knights were divided in parties about him. Rinaldo fought with Gryphon who defended him. Orlando, being armed by Angelica, left the walls to engage with Rinaldo. At length Rinaldo having seized Truffaldin dragged him at his horse's tail, and put an end to his life.

Orl. Innam. b. i. c. xiv. xx. xxvi.

[7] Flordelis, as the reader may recollect, was present when Zerbino and Isabella collected together the arms of Orlando, and was witness to the combat between Zerbino and Mandricardo, in which the former received his death's wound; but it does not appear that Flordelis knew either Zerbino or Isabella.

[8] By this expression are meant the constellations of stars, to which the poets have affixed the names of the goat, the bull, the lion, the serpent, and other animals, feigned to have been placed in the Heavens.

How should a naked, timorous, feeble train
With such a force th' unequal strife maintain?
To strike the Saracens with deeper dread,
When to the charge his band Rinaldo led,
He pour'd the horn and trumpet's clangour round,
And bade each tongue his well-known name resound.
Touch'd by the spur, Bayardo seem'd not slow,
But leapt at once the trenches of the foe:
The foot he trampled, and the horse o'erturn'd,
And tents to earth and rich pavilions spurn'd.
Amid the Pagans none so bold appear'd,
But every hair was bristled when they heard
Rinaldo's name above the tumults rise,
And Mount Albano echoed to the skies.
Swift fled the troops of Spain, as swift the Moor,
None stay'd behind their riches to secure.
Him Guido follow'd, and with equal might
The sons of Olivero rush'd to fight,
Not less Richardo, nor Alardo less,
With Aldiger and Vivian, cleave the press:
Guichardo next with Richardetto moves,
And each in arms his single valour proves.
Seven hundred that in Mount Albano dwell'd
And round the neighbouring towns, Rinaldo held
Beneath his rule: these rais'd the fearless hand
In heat or cold, a firm determin'd band.
Not braver troops of old Achilles sway'd,
Though the gaunt Myrmidons his word obey'd.
Each in himself such dauntless force compris'd,
A hundred here a thousand foes despis'd.
Though good Rinaldo[8] might not boast to hold
Extended land, or heaps of treasur'd gold:
Yet such his conduct, such his fair regard
To every warrior, while with all he shar'd
His little store, that none amidst the crew
For proffer'd favour from his side withdrew.
From Mount Albano ne'er these bands he took,
But when some weighty cause their arms bespoke
In parts remote; and now to aid his prince
He left his castle-walls with weak defence.
This train, assaulting now the Moorish host,
This matchless train whose valour's praise I boast,
So raged, as on Galesus'[10] verdant mead
The savage wolf amidst the woolly breed:
Or oft as near Cinphius[11] held in chase,
The lordly lion rends the bearded race.
Imperial Charles (who heard Alfano's force
Prepar'd t' attack the camp with silent course)
Stood ready arm'd, and at th' expected hour
Join'd, with his Paladins[12], Rinaldo's power.

With him came wealthy Monodant's son[13]
Whose love and truth fair Flordelis had won.
Him long she sought, and now, from far reveal'd, 450
Observed his buckler blazing o'er the field.
When Brandimart his dearest consort view'd,
The fight forgotten, gentler thoughts ensued:
He ran, he held her close in speechless bliss,
And press'd her lips with many an ardent kiss.
Great was the trust of ancient times display'd
In the fair consort or the blooming maid,
Who, unaccompanied, could safely rove
In lands unknown, through mountain, field, or grove,
And, when returning, found their dear-held name 460
Clear as their form from breath of tainting fame!
Here to her lord the dame began to tell
What dreadful chance Anglante's knight befel:
Not from report the fatal tale she drew:
Her mournful eyes had prov'd th' event too true.
Then of the bridge she told, where every knight
Was stay'd by Rodomont in dangerous fight,
Who vests and armour, won from chiefs o'erthrown,
Had hung to grace the monumental stone.
She told, how far transcending every thought, 470
She saw the deeds by mad Orlando wrought,
Who on the bridge engaged the Pagan foe,
And headlong plunged him in the flood below.
But Brandimart, who dear Orlando lov'd,
With truth by friends, by sons, by brothers prov'd,
Resolv'd, through every threaten'd toil, to find
The wretched earl, and heal his frantic mind.
In armour dight, he mounted on his steed,
And took the path his dame prepar'd to lead
To where she late unblest Orlando view'd. 480
Now near they drew where Algiers' monarch stood
To guard the bridge: and now, arriv'd in sight,
The ready watchman to the Pagan knight
The wonted signal gave; and lo! with speed
His squire attending brought his arms and steed.
His arms were laced, his foaming courser rein'd,
What time good Brandimart the banks had gain'd:
Then, with a thundering voice in impious pride,
To Brandimart the ruthless Pagan cried—
"Whoe'er thou art, by fortune hither led 490
Through errour or design these shores to tread,
Alight, despoil thine arms, and yonder tomb
Grace with the trophy see I seal thy doom;
And give thy life a victim, for the sake
Of her pale ghost—then shall my fury take
What thou mayst now thy willing offering make."
He ended—Brandimart indignant burn'd,
An answer with his spear in rest return'd:
Battoldo spurr'd (his gentle courser's name
Battoldo call), he with such ardour came 500
To meet the foe, as well his strength proclaim'd
A match for all in lists of combat fam'd;
While Rodomont as swift to battle drew,
And o'er the bridge with hoofs resounding flew.
His steed, that oft the narrow pass had tried,
And oft, as fortune chanced, on either side
Had headlong plunged, now ran without dismay,
Nor fear'd the perils of the downward way.
Battoldo, little used such path to keep,
Shook in each joint to view the fearful steep: 510

[8] The low state of Rinaldo's finances is mentioned in several of the old romances; and in the adventure of the fairy of riches in Boyardo, where he is set at liberty by Orlando, he attempts to carry off a chair of solid gold, alleging that it will furnish the pay of his troops: this action of Rinaldo, and some other passages in the romances, will serve to explain the observation of the curate and barber in their scrutiny of Don Quixote's library, where Rinaldo and his train are called greater thieves than Cacus. Ariosto, in taking up the story, has judiciously dropped this part of his character.

[10] Galesus, a river near Tarentum, where the sheep, from the fertility of the pasture, had remarkably thick wool.

[11] The Cinphians were a people of Africa, whose country was extremely fruitful.

[12] In the xxviiith book, ver. 232, he tells us that the Paladins, except Ugero and Olivero, were made prisoners, and no mention has been since made of their deliverance.

[13] Brandimart.

Trembles the bridge, and to the burthen bends,
The bridge, whose sides nor fence nor rail defends.
Alike their beam-like spears the warriors drove,
Such as they grew amid their native grove:
Alike they rear'd, and in the meeting strife,
Well fix'd each generous steed to 'scape with life;
Yet both at once before the shock gave way,
And on the bridge beneath their riders lay:
The spur had rous'd them, but the plank unmeet
No space afforded to their thundering feet:
Plunged in the stream both equal fortune found,
And with their fall made waves and skies resound.
So roar'd out Po, receiving in his tide
The youth [94] that ill his father's light could guide.
Prone sunk the coursers with the ponderous weight
Of either knight, that firmly kept his seat,
While to the river's secret bed they fell,
To search what Nymph or Naiad there might dwell.
Not this the first or second venturous leap
The Saracen had prov'd: hence well the deep,
The shallows well he knew; where roll'd the flood
With bottom firm, where soft with ooze and mud.
Head, breast, and sides, triumphant o'er the wares
He rears, and now at great advantage braves
The Christian knight, whose courser whirling round
An eddy buries in the sands profound;
Where deep infix'd, and by no strength releas'd,
Certain destruction threatens man and beast.
The water, foaming with resistless force,
Bears to the deepest current knight and horse,
Together roll'd—while Brandimart beneath
His steed lies struggling in the jaws of death.
Fair Flordelis afflicted, from above,
Tears, vows, and prayers, employs to save her love.
"Ah! Rodomont, by her, whom dead thy soul
Reveres so high, thy cruel thoughts control:
Permit not here, by such inglorious death,
So true, so brave a knight to yield his breath.
Ah! courteous lord, if e'er thy heart could love,
Think what for him my bleeding heart must prove:
Suffice that now he bears thy captive chain,
Suffice with thee his arms and vest remain;
And know, of all by right of conquest thine,
No nobler spoils adorn the virgin-shrine."
She said, and such persuasive prayers address'd
As touch'd the Pagan king's obdurate breast:
Then to her lord his saving hand he gave,
Her lord whom buried deep beneath the wave
His courser held, where without thirst he quaff'd
Compell'd from rushing streams the plenteous draught:
But ere the Pagan would his aid afford,
He took from Brandimart his helm and sword;
Then drew the knight half lifeless to the shore,
And closed, with others, in the marble tower.
Soon as the dame beheld him captive led,
All comfort from her tender bosom fled;
Yet less she mourn'd than at the dreadful sight,
When late the stream o'erwhelm'd her faithful knight.
Now self-reproach oppress'd her gentle thought:
By her the luckless chief was thither brought,
By her he fell, by her was captive made,
And Flordelis her Brandimart betray'd!
Departing thence, she ponder'd in her mind
Some gallant knight of Pepin's court to find;

The Paladin Rinaldo far renown'd,
Guido, or Sansonetto, fearless found
At all assays, some chief whose matchless hand
Might dare the Saracen by flood or land;
Who, though not braver than her own true knight,
With fortune more to friend might wage the fight.
Full long she journey'd ere she chanced to greet
A champion for such bold encounter meet,
Whose arm in battle might the task achieve
T' o'erthrow the Pagan, and her lord relieve
From cruel thrall: full many a day she sought,
Till chance before her sight a warrior brought
Of gallant mien, whose arms a surcoat bore
With trunks of cypress fair embroider'd o'er:
But who the knight some future time shall tell [95],
First turn to what at Paris' walls befel,
Where deep destruction crush'd the Moorish bands
From Malagigi and Rinaldo's hands.
The countless numbers chas'd in speedy flight,
Or driven to Stygian realms from upper light,
The mantling shade from Turpin's view conceal'd,
Else had his page the slain and fled reveal'd.
To Agramant a knight the news convey'd,
Who, lock'd in sleep, in his pavilion laid,
No danger heard; and only wak'd to know,
Swift flight alone could save him from the foe.
He starts from rest, he casts around his eyes,
And guideless, disarray'd, his soldiers 'spies;
Naked, unarm'd, now here, now there they yield:
No time allows to grasp the fencing shield.
Confus'd in counsel, and in thought distrest,
The monarch fits his cuirass to his breast,
When Falsirones, (sprung from boasted race)
Grandonio, Balugantes, near the place
Approach'd, his danger to the king betray,
That death or slav'ry threats the least delay;
And could he thence his person safely bear,
He well might boast propitious Fortune's care.
Marsilius thus, alike Sobrino sage,
With all the peers (whom equal cares engage)
Would urge his flight, while by Rinaldo led
Destruction pointed at the monarch's head.
He, with the remnants of his routed train,
In Arli or Narbona might remain:
Both strongly built, and both provided well
With martial stores, could long a siege repel: 600
Himself preserv'd, his bands with new supplies
Recruited, on some future day might rise
T' avenge his own disgrace, the nation's shame,
On Christian Charles and all the hated name.
King Agramant at length, compell'd to yield,
Consents for Arli's town to quit the field,
While deeper night descending round him throws
Her friendly veil to screen him from his foes.
Thus twice ten thousand of the Pagan train,
The banded powers of Afric and of Spain,
Fled from Rinaldo, 'scap'd the sanguine plain.
Those whom Rinaldo's, whom his brethren's sword,
Whom the twin-offspring [96] of Vienna's lord
Stretch'd in their blood, and whom Alzano's crew
(The brave seven hundred) in the battle slew;
With those by gallant Sansonetto kill'd,
And those that, flying, Seine's deep current fill'd;
The tongue that counts, may count the vernal flowers
When Flora or Favonius paints the bowers.

94 Phaeton.

95 He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxv. var. 245.

96 Gryphon and Aquilant.

'T is fam'd that Malagigi bore a share
In that night's glory of successful war:
Not that his arm the fields with blood imbrued,
Or knights unhors'd, or helms asunder hew'd;
But by his arts he made the fiends repair
From black Tartarean glooms to upper air,
With many a banner feign'd and bristled lance,
That seem'd in number twice the host of France.
Such trumpets' notes he caus'd to echo round,
Such drums to rattle, and such shouts to sound,
Such neigh of coursers prancing o'er the plain, 630
Such dreadful cries, like groans of warriors slain,
That seem'd with horrour's mingled din to fill
The distant lands, each forest, vale, and hill,
And struck such fear in every Moorish breast,
That each to flight his trembling feet addrest.
Nor yet the king of Afric's anxious thought
Rogero wounded in his tent forgot;
But on a gentle steed of easy pace
He bade his friends the feeble warrior place,
Till, 'scap'd the slaughter of the dreadful hour, 640
A bark he gain'd, and thence the warrior bore
To Arli safe, where, at his high command,
Must meet the relics of each shatter'd band.
Those who from Charles and from Rinaldo fled
(Twice fifty thousand [17]) o'er the country spread;
For safety, mountain, wood, and cave explor'd,
To shun the furies of the Gallic sword;
While oft they found the guarded pass desert'd,
And with their blood the verdant heritage dy'd.
Not so the king of Sericane withdrew 650
(His tents at distance pitch'd); but when he knew
That he, who thus with unresisted might
Assail'd the camp, was Mount Albano's knight,
His swelling breast with martial fury glow'd,
His looks, his gesture, sudden transport show'd;
With grateful thanks he priz'd the powers of Heaven
That on this night so rare a chance had given,
A chance that to his hand might bring the steed,
Far-fam'd Bayardo, of unrivall'd breed. 659
Long had the monarch sought [18] (as you full well
From other lips, I trust, the tale can tell)
To brace good Durindana at his side,
And that fair courser in the field bestride:
For this to France he cross'd the surgy main,
A hundred thousand warriors in his train;
And in the generous steed t' assert his right,
Had call'd Rinaldo forth to single fight:
There on the margin of the briny flood,
In equal arms, to end the contest stood;
But Malagigi by his magic art [19] 670
Compell'd his noble kinsman to depart,
Borne in a bark that spread th' inviting sail
(But here 't were long to tell the wondrous tale):

[17] Here seems an inconsistency, for, ver. 603, he says, twice ten thousand.

[18] Boyardo gives the account, that Gradasso, a mighty king of the East, had gathered together an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, in order to invade France, and get possession of Durindana and Bayarde. Orl. Inam. b. i. c. i.

[19] This adventure is given at large by Boyardo, which we shall here relate; and to which, though it has no immediate connection with the present subject, we shall, for the entertainment of the reader, add another adventure of Rinaldo, as a master-piece in the terrible kind.

Angelica, being returned to India (see General View of Boyardo's Story), and lamenting the hopeless passion which she had conceived for Rinaldo, commanded Malagigi, whom she had kept in confinement, to be brought before her, and offered to restore him to liberty, provided he would find means to bring Rinaldo to her, but plight his word, if he failed in the attempt, to return again to his prison. Malagigi accepted the terms, and departed for France, where, on his arrival, he used every argument to persuade Rinaldo to give a favourable return to Angelica's passion: but Rinaldo, who had drunk of the waters of hatred, was deaf to his entreaties. Malagigi, exasperated at his refusal, resolved to have recourse to magic; and hearing that Gradasso and Rinaldo would soon meet to decide in single combat their title to Bayardo, he made two demons take the form of heralds: of these he sent one to Gradasso, to tell him that Rinaldo would expect him in arms next day by the sea-side; and the other he sent to Rinaldo, to tell him that Gradasso would wait for him at day-break. Next morning Rinaldo came to the place appointed, where at first he saw nothing but a small bark anchored by the shore: at length a demon, in the shape and arms of Gradasso, appeared; but when Rinaldo prepared to begin the combat, the phantom retired. Rinaldo, thinking his enemy fled, pursued him till the seeming warrior entered the vessel; and Rinaldo, following him with great eagerness, a sudden wind sprung up, and carried him out to sea, when the demon disappeared*. Soon after the departure of Rinaldo, Gradasso came to meet him; but having waited the whole day without seeing his enemy, he departed in great indignation.

In the mean time Rinaldo, who now perceived that some supernatural power had deluded him, was inconsolable for the disgrace that he must suffer from the imputation of cowardice. He was often tempted to destroy himself; and in the meanwhile the vessel pursued her way with extended sails towards the East, and at last ran ashore at a delicious garden, in the middle of which stood a stately palace, surrounded by the sea.

Rinaldo, upon his landing, was accosted by a damsel, who, taking him by the hand, led him into the palace, which was built of the most costly marbles, and richly ornamented with gold and exquisite workmanship, supported on pillars of crystal. A company of beautiful damsels here received the knight, and refreshed him with a magnificent collation, at the same time entertaining him with their melodious voices: at last one of them addressed him in these words:—"Sir knight, whatever you see is yours, and whatever you can wish more shall be granted you; for know, that all this is the gift of our sovereign lady and mistress; a queen, who for your love has drawn you from Spain." Rinaldo heard her with surprise; but when she mentioned the name of Angelica, a name he so detested, he started from his seat; at which the damsel cried out—"Stir not, thou art our prisoner." Rinaldo, however, regardless of what she said, flew to the sea-shore, determin-

* From Virgil, Æn. b. x. where Juno deceives Turnus with a phantom Æneas like.

And ever, from that day, the Pagan knight
The gentle Paladin esteem'd but light.

When now Gradasso heard the chief who came
Against the Pagans bore Rinaldo's name,

either to make his escape or threw himself into the sea; but it so fortuned, that he found the vessel in which he came, and instantly going on board, set sail from the island. He had not gone far when he made land again; and, going on shore, was addressed by an old man, who seemed in great affliction, and implored his assistance to recover his daughter, who had been taken from him by a cruel villain: Rinaldo, without hesitation, followed the old man, who, having conducted him some way, blew a horn; when Rinaldo, lifting up his eyes, beheld a rock in the sea, on the top of which stood a castle. At the sound of the horn, a draw-bridge was let down, on which appeared a giant of an enormous size: Rinaldo engaged the giant with undaunted courage; but, falling into a snare, he was bound and carried prisoner to the castle, the walls of which were dyed red with human blood. He was now met by an old woman, clothed in black garments, of a pale and ghastly countenance, who addressed him in these words:

"Perchance thou hast not heard of the dreadful custom observed at this castle; therefore, while thou hast yet to live, hearken to the tale I am about to tell thee, for to-morrow thou shalt surely die. There formerly inhabited on that rock, which is called Alta-ripa (steep rock), a noble knight, named Gryphon, who hospitably received all strangers that travelled this way. This knight had for his wife a fair and virtuous dame, called Stella. It so fortuned, that my husband Marchino, passing through these parts, was entertained by Gryphon, when he fell in love with Stella; and being resolved to possess her, planted an ambush for Gryphon, slew him, and, having massacred all his people, took possession of the castle; but in vain endeavoured to gain his desire of Stella, who repulsed him with horrour, her mind being full of the idea of her murdered husband, and continually pondering on the means of revenging his death. The rage I felt at the falsehood and perfidy of Marchino, urged me to an act of cruelty scarcely to be credited by those who know not the fury of a jealous woman. I had two young sons by Marchino: these I killed, and having baked their limbs, set them before their father, who, unconscious of the horrid meal, satisfied his hunger with his own offspring. I then secretly made my escape, and went to the king of Organa, who had long sued for my love, who was a near kinsman to Stella, and incited him to revenge the death of Gryphon. I had left behind me at the castle the heads of my murdered children, which served as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Stella: these she took, and carried them to Marchino, with dreadful exclamations, reproaching him with his bloody villany in the death of Gryphon and the massacre of his people. Marchino, in a phrensy of fury, would have slain the dame; but his lustful passion, which, even in the present moment, was kept alive by her beauty, instigated him to a revenge more dreadful than a thousand deaths: he ordered the putrid dead corpse of Gryphon, still unburied, to be brought before him, and caused the lady to be bound to it, in which condition he accomplished his unheard-of and hellish purpose.

"The king of Organa and I now arrived with a numerous force, which when the villain heard, he caused the lady to be murdered; and afterwards, to show how far human wickedness could reach, continued, with horrid abomination, to defile her breathless body. The troops which we brought soon made themselves masters of the castle. Marchino was immediately torn in pieces by the fury of the people, and the remains of the wretched Gryphon and Stella were deposited together in a magnificent tomb erected for that purpose. The king of Organa then departing, left me mistress of the castle; when, in the ninth month of my residence, we heard a most dreadful noise in the tomb, which terrified the three giants whom the king had left with me for my defence.

"It happened that one of the giants, who was bolder than the rest, ventured to remove a little the stone that covered the entrance; but he instantly repented his rashness, for a monster that was enclosed therein thrust forth one of his claws, drew the giant forcibly through the opening, and swallowed him in a moment. No one henceforth was hardly enough to approach the tomb, which I caused to be surrounded with a wall of vast strength: by a device the tomb was then thrown open, from which issued a most tremendous monster, whose form my tongue cannot describe, but which you will behold with your own eyes, when you shall be cast to him to be devoured. By a dreadful custom here established, from all strangers that arrive, one is every day given for food to this monster; and as we have sometimes more than the daily sacrifice requires, the rest are put to death, and their bleeding limbs exposed, as you see, at the entrance of the castle. This monster will receive no nourishment but the flesh of man; and should he fail of his wonted prey, he would break through the wall that encloses him. For me, wretch that I am! the continual remembrance of that villain, and the meditation on his unparalleled wickedness, have so deadened in me every sense of humanity, that my soul seems now only delighted with scenes of misery and slaughter!"

After the old woman had finished her dreadful narrative, and Rinaldo perceived that his sentence was inevitable, he begged, that at least he might be allowed to meet the monster with all his armour, and with his sword: to which the hag replied, with a ghastly smile, that he might wear his armour, and take what weapons he chose, but that nothing could save his life from that fury, against which strength or courage was of no avail.

Next morning Rinaldo was let down within the wall, completely armed, with his sword drawn; when the monster, dreadfully gnashing his teeth to the terrour of all, stood ready to devour him, while the knight advanced with undaunted resolution. It is no easy task to describe the form of this horrible animal, that was doubtless the diabolical offspring of Marchino from the dead body of Stella. In size he was larger than an ox, his muzzle was like a serpent's, his mouth was of vast width, and his teeth long; his head had the fierceness of a wild boar when in its utmost fury, and from each temple issued a horn that cut the air with a roaring noise:

He sheath'd his limbs in steel, his shield embrac'd
Then through the shades, on good Alfana[29] plac'd,

his skin was of divers colours, impenetrable by any weapon: his eyes were like fire, and his hands, resembling the hands of a man, were armed with the claws of a lion; and he rent asunder with these and with his teeth armour of the strongest proof. This monster came with open mouth upon Rinaldo, and a most dreadful battle ensued between them, which lasted from the morning till the evening, and in which the knight vainly endeavoured to pierce the hide of his enemy, who, on the other hand, had torn away his armour in many places, and wounded him in a terrible manner. Rinaldo now began to grow weak with the loss of blood, when, aiming with all his remaining strength a furious stroke, the monster seized his sword and drew it from him. While Rinaldo stood thus unarmed, expecting instant death, Angelica waited with the utmost impatience for the return of Malagigi: at last he came, but without Rinaldo, and related to her the dreadful adventure that had befallen him, urging her to go immediately to the assistance of the knight. Angelica, terrified at the danger of Rinaldo, began to load Malagigi with reproaches; but he told her there was not a moment to lose, and immediately put into her hands a cord, a file, and a large cake of wax. Angelica then called up a demon, who transported her at once through the air, to the place where Rinaldo was reduced to the last extremity. Just before the arrival of Angelica, casting round his eyes to discover any possible means of escaping the jaws of the monster, he espied a beam ten feet from the ground that jutted out of the wall; and exerting all his force, he leaped, and seizing it took his place thereon beyond the reach of the monster, that, weighed down with his enormous bulk, in vain endeavoured repeatedly to seize him. It was now night, and Rinaldo, while he clung to the beam, saw something by the light of the Moon that seemed to hover near him, and soon discovered the form of a damsel: this was Angelica; but as soon as he beheld her face he was ready to quit the beam, and expose himself to the enraged monster, rather than be preserved by her assistance. Angelica entreated him in the most soothing manner to seek shelter in her arms from so dreadful a peril; but Rinaldo obstinately persisted in refusing to listen to her, and threatened, unless she left him, to quit his present station. On this Angelica, casting the cord she had brought with her at the monster, at the same time laying the cake of wax before him, departed. The monster immediately seized the wax, and closing his jaws was prevented again from opening them: enraged at this, and leaping here and there with inconceivable fury, he entangled himself in the cord, which Rinaldo seeing, quitted the beam, and recovering his sword, attacked his enemy, unable now to make defence; but when the knight found that all attempts to wound him were fruitless, he leaped upon his back and strangled him. The monster being dead, Rinaldo sought some opening in the wall, the height of which it was impossible to scale: at last he espied an iron grate that opened near the castle, which he for some time in vain tried to force, till seeing the file which Angelica had left behind her, he opened the grate with this; and was preparing

His rival sought, and all he met o'erthrew
With rout and terrour of the Christian crew:
With equal panic fled before his lance
The troops of Libya and the troops of France.
Now here, now there, amidst the warring crowd
He seeks, and on Rinaldo calls aloud;
Still turning where he sees the numerous slain
With deepest carnage load the dreadful plain.
At length the knight he met, and soon oppos'd,
Sword clash'd with sword, when first their spears had clos'd
In equal joust, when shiver'd with their might
A thousand splinters soar'd with wondrous flight
To touch the spangled chariot of the night.
Soon as Gradasso, less by arms or vest
Than by his strokes, the Paladin confess'd;
And knew Bayardo by his thundering force,
That urg'd through yielding ranks his raging course,
Mastering the field—his eager lips assail'd
The knight with loud reproach, as one who fail'd
To seek his foe th' appointed day of fight,
And keep the faith that knight demands from knight.
"Thou thought'st, perhaps," the haughty Pagan said,
"The danger late impending o'er thy head
So well escap'd, I ne'er again should greet
Thy arm in fight; but, lo! once more we meet!
And know, to thy confusion, couldst thou bend
Thy flight to Hell, or to high Heaven ascend,
Didst thou that steed bestride, my feet should tread
The skies' pure plains, or shades that veil the dead,
T' enforce my right: and if thou wilt resign
Thy boasted claim, and let yon steed be mine,
Then live secure; but never hope again
Unhors'd to seize a generous courser's rein,
If thus thy recreant deeds the name of knighthood stain."
He said: when, lo! th' insulting speech to hear,
Stood Guido bold and Richardetto near:
Both from their sheath their shining weapons bar'd,
And to chastise the Saracen prepar'd:
But swift Rinaldo interpos'd, and said—
"Shall others take my quarrel on their head?
Think ye, without your aid, this arm too weak
From him that wrongs me just revenge to seek?"
Then to the king he turn'd, and thus began:
"Gradasso, hear!—while meeting man to man,

at day-break to quit the place, when he was met by a monstrous giant, who, as soon as he saw him, uttered a loud cry and fled. The people of the castle, alarmed by the giant, attacked Rinaldo in great numbers; but the knight with his sword Fusberta so exerted himself, that he soon slew or put them to flight: he was afterwards attacked by the giant who had first made him prisoner, whom he overcame; and then advanced to the castle, where the old hag had fortified herself, and where the other giant had taken shelter: this giant, now causing the gate to be opened, rushed out against Rinaldo, but was soon slain by him: all which being seen by this detested hag, she, in rage and desperation, threw herself from a balcony a hundred feet high, and was dashed to pieces on the pavement. Rinaldo then forced the gates, put all within to the sword, and departed thence in search of other adventures.

Orl. Ien. book i. c. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

[29] Gradasso's mare.

If thou attend'st, sincerely will I show
I came to find thee like a generous foe:
My sword might prove the truth, and here defy
The tongue that dares to give me fame the lie;
But ere we close in combat shalt thou hear
What indignation'd my wounded name shall clear.
Then let Bayarda stand, the noble spoil,
Design'd by both to crown the victor's toil."
He said: the king of Sericane inclin'd
To courteous love, like every gallant mind,
Consents to hear the generous warrior tell
What chance to draw him from the fight befel.
Now to a stream the knights retir'd apart,
Rinaldo there, with words devoid of art,
Remov'd the veil that o'er the truth was spread,
Invoking Heaven to witness what he said;
Then call'd before 'em Buovo's prudent son[91], 740
Conscious alone of all his art had done,
Who, question'd, soon confirm'd whate'er the knight
Had told, and own'd the fraud of magic slight.
Rinaldo then pursued—"What here is known
By living witness, shall alike be shown
By proof of arms, which ready (when or where
Thyself shall name) t' enforce the truth I bear."
Gradasso, with a warrior's generous heat,
Reflected how he came in vain to meet
The Christian leader; yet resolv'd to gain 750
The generous courser, sought so long in vain,
However he doubted, or the tale believ'd,
Rinaldo's plea with seeming faith receiv'd.
No more to Barcelona's billowy strand,
Where first they went to combat hand to hand,
But each agreed at early dawn of day
To a clear neighbouring feast to bend his way;
Rinaldo thither must conduct the steed
Between them plac'd, the victor's future meed;
Then should the king or slay, or captive make, 760
Altamo's lord, 't is his the steed to take;
But should his boasted claim Gradasso yield
To Clermont's knight, Rinaldo from the field
Must for his prize fam'd Durindana wield.
With wonder great[92], with heart-corroding care,
Rinaldo heard by Flordelis the fair
(As late I told), that from his kinsman's head,
Unblest Orlando, every sense was fled;
What discord for his arms the camp engag'd,
How chief with chief in dire contention rag'd, 770
Till stern Gradasso's arm the sword obtain'd,
By which a thousand wreaths Orlando gain'd.
The terms thus settled, to his social train
Gradasso now return'd, though oft in vain
The Paladin besought the Pagan knight
Beneath his tent t' await the morning fight.
At dawn Rinaldo and the king, dispos'd
For cruel fight, their limbs in armour clos'd;
And near a fountain side the battle sought,
For Durindana and Bayardo fought. 780
With sad presage Rinaldo's friends beheld
His arm engag'd in such a dreadful field:
Great was Gradasso's courage, great his might,
Great was his skill, well-prov'd in many a fight;
And since he now the fatal sword had won
That lately graced the side of Milo's[93] son,
Each for Rinaldo felt his hope to fail,
And at his danger many a cheek grew pale.
But Vivian's heir[94], o'er the rest dismay'd,
The contest view'd, and gladly would have stay'd
Th' impending fight, but that he fear'd to raise 791
In good Rinaldo's breast a quenchless blaze,
Who still in mind the late resentful lore
When Malagigi's ship[95] decoy'd him from the shore.
While doubts and fears in every bosom grew,
No doubt, no fear, the bold Rinaldo knew.
Secure he goes, resolv'd one glorious day
Should wipe his late imputed stains away,
And silence those who joy'd in his disgrace,
Proud Altafoglia and Pontieri's race. 800
Boldly he goes in heart secure to crown
His conquering brow with laurels of renown.
When now, from different parts, these sons of fame
At once together to the fountain came;
They first, in faith unstain'd, exchang'd embrace
With fair and open looks, as if the race
Of Clermont and of Sericane had stood
Ally'd in friendship and ally'd in blood.
But here defer'd, some future time shall tell
What dreadful blows from either weapon fell. 810

BOOK XXXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The distressed situation of Agramant. Marphisa comes to his assistance. Death of Brunello. Lamentation of Bradamant for the absence of Ruggero. She unexpectedly hears news of her lover that reduces her to despair, and departs from Mount Albano. In her way she lights on Ulania, ambassadress from the queen of Iceland. Subject of her embassy. Bradamant arrives at sir Tristram's lodge. The strange custom observed there. She unhorses three kings, and is hospitably received by the lord of the castle, who relates the adventure of Clodio, the son of Pharamond, and his wife, from which their law was first instituted. Defence of Ulania by Bradamant.

REMEMBRANCE, what I late prepar'd to tell,
What some new chance could from my mind expel,
Again recals—a story that could make
A fair one wretched for Ruggero's sake;
And with a deadlier arrow pierce her breast,
Than that which Richardetto's words impress'd.
Of this I meant to speak, but 'midst the thought
Another subject good Rinaldo brought:
Then Guido drew no less my Muse astray
With new adventures to beguile her way. 10
Now this, now that, by turns attention gain'd,
And ill my memory Bradamant retain'd.
To her again I turn, before I tell
What 'twixt Rinaldo and Gradasso[1] fell:
But first king Agramant[2] the tale recals
Of him to speak, who drew to Arli's walls

[91] Malagigi.

[92] This stanza in the original appears inartificially introduced, as it makes a disagreeable break in the narrative: it might possibly be transposed to advantage, but this was a liberty I did not think myself authorised to take.

[93] Orlando. [94] Malagigi.

[95] See note to ver. 670.

[1] He returns to these, Book xxxiii. ver. 561.

[2] See Book xxxi. ver. 605, where Agramant, totally defeated, was obliged to retreat to Arli.

The relics of his host that 'scap'd by flight
The sword and horrours of that dreadful night.
Placed on a river near the surgy main,
Afric in front, and near the coasts of Spain,
The city could relieve th' afflicted powers,
Could yield them succour and supply with stores.
Through all the kingdom to recruit his force
Marsilius wrote to muster foot and horse,
Whate'er their kind: at Barcelona arm'd
For zeal or hire, full many vessels swarm'd,
Well man'd for fight: meantime, in deep debate,
King Agramant at daily council sate.
No means he spar'd; and with exactions prest,
Fair Afric groan'd through all her towns distress'd.
To Rodomont he sent, but sent in vain,
With proffers, would the warrior rise again
In Afric's cause, to give him for his bride
Almontes[1] daughter, to himself allied,
And with her hand unite to Sarza's power
The mighty kingdom of Oran in dower.
The haughty chief[2] refus'd the bridge to leave,
Where, many a knight accustom'd to bereave
Of arms and vest, he those with pomp display'd
To deck the tomb that held the murder'd maid[3].
But not like Rodomont-Marphisa left
Her king at need, of every aid bereft:
Soon as she heard that all the martial train
Of Agramant were captives, fled, or slain;
That Charles had won, and with the remnant force
Her king at Arli lay, she bent her course
To Arli straight, with proffers large to spend
Her wealth and life his honour to defend.
With her Brunello (late her fetter'd slave)
She brought, and to the king uninjur'd gave.
Ten nights and days she kept him fill'd with dread,
The fatal noose impending o'er his head.
But when she thither found no friend repair
By force to free him, or to save by prayer,
In such base blood she scorn'd to soil her hands,
And freed his trembling limbs from galling bands.
Well may you deem from aid like hers receiv'd,
What heart-felt joy the drooping king reliev'd;
How much he priz'd it (to Brunello's woe)
He meant her wretched prisoner's fate should show:
The sentence she enforced, himself resum'd,
And freely to the tree Brunello doom'd;
Then in a lonely wood, of life bereft,
His corpse a prey to crows and vultures left.
Rogero, who before at equal need
From deadly cords his caitiff neck had freed,
In his sick tent now pale and wounded laid,
(So will'd high Heaven) no more could yield him aid;
And when the tidings came, they came too late:
Thus, without friend, Brunello met his fate.
Meanwhile, impatient[4] of the long delay,
Had Bradamant accus'd each tardy day,
That twice ten times must dawn, ere face to face
She sees her knight the Christian faith embrace.
Less slow each lagging hour to him returns
Who pines in prison, or in exile mourns,
Till freed he lives, or sees in prospect rise
His dear-lov'd country to his longing eyes.

Sick with suspense, she chides each heavenly steed,
Now Ethon, now Pyrois' lingering speed[6];
Now thinks some chance the rolling wheels have stay'd
Of Phœbus' car, beyond his wont delay'd.
To her more lengthen'd seem'd each day and night,
Than that great day, when Heaven's meridian light
The Hebrew[7] stopt; or that fam'd night design'd
To give a young Alcides to mankind.
How oft with envy in their secret place
She view'd the dormouse, bear, and badger race
Doze out the months[8]: with these she fain would take
A long unbroken sleep, nor ever wake
To light or sense, till her returning knight
Should call her once again to sense and light.
Now here, now there, she shifts her restless head
On downy plumes whence Sleep was ever fled:
Oft was she wont to watch the breaking skies,
And see, with eager gaze, the morn arise;
When Tithon's spouse[9], o'er every fleecy cloud
The lilies white and blushing roses strew'd:
Nor less she long'd, when full reveal'd the morn,
To see the stars again the skies adorn.
Now, fill'd with hope, she waits each hour to hear
Some messenger proclaim Rogero near.
Oft to a tower she climbs, that prospect yields
Of tufted forests and extended fields.
If from afar she marks the gleaming light
Of arms, or aught that speaks a coming knight,
She thinks her plighted spouse Rogero nigh,
And clears her brow and wipes her tearful eye:
If one unarm'd, or one on foot she views,
She hopes some messenger with gentle news.

[1] See Book xxxv. ver. 256, where Rodomont appears again.

[2] Isabella.

[3] He returns to Agramant and Marphisa, Book xxxv. ver. 456.

[4] Names of two of the four horses that are feigned to draw the chariot of the Sun: thus Ovid,

Interea volucres Pyroïs, Eous et Ethon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon. ——
Met. b. ii.

[7] Joshua.

[8] The common opinion is, that these animals sleep a great part of the year without taking sustenance.

"Towards the approach of the cold season, the dormice form little magazines of nuts and acorns, and having laid in their hoard, shut themselves up for the winter. As soon as they feel the first advances of the cold, they prepare to lessen its effect by rolling themselves up in a ball. In this manner they continue, usually asleep, but oftentimes waking, for above five months in the year: their nests are lined with moss, grass, and dead leaves. The bear retires to some cavern or hollow of some enormous old tree, where it passes some months of the winter without provisions, or without ever stirring abroad, but is not entirely deprived of sensation like the bat or dormouse. The badger is a solitary animal, and digs itself a deep hole with great assiduity, where it sleeps the greater part of its time, particularly in winter."

Goldsmith's History of Earth and Animated Nature, vol. iv.

[9] Aurora, who falling in love with Tithonus, son of Laomedon, brother to Priam king of Troy, carried him off, and took him for her husband: of this marriage was born Memnon, who, coming to the aid of Priam, was slain by Achilles.

To meet her knight her armour now she takes,
And hastening to the plain the hill forsakes:
No knight she meets; then thinks a different way
To Mount Albano might his steps convey.
Again all-anxious to her home she turns,
Again expects him, and again she mourns.
Now twenty Suns had risen, nor yet appears
Her tardy lord, nor tidings yet she hears:
While such her plaints, that in the realms below
The snaky fiends had wept to hear her woe:
With piteous sighs she rends her golden hairs,
Nor her fair face or heaving bosom spares.
Then thus—"Ah! wretched, wretched maid," she cries,
"To follow one, who, while thou follow'st, flies!
Him wilt thou prize who treats thee thus in scorn,
Or him implore who never makes return?
Shall he my heart possess who bears me hate?
Who holds his virtues at so high a rate,
Some goddess must forsake her seats above
To kindle in his breast the flames of love?
He knows to him my heart, my vows, I give,
Nor will he yet my heart or vows receive:
For him I bleed, for him, alas! I die,
Yet he obdurate can relief deny.
He flies me now, nor more attends my pain
Than the deaf adder[14] heeds the charmer's strain.
Ah! Love!—repress his speed who leads the race
So swift, while I pursue with tardy pace;
Or to her happy state a maid restore,
Ere her fond bosom own'd another's power.
But wherefore should I hope in vain to move
With prayers or plaints the ruthless god of love?
That god, to whom my anguish transport gives,
Who drinks my tears, and in my suffering lives!
Ah! luckless maid! of what shall I complain,
But the vain prospect of desire as vain?
Desire that lifts me to so bold a flight,
My pinions shrivel[15] in the sultry height:
All unsupported now I fall from Heaven,
Nor here a period to my fate is given;
Again I soar, again I catch the flame;
My daring endless, and my fall the same!
Yet more than all must I condemn the breast
That such desire could harbour for her guest:
A guest that reason from her seat compell'd,
And every sense subdued in bondage held.
From bad to worse my wretched soul is tost,
Nor can I passion rule where rule is lost.
Yet wherefore should I now myself reprove?
What crimes alas! are mine, but crimes of love?
What wonder that the soft, the frailer sense
Of womankind should make but weak defence?
Was I requir'd t' oppose with wisdom's arms,
His looks, his speech, his more than manly charms?
Most wretched he, forbid with longing sight
To view the beams of Sol's all-cheering light!
Not destiny alone impell'd my course,
Another's words, and words of mighty force,
From this beginning love foretold my doom,
My future bliss, and great events to come.
If Merlin's prophecy no credit claim'd,
If every counsel for deceit was fram'd,
Him may I well reproach—but never more
Can free my soul from him my thoughts adore.
All, all my plaints (for ever fix'd to mourn)
To Merlin and Melissa must return.
Who brought, by help of many a hellish spright,
Fallacious visions to deceive my sight
With unborn sons; and with expectance vain
Involv'd me thus in love's perplexing chain:
Yet, ah! what cause could thus excite their hate,
But envy of my happy virgin state?"

Thus she; while with despair and grief oppress,
She seem'd to banish comfort from her breast:
But soon the flatterer Hope intruding brought
Delusive aid, recalling to her thought
Rogero's parting words, and bade her still
(Whatever fears her gentle soul might fill)
Await his wish'd return; and thus with wiles
Beyond the twenty days fond Hope beguiles
Her easy heart, and soo hes her to behold
Another month in expectation roll'd.

With mind more calm, as on a certain day
(Such was her wont) she pass'd the public way
To meet her lord, she heard what most destroy
Each little glimpse of every promis'd joy.
For near Albano's walls the noble dame
Behold a knight of Gascony, who came
From Afric's camp, a prisoner there confin'd
What time near Paris' walls the battle join'd.
With him she commun'd, much of him inquir'd
To lead him to the point she most desir'd:
Rogero nam'd, her wish no further sought,
On him alone hung every anxious thought.
The knight, who knew the peers of Afric well,
Reveal'd whate'er the noble youth befel,
Whom late he saw with Mandricardo stand
Oppos'd in combat, when with conquering hand
The chief he slew, and from that glorious day
A tedious month with wounds en'velded lay.
Here had he clos'd, his tale had well explain'd
The cause that good Rogero thus detain'd.
To this he adds, that to the camp there came
A gallant maid, Marphisa was her name,
No less renown'd for beauty than for arms;
In valour first, and first in female charms:
That her Rogero, she Rogero lov'd,
Scarce ever seen apart—that all approv'd
Their growing loves—and prince and peer believ'd
That each from each the pledge of faith receiv'd;
And hop'd the knight, recover'd from his bed
Of pain and sickness, would the virgin wed;
From which fair union warriors yet unborn
In future ages might the world adorn.

This wish'd alliance spread from man to man
In loud report that through the country ran,
By signs confirm'd—with good Rogero came
In said of Agramant the martial dame;
And when Marphisa from the camp in scorn
(As late I told) had false Brunello borne,
Uncall'd she back resum'd her former way,
When in his bed Rogero wounded lay.
On him alone seem'd bent her anxious mind,
To him alone her visits seem'd design'd;
For oft beside his couch from morning light
Till evening shade she watch'd the wounded knight.
Each wonder'd much, that she, whose soul despis'd
All human race, nor power nor riches prix'd,
Should for Rogero vail her wonted pride,
Should smile on him, and frown on all beside.

[14] An expression drawn from the verse in the Psalms:—"The adder refuses to hear the voice of the charmer."

[15] Rather an obscure allusion to the fable of Icarus, whose wings were melted in his flight too near the Sun.

While thus the Gascon knight confirms his tale,
At every word heart-rending pangs assail
The wretched Bradamant: a chilliness creeps
Through all her veins, and scarce her seat she keeps.
Without a word she turns her courser's rein,
While wrath and jealousy within maintain
A mingled war: each hope dissolv'd in air,
Back to her home she hastes in wild despair.
Behold all arm'd the wretched virgin spread
With face declined upon her lonely bed!
From listening ears to hide her grief she tries,
Her grief that seeks to break in plaintive cries;
Till oft revolving what the knight had told,
No longer can her breast its anguish hold.

Then thus—"In whom hereafter shall I trust?
All, all are false, ungrateful and unjust!
Since, dear Rogero, thou canst faithless prove,
Rogero once so priz'd for truth and love.
Of all the sorrows, all the tears that flow
From public sufferings or domestic woe,
My wrongs are first—and since no living knight
Excels thy skill in peace, thy arm in fight;
Since none with thee for prowess can compare,
For courtly grace, for all that wins the fair;
Why can we not amidst thy palms entwine
Another wreath, and constancy be thine?
Yet know'st thou not (this noblest gift withheld)
No virtue, courage, ever yet excell'd!
As objects only by reflection bright,
Viewless themselves, must shine by borrow'd light.
Alas! how easy was an artless maid
By him she lov'd beyond herself betray'd!
By him whose words her fond belief first won
To think the day-spring dark, and cold the Sun!
Sure no remorse can o'er thy bosom move,
If unrepenting thou beheld'st her love
Who dies by thee—all crimes with thee are light,
If breach of faith is little in thy sight.
Since she who loves, such pains to thee must owe,
Thou canst not more thy direst foe.
Sure Justice never will in Heaven awake,
Unless swift vengeance reach thee for my sake.
Midst all the sins with which mankind are curst,
If dire ingratitude is deem'd the worst:
If for this cause the fairest angel driven
To chains and woe was hurl'd from highest Heaven;
If heavier sins with heavier scourge must smart,
Unless repentance purify the heart;
Heed, lest on thee some dreadful scourge be sent,
Who, thus ingrate, refusest to repent!
Of theft, no little crime amidst the train
Of human crimes, with justice I complain:
Not for my heart detain'd—that heart be thine—
At such a theft I never shall repine:
But thou thyself art mine, and in despite
Of every claim, thou rob'st me of my right.
Restore thyself—for never shall he thrive
Who can another of his right deprive.
Thou leav'st me, cruel!—yet from thee to fly
Alas! my will and power alike deny!
But not from life—to end this hated breath,
And leave my griefs and thee in welcome death.
O! had I died while treasur'd in thy breast,
What fate so envy'd, and what death so blest!"

She said; and fix'd to die, with furious haste
Leapt from the bed, while at her heart she plac'd
The sword's determin'd point; but soon she found
Her arms prevent the meditated wound.
Meantime a better genius seem'd to warn
Her desperate thoughts—"O! virgin, nobly born!
Think of thy high descent, thy spotless name,
Nor give this period to a life of fame!
Seek yonder camp—there nobler mayst thou try
(If such thy wish) the honour'd means to die.
Before Rogero shouldst thou yield thy breath,
Some tears even he may shed to grace thy death:
But should his sword thy breast of life bereave,
What lover could a happier fate receive?
And just it seems that he thy life should take,
That life his cruelty could wretched make.
Who knows, before thou diest, but vengeance due
To thy wrong'd vows Marphisa may pursue?
Whose fraud (as ill becomes a virtuous maid)
Has won Rogero and thy love betray'd."

These better thoughts approv'd, the virgin frame'd
A surcoat new [9] that o'er her arms proclaim'd
Her state of mind, and such as might imply
A soul despairing, and resolv'd to die.
Well suited to her grief, her vest receives
The faded hue of sapless wither'd leaves,
Torn from the bough; or such as autumn shows
When from the root the sap no longer flows:
The veil with cypress trunks embroider'd o'er,
That sever'd, like her hopes, could sprout no more.
The horse, which once Astolpho rode, she took,
Then grasp'd the golden lance, whose lightest stroke
Each knight unhors'd; nor how the lance she gain'd
Need here be told, or how the duke obtain'd
The weapon first [10], suffice that this she bore
All unsupporting of its wondrous power.

Thus, unaccompanied, the virgin went
Without a squire, and from the hill's descent
To Paris' walls pursued her eager way,
Where late encamp'd the Pagan army lay:
For yet she heard not that Rinaldo's might,
With aid of Charles and many a noble knight
From Mount Albano and the Christian train,
Had rais'd th' impending siege and thousands slain.
She leaves Cadurci now, and now she leaves
Chaorse's town, nor more behind perceives
Dordona's moppt, and soon the towers espies
Of Clairmont and of Montferrante rise:
When, as she journey'd, on her way was seen
A dame of comely form [11] and courteous mien:

[9] The custom of assuming arms and deviers expressive of the good or ill fortune of the wearer, was one great characteristic of the heroes and heroines of chivalry: thus Orlando in the eighth book puts on black armour. Guido in the nineteenth book is thus described:

Clad like his steed, in sable weeds of woe,
The champion came, as if he meant to show
An emblem of his own distressful state,
How small his comforts, and his griefs how great!

So Ariodante, Book vi. wears a shield fringed with yellow-green, the colour of Bradamant's scarf.

[10] Bradamant received this lance from Astolpho, Book xxiii. ver. 104, which lance came into the duke's possession after it was left behind by Argalia. See General View of Boyardo's Story.

[11] Nothing can be told with more ease of language, or vigour of description, than this pleasingly romantic incident: the demeanour of Bradamant, her meeting the shepherd, arrival at the lodge, the jousts by moon-light, her defence of Ulania, are all circumstances that can never be too much admired.

A buckler at her saddle-bow was ty'd,
And three bold knights attended at her side:
Before, behind, in long procession came
Damels and squires that waited on the dame.
Brave Amon's daughter who to learn desir'd
Her name, of one amidst her train inquir'd.
"To the great leader of the Franks," he cries,
"From where within the arctic circle lies
A land remote, she plough'd with heavy toil
A length of ocean from Perlata's isle:
Perdota some, and some Islanda name
This distant isle, where reigns a queen whose fame
For peerless form was sure by Heaven design'd
The first of all her sex's lovely kind.
The shield thou seest to royal Charles she sends,
And this condition with the shield commends;
That this high gift shall grace the bravest knight
Whom such he holds in dreadful fields of fight:
She by herself, by all the world esteem'd
The fairest dame, would seek a champion deem'd
The first in arms, for long her secret mind
A purpose, nothing e'er shall shake, design'd;
That he alone who bears his victor-sword
O'er every chief, shall be her spouse and lord.
At Charlemain's imperial court she thought
The first of gallant knights might best be sought.
You three, that as her guard attend the dame,
All three are kings, and from three kingdoms came:
One Sweden, Gothland one, one Norway sways,
And few with these in arms have equal praise.
These three, whose lands beneath another sky,
Less distant than the isle Perdota lie;
(So call'd, as few amidst the sailor-train
Were ever known to stem the northern main)
These kings enamour'd have alike pursu'd
The fair queen's love, and for their consort woo'd;
And for her sake transcendant acts have done,
To last while planets circle round the Sun.
But she to these, to none her hand will yield,
Who stands not first, the phenix of the field.
'A little prize, (thus oft declared the dame)
'Your deeds that here such boasted merit claim:
Amidst the three, should one outshine as far
His rivals, as the Sun each little star,
I give him praise—but thinks he hence from all
The knights on Earth, to him the palm must fall?
To Charlemain, whom through the world I hold
The wisest prince, I send a shield of gold,
On this condition, that amidst his court,
Him, who in arms may bear the first report,
The monarch with this honour'd gift shall grace,
Whether a subject or of alien race.
His judgment be my guide; and when his voice
Shall on the bravest champion fix the choice,
Let one of you, who dares in fight the best,
That fatal buckler from the victor wrest,
And to my hand restore: such knight shall prove
My vow'd affection, far all knights above,
And sovereign of my heart possess my throne and love.'
Thus from the remotest ocean has she sent
Three potent kings, who come with sworn intent
From him who wins it, to redeem the shield,
Or by his sword lie breathless on the field."
Thus spoke the squire, while Rodamant to hear
Th' unwonted story gave attentive ear.
The tale complete, the speaker spurr'd again
His steed, and soon regain'd the courtly train.
More slow the virgin kept her steed behind,
While many a thought came crowding on her mind.
Yon shield (she thought) in France may raise debate,
And sow the seeds of envy, strife, and hate
In every Paladin and rival knight,
Should Charles attempt to fix the claimant's right.
This thought disturb'd, but ah! her former thought
Far deeper anguish in her bosom wrought,
That false Ruggiero could from her depart,
And on Marphisa fix his changeful heart.
So deep in this was buried every sense,
That, mindless of the way, she heeds not whence,
Or what her course, or where she next may meet,
To rest at night, a hospitable seat.
As when some vessel by the mastering wind,
Or torrent surge, is from the land disjoin'd,
Her rudder lost, no pilot for her guide,
She floats at random on th' uncertain tide;
So roll'd the virgin, while Ruggiero still
Engross'd her soul—at Rubicone's will
She roll'd; while distant many a mile remain
Her thoughts that should direct the guiding rein.
At length she lifts her eyes and sees the Sun
Near Boechus' realm[18], his evening journey run,
And like the sea-gull now in ocean's breast,
Beyond Morocco dive to wonted rest;
And ill she judges, if she means to stray
In opening fields along the darkling way,
While the night air with chilly vapour blows,
Denouncing drizzling rain and freezing snows.
Her courser urging, Rodamant pursues
The track with greater speed, and soon she views
A shepherd-boy retiring from the plain,
Who slowly drives before his bleating train.
Of him the dame entreats some place to show
That, fair or homely, shelter might bestow;
However homely, better there to lie
Than pass the night beneath th' inclement sky.
"For five long leagues, I know not where can rest,"
Replied the shepherd, "a benighted guest,
Save at a place which Tristram's lodge we call,
But there I abide the chance to few may fall.
What knight should there to find repose intend,
His spear must win it, and his spear defend:
If thither comes a warrior when the place [grace
No knight has hous'd, the lord with courteous
Admits the entering guest, but makes him swear
That should a new one to the rock repair,
His arm the stranger on the plain shall meet: 470
Should none arrive, he peaceful keeps his seat.
When two knights joust, the warrior, doom'd to yield,
Must quit the fort and sleep in open field.
If four, or five, or more, in social train
At once appear, they ready entrance gain:
But ill he fares, who comes an after-guest:
With whom the troop, already hous'd, shall rest
By turns the lance: should one, receiv'd within,
Possess the place which others come to win;
These, one by one, shall call him to the plain,
And he with all in turn the strife maintain.
So when the lodge admits a dame or maid,
Alone or with companion thither led,
If chance another comes, whoe'er can gain
Th' award for beauty, shall her seat maintain:
But she, whose form her rival's charms outshine,
For air unsheltered must the place resign."

[18] Boechus, a king who reigned in the farthest parts of Mauritania.

"Instruct me, swain," she cried, "you lodge to find:"
The simple swain with ready tongue rejoin'd,
And pointed with his hand the nearest way
To where six miles remote the dwelling lay.
Though well his speed good Rabicano ply'd,
Though Bradamant in either bleeding side
Drove deep the spur, yet through the miry road
Slippery with clay, with drenching waters flow'd,
The lodge she reach'd not till the darkening night
Had quench'd in shade the world's all-cheering light.
She found the portal barr'd, then loud address'd
The watchful guard, and claim'd her right of guest.
The place was fill'd, he answer'd to the dame, 380
With knights and damsels that but newly came,
And round the blazing hearth impatient stood
To sate their hunger with refreshing food.
"If still they fast, I trust," the virgin cries,
"'T is not for them the cook his fare supplies.
Go—bear my message—I their force defy.
The law I know, and with the law comply."
The guard departing to the knights convey'd
The bold defiance of the martial maid,
That from warm shelter call'd them forth to dare
Th' inclement chilness of nocturnal air. 391
And now the clouds a plenteous shower began:
Yet each his weapons seiz'd, and man by man
Went where the virgin stood their force to wait;
The rest remain'd within the castle-gate.
Three knights were these, in arms esteem'd so well,
That few on Earth their valour could excel:
These were the warriors that the day were seen,
With that fair envoy from Islanda's queen,
To whom they boasted oft with sword or lance 400
To bring again the golden shield from France:
These three had far outrode the martial dame,
And hence before her to the castle came:
Few knights there were so well at tilt could run,
But midst these few the martial fair was one,
Who meant not there unsheltered to remain,
Foodless, alone, and wet with drizzling rain.
Meanwhile from windows and the turret's height
Spectators stand to view th' approaching fight,
Soon by the Moon, while through the shower that streams 410
From broken clouds, she darts her watry beams.
As some fond youth whom beauty fires to love,
When at his fair-one's porch he waits to prove
The lover's dear reward, with rapture hears
The bolt slow moving in his longing ears:
So Bradamant, whose generous bosom fir'd
With honour's praise, to noble deeds aspir'd,
Rejoices when she hears the gates unbar, [war
And sees the draw-bridge lower'd, and deck'd for
Beholds the champions issue to the plain: 420
Soon as she view'd them near, she turn'd her rein
The length of field to measure for the course,
Then back at speed impell'd her foaming horse.
That spear she bore, which trusted to her hand
Her kinsman gave, which nothing could withstand,
Which each opponent humbled in the dust,
Though Mars himself, oppos'd, receiv'd the thrust.
The king of Sweden who the first to meet
The virgin mov'd, was first to lose his seat:
Against his helm the lance so strongly came, 430
The lance that ne'er deceiv'd the guider's aim.
Next Gothland's monarch ran, who headlong far
Fell from his steed with heels high rais'd in air,
In filth and mire the third half stifled lay,
Roll'd o'er and o'er amidst the watery way.
Thus with three strokes three knights to earth she drove,
With heads cast downward and with feet above.
Then to the lodge she went, but ere her right
Was there confirm'd to pass at ease the night,
An oath she took, whenever call'd, to leave 440
The fort, and each new challenger receive.
Struck with her gallant deeds, the castle's lord
To her such welcome as his walls afford,
With every honour gave: the noble dame,
Who with the three from far Perduta came
To distant France, receiv'd with courteous air
The warrior-maid, for courteous was the fair.
Now each saluting each, with smiling look
Th' ambassadress arising gently took
The martial hand of Bradamant, and led 450
The new-come guest, where sparkling deepest red,
A genial warmth the glowing embers shed.
Now to disarm [16], the virgin cast aside
Her glittering shield, and next her helm untied;
When with her helm she rais'd a cawl of gold
Where hid beneath her braided locks were roll'd:
Her wavy tresses now, no more confin'd,
Fell o'er her neck, and hung in curls behind:
And now to all she stood a dame reveal'd,
In beauty first, as in the martial field. 460
As when, the scene undrawn, with sudden light
The stage gay rushes on the dazzled sight;
Where many a sumptuous pile and arch is plac'd,
With gold, with painting, and with sculpture grac'd:
Or as the Sun is wont from clouds, that spread
Their envious mist, to lift his radiant head:
So when her shining helm the virgin rears,
Her charms shine forth, and Paradise appears!
Full soon the lord of that fair dwelling knew
In her, who oft before had met his view, 470
The noble Bradamant, and graceful paid
His praise and homage to the glorious maid.
Plac'd round the blazing hearth their moments roll
In sweet discourse, the banquet of the soul;
While for the board the menial train prepare
Their limbs to strengthen with corporeal fare.
Then of her host inquir'd the martial dame
How first this custom, new, or ancient, came,
With strangers us'd, by whom and when devis'd;
And in these words her host his tale compris'd. 480
"When Pharamond the sceptre sway'd, his son,
The youthful Clodio, to his nuptials won
A beauteous dame, in pride of bloomy prime,
Of manners rare in that uncultur'd time,
Gentle beyond her sex! her dear he lov'd,
So dear he scarcely from her sight remov'd.
Not less from home went the watchful swain [17],
For equal to his love was Clodio's jealous pain.

[16] The discovery of Britomartis in Spenser is a close copy of Ariosto.

——— when as valled was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
Upbounden, did themselves adown display,
And raught unto her heels; like sunny beams,
That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
Their vapour vaded show their golden gleams,
And thro' the persant air shoot forth their azure streams. Book iii. c. ix. st. 20.

[17] Juno having found means to get into her power Io, the mistress of Jupiter, after she was

Here in this lone retreat, which to his care
His father gave, he kept the treasur'd fair.
He seldom issu'd hence; and with him dwell'd
Ten knights, who first for arms in France excell'd.
It chanc'd, while here he stay'd, sir Tristram came
Before the gate, with him a lovely dame[18],
Who by a giant fierce in fetters bound,
Late from his valorous force deliverance found.
Sir Tristram hither came, what time the Sun
Oppos'd to Seville's shores, had nearly run
His evening stage, and here besought to rest,
(No other place t' admit a wandering guest
For ten long miles) for doting Clodio us'd
To jealous fears, his earnest suit refus'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er his rank, no stranger there
Should enter while his walls contain'd the fair:
Long urg'd the knight his just request in vain,
Nor prayer, nor reason could admittance gain.
'Since mild entreaty fails,' enraged he cries,
'Force shall compel what thy base heart denies.'
With bold defiance then the gallant knight
Call'd Clodio and his ten to mortal fight,
And offer'd with his pointed spear to show
That deeds like this from recreant spirits flow:
Such terms propos'd—should he his seat maintain,
And Clodio with his warriors press the plain,
Himself would there (though now refus'd a guest)
Abide, and from the gates exclude the rest.

"The son of Pharamond, impell'd by shame,
At risk of life, essay'd the list of fame,
Where, in the joust, he lost his luckless seat.
Where all his ten receiv'd a like defeat
From conquering Tristram, who the portal clos'd
Against its master, with the ten expos'd
To lie unsheltered: entering now, he view'd
The beauty that had Clodio's heart subdu'd;
Whom Nature (what to numbers she deny'd)
With every gift of female grace supply'd.
Her Tristram fair bespoke: meanwhile without
Her consort rag'd with fear and jealous doubt;
Nor ceas'd to urge the knight with humble prayer,
Forth from the lodge to send his wedded fair.
But Tristram, though he little seem'd to prize
His lovely captive, though with careless eyes
All charms but his Isotta's he beheld,
So well the magic potion[19] had repell'd
Each other love; yet now, with just return
Resolv'd to wreak discourteous Clodio's scorn,
Reply'd—'To knighthood must I deem it shame,
From sheltering roof t' expel so fair a dame.
If Clodio murmurs thus abroad to lie
Alone, unpair'd, beneath the open sky;
A dame I have, that like a rose new blown
In beauty blooms, yet equals not his own,
Her will I bid (if such his wish) to wait
Without the walls, and soothe his luckless fate.
But just it seems the fair of brightest charms
Should rest with him who bravest shines in arms.'

"The wretched Clodio thus compell'd to stay
Without his gate for slow-returning day,
Less felt the chilling damp and freezing air
Than sad reflection of his absent fair:
Listening he stood, while jealous fancy brought
Full many an image to distract his thought,
Of those that now with gentle sleep oppress,
Pass'd all the quiet night in guiltless rest.

"The light was ris'n, when to his arms again
Sir Tristram gave the dame, and eas'd his pain,
With faith exchang'd upon his knightly word,
Her, as she was, unsinn'd he restor'd.
For though he deem'd his base discourteous mind
Deserv'd from him the heaviest scourge to find,
Yet this alone his vengeance should suffice,
That all night long beneath unsheltered skies[20]
The youth he kept; nor would he yet approve
That plea, which call'd his crime the crime of love.
Far other thoughts should generous Love impart;
He melts the stern, not steels the gentle heart.

"Sir Tristram gone, but little Clodio stay'd;
He to a trusty friend in charge convey'd
The castle's keep, by his condition bound,
Each dame and knight that there reception found,
Should hold their place by beauty or by arms,
But yield to stronger nerves or brighter charms.
Thus was the law begun, and, thus maintain'd,
Has to this hour unbroken still remain'd."

So spoke the host, and as the tale he cear'd,
He bade the menial train prepare the feast;
Where in the hall a table fair was plac'd,
The spacious hall with regal splendour grac'd:
Hither by torches' light the guests convey'd,
But chief the northern fair and martial maid,
Gaz'd on the stately walls, where every part
With story'd forms confess'd the painter's art.
In rapt attention each the figures view'd,
And while she gaz'd forgot the want of food;
Though either's strength not little claim'd repast,
With toil and travel spent, or spent with fast.
The steward and cook displeas'd beheld
The meats neglected in the vases cold,
Till one at length with better counsel cries:
"Your hunger satiate first, and then your eyes."

Now each was plac'd in order at the board
To taste the viands, when the castle's lord
Reflects that much against the law he err'd,
Who thus, at different times arriv'd, preferr'd

[18] Spencer has an imitation of this passage, on which Mr. Upton observes thus:

"If the reader takes any pleasure in seeing how one poet imitates or rivals another, he may have an agreeable task in comparing the episode, where the fair company Satyrane, Paridel, Britomart, and the Squire of dames, are excluded, in a tempestuous night, from old Malbecco's castle, with a like disaster in Ariosto, where Bradamant (whom Britomart in many circumstances resembles) arriving at the castle of sir Tristram, battles it with three knights, and afterwards discovers her sex. Let the reader compare old Lidgate's Canterbury tale, where Polemite and Tydeous arrive at the palace of king Adrastus in a stormy night. Is it worth while to mention here that silly romance, named, the History of Prince Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, which has the same kind of adventure? See Part ii. book i. c. 63. How sir Tristram and sir Dinadon came to a lodging, where they must joust with two knights."

Upton's Notes on Spencer, book iii. c. ix. st. 11.

turned into a cow by her lover to conceal her from his wife, gave her in charge to Argus, who had a hundred eyes, and watched her day and night.

[19] Isotta—The loves of Tristram and Isotta are famous in romance.

See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

[20] See Note to Book iv. ver. 373.

Two female guests; one only must remain,
And one depart: the fairest might retain
Her seat secure; the vanquish'd maid must go
Where chill rains beat, and winds inclement blow.
Two matrons then with other dames that dwell'd
Beneath his roof, whose judgment most excell'd,
He call'd, and bade them with impartial eyes
Behold the virgins, and award the prize.
With general suffrage all the prize declare
To Anon's daughter, who the Northern fair
Had now no less eclips'd with female charms
Than late her knight's with manly deeds of arms.
Then to the dame whose sad presaging mind
This luckless chance already had divin'd,
The host began—"Thou must not now complain
If, gentle damsel, we our law maintain:
Some other dwelling for thyself provide,
Since 't is decreed, by present judgment tried,
That yonder virgin's features, mien, and grace,
(All madam'd) thy every charm efface."
As when from humid vales thick vapours rise,
And with a sable cloud obscure the skies,
Sudden the golden Sun, erewhile so bright,
Is lost in shade of momentary night:
So when the damsel hears her heavy doom,
Expell'd to drenching rain and dreary gloom,
Her features change, no more she looks the same,
The gay, the lovely, all-accomplish'd dame.
But noble Bradamant, whose pitying heart
Had now resolv'd to take the virgin's part,
Thus wisely spoke—"But ill I deem is tried
That cause where hasty judgment shall decide
Ere each is heard—for her my suit I move;
How'e'er compar'd our person's gifts may prove,
Imports not now—I not as woman came,
Nor shall, while here, the rights of woman claim.
Yet who will dare affirm, while thus array'd,
These arms conceal a man or blushing maid?
Ne'er let us utter what we ne'er can know,
And chiefly when it works another's woe.
Like me, may numbers length of tresses wear,
Nor more from this the female sex declare.
'T is known to all who 're here, at tilt I ran,
And if the lodge I won as maid or man:
Why will you then assign the woman's name
To one, whose deeds the manly sex proclaim?
Your law requires that dames should be excell'd
By fairer dames, but not by warriors quell'd:
Yet grant I might a woman prove, (which I
Nor wholly grant, nor wholly shall deny,)
What though I equall'd not her beauty's bloom,
Would you, for that, my valour's right resume?
Or make me hate from want of female charms
What late my virtue gain'd by feat of arms?
But should the strictness of your law require
That one of us must from the lodge retire
Whose beauty fails—yet would I here remain,
(Whate'er your sentence) and my place maintain.
Hence I infer, between you dame and me,
That all unequal must the contest be:
With me contending may she greatly lose,
And should she win, no gain o'er me ensues.
To both must justice weigh, in balance even,
The loss or gain, ere sentence can be given.
Honour and reason, every gentle sense
Forbids to drive this holy virgin hence.
If any in his strength so far can trust,
To call the judgment I have pass'd unjust,
Lo! with this weapon I his force defy,
And prove the truth, while he defends the lie."
Great Amon's daughter by compassion sway'd,
To see unjustly a defenceless maid
Expell'd to where the chilling rain descends,
And not a roof or cot its shelter lends,
With many a reason urg'd and gentle word,
Persuades to generous thoughts the generous lord:
But chief her dauntless courage wins the cause;
He yields, and pleads no more the castle's laws.
As parch'd beneath the Sun's meridian fires,
When the brown turf refreshing streams requires,
If some fair flower, that hung its languid head,
Feels on its stalk the kindly moisture shed,
Again it springs, again each sweet resumes;
And fresh again in vernal beauty blooms!
So from this bold defence the maid derives
Recover'd life, and every charm revives.
Now on the savoury cates that long had spread
The board untouch'd, each guest impatient fed,
No other champion chancing there to light,
And damp the social pleasures of the night.
The feast each honour'd save the martial fair:
In sorrow fix'd, abandon'd to despair;
A thousand jealous thoughts unjustly breed
In her torn breast, and pall the taste of food.
The banquet o'er, which all perchance in haste
Had urg'd, to give in turn their eyes repast;
Fair Bradamant arose; and near was seen
To rise, the envoy of Islanda's queen.
The lord a signal gave; at his commands
A menial ran, and soon with ready hands
Through the wide hall was kindled many a light:
To' ensuing book the sequel shall recite.

BOOK XXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant hears from her host an explanation of the pictures in sir Tristram's lodge, representing the future wars of France in Italy. The manner in which Bradamant passes the night: next morning she departs, and unhorses the three kings a second time. Description of the combat between Rinaldo and Gradasso for Rinaldo's horse Bayardo. Their combat strangely broken off. Gradasso gets possession of Bayardo, and embarks for his own country. The flight of Astolpho through the air, till having travelled over many countries, he at last arrives at the capital of king Senapus, in Ethiopia, and undertakes to drive away the harpies from his table.

Timagoras[1], Parrhasius[2], far renown'd;
With wreaths as fair Apollodorus[3] crown'd:

[1] Timagoras was a painter of Chalcedon, and in painting excelled all the artists of his age, who in vain endeavoured to contend with him.

Parrhasius was born at Ephesus, the son and disciple of Evenor and cotemporary with Zeuxis. He spoke contemptuously of all others, and styled himself the prince of painting.

[3] This painter is mentioned by Pliny, who relates, that he was the great improver of the art of painting, which after him Zeuxis brought to such perfection.

Protogenes[3], Timanthes[3], ever fam'd:
Apelles[4], first of heavenly artists nam'd:
Zeuxis[5] and Polygnotus[5]: all the train
That flourish'd once, in mem'ry shall remain,
Though Clotho long has mix'd them with the dead,
And time on every work oblivion spread;
Yet shall they live and live to future days,
While writers tell and readers learn their praise.
Our age may boast with these an equal hand
In painting's school to lift the forming hand.
Lo! Leonardo[6], Gian' Bellino[6] view;
Two Dossi[7], and Mantegna[7] reach'd by few:
With these, an Angel, Michael[8] styl'd divine,
In whom the sculptor and the painter join:
Bastiano[9], Titian[9], Raphael[9], three that grace
Cadore, Venice, and Urbino's race:
Each genius that can past events recall
In living figures on the story'd wall:
But none have yet appear'd, whose wondrous art
Could future deeds by pencill'd forms impart:
Yet have we known some favour'd men adorn
A mystic painting ere the men were born.
But such effect exceeding human power,
Is only work'd by help of magic lore.

[3] Protogenes was a native of Caunus, a city subject to the Rhodians, and was contemporary with Apelles. His famous work was the picture of Jalesus, which saved the city of Rhodes when besieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it but on that side where Protogenes worked, he chose rather to abandon his design than destroy so fine a picture. It is said that the king sending for him, asked him "with what assurance he could work in the suburbs of a city that was besieged?" His answer was, "that he understood the war he had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and not against the arts."

Timanthes lived in the reign of Philip of Macedon; the place of his birth is not known, but he was one of the most learned and judicious painters of his age. He drew the famous picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, where, unable to express the sorrows of a father on such an occasion, he concealed the face of Agamemnon with a veil.

[4] Apelles, the first in fame of all the ancient painters, was born in the Island of Cos, in the Archipelago. He was much beloved by Alexander the Great, who employed him to draw the portrait of a favourite mistress named Campaspe, when finding that the painter was deeply enamoured of her beauty, he generously resigned her to him. His most celebrated picture was a Venus rising from the waves, on which the following lines were written by Ovid.

Si Venerem Cos nunquam pinxisset Apelles,
Mersa sub aequoreis illa lateret aquis.
Apelles' pencil heavenly Venus drew,
Or still the waves had veil'd her charms from view.

[5] Zeuxis was a native of Heraclea in Macedonia, and lived 400 years before the birth of Christ, being contemporary with Timanthes and Parrhasius. He painted the famous picture of Helen, for which he is said to have selected the finest parts from five of the most beautiful virgins sent to him for that purpose. An incredible story is related of his death; that having drawn the picture of an old woman with exquisite humour, he fell into such a fit of laughter at the contemplation of his own work that he expired.

Polygnotus was a painter of Athens after Zeuxis. He was the first who revived the dignity of painting in Greece, which had fallen into disrepute.

[6] Leonardo da Vinci was of a noble family in Tuscany, and a man of universal knowledge. He painted at Florence, Rome, and Milan. He drew a picture of the last supper, but did not finish the head of Christ, because he could not find an image answerable to his idea before he was obliged to leave Milan. He did the same by Judas; but the prior of the convent being impatient to see the piece finished, pressed him so earnestly, and probably indecently, that he drew the head of the importunate friar upon the shoulders of Judas. He was greatly esteemed by Francis I. and died in the arms of that monarch, who came to visit him in his last sickness.

Giovanni Bellino laid the foundation of the Venetian school by the use of oil: he died in the year 1512, aged ninety years.

[7] The two Dossi were of Ferrara, and were much employed by Alphonso duke of Ferrara. The elder growing old had a pension for his subsistence, and his younger brother, whose name was Baptista, surviving him, painted many excellent pieces after the death of his brother.

Mantegna was born in a village near Padua, and in his youth kept sheep; but his genius discovering itself very early, he was put to a painter, who adopted him for his son. He painted for the duke of Mantua, and executed that fine piece of the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, in nine parts, in the royal palace of Hampton Court. He died at Mantua in the year 1517, aged 66.

[8] Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born in the year 1474 at Arezzo in Tuscany. This seems rather a play upon his name of Angelo (Angel). He was not only a great painter but an excellent architect and statuary, particularly the latter. He painted his great picture of the last judgment, at the command of Pope Paul III. He was beloved by all the sovereign princes of his time, and died at Rome in the year 1564, at 90 years old.

[9] Bastiano del Piombo took his name from an office given him by Pope Clement in the lead mines. He was born at Venice, and first studied under Gian' Bellino, and after Raphael's death became the chief painter in Rome, Julio Romano only disputing the prize with him. It is rather singular that Julio Romano has not a place here in Ariosto's list. Bastiano died in 1547, aged 62 years.

Titiano Vecelli was born at Cadora, a province in the state of Venice, in the year 1477. He was of noble extraction, being descended from the ancient family of the Vecelli: he drew the portrait of the emperor Charles V. three times, and that monarch used to say on the occasion, that he had been made thrice immortal by the hands of Titian. He was universally esteemed, full of years, honours, and wealth, and died at last of the plague, aged ninety-nine years.

Raphael Sanzio, born at Urbino in the year 1483, was one of the handsomest and best tempered men living. He is acknowledged to have been the prince of modern painters, and is often styled, the

The hall I late describ'd had Merlin wrought
In one short night, by subtle demons brought
From shades infernal, by his book compell'd,
His book all potent! whether sacred held
To black Avernus, or the shades that hide
Nursinia's caves[12], or drear Cocytus' tide.
But turn we now to where the noble band
To view the pictur'd tales impatient stand,
While torches, rear'd in many-a hand, display
Their mingled rays and emulate the day.
Then thus the castle's lord—[13] "The wars that rise
In yonder forms to meet your wondering eyes,
Are yet unfought—the sage's two-fold art
Reveals the painter's and the prophet's part.
There, in Italian plains our troops are view'd,
By turns subduing and by turns subdu'd.
Whatever good or evil chance attend
The powers that France beyond the Alps shall send,
In this apartment Merlin bids appear,
Before th' events by many a hundred year.
Dispatch'd from Britain's king the prophet came
To Gallia's king, who held his regal claim
From Marcomir[13]—then hear with what intent
This hall he fram'd, and why from Arthur sent.
"King Pharamond[14], who with his numerous host
Has first from France maintain'd his daring post
Beside the Rhine, now meditates to check
Beneath his yoke Italia's haughty neck:
Nor arduous seem'd the task, when day by day
Beheld the Roman empire's power decay.
With British Arthur hence he wills to make
A solemn league the war in hand to take.
Arthur who ne'er without the counsel sage
Of prophet Merlin would in arms engage,
(That Merlin, from a demon sprung, whose view
Could trace events, and all the future knew)
From him had learnt, and Pharamond he shows
To what he rashly must his troops expose,
Should he, ill-fated, on those lands descend
Which Alps, and seas, and Appenines defend.
Him Merlin tells, that scarce in future days,
A king that o'er the Franks his sceptre sways,
But sees in Italy his martial train,
By raging pestilence and famine slain:
Short is their time to joy, and long to mourn,
With little gain, with mighty loss they turn
From fruitful fields, where not a venturous hand
Shall plant the lily in forbidden land.
See! Pharamond on him so far depend,
He seeks on other foes his arms to bend;
When Merlin at his will (so goes the fame)
Employ'd his fiends this magic hall to frame,
That every eye might pictur'd here behold
The future actions of the Franks foretold;
And each descendent of the nation know,
That while their powers against a barbarous foe
With social aid defend th' Italian state,
Conquest and honour shall their arms await,
But should they ever seek with hostile sway
To make fair Italy their yoke obey,
Such rash design must seal their certain doom,
And build beyond those hills their fatal tomb."
So spoke the host; directing as he stood
Each dame's attention: Sigisbert he show'd[15],
Who, tempted by Mauritius' wealthy stores,
From Jove's steep mount[16] his numerous army pours.
Behold on Sambro and Ticino's plain
He spreads his troops, whose inroad to sustain
See Eutar comes, and with resistless force
And dreadful slaughter stops their daring course.

divine Raphael, for the inimitable graces of his pencil: he was beloved in the highest degree by Pope Julius II. and Leo X. he was admired and courted by all the princes and states in Europe, and particularly by our Henry VIII. who would have brought him over to England: he lived in the greatest splendour; but his passion for the fair sex destroyed him in the flower of his age; for being taken with a burning fever, and having concealed from his physicians the true cause of his distemper, he was improperly dealt with, and died in the year 1500, on the same day that he was born, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Cardinal Bembo wrote his epitaph, in which are these lines, which Mr. Pope has translated, and with the most injudicious flattery applied to his friend sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hic est ille Raphaël, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works, and dying fears herself may die.
Pope's Epitaph on sir G. Kneller.

Ariosto was himself contemporary with all the modern artists here mentioned: he knew Titian well, who drew his picture. The author of the Essay on Pope, in an anecdote taken from Richardson, mentions, that Raphael with great modesty consulted his friend Ariosto, who was an excellent scholar, on the characters, lives, and countries of the persons whom he was to introduce in the picture of theology. All that Raphael is ever known to have written, is four letters and a sonnet addressed to Ariosto. Essay on Pope, vol. ii. p. 462.

[12] The poet here alludes to those fabulous and imaginary caves or grottos said to be in the mountains of Norcia, and to have been inhabited by the Sibyls, of which many fictions are related. Petrarch tells us, that in these mountains is an opening that leads to the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, where she resided with many of her virgins, all of whom every Friday assumed the form of serpents; that whoever entered the cave should not return till a year, a month, and a day were expired; and that if he should, through forgetfulness, not depart at the end of that time, he would remain there for ever.

[13] The name of a king, said to have reigned in France before Pharamond.

[14] Pharamond, king of France, reported to be the first who established the Salic law: he lived about the year 418; he has been always held up as a great prince, but his history is much involved in fable.

[15] Mauritius emperor of Constantinople and successor to Tiberius, being desirous to drive the Lombards out of Italy, invited Sigisbert, with large offers, to undertake the expedition. Sigisbert, with a vast army, passed the mountains and entered Cisalpine Gaul, but Eutar, king of the Lombards, feigning a retreat, attacked him unawares, and cut all his army to pieces. Eugenico.

[16] A mountain of the Alps, one of the passes into Italy.

See mighty Clovis[15] from the heights descend,
A hundred thousand on his march attend.
See Benivento's gallant duke oppose,
With strength unequal, such a host of foes.
Behold he feigns a passage free to leave;
His well-laid snares the hostile train deceive;
Who, lur'd by wiles of Lombardy, remain
Like insects caught, with fearful havoc slain.
See Childibert[16] has sent a numerous band
Of Franks and captains to Italia's land:
But he, alike with Clovis, ne'er shall view
His arms the power of Lombardy subdue;
Nor spoils nor palms are his—th' avenging sword
Of Heaven descending has his battle gor'd.
The dead are heap'd; his men the climate burns;
The fire destroys—nor one of ten returns.

Of Pepin now[17], and now of Charles he speaks,
And shows where each th' Italian border seeks,
And where on each a like success attends.
Since this, nor that, the realm he seeks offends.
This, from oppression Stephano reprieves,
That, Adrian first and Leo next relieves:
Astolpho one: and one subdues his heir[18],
And to its rights restores the papal chair.
A youthful Pepin[19] there his legions pours,
That from Fornaci reach to Judah's shores.

See, near Rialto structur'd by his hands,
The towering bridge of Malamocco stands:
Here burns the fight, and hence he seems to fly;
He leaves his men beneath the waves to die;
While broke by tides, and by strong winds o'erthrown,
The huge pile falls, a mass of useless stone.
Behold Burgundian Lewis[20] vanquish'd swear
No more in Italy the sword to bear;
Behold him soon his plighted faith forgo,
And once again a captive to the foe.
Behold where, mole-like, quench'd his visual ray,
Him o'er the Alps his mourning friends convey.
See Arli's Hugo[21] chase with conquering hands
The Berengarii from Italian lands:
These once or twice he routs; while these the Huns
By turns assist, by turns Bavaria's sons;
Till forc'd by stronger power he ends the strife,
On terms impos'd, and soon concludes his life:
Not long his successor alive remains,
When Berengarius o'er the kingdom reigns.
See Italy another Charles invade[22]
To give the holy pastor needful aid:
Two kings by him in two fierce battles slain,
Manfred and Corradino press the plain!
But soon his people swoln with great success,
With wrong on wrong the conquer'd realm oppress.
See! through the crowded street while vespers call
To hallow'd rites, in murder'd heaps they fall!

[15] Clovis V. king of France marched with a great army into Italy against the Lombards; and thought, by taking advantage of the civil discords that had sprung up amongst them, to obtain an easy conquest. Grimoaldo duke of Benivento, having few forces to oppose him, feigned at first an intention of attacking him, and then, retreating, left his camp full of provisions and wine. The Franks entering the camp, the soldiers gave themselves to excess till they grew intoxicated, and Grimoaldo coming upon them in the night, when they were asleep, killed every man. Porcacchi.

[16] Childibert, uncle of Clovis, desirous of revenging the death of his nephew, sent three generals, with three great armies, into Lombardy, against Grimoaldo: one general slying, his army joined the other two: but a dreadful distemper breaking out amongst them, and they being disappointed of the succours which they expected from the emperor, the remainder returned home. Porcacchi.

[17] Stephano the Second, being raised to the papal chair, Astolpho king of Lombardy disturbed the tranquillity of the church: the pope, endeavouring to conciliate him with gifts, had recourse to Pepin king of France for assistance, who passed into Italy, and compelled Alphonso to sue for peace. Pepin, having left Italy, Alphonso recommenced hostilities against the pope, and was once more compelled by Pepin to make peace. To pope Adrian succeeded Leo III., who being ill treated by Pascal and Campolo, a priest and officer of the church, in the middle of divine service, and being threatened with imprisonment, fled to Charlemain, who sent him with great honours to Rome, and afterwards coming there himself, was anointed by the pontiff emperor of the Romans. Eugenico.

[18] Desiderius.

[19] Pepin, son of Charles the Great, went against the Venetians, and having taken many islands, he caused a bridge to be built, that his soldiers, little used to naval fights, might find less risk. But while the Venetians defended themselves, there arose so fierce a storm, that the bridge was demolished, the soldiers were buried under the ruins, and the king was forced to abandon his enterprise. Porcacchi.

[20] Lewis, king of Burgundia, making an expedition into Italy, was conquered by the emperor Berengarius I. and made prisoner, but set at liberty on his taking an oath never more to invade Italy. The Burgundian, afterwards forgetting his oath, renewed hostilities; and being again taken prisoner by Berengarius II. was, as a punishment for his breach of faith, deprived of his sight, and in this condition he returned home. Porcacchi.

[21] Hugo, count of Arli, called in by the Italians to their assistance against the Berengarii: he succeeded greatly at first, but being afterwards overpowered, was constrained to ask for peace, and retired to Arli, leaving his son Lotharlo behind him, who soon after died. Eugenico.

[22] Pope Clement IV. invited Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Lewis king of France, against Manfred, an enemy to the church, who had usurped the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. Charles arriving, overthrew Manfred at Benevento, slew him, and took possession of Sicily. Corradino, to whom the kingdom belonged in right of succession, brought a force from Germany, engaged Charles; but was defeated, made prisoner, and at last beheaded. Charles reigning in Sicily, the Franks began to exercise great tyranny over the Sicilians; and, among other enormities, committed violence on their wives. Hence a plot was concerted all over the island, that as soon as the vesper bell rung, the Sicilians ready armed should sally forth from their houses, and fall upon the Franks: this was put in execution, and eight thousand Franks were slain to revenge the dishonour offered to the Sicilians in the persons of their wives. Porcacchi.

The host then show'd[23] (when many a rolling year
Should whirl the planets in their changing sphere)
A Gallic leader from the hill descend.
And on Visconti's earls the combat bend.
See! Alexandria by the threaten'd force
Of France begirt with mingled foot and horse:
Within the walls the duke has fix'd the guard,
Without, an ambush for the foe prepar'd,
See by his toils the heedless Franks ensnar'd.
Lo, Armoniaco their luckless head; 160
See, some to Alexandria captive led,
While the warm deluge doubling either flood,
The Po and Tanaro run purple blood.
One call'd of Marca[24], then in turn he show'd
Three Anjoinini nam'd—and thus pursu'd.
"Behold how oft have these with numerous bands
Disturb'd the Frucian and the Dacian lands;
The Marsians vex'd, and Salentinian train;
Yet vain the force of France, and all as vain
The Latifu succours, there to give a place 170
To one small remnant of the Gallic race.
Oft as the Frank his force for battle shows,
Alphonso and Ferrantes shall oppose,
And to their native lands expel their foes.
See Charles the Eighth[25], who from the Alps descends,
While all the flower of France his march attends.
He passes Liri; not a sword he draws,
Or rests a spear, yet to his sovereign laws
The realm submissive yields, save where opprest
Beneath the rock Typhœus heaves his breast. 180
Here, not unquestion'd, conquering Charles arrives,
Against him Inico del Vasto strives,"
In whom the race of Avolo survives.
The castle's lord directing thus the view
Of Bradamant to forms which Merlin drew,
And pointing Ischia to her sight, he said:
"Ere more from chief to chief your eyes are led,
Hear what to me reveal'd in times of old,
While yet a child my aged grandsire told,
Truths which to him his father oft made known,
Through sons succeeding sons deliver'd down 191
From Merlin's self, whose wondrous art display'd
Yon story'd deeds in various tints pourtray'd;
Who, when he show'd yon castle on the rock
To Pharamond, he thus the king bespoke.
'From him whose gallant arms yon height defend,
A chief, his country's glory[26], shall descend;
Less graceful Nereus[27]; less in battle nam'd
Achilles; less for art Ulysses fam'd:
Less swift was Ladas[28]; less in council sage 200
Nestor, who taught so long a wondering age:
Nor yet so merciful or liberal found
Was ancient Cæsar through the Earth renown'd.
The gifts of these in nothing can compare
With him who draws in Ischia vital air:
If Crete can vaunt (all other isles above)
Her soil the birth-place of supernal Jove,
If Thebes may Hercules and Bacchus boast,
And the twin-offspring glad the Delian coast,
Lo! to this isle yon marquis' birth is given, 210
With every grace endow'd from favouring Heaven:
This hero will be known,' thus Merlin said,
His words repeating oft, 'when most his aid
The Roman empire shall, opprest, demand,
And challenge freedom from his saving hand.'
But wherefore should I now the deeds fortel
On which far better here your sight may dwell?"
Thus speaks the host, and each attention calls
Where Charles' high actions grace the story'd walls.
"See Lewis now," he cries, "whose calmer thought
Repents that Charles he to Italia brought; 221
He brought him there to gall a rival foe,
But not to work his total overthrow.
Behold him now a league with Venice make
Against the king, and now prepare to take
The monarch captive, who with dauntless mind
Impels his spear, and 'scapes the fate design'd.
Far other chance his hapless powers sustain,
That to defend the conquer'd realm remain.
Ferrantes now returns with mighty aids 230
From Mantua's lord, and there the foe invades;
But, lo! by fraud one hapless leader lost,
With deep regret the victor's joy has crost."
So spoke the host; and speaking thus, where stood
Alphonso, marquis of Pescara[29], show'd:

[23] The count of Armagnac, a Frank, came with twenty thousand soldiers in aid of the Florentines and Bolognese, against Galeazzo duke of Milan, who, having left a numerous garrison in Alexandria, with the rest of his forces attacked the enemy, at the same time that they were attacked by those from the city, and cut all the Franks to pieces, the count dying soon after prisoner of his wounds. Porcacchi.

[24] Joan queen of Naples took for her husband James count of Marca, who descended from the kings of France, on condition that he should be contented with the title of prince of Taranto, duke of Calabria, and vicar of the kingdom; and that the administration of public affairs should remain with her. But he, attempting to seize the whole government, and calling himself king, she, with the assistance of Francis Sforza, deprived him of all. Ludovico, Rinieri, and John of Anjou, asserting their pretensions to the crown, were severally defeated by Alphonso and Ferrando: these the poet calls the Anjoinini. Porcacchi.

[25] Charles VIII. king of France, assisted by Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, a mortal enemy to Alphonso of Arragon king of Naples, came with all the French nobility and a vast army into Italy. Alphonso, giving way to the better fortune of Charles, left the kingdom to his son Ferrando, and retired with his treasures to Sicily. Ferrando, unable to make head against the Franks, was soon divested of all his fortresses and places except the isle of Ischia, gallantly defended by Inico del Vasto. At length all the princes of Italy, alarmed at the rapid victories of Charles, entered into a league against him. The Neapolitans, detesting the haughty government of the Franks, recalled Ferrando, who, assisted by the Venetians, recovered the kingdom. Porcacchi.

[26] Alphonso del Vasto, mentioned Book xv.

[27] A Grecian commander, celebrated for the beauty of his person by Homer.

[28] The name of a messenger of Alexander the Great, remarkable for his swiftness, mentioned by Catullus, Martial, and Solinus.

[29] After the departure of Charles VIII. king Ferrando was received into Naples, and only one castle held out for the Franks, when a Moorish slave devised a scheme to introduce the Arragonese into the church of St. Cruz. The treacherous

"This chief, whose acts in many a dreadful fight
Shall shine resplendent as Pyropus' light,
Behold o'ertaken in the double snares
The treacherous Ethiopian's guile prepares:
Behold where sudden slain on earth he lies,
In whom the age's greatest champion dies.
See! the twelfth Lewis[24] from the hills descend,
And with Italian scouts his army bend
T' uproot the mulberry[25], and the lily place
In fruitful fields where rul'd Visconti's race.
Thence o'er Garigliano's stream intent
To frame a passage, he his people sent,
(As Charles had done)—them soon the foe annoys,
The floods o'erwhelm them, and the sword destroys:
Not less of slaughter Puglia's battle stains,
When Gallia's troops forsake the dreadful plains.
Ferrantes there, the chief of Spanish blood
(Consalvo nam'd) has twice their force subdu'd:
While Fortune Lewis here with frowns pursues,
In that rich country him with smiles she views,
Where fair between the Alps and Apennines
To Adriatic seas the Po declines."

Thus he; then points the traitor forth, who sold
The castle given him by his lord to hold:
The fraudful Swiss[26] he shows, who prisoner makes
The man that him for his defender takes.
These deeds, without a single sword or lance,
Have giv'n the conquest to the powers of France.
In Italy he Cæsar Borgia shows[27],
Who greater by his monarch's favour grows;
Each lord of Rome, each baron of renown,
Rais'd by his smile, or exil'd by his frown.
He tells the king, who from Bologna fair
Removes the saw and plants the acorns there[28];
Who next the rebel Genoese[29] pursues,
And their strong city to his rule subdues.

"Behold," he cries, "what ghastly piles of slain
Are stretch'd on Ghiradada's fatal plain[30]!
Each city to the king her gate unfolds,
And Venice scarce against his prowess holds.
Ill brooks the pontiff his increasing power:
For passing now Romania's confines o'er,
Modena from Ferrara's duke he takes,
And every old possession doubtful makes.
Behold the army of the Franks have won,
And given to sack and pillage, Brescia's town:
Lo! where their aid they to Felsina yield,
And rout the Church's forces in the field.
Here France and Spain oppos'd, at once unite
Their closing ranks, and dreadful glows the fight;
The crimson dikes with human blood o'erflow,
Mars doubtful stands where conquest to bestow.
At length Alphonso's virtue[31] wins the day, [way:
France keeps the field and conquer'd Spain gives
Ravenna's sack succeeds; the pope with grief
Such ruin views, and to the land's relief
He bids the Belgians from the neighbouring steep
Against the Franks like driving tempests sweep;
Till each, before the furious onset fled,
Behind the Alps conceals his shameful head;
While once again Italian standards rise,
And once again the golden lily flies.
Behold the Franks return[32]—behold once more
Faithless Helvetius breaks their scatter'd power:
With him (unlook'd-for aid) yon youth behold,
Whose sire he captive made, whose sire he sold,
Behold your army (lately doom'd to feel
The sad reverse of fickle Fortune's wheel)
Another king succeeding, bend their care
T' avenge the shame inflicted by Navarre:
With better omens to the fight they turn:
King Francis see with generous ardour burn;
He breaks the Switzer's pride, whose barbarous host
Had swell'd their titles with presuming boast;
And styl'd themselves by Heaven's high will prepar'd
The scourge of princes and the church's guard.

Moor calling the marquis one night to a parley on the walls, shot him with an arrow in the throat. Porcacchi.

[24] Lewis the XIIth, king of France, successor to Charles VIII. and a constant enemy to Ludovico Sforza, had resolved to take from him the government; for which intent he made a league with pope Alexander VI., with the Venetians, and with Ferrando king of Spain. He drove Ludovico from his government, who fled to the emperor in Germany, having left the defence of his castle of Milan to Bernardin di Coste, who betrayed it into the hands of the Turks. Porcacchi.

[25] Under the symbol of a mulberry-tree, the poet figures Ludovico Sforza, who was called il Moro (a mulberry-tree) from the darkness of his complexion. Zatta.

[26] The Switzers, being corrupted by the bribes of the Franks, betrayed him to them: Ludovico was carried into France, where he remained five years in prison, and then died. Porcacchi.

[27] Cæsar Borgia, son of pope Alexander VI. by the favour of Lewis XII. king of France, took to wife Charlotte d'Alabrette of the blood royal, he having renounced the cardinal's hat. Porcacchi.

[28] By the saw, he means the Bentivogli, their arms being a saw; and by the acorns, pope Julius II.; for the pope, by the aid of the Franks, drove the Bentivogli from Bologna. Porcacchi.

[29] The Genoese having, in opposition to the nobles, created Paolo de Nove, doge, a man taken from the dregs of the people, and asserted at the same time that Genoa was not subject to any prince, thereby openly declaring themselves rebels to the king of France, Lewis marched against them with a powerful army, and the city surrendered to him at discretion. Porcacchi.

[30] The Venetians sent a numerous army, under the count di Pigliano and Bartolomeo Alviano; they engaged the army of the French at Ghiradada, though contrary to the opinion of Pigliano, the Venetian general. After an obstinate battle the Venetians were defeated with great loss; the gates of Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona, were thrown open to Lewis; many other places surrendered to him, and he prepared to attack Venice itself. Porcacchi.

[31] Alphonso duke of Ferrara.

[32] King Lewis, exasperated at being driven out of Italy, made a peace and league with the Venetians, and sent a fresh army against Maximilian Sforza. Maximilian, assisted with the pope's money, called in the Switzers to his side, not without risk (as the poet observes), considering the fate of his father: however, joined with these, he attacked and entirely defeated the French army: for which victory the pope bestowed on the Switzers the title of Defenders of the Holy Church. Porcacchi.

Spite of the league, he makes proud Milan bend,
And there in young Sforzesco finds a friend.
See! Bourbon[39], when the Belgian troops advance,
Defends the city for the king of France.
Behold where now on other thoughts intent,
King Francis gendera many a great event,
His people's cruelty and pride unknown,
That lost him soon fair Milan's conquer'd town.
Another Francis see[40], alike in name
And virtue to his great forefather's fame.
The Franks expell'd, he wins his native soil,
And holy church rewards his pious toil.
France turns again, but on Ticino's shores
Brave Mantua's duke repels th' advancing powers:
And Frederic, ere his cheek unfledged displays
The bloom of manhood, merits lasting praise:
He with his sword and lance, with every art
Of war that makes the soldier's noblest part,
Can Pavia's walls defend from Gallic rage,
And Leo's fury on the seas engage.
Then two, that bear the rank of marquis, stand,
Our dread, and glory of th' Italian land.
Both from one blood, both own one natal earth:
The first from that Alphonso drew his birth;
The marquis taken in the negro's toil
Whose blood thou seest distain the mourning soil.
Behold how by his prudent counsels given,
From Italy th' invading Franks are driven.
The second chief, whose noble mien declares
His noble soul, the rule o'er Vasto bears,
Alphonso nam'd—lo! this the gallant knight
Whose form so late I pointed to your sight
In Ischia's isle, of whom the sage of old
To royal Pharamond so much fortold;
Whose birth high Heaven to distant time delay'd,
When harass'd Italy requires his aid;
What time the holy church and empire most
Such valour claim against a barbarous host;
He with his kinsman of Pescara stands;
And Prospero Colonna near commands.
Through him th' Helvetian makes his swift return,
Through him the Franks their former triumphs
mourn.
Behold again her armies[41] France address
With better hope to heal her ill success.

One camp the king in Lombardy extends;
And one, prepar'd for Naples' siege, he sends:
But she[42] (by whom the hopes of human kind
Are tost like chaff, that flits before the wind;
Like grains of sand, that whirling round and round,
The tempest lifts, or scatters o'er the ground) 361
His every purpose foils—while at his call
He deems that thousands wait near Pavia's wall;
The monarch little heeds the war's array,
Nor marks how ranks increase, or ranks decay,
By selfish counsellors himself deceiv'd,
The simple dictates of his heart believ'd:
Hence, when at night the camp was rous'd to arms,
The bands but thinly answer'd to th' alarms;
The wary Spaniards in their works they view, 370
In dread assault, who bring the generous two
Of Avalo's high blood, with them to dare
The fiercest terrours of invasive war.
Behold the noblest of the race of France
Stretch'd on the plain—behold how many a lance,
How many a sword the dauntless king defies:
Behold beneath him slain his courser lies!
On foot he combats, bath'd in hostile blood:
But virtue, that superior force has stood,
At length to numbers yields—behold him made 380
A prisoner now, and now to Spain convey'd.
Pescara thus the honours shall divide
With him that ever battles at his side:
With Vasto's lord such wreaths Pescara gains,
A host defeated and a king in chains.
One camp at Pavia broken; one whose course
Is bent for Pavia, dwindles in its force;
Cut from supplies, it halts in middle way,
Like dying flames when oil and wax decay.
Lo! where the king in Spanish prison leaves 390
His sons, while him once more his land receives;
And while in Italy the war he bears,
On his own realm another war prepares.
What devastation[43] and what slaughter spread
On every side, have Rome's distractions bred!
All laws are trampled, human and divine,
Virgins are forced, and burnt the sacred shrine!
The camp beholds the league in ruin fall,
Each tumult hears, yet, deaf to honour's call,
Shrinks from the field, and leaves to hostile hands
Great Peter's successor in shameful bands. 401
The king has, by Lotrecco led, combin'd
His force, no more on Lombardy design'd:
But from profane and impious power to free
The head and members of the holy see.
He finds the pontiff freed, besieg'd the town
Where lies the Syren[44], and the realm o'erthrown.
Behold th' imperial ships the harbour leave,
Their succour for the town besieg'd to give:
Behold where Doria[45] sails their force to meet, 410
Who sinks and burns and breaks their scatter'd fleet.

[39] Ferrando, king of Spain, being dead, the emperor Maximilian invaded Lombardy with fourteen thousand Switzers and seven thousand Belgians, with an intention of laying siege to Milan defended by Trivulzio and Charles of Bourbon.
Eugenico.

[40] The emperor Charles V. made a league with pope Leo, in order to drive the French out of Milan and restore Francisco Sforza, nephew of the first Francis, and son of Ludovico il Moro. The French were become odious to the Milanese from the pride of Lautrec and his brother. Sforza at length engaging Lautrec put him to flight, and entering the city by night was made duke.
Eugenico.

[41] King Francis, resolving to recover the duchy of Milan, passed into Lombardy with a great army, when all submitted to him except Pavia: but being attacked in the night by the marquises of Pescara and Vasto, he was vanquished and made prisoner, though afterwards set at liberty upon giving up his sons for hostages.
Eugenico.

[42] Fortune.

[43] In this passage the poet describes the miserable sack of Rome, and the taking of the chief pontiff Clement VII. by the Belgian soldiers under the command of Bourbon.
Porcacchi.

[44] By this city he means Naples, anciently called Parthenope, from a name of one of the Syrens, said to have been buried there.
Porcacchi.

[45] He alludes here to the great naval engagement at Cape d'Orso between the Imperialists and the French while Naples was besieged, when the French

See Fortune shifts at length her changeful face,
Till now so friendly to the Gallic race;
For slain by fevers, not by sword or lance,
Of thousands scarce a man revisits France."
Such were the story'd deeds that brightly glow'd
In magic tints by Merlin's art bestow'd:
Here long to tell—each guest with new delight
Return'd to gaze, unsated with the sight;
And oft beneath they read each subject told
In characters of fair-resembling gold.
The beauteous dames and all the social crew
Beguil'd with talk the hours that swifter flew:
At length the castle's lord to welcome rest,
With honour due, conducted every guest.
Now all the house to balmy sleep resign'd,
On her soft couch the martial fair reclin'd,
Oft chang'd from right to left her weary side,
But still in vain to soothe her cares she try'd:
Till near the dawn she clos'd awhile her eyes,
When to her sight Rogero seem'd to rise,
And thus to speak—"Ah! wherefore now complain
Of lying tales, and waste thy youth in vain?
First shalt thou see the rivers backward flow,
Ere for another I thy love forgo.
When there I score—no longer I delight
In vital air, or cheering rays of light!"*
Then thus he seem'd to say—"Behold me here
T' embrace that faith which Christian knights revere,
My promise keep—chide not my long delay,
Far other wounds than love have caus'd my stay."
At this her slumber fled, and with it flew
Her dear Rogero from her lo'ging view.
The damsel then her heavy grief renew'd,
And thus in secret her complaint pursu'd:
"What gives me joy, to lying dreams I owe;
What gives me pain, from waking truths I know.
As shadows vain my fleeting bliss removes;
But, ah! my constant woe no shadow proves.
Why, flies, alas! from waking eye or ear,
What late I seem'd to see, what late to hear?
What are ye, wretched eyes*! that glow'd can show
Each wish'd-for joy, and open but to woe?
Sleep soothes with hope of peace my future life,
But when I wake, I wake to pain and strife.
Sweet sleep, alas! such fancy'd peace can make,
But soon to truth and wretchedness I wake.
If sorrow springs from truth, from falsehood joy,
O ne'er may truth these eyes, these ears employ!
To pleasure since I sleep, and wake to pain,
O! let me sleep, and never wake again.
Thrice happy you, among the bestial kind,
For six long months to quiet rest consign'd:
Does such a state as mine death's image give?
I wake, alas! to die, but sleep to live.
If death indeed resembles such repose,
Come, welcome Death, these eyes for ever close!"
Now in the east the Sun his beams had shed,
And tinged the vapoury clouds with blushing red,
Bright and more bright effus'd the golden ray,
And gave the promise of a fairer day;
When, starting from her short and troubled rest,
Soon Bradamant her limbs in armour dress'd;
And grateful thanks return'd the courteous lord
For every honour at his bed and board.
Already now th' ambassadress she found,
Who, with her squires and dames attending round,
Had left the lodge, and issued at the gate,
Where stood the three her coming thence to wait,
Where till the morn their irksome hours they pass'd,
Their loose teeth chattering to the chilly blast;
Drench'd in the rain, and every need deny'd,
No food to knight, nor food to steed supply'd,
Battering the slimy soil—but o'er the rest
This dire reflection pain'd each wretched breast,
That she, the witness of their luckless chance,
Would bear the fatal tidings back from France;
And to their queen ador'd the story tell,
How, the first spear they met at tilt, they fell.
They now resolv'd to die, or heal their shame,
That so Ulania (such the virgin's name
Till now untold) might banish from her thought
What ill effect their late defeat had wrought.
When issuing from the castle they descry'd
Brave Amon's daughter, each again defy'd
The generous dame, nor deem'd a maid to find
Where every act proclaim'd a manly kind.
Of stay impatient, Bradamant refus'd
T' accept their joust, but every art they us'd
To fire her ardour, till the martial fair
No longer could unblam'd the course forbear.
Her spear she levels, with three strokes she sends
The three to earth; and thus the contest ends.
No more she turn'd, but eager to pursue
Her purpos'd journey, vanish'd from their view.
The hapless three who came so far to gain
The golden shield, rose slowly from the plain,
While lost in shame, and speechless with surprise,
Each from Ulania turn'd his downcast eyes.
How oft with her, as from Islanda's coast
They voyag'd, each had made his haughty boast,
That not a knight or Paladin should stand
The least of these in battle hand to hand.
And now the virgin further to depress
Their courage, baffled by their ill success,
And quench their pride, declar'd that not the force
Of knight or Paladin had won the course;
But that a female arm (in fight renown'd)
Had hurl'd each mighty champion to the ground.
"What think ye, since a virgin could suffice
T' unhorse three knights like you," Ulania cries,
"Must great Orlando or Rinaldo prove,
So justly held all martial names above?
Did one of these possess the golden shield,
Say, would you better then maintain the field,
Than with a woman here?—but well I guess
That each will now th' ungrateful truth confess.
Then cease—nor further seek t' assay your might,
For he, who rashly dares through France invite
A second proof, may rush on greater harms
To blot with new disgrace his boasted arms:
Unless perchance he blest that fate may call,
Which gives him by such valorous hands to fall."*
When thus Ulania show'd a woman's power
Had stain'd their glory, never stain'd before,
When many a squire, and many a damsel near,
Confirm'd a truth each warrior blush'd to hear;

fleet was commanded by count Philip Doria, who held the place of Andrew Doria, of whom so much is said in the xvth Book. Porcacchi.

* This speech of Bradamant abounds with those puerile conceits in which the writers of that age, and particularly the Italians, so much delighted. In this respect even Tasso, in other parts so truly classical, is equally faulty with Ariosto: we see nothing of this kind in Homer or Virgil.

Such shame, such anguish, every knight impress'd,
As urg'd at first against its master's breast
To turn the steel—and now with frantic haste
Each from his limbs the plate and mail unbrac'd;
Each from his side ungirt the falchion drew,
And in the castle's moat the weapon threw,
And vow'd one year despoil'd of arms, to lead
A life of penance for the shameful deed;
From place to place forlorn on foot to stray
Through rocky paths, rough hills, or thorny way;
Nor when the year should run its circling race,
To mount the courser or the cuirass lace,
Unless his valour first should win by force
The shining armour and the warrior horse.
And hence on foot, at fair Ulania's side
They wait to punish their o'erweening pride:
The rest in meet array and glittering splendour ride[47].
Now Bradamant to Paris urg'd her way,
And reach'd a castle at declining day.
Where first the news she heard that Afric's bands
Were quell'd by Charles and her brave brother's hands
Here treatment fair she met at bed and board,
But this to her can little ease afford;
Lost is her appetite for food and rest,
And gentle peace is banish'd from her breast.
Yet let me not so far[48] her tale pursue
As not again those noble knights[49] to view,
Who each, by compact meeting, fast beside
A lonely fount his beast securely ty'd.
Their battle, which the Muse prepares to tell,
Was not in wealth or empire to excel,
But to decide who victor from the plain
Should Durindana and Bayardo gain.
Without a trumpet's breath to give the sign,
Or herald's voice to bid the champions join;
Without a master to direct, or raise
In either's breast the thirst of noble praise;
At once, as by accord, their swords they drew,
And each on each with generous ardour flew.
Now swift, now heavy fell the sounding blows,
Deep and more deep the kindling combat glows.
No swords like these could through the world be found,
So fram'd at all essays with temper sound,
But meeting thus, had shiver'd as they clos'd:
While these, so temper'd, edge to edge oppos'd,
A thousand times in horrid crash could meet,
And still with blade unhurt each stroke repeat.
Now here now there, his steps Rinaldo ply'd,
And every art of long experience try'd
To shun the blows, as Durindana fell,
Whose all-destroying edge he knew so well:
Or where they reach'd, they reach'd with empty sound,
Where fierce the stroke, but feeble was the wound.
With greater skill the gallant Christian foe
Has stunn'd the Pagan's arm with many a blow;
Now at his flank, now where the cuirass ends
And helmet joins, the whirling sword he sends;
But finds the plates and rattling mail, unbroke,
With adamantine proof resist each stroke
His weapon aim'd; for more than mortal charms
Secur'd the Pagan knight's impassive arms.
Thus long, with like success, on either side
These eager knights the doubtful combat ply'd;
Nor swerv'd a single look, while each intent,
His eye upon his rival's features bent:
When, lo! a different conflict chanc'd, that turn'd
The rage of strife which either bosom burn'd:
Rous'd at a dreadful noise, each turns his eyes,
And sore beset the steed Bayardo 'spies.
They see Bayardo with a monster join'd
In dangerous fight: he seem'd of feather'd kind,
A bird of wondrous size and dreadful strength,
And full three yards his bill's enormous length:
His other parts the form obscene display'd
Of lonely bats that haunt the gloomy shade.
His plumes were inky black, of vast extent;
His hooky claws on spoil and ravine bent.
His eyes were fire, and cruel was his look,
And like two sails[50] his ample wings he shook.
Ne'er have I seen, nor heard in times of old
Of such a bird, save this by Turpin told;
And hence I deem some fiend might cheat the sight,
Some lying demon drawn from deepest night
By Malagigi's art, to stay the fight.
So deem'd Rinaldo, and with anger mov'd,
When next they met his kinsman he reprov'd;
But Malagigi, who the charge deny'd,
The deed, imputed to himself, to hide,
Swore by that light from which the morning drew
Her beams, that hence nor blame nor guilt he knew.
Yet whether bird or demon—from the skies
The monster falls, and on Bayardo flies
With sharpen'd claws, but soon with fierce disdain
The fiery courser snaps the brittle rein:
He snorts, he foams, he plies his spurning heels;
Again in air the feather'd monster wheels
Retiring swift; again th' assault renews
With pungent nails, and circling round pursues
The generous steed, who, worsted in the fight,
Forsakes th' unequal fray and speeds his flight:
Swift to the neighbouring wood Bayardo flew,
Where thickest trees with tangling branches grew,
While with quick sight impelling from above,
The winged monster good Bayardo drove
From shade to shade, till now a gloomy cave
To the tir'd steed a welcome shelter gave.
The track here lost, and baffled of his aim,
The pest ascends to seek a different game.
When king Gradasso and Rinaldo view'd
Bayardo's loss, no more their hands pursu'd
A fruitless strife; but either knight agreed
With separate course to seek th' affrighted steed;
When he, whom Fortune favour'd first, should bring
The beast recover'd to the crystal spring;
And there, in single trial, man to man,
Conclude the combat they so late began.
The fountain left, the knights prepar'd to trace
Bayardo's flight, but soon his rapid pace
Had left each knight behind in hopeless chase.

[47] Ulania appears again, Book xxxvii. ver. 185, and these three knights are mentioned in the same book.

[48] He returns to Bradamant, Book xxxv. ver. 231.

[49] The last we heard of these two knights was in Book xxxi. the end.

[50] Thus Spenser, speaking of a dragon's wings, says:

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sails.——

Fairy Queen, book i. c. xii. st. 10.

As near Gradasso's side Alfana stood,
Her seat he gain'd, and spurring through the wood
Soon left the Paladin with doubt oppress,
The chance revolving in his careful breast.
Bayardo's track full soon Rinaldo lost,
Bayardo, that in devious windings crost
The thorny maze, and sought the thickest shade,
And hollow rocks, and through deep torrents made
His furious way, from that dire fiend to fly,
Whose griping talons urg'd him from the sky.
Now here, now there, Rinaldo rov'd in vain,
Till to the fountain's side he turn'd again;
There paus'd awhile in hope (as each agreed)
To see Gradasso thither bring the steed:
But when all hope was vanish'd from his thought,
Alone, on foot, the Christian camp he sought
Pensive and sad.—But turn we now to tell
What better chance the rival knight befel;
Whom fortune led with favour'd course so near,
Bayardo's neighing reach'd his joyful ear,
Till in a cavern deep immers'd from sight,
He found him trembling, fearful of the light:
He durst not issue forth, but there remain'd
Till him the Pagan's eager hand detain'd;
Who while he knew his promise given, to lead
The courser back, yet little seems to heed
His plighted faith, but to himself he cries:
"Who covets strife, with strife may win the prize:
Why should I risk the chance of arms to gain
What fortune bids me now in peace retain?
From farthest east I came with great design
To make this generous steed Bayardo mine;
And much he errs who thinks I shall forgo
What chance vouchsafes so aptly to bestow;
If e'er Rinaldo would his steed regain,
As I to France, let him with equal pain
To India bend his course, the toil no more
For him to traverse Sericana o'er,
Than twice for me to tread on Gallia's shore."
He said; and speaking, by the readiest way
To Arli hasten'd, where his vessels lay;
There swift embark'd, and with him thence convey'd
The far-fam'd steed and death-bestowing blade[48].
But cease we here—some other time shall tell[49]
What fortune to the Pagan prince befel;
We bid Rinaldo[50] now and France farewel.
Astolpho's voyage[51] let us next pursue,
Whose steed with rapid eagle-pinions flew.
When now the knight had Gallia's land survey'd
'Twixt sea and sea, from where far-winding stray'd
The silver Rhine, to where the subject plain
Joins high Pyrene's foot, he turns his rein
To where the western mountains sever France from Spain.
Thence proud Navarre and Aragon he views,
While every eye amaz'd his flight pursues,
Far Teracona to the left remains,
Biscaglia to the right; and now he gains
Castilia's realm, then Lisbon's towers descries,
And next o'er Seville and Cordova flies;
Nor leaves a Spanish city to explore
That stood remote from sea, or grac'd the shore.
Gades he saw, and now the bounds he trac'd
Which once for mariners Alcides plac'd.
Now from th' Atlantic wave his course he bore
By Afric's coast to reach th' Egyptian shore.
The Baleares far beneath him lay;
Evisa rose conspicuous in his way;
Then tow'rds Arzilla, o'er the sea he rides,
The sea that from Arzilla Spain divides.
Morocco, Fez, Ippona, cities nam'd
Among the first; Algiers and Bugia, fam'd
For wealth and honours, next his eyes behold,
Not crown'd with empty wreaths, but crown'd with gold.
Next Tunis and Bizerta's sun-burnt soil
He sees, and Cayra, and Alzerbe's isle;
To Tripoly and Tolomita speeds,
Remisca views, and where old Nilus leads
His fattening streams to water distant meads.
Each land he marks from Afric's billowy shore,
The rugged Atlas crown'd with forests hoar.
Then turning from Carena's ridge of hills,
Above the Cyrenean spires[52] he wheels;
And near the confines of her burning sands
He Abbajicha sees in Nubian lands:
He leaves the tomb of Battus[53] far behind,
And Ammon's fane, which we no more can find.
Another Tremicen he views, whose race
Th' unhallow'd faith of Mahomet embrace:
Then tow'rds a second Ethiopia turns,
Beyond where Nilus pours his fruitful urns:
His wings he then to Nubia's city plies,
That twixt Dalada and Coalles lies:
Here Saracens, and Christians there prepar'd,
With ready arms their country's frontier guard.
In Ethiopia king Senapus reigns[54],
Who, for a sceptre, in his hand sustains
The holy cross; who boasts of wealth and power,
Of towns and subjects to the Red-sea shore.
Our faith he keeps, that faith whose heavenly light
Can lead him from the realms of death and night:
Here, as the tenets of their law require,
(If fame deceive not) they baptize with fire[55]:

[48] Durindana.

[49] He returns to Gradasso, Book xl. ver. 360.

[50] He returns to Rinaldo, Book xxxviii. ver. 55. ver. 505.

[51] The last we heard of Astolpho was Book xxiii. ver. 116, where he left his horse and arms with Bradamant.

[52] He means the cities of the Mediterranean in the province of Cyrene.

[53] The city of Cyrene in Asia was built by Battus: Catullus says,

Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum.

[54] The relation which the poet makes of the wealth and power of this prince, called by us (as he afterwards says) Prester-John, though blended with fable, is partly historical. Under the name of Abyssinia, or the kingdom of Prester-John, were formerly comprehended all the countries between the lake Niger and the straits of Babelmandel on one side, and all between the mountains of the Moon and the cataracts of the Nile: the last was the length from north to south, and the other from east to west: Abyssinia had to the south Monomotapa; to the east Zanzebar and the Red Sea; to the south Egypt and Nubia; and to the west the country of Negroes called Congo. Ariosto calls the country of Senapus all Nubia; but it has been before shown that our author is by no means correct in his geography.

[55] The Nubians relate that their ancestors received the faith from St. Matthew, and that they

Astolpho now to Nubia's palace flew,
And there alighting near Senapus drew.
The seat where Ethiopia's sovereign dwell'd,
In wealth and beauty more than strength excell'd;
The bars and bolts that every gate defend,
The massy chains that from the bridge depend,
Whate'er in other cities we behold
Of iron wrought, here flam'd of beaten gold;
Though mines they boasted fruitful to produce
Strong metals to apply for every use.
On columns huge, of shining crystal rais'd,
With matchless pomp the regal palace blaz'd:
Each spacious room thick-set with precious stone,
With red and purple, gold and azure shone:
Gems of all hues! where in fair order beam'd
The fiery ruby, where the emerald gleam'd
With softer light, and where the sapphire show'd
Its azure tint, or yellow topaz glow'd.
The walls, the roofs, the pavement struck the sight,
Thick sown with pearls, with dazzling jewels bright.
This climate balsam breeds, and midst her store
Jerusalem's rich land can boast no more.
Hence musk is brought, hence every rich perfume,
Hence amber, hence all ocean's treasures come.
Whate'er through Earth of costly name we prize,
This happy region for mankind supplies.
The Soldan who th' Egyptian sceptre sways,
As fame declares, his vassal tribute pays
To this great king, whose hand can turn aside,
And bid the Nile in other channels glide;
Whence Famine must her scourge on Cairo spread,
And desolation round the country shed:
His name Senapus, by his subjects known,
By us 't is Prester call'd, or Prester-John.
Of all that Ethiopia's kingdom held,
This king in honours, wealth, and might excell'd:
But what avail'd his honours, wealth, or might,
When wretched blindness veil'd his visual light?
Yet this his least of ills—a deeper woe
This hapless prince was doom'd to undergo.
Who, while his wealth all other wealth outshin'd,
In plenty's lap with endless famine pin'd.
When hunger urg'd him to the genial board,
With nectar'd draughts and various viands stor'd,
Scarce was he seated, when th' avenging crew
Of hell-bred harpies, horrible to view,
With ravenous talons seiz'd the savoury treat,
O'erturn'd the vases and devour'd the meat:
Their glutton maws surcharg'd, the birds unclean
Defil'd the remnant cates with filth obscene.
The cause was this—In early life so rais'd
Above the world, o'er every monarch prais'd,
Like Lucifer with pride his bosom burn'd,
Against his Maker impious arms he turn'd,
And to the mountain led his numerous force,
Whence Egypt's mighty stream derives its source.
'T was fam'd, that where the hoary mountain rear'd
Its head to Heaven, and o'er the clouds appear'd,
Was Paradise of old, those happy bowers
Where Adam pass'd with Eve the blissful hours.
With elephants and camels, with a train
Of countless foot that 'cumber'd all the plain,
He march'd, reach'd whatever race unknown
Might there reside, to bend them to his throne.
But Heaven's high will oppos'd his rash intent,
And midst his host a vengeful angel sent,
Whose dreadful power a hundred thousand slew,
And o'er his eyes eternal darkness drew;
Then to his festive board dispatch'd the band
Of horrid monsters from th' infernal strand.
The wretched king of all relief despair'd,
From what a seer, of foresight deep, declar'd,
That rapine should no more his table waste,
Nor endure mingle with each day's repast,
When on a winged steed a stranger knight
Was seen through air to guide his rapid flight.
This, passing all belief, had long suppress
Each little hope that linger'd in his breast.
Soon as the crowds beheld, with wondering eye,
Above the walls, above the turrets high,
Th' approaching knight, one flew with eager zeal
To Nubia's king, these tidings to reveal:
The prophecy recalling to his mind,
For joy he leaves his faithful staff behind,
And with extended arms and guideless feet,
Impatient comes the flying guest to meet.
Astolpho, wheeling many a round in air,
At length alights within the castle square:
The sightless monarch, to his presence led,
With lifted hands before him kneel'd, and said:
"Angel from God! thou new Messiah, hear
A wretch, alas! unworthy to prefer
His guilty suit—yet think 't is man's to fall
In errour still, but thine to pardon all!
My crime I know, nor dare I sinful pray
To view, with sight restor'd, the beams of day:
Though sure to thee such sovereign power is given,
God's favour'd nuntiate from the blest in Heaven!
Suffice, I live in never-ending gloom;
But let not famine still my age consume:
Ah! stretch thy hand—thy saving help afford,
And chase the harpies from my wretched board.
Then midst my palace walls I vow to raise
A marble temple sacred to thy praise,
On every part resplendent to behold,
With dazzling gems, the roof and gates of gold!
Thy name shall to the fane a title give,
And there thy miracle in sculpture live."
So speaks the king, who rolls his sightless eyes,
While oft to kiss the warrior's feet he tries.
Astolpho then—"From God no angel I,
Nor new Messiah lighted from the sky;
But mortal man, like thee to errour prone,
Unworthy of the grace that Heaven has shown:
Yet all I can—this arm its force shall prove,
By death or flight the monsters to remove:
If I succeed—to God thy thanks repay,
Who for thy succour hither wing'd my way.
For him alone be all thy vows fulfill'd,
To him thy altars raise, thy temples build."
As thus they commun'd, with th' attendant state
Of circling peers that reach'd the palace gate,
The monarch bade his train the table spread
With wine and cates, and life-sustaining bread;

were baptized with fire, being marked with a burning iron in the face or some part of the body, with the sign of the cross, in allusion to that text of Scripture: "I baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

88 See the whole passage—Con spaziose rote.——So in the ivth book—larghe rote.——

Milton adopts a similar expression in the flight of Satan, book iii. ver. 741.

Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel——

He hop'd at length, long shrunk with pining fast,
To satiate now with undisturb'd repast.
Within a sumptuous hall, beside him plac'd,
Alone Astolpho with Senapus grac'd
The regal feast; and now the feast appear'd,
When soon in air a dreadful noise was heard
Of rushing wings; and, lo! the harpy-crew
Lur'd by the viands round the table flew.
Sev'n in a band they came, of dreadful mien,
With woman's face[88], with features pale and lean
Through seeming fast; from every withering look
Fear, worse than death, the boldest bosom shook:
Large were their wings deform'd, their brutal paws,
Of ravenous force, were arm'd with hooky claws:
Vast was each fetid paunch, with many a fold
Of serpent-tail behind in volumes roll'd.
They seize the meats, o'erturn the golden vase,
And leave their loathsome ordure in the place;
While their foul wombs a horrid stench exhale,
That chokes the sense and loads the tainted gale.
Astolpho now his shining falchion bares,
And swift t' assault the dreadful crew prepares;
Now on his neck, or tail, his weapon tries;
Now on the breast, or wing, his force applies:
As from soft wool returns the bloodless sword;
The fated plumes and skin no pass afford.
Meanwhile of every dish and vase they make
Their greedy havoc, nor the hall forsake,
Till each with rapine has the viands shar'd,
Or filth polluted what their hunger spar'd.
Senapus in the duke his hope had plac'd
To see the harpies from his table chas'd,
And now his hope deceiv'd, again he mourn'd,
Again he sigh'd, again despair return'd.
At length, his magic horn recall'd to mind,
From which such aid he oft was wont to find
At all assays, the duke resolv'd to prove
Its virtue now the monsters to remove:
But first he bade the king and nobles near
With ductile wax to bar the listening ear
From all access—else each, with fear aghast,
Would fly the palace at the dreadful blast.
He mounts the griffin-steed, one hand sustains
The polish'd horn, one holds the straiten'd reins:
He bids, by signs, the seneschal replace
The savoury viands, and the plenteous vase.
Then, in a new saloon, the train prepare
The festive table spread with costly fare;
When swift the harpies to their prey return,
As swift Astolpho to the rattling horn
His lips applies; when, with unguarded ear
The fiends receive the sound, and struck with fear
Each backward shrinks, and stretching to the wind
Her pinions, leaves the feast untouch'd behind.
To chase their flight, the champion spurs his steed,
That spreads his strong-plum'd wing with ready speed:
He quits the hall, from court and city flies,
And soaring drives the monsters through the skies.

Astolpho wells each note with double force,
While tow'rds the burning zone with headlong course
The harpies speed, till now the hill they gain,
Whose towering head o'erlooks the subject plain,
Whence, fame relates, the Nile's first fountain glides,
And gladdens Egypt with its fattening tides.
Beneath the mountain, opening deep and wide,
A cave descended in its rugged side,
Through which, 't was said, a dreadful passage led
To reach th' infernal mansions of the dead.
The band of spoilers hither flew to meet
From every new research a safe retreat;
And sinking pierc'd to black Cocytus' shore,
Where that dread-dealing blast could sound no more.
At this dire mouth that op'd the secret way
To those who lost the cheering beams of day,
The glorious duke his horn's deep clangour ceas'd,
And clos'd the pinions of his winged beast.
But ere I further shall his steps pursue,
To keep the custom of my tale in view,
Since every leaf is fill'd, the book I close,
And here concluding seek awhile repose.

BOOK XXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Astolpho pursues the harpies to the mouth of the infernal region, at the foot of a high mountain. He enters, and meets with the ghost of Lydia, daughter of the king of Lydia, who relates to him her story and the cause of her punishment. He hears the names of several condemned to suffer there for crimes committed on Earth. Astolpho attempts to penetrate further into that place of torment, but is obliged to return. He then flies to the top of the mountain, where he finds the terrestrial Paradise. Description of the place. He is welcomed by Saint John the evangelist, the prophets Enoch and Elias. Saint John instructs Astolpho concerning the manner of restoring Orlando to his senses. He conveys the knight, in a chariot, to the region of the Moon; the many wonders Astolpho saw there, and among the rest Orlando's wit, which the evangelist permits him to take with him. Saint John shows the knight the three fatal sisters spinning the thread of life.

Insatiate harpies[1]! foul detested band!
The scourge of justice on a sinful land,
The righteous punishment by Heaven assign'd
For Italy, with tenfold errour blind!
Where harmless infants, tender mothers die
With meagre want; for while a vain supply

[88] Imitated closely from Virgil.

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame —— Æneid. iii. ver. 218.

With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordures still unclean,
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
Dryden, ver. 282.

[1] In general the Italian commentators make the harpies to signify avarice. Others may imagine, and with some reason, that the poet rather means to satirize the vice of gluttony, which perhaps might be prevalent in his age. Fonari says, (of which opinion is likewise sir John Harrington,) that Ariosto meant by harpies, the soldiers of the enemy, whose avarice and rapacity had plundered Italy.

Each day prepares, they see their destin'd food
At once devour'd by this infernal brood.
Ill chance betide who first unclos'd the cave,
(Which years had shut) and thus a passage gave
Whence gluttony and all uncleanness spread
O'er Italy their venom'd bane have shed.
Fair virtue then was banish'd from mankind,
And peace and temp'rance from the world dejoin'd;
Whence pain, and poverty, and impious strife
Have vex'd, and long shall vex the sweets of life,
Till time shall come, when thus with 'wakening cries
Our country bids her sons from Lethe rise.

"Is there not one that dares the worth unfold
Which Calais and Zetes[8] showed of old;
To many a house his saving hand afford,
And free from filth and spoil the genial board;
As those could help to aged Phineas bring,
And since Astolpho to the Nubian king?"

With dreadful sound the Paladin had chas'd
The brutal harpies through th' aërial waste,
Till at a mountain's foot his flight he stay'd,
Where in a gaping cavern's fearful shade
The monsters enter'd—Hence with wondering ears
Laments and groans the listening warrior hears,
That reach'd through winding vaults the upper air;
Sure sign of Hell and endless torments there.

Astolpho now resolves t' explore the way,
And visit beings lost to cheerful day.
To Earth's deep centre undismay'd to go,
And search the secrets of the world below.
"Why should I doubt to enter here," he cries,
"When such defence my trusty horn supplies,
Whose sound can Pluto's self and Satan[9] quell,
And from his post the three-mouth'd dog repel?"

He said; and lighting from his seat with speed,
Ty'd to a neighbouring tree his feather'd steed;
Then grasp'd his horn, his every hope and aid,
And fearless plunged amid the murky shade.
Ere far he reach'd, thick wreaths of noisome smoke
And streams of sulphur on his senses broke:
His sight and smell the stifling fumes confess'd,
Yet onward still th' embolden'd hero press'd;
But as he press'd, the darkness deeper spread,
And grosser vapours noxious poison shed.
When, lo! as if suspended from above,
He sees an object, scarce distinguish'd, move.
Move, as by winds some wretched corse is blown,
Long time expos'd to rains and parching sun;

So faint the struggling beams of wandering light
In these dire realms of smoke and dreary night.
In vain the duke explores with heedful care
What mocks his eyes, and seems to flit in air:
Then from the sheath his shining sword he drew,
And thrice he struck, when soon the warrior knew
The seeming image but an empty shade,
That like a cloud deceiv'd his mortal blade.
Then thus he heard a female voice complain:
"Ah! come not here to work me further pain!
Suffice—this smoke torments my wretched ghost,
This smoke that rises from the burning coast."

The duke, with terror seiz'd, his step repress'd,
And in these words the hapless shade address'd:
"So may high Heaven these stifling fumes repel,
As thou shalt deign thy mournful state to tell;
Thy tidings to our living world I bear,
If this can aught avail to soothe thy care."
The ghost reply'd—"To visit but in name
The cheerful realms of light from which I came,
So grateful seems, that gladly I disclose,
For such reward, the story of my woes;
Else should I now with lips unwilling tell
My name, and earthly state from which I fell.

"Once was I Lydia call'd, of royal strain,
(Whose sire o'er Lydia held his wide domain)
By God's eternal judgment here expos'd
To endless pains, with poisonous smoke enclos'd;
Who, while alive, such scorn and hatred shew'd
To one, whose heart with love's affection glow'd.
Unnumber'd others fill this dreary gloom,
Whom to like penance like offences doom.
Here cruel Anaxarete[4] in woe,
Encompass'd round with denser fumes below,
Is deeper plac'd; on Earth her body turns
To harden'd stone, while here her spirit mourns;
Unfeeling maid! who view'd in shameful death
Her pendent lover yield his wretched breath.
Daphne is here[5], who now regrets the pace
That held Apollo once so long in chase.
'T were hard to tell th' unbodied female train
That here for black ingratitude remain;
Or speak the crimes of every dame or maid,
Where countless numbers fill the mournful shade;
But harder still each man ingrate to name,
Whose deeds on Earth here equal vengeance claim,
Where each in death severer judgment mourns,
The vapour smokes him, and the furnace burns.
Since dames are firm'd more easy to believe,
Man merits heavier pains who shall deceive
Their weaker sex—this Jason has confest,
This Theseus finds, and he[6], the wandering guest[7],
Whose arms the Latian's ancient realm oppress'd.

[8] Feigned by the poets to have been sons of the wind Boreas and Orithya, daughter of king Erichtheus; they were born with wings, and drove the harpies from the table of blind Phineus, king of Thrace, in the same manner as is here told of Astolpho. See Ovid's Metam.

[9] In like manner Tasso blends the Heathen fables with the Christian doctrines. See Jerusalem Delivered, book iv. Spenser, in a description of Hell according to the Heathen mythology, after the mention of Tantalus, introduces the soul of Pilate washing his hands in the infernal river:—

He look'd a little forther and espy'd
Another wretch, whose carcass deep was drent
Within the river——
The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting up his head him answer'd thus:
I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas! &c.
Fairy Queen, b. xi. c. 7. st. 61.

[4] Anaxarete was a beautiful damsel of Cyprus, beloved by Iphis, a native of the same place, who, in desperation at not being able to move her to return his passion, was determined never to depart from her threshold. Venus, exasperated at the cruelty of Anaxarete, changed her into stone. See Ovid's Metam.

[5] Nothing can be wilder than this idea of Ariosto, who in a region of future punishment upon a Christian system places Daphne for running away from Apollo.

[6] Æneas.

[7] I know not what the defenders of Æneas will say to Ariosto, for placing their hero in such company; but, upon the whole, I believe the ladies

This well he knows, who could for Tamar's love
His brother Absalom to hatred move.
Here shades on shades lament their former lives,
Their husbands some, and some betray'd their wives,
Now of myself above the rest I tell,
And show the crime that doom'd me here to dwell.
"Great was my beauty when this deathless mind
Was clothed in flesh; and though of womankind
None match'd my form, I know not which was most,
My person's charms, or pride those charms to boast.
A knight there was in Thrace, whose noble name
For martial prowess stood the first in fame,
Who oft had heard from foreign tongues declare
My blooming grace, the fairest of the fair:
Fir'd with my praise, to me th' enamour'd youth
Decreed the tender of his love and truth;
Nor thought, such merit pleading on his side,
To find his heart refus'd, his suit deny'd.
To Lydia then he came, where when he view'd
My every grace, he found his soul subdu'd.
Awhile residing at my father's court
Amidst the knights that thither made resort,
His honours grew, and oft in fight so well
His sword prevail'd, that now 't were long to tell,
What deeds he wrought for one whose thankless mind
But ill deserv'd such matchless worth to find.
By him my sire Cilicia's kingdom won,[1]
And Caria and Pamphilia's land o'er-run.
Without his counsel never would he show
The martial troops array'd against a foe.
The knight, who deem'd his service well might claim
The royal favour, to the monarch came,
And begg'd, for all his hard-earn'd glorious spoils,
My hand in marriage to reward his toils.
His suit the king refus'd, who sought to join
His daughter to some prince's nobler line,
Not to a knight, to whom the Fates afford
No wealth or power, save honour and his sword:
So much, alas! could gold my sire entice,
Detested avarice! cause of every vice!
To worth or virtue he inclines his ears,
As the dull ass[1] the heavenly minstrel hears.
"When now the knight (Alcestes was his name)
Found that withheld to which he urg'd his claim
Of just desert, he left us with a threat
The king hereafter should too late regret
My hand deny'd: Armenia then he gain'd,
Whose king with Lydia's king long strife maintain'd,
And late with grief had seen more powerful grow
The hated empire of his deadly foe.

Him soon Alcestes urges to prepare
His bands, and on my sire renew the war:
Himself, so fain'd in battle, at their head,
Against the Lydian realm the forces led.
He vow'd to conquer in Armenia's right
Whate'er he won, save only to requite
His glorious service, he reserv'd my charms
Of all the spoils that crown'd the victor's arms.
How shall I tell when my stern lover fought,
What foes, what ruin on my sire he brought!
His armies thrice he broke, and ere the Sun
One year had circled, all his towns he won;
All, save a castle, strongly built, that rose
On hanging cliffs; here from th' exulting foes
The king retir'd, and here, with fearful haste,
His nearest friends and choicest treasure plac'd.
But now so close the siege Alcestes press'd,
That soon my wretched father, sore distrest,
Had gladly made me with a kingdom's dower
His wife, the slave or vassal of his power,
T' avert the greater ill—for well he knows
This fort at length must yield before the foes,
And he his life in cruel bondage close.
"Now every means of safety to pursue
In such extreme, he fix'd on me, who drew
Such ruin down, to quit this last retreat,
And in his camp incens'd Alcestes meet.
To him (so bade my sire) I took my way,
My captive person at his feet to lay,
And beg him at our prayer his wrath to cease,
T' accept our proffer'd terms, and grant the peace.
Alcestes, when my near approach he heard,
With eager haste to meet my steps appear'd:
Pale in my sight the trembling lover stood,
And less my victor than my prisoner show'd.
I saw big passion struggling in his breast,
And for new wiles my purpos'd speech suppress'd;
Then took the fair occasion to reprove
The dire effects of his devastrous love;
I curs'd a love that thus oppress'd my sire,
And sought by force t' accomplish its desire;
That waited not till time with stealing pace
(Ere many days) had crown'd with better grace
His fondest wish, but sully'd thus the fame
Which once with king and peers his deeds might claim.
Though Lydia's sovereign might his suit deny,
As one, whom Nature fram'd not to comply
With first demands, 'Ill suited the pretence
(I cried) to break his faith for such offence.
Should still my father with determin'd mind
Before my hand, my prayers a way might find
To bend his will, or if they fail'd to bend,
Who knew what next my bosom would intend?
But since he sought far other means to prove,
My soul was fix'd to spurn his hated love;
And though I came, compell'd by cruel fate,
In dear compassion for a parent's state,
Yet little transport could attend those charms
Which force, not choice, had yielded to his arms.
Soon might this hand the purple current spill
Of loathsome life, thus offer'd to fulfil
The cruel wishes of ungovern'd will.
"In deeds like these I spoke, for well I view'd
His haughty spirit by my looks subdu'd.
I saw his face with sudden grief o'ercast;
So mourn sequester'd saints offences past.
Low at my knees he bent, and humbly pray'd
While from his side he drew the shining blade,

will not think themselves the less obliged to him. Surely, let every one frankly confess his feelings on the impartial perusal of the Æneid, and he will not declare his heart strongly affected in favour of a character, which it is supposed was meant by Virgil for a model of perfection. Who does not revolt at the great incident of the ivth book, and at the other incidents in the latter part of the poem, where a foreign prince comes to separate two lovers apparently plighted to each other, and for whom I will venture to affirm that every reader of sensibility feels an interest? May it not, with the utmost deference to great authority, be observed, that this conduct seems wonderful in a writer of such consummate judgment as Virgil?

[1] An old proverb—*Asinus ad lyram.* See Erasmus.

The murderous weapon at his hand to take,
And for his fault his life an offering make.
"He thus dispos'd, I deem'd the conquest won,
And to complete the work so well begun,
I gave him fraudful hopes he yet might prove
By future deeds deserving of my love;
If, former guilt atton'd, his arm once more
Would to his ancient seat my sire restore,
And seek henceforth to win a mistress' charms
By gentle service, not by force of arms.
His faith now pledg'd, he to the fort again
Restor'd me free and guiltless of a stain;
Nor ask'd one kiss his sufferings to requite—
Judge if he felt affection's burthen light!
Judge if for me love fill'd not all his heart;
If love for me employ'd not every dart.
Armenia's king he sought, to whose domain
His lips had vow'd whate'er his sword might gain;
And urg'd him close, with every bland address,
To let my sire again his realms possess,
To him resign each conquer'd Lydian town,
And bound his empire with Armenia's crown.
The king, whose cheek with wrath indignant burn'd,
To young Alcestes answer proud return'd;
And vow'd no more his army to disband,
While yet my father held a foot of land;
But since a worthless woman's word could turn
Alcestes' purpose, let Alcestes mourn
Such fickle change, 'twas not for him to lose,
At his request, a victor's glorious dues.
"Again Alcestes urg'd, again he pray'd;
Not prayer nor reasons could the king persuade.
At length, incens'd, he swore in threatening strain
That force should win what mildness fail'd to gain.
Rage kindling rage with many a wrathful word,
Against the king Alcestes bar'd his sword,
And slew him, spite of each surrounding friend,
Who with drawn weapon would his prince defend.
That day th' Armenians fled before his hand,
And his brave followers aided with a band
Of Thracians and Cilicians by his pay maintain'd.
Nor fail'd the knight his fortune to pursue,
Yet from my sire no smallest stipend drew
T' assist the war; but in a month restor'd
The Lydian kingdom to its ancient lord.
For all the loss that Lydia's crown sustain'd,
Beside the riches which in battle gain'd
He gave my sire, he to his empire joins
The lands subdu'd, and levies heavy fines
Through all Armenia, Cappadocia's reign,
And rude Hyrcania to the distant main.
"Instead of triumph his return to greet,
We fain with death the victor chief would meet,
But fear withheld us, since we knew full well
He, strong in friends, could every force repel:
Hence feigning love, I gave him, day by day,
Such flattering hope as better might betray;
But, ere our nuptials, wish'd him for my sake
On other foes his proof of arms to make.
Now singly, now attended by a few,
I sent him strange adventures to pursue;
To seeming death I sent—but still I found
With glorious conquest all his labours crown'd.
Where'er he went—the fight he victor wag'd:
Full oft with monsters front to front engag'd,
Giants and Lestrigons, whose savage band
With brutal force infested Lydia's land.
Not as Alcides, by his step-dame's wiles
And fierce Eurystheus, was expos'd to toils,
In Lerna's lake, in Thrace, Nemea's wood,
Etolia's valleys, near Ibenus' flood;
In Erymanthus' groves, along the strand
Of winding Tyber, or Numidia's sand;
As this brave youth, on whom my art had wrought
With feign'd endearments, while each murderous thought
On every trial urg'd his dauntless might,
To drive a hated lover from my sight.
My aim deceiv'd—another scheme I tried,
From those he lov'd his friendship to divide.
What shall I say? The empress of his soul,
My word, my nod could every deed controul:
To me he sacrific'd each dearest name,
The ties of amity and calls of fame;
Till all my father's foes remov'd I view'd,
And rash Alcestes by himself subdu'd.
Lost were his friends—and what till then conceal'd
I kept, now undisguis'd my tongue reveal'd.
I own'd what hatred had my bosom fir'd,
And own'd I every way his death desir'd.
Yet pondering what I wish'd, too well I knew
That public odium would the deed pursue
Which reach'd his life; his worth to all display'd
Would move their rage for service so repaid.
Hence (all I could) I doom'd the hapless knight
To live for ever banish'd from my sight:
To every plaint I turn'd a deafen'd ear,
Nor letters would receive, nor message hear.
Struck with my base ingratitude, he pin'd
With secret anguish, till his health decline'd
From bad to worse; and while in vain he strove
With many a prayer my stubborn heart to move,
On his sick bed in agonizing throes
He found a period to his life and woes.
Lo! here the judgment that my sin pursues
With stifling fumes, while tears my eyes suffuse;
And here in sorrow must I ever dwell,
Since no redemption can be found in Hell."
When wretched Lydia thus had ceas'd to speak,
The fearless duke press'd on, resolv'd to seek
What other shades might there in pains reside;
But deeper darkness further pass denv'd. [close
The smoke whose wreaths th' offending ghosts en-
In vaporous torment, dense and denser grows.
And now the warrior turn'd his eager foes
With backward tread, in safety to retreat,
Lest life, with vapours clogg'd, should quit her weary seat;
Now with light step the dreary path he press'd,
The rock quick sounding as his speed increas'd,
Ascending still, till shot from upper day
He sees through mournful night a trembling ray;
At length the realms of woe and pain he leaves,
And issuing to our world new light and life receives.
Against those ravenous fiends the pass to close,
And back to Earth their fearful course oppose,
Huge stones he heaves, and with his trenchant blade
Hews many a tree of thick and odorous shade:
Then to the work his noble hands he bends,
And with strong fence the dreary mouth defends.
Where long, high-heap'd, the crags and trunks remain,
And Hell's dire harpies in their cave restrain.
But while Astolpho in th' infernal womb
Remain'd in smoke and subterraneous gloom,
His burnish'd arms the pitchy fumes confess'd,
That, deep pervading, pierc'd the covering vest:
And now he seeks to cleanse each sully'd limb;
When issuing from a rock he finds a stream

That forms an ample lake, where plung'd he laves
From head to foot in limpid cleansing waves.
His courser then he mounts, and upward springs
To reach the mountain's top[9] with daring wings;
And view those seats by fame reported near
The silver circle of the lunar sphere.
Such ardent wishes in his bosom glow,
He pants for Heaven and spurns the world below,
Ascending till with rapid steady flight
He gains the mansions of supernal light.

Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of those celestial fields,
O'er whose glad face the balmy season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers.
He sees the meads one intermingled blaze,
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling rays
With endless tints: he mark'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue.
At once the trees with leaves unfading grow;
The fruits are ripen'd and the blossoms blow;
While frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing
Amidst the boughs in notes melodious sing.
Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye and lull the listening ear.
A softening genial air, that ever serene
In even tenour, cools the solar beams
With fanning breeze, while from th' enamell'd field[10]
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
Of grateful smell, the stealing gales dispense
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.
Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame, emits a streamy light,
And wrapt in splendours of refulgent day,
Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.

Astolpho gently now directs his steed
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with rapture'd eyes
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies.
With this compar'd, he deems our world below
A dreary desert and a seat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature from their wrath bestow'd
In evil hour for man's noblest abode.

Near and more near the stately walls he drew
In steadfast gaze, transported at the view:
One gem entire they seem'd, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed;
Such walls as no Dedalean art could raise,
Stupendous work transcending mortal praise.
No more let man the boasted seven proclaim,
Those wonders of the world[11] so chronicled by Fame!

Before the palace, at the shining gate
A sage appears the duke's approach to wait,
Whose aged limbs a vest and mantle hide,
This milky hue'd, and that with crimson dy'd:
Adown his breast a length of beard he wears
All silvery white, and silvery white his hairs:
His mien bespeaks th' elect of heavenly grace,
And Paradise seems open'd in his face.
Then to the champion, who his seat forsook
With reverend awe, he with benignant look
These words address'd—"O thou! by God's high will
Alone conducted to this holy hill;
While little yet thou seest the mighty cause
That to this place thy mystic journey draws:
Without a miracle thou couldst not steer
So high above the arctic hemisphere,
Sent from afar, unconscious, to debate
With me the welfare of the Christian state;
How Charles with needful succour to retrieve,
And from its foes our hallow'd faith relieve.
Not to thy wisdom or superior might,
Hither, O son! ascribe thy daring flight:
For know, if God's assisting hand had fail'd,
Nor horn, nor winged steed had aught avail'd.
Hereafter more at leisure shall we dwell
On themes so high; then shalt thou hear me tell
What Heaven designs; but first with due repast
Refresh thy strength, unnerv'd with length of fast."
So spoke the holy sire: the duke amaz'd
With heart-felt awe and mute attention gaz'd:
When now the saint disclos'd his sacred name,
He, from whose pen th' eternal Gospel came,
That holy John[12], who, while on Earth, possess'd
So dear a place in his Redeemer's breast;
Of whom the fame among his brethren spread,
That time should ne'er consign him to the dead:
And thus we find in heavenly writ display'd,
The Son of God to Peter answer made:
"Why art thou troubled? What if I decree
His tarriance here my last return to see?"
Yet told he not this saint should never die,
Though what he told might well no less imply.
Lo! hither was he borne, and here to share
With him in bliss, he found a heavenly pair:
Here ancient Enoch, here Elias dwell'd,
Who neither had the hour of death beheld,
Above our air, which noxious fumes annoy,
These happy three unfading spring enjoy,

[9] Ariosto here imitates Dante in describing this mountain, where he places the terrestrial Paradise, and, after him, makes Astolpho purify himself with ablutions, from the smoke of the infernal regions, before he enters the seat of bliss.

[10] The following passage has much of the spirit of this description of Ariosto:

——— now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. Parad. Lost, b. iv. v. 156.

[11] The wonders of the world to which the poet alludes, were seven in number according to Pliny. 1. The city of Babylon. 2. The temple of Diana at Ephesus. 3. The statue of Jupiter Olympus. 4. The colossus of Rhodes. 5. The palace of Cyrus, built by Memnon. 6. The pyramids of Egypt. 7. The sepulchre of Mausolus, built by his wife Artemisia, queen of Caria.

[12] The following lines allude to a passage in the New Testament, from which some of the early Christians have inferred that Saint John was exempted from death. The legend says, that having attained the age of one hundred years, he caused a tomb to be built, and shut himself therein alive; but that a wonderful light soon surrounded the tomb, which blinded the eyes of the spectators: the light vanishing and search being made, the apostle was seen no more. Such a tradition joined to the text, was, for a poet like Ariosto, a sufficient foundation for a fiction, by no means the wildest in his poems, when we consider the innumerable legends of saints, the belief of which was in his time so prevalent throughout the Christian world.

Till the last notes th' angelic trump shall sound,
And Christ in clouds appear with glory crown'd.
Each saint with welcome comes the knight to meet,
And courteous lead him to their blest retreat,
Where, near at hand, fair ample stalls retain
His flying courser, fed with generous grain
Before the knight delicious fruits were plac'd;
Fruits cull'd in Paradise, whose flavorous taste
He surely thought might some forgiveness win
For our first parents' disobedient sin.
When now th' adventurous duke was well supply'd
With every need such dwelling could provide; 471
When nature's calls refresh'd; when genial food
And balmy slumber had his strength renew'd;
Aurora rising, who with blushing charms
All night repos'd in old Tithonus' arms;
He left his early couch, and near him stood
The sage disciple so belov'd of God,
Who grasp'd his hand, and in discourse reveal'd
High truths in converse long, though here conceal'd.
Then thus—"Since leaving France thou mayst not tell 480
What to thy dear Orlando there befel;
Learn, that the chief whose valour once in fight
Maintain'd the truth, forsaking now the right,
Is scourg'd by God, who whom his anger moves,
With heavier wrath afflicts whom most he loves.
Thy dear Orlando [12], at his favour'd birth
Endow'd by Heaven above the sons of Earth
With nerves and courage, gifted to sustain
With limbs unhurt each weapon aim'd in vain:
To whom such virtue Heaven's Supreme had lent
To guard his faith unstain'd; as when he sent 491
Great Sampson forth, to save with mighty hand
His Hebrews from the fierce Philistine band:
Behold that same Orlando now afford
An ill return to Heaven's Almighty Lord!
So far a Pagan damsel's form could move
His hapless bosom to detested love;
That, more than once he for her beauty's sake
Prepar'd his faithful kinsman's life [13] to take.
Hence him, in justice, God's high doom assign'd
Naked to rove, an outcast of mankind; 501
Has quench'd each sense, in wretched phrensy lost,
Lost to his friends, to all remembrance lost.
So God, of old, in annals pure we read,
In penance for his heavy sins, decreed
A monarch [14] seven long years to graze the plain,
And like the brutal ox his wretched life sustain.

But since the Paladin less guilt incurr'd,
Than he condemn'd to mingle with the herd
Three months alone, the sage decrees of Heaven
Th' allotted time to atone his fault have given. 511
Not for less cause to this celestial height
Our dear Redeemer now permits thy flight;
Then from my lips such counsel to receive,
That lost Orlando may his wits retrieve.
But first this globe of earth and sea forsake,
And led by me, a flight more daring take
To yonder Moon, that in its orbit rolls
The nearest planet to our earthly poles.
Lo! there is kept, what only can supply 520
Orlando's wisdom, once esteem'd so high;
And when this night above our heads in view
She wheels her course, our journey we'll pursue."
Thus all the live-long day th' apostle mild
With sage discourse the flying hours beguil'd;
But when the Sun was sunk in ocean's stream,
And from her horns the Moon her silver beam
Above them shed, a wondrous car appear'd,
That oft through those bright fields of ether steer'd:
The same that, where Judean mountains rise, 530
Receiv'd Elias, rapt from mortal eyes.
Four coursers, red as flame, the hallow'd sage,
The blest historian of the sacred page,
Join'd to the yoke; and now the reins he held;
And, by Astolpho placed, the steeds impell'd
To rise aloft: soft rose the wondrous car,
The wheels smooth turning through the yielding air;
The favour'd warrior and the guiding seer
Ascending till they reach'd the torrid sphere:
Here fire eternal burns, but while they pass'd, 540
No noxious heat the raging vapours cast.
Through all this elemental flame they soar'd,
And next the circle of the Moon explor'd,
Whose spheric face in many a part outshin'd
The polish'd steel from spots and rust refin'd:
Its orb, increasing to their nearer eyes,
Swell'd like the Earth, and seem'd an Earth in size,
Like this huge globe, whose wide extended space
Vast ocean with circumfluent waves embrace.
Astolpho wondering view'd what to our sight 550
Appears a narrow round of silver light:
Nor could he thence [16] but with a sharpen'd eye
And bending brow our lands and seas descry,
The land and seas he left, which, clad in shade
So far remote, to viewless forms decay'd.
Far other lakes than ours this region yields,
Far other rivers, and far other fields;
Far other valleys, plains, and hills supplies,
Where stately cities, towns, and castles rise.
Here lonely woods large tracts of land embrace,
Where sylvan nymphs pursue the savage chase. 561
Deep in a vale, conducted [17] by his guide,
Where rose a mountain steep on either side,

[12] In the poem of Aspramonte, after Orlando had slain Donchiero, a famous knight with whom he fought three days, we are told of the particular grace conferred on Orlando by the Holy Trinity, that no enemy should ever withstand his force in single combat above three days.

Questo tal caso non potea mancare
Perocchè Orlando quando alle bastie
Affattato fu el corpo d'alto affare
Quando che a lui vennedi santi trio
Disse nessuno li' possa durare
A la battaglia più che il terzo dio,
Hor lassa di quei santi el lor desio
Torno o Gerando——
Aspramonte, c. xxxiii.

[13] Rinaldo, with whom Orlando fought for Angelica, as appears from Ariosto.

[14] Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon.

[16] Very like this is the passage in Tasso, where the poet describes the vision of Godfrey; where he here takes a view of the Earth at an immense distance beneath him.

[17] Milton has translated a few lines of this passage:

His guide him brings
Into a goodly valley, where he sees
Things that on Earth were lost or were abus'd, &c.

His account of the Limbo of Vanity is wonderfully in the spirit of Ariosto, and undoubtedly the

He came, and saw (a wonder to relate)
Whate'er was wasted in our earthly state
Here safely treasur'd: each neglected good;
Time squander'd, or occasion ill-bestow'd.
Not only here are wealth and sceptres found,
That, ever changing, shift th' unsteady round:
But those possessions, while on Earth we live,
Which Fortune's hand can neither take nor give.
Much fame is there, which here the creeping hours
Consume till time at length the whole devours.
There vows and there unnumber'd prayers remain,
Which oft to God the sinner makes in vain.
The frequent tears that lovers' eyes suffuse;
The sighs they breathe: the days that gamesters lose.
The leisure given which fools so oft neglect;
The weak designs that never take effect.
Whate'er designs the mortal breast assail,
In countless numbers fill th' encumber'd vale.
For know, whate'er is lost by human kind,
Ascending here you treasur'd safe may find.
The wondering Paladin the heaps admir'd,
And now of these and now of those inquir'd.
Of bladders huge a mountain he beheld,
That seem'd within by shouts and tumults swell'd,

idea was caught from the Italian poet. This line plainly alludes to Ariosto:

Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dream'd.

Describing Satan on the outer convex of this planetary system, he thus proceeds:

——— the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place
Living or lifeless to be found was none;
None yet, but store hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aërial vapours flew,
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin,
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame.
—— —— —— ——
All th' unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon as some have dream'd.
—— —— —— ——
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born,
First from the ancient world those giants came—
—— —— —— ——
Others came single; he who to be deem'd
A god, leapt fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he, who to enjoy
Plato's elysium, leapt into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
—— —— —— ——
——— all these upwhirl'd aloft
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off
Into a Limbo, large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools—— Parad. Lost. b. iii.

Mr. Addison has censured this passage as beneath the dignity of Milton's subject; but, what is very extraordinary, does not seem to know how closely he has followed Ariosto.

And fancy'd found by these the crowns of yore
Which Lydian and Assyrian monarchs wore,
Which Greek and Persians own'd, once great in fame,
And scarcely now remember'd but in name.
Of gold and silver form'd, a heapy load
Of books he saw, and these were gifts bestow'd
By needy slave, in hope of rich rewards,
On greedy princes, kings, and patron lords.
He saw in garlands many a spare conceal'd;
And flatteries late his guide in these reveal'd.
There forms of croaking grasshoppers he spy'd;
Smooth verses these to fawning praise apply'd.
There sparkling chains he found and knots of gold,
The specious bestthat ill-pair'd lovers hold.
There eagles' talons lay, which here below
Are power that lords on deputies bestow.
On every cliff were numerous bellows cast,
Great princes' favours these that never last;
Given to their minions first in early prime,
And soon again return'd with stealing time.
Cities he saw o'erturn'd, and towers destroy'd,
And endless treasures scatter'd through the void:
Of these he ask'd; and these (reply'd the sire)
Were treasons foul and machinations dire.
He serpents then with female faces view'd,
Of coiners and of thieves the hateful brood.
Of broken vials many heaps there lay;
These were the services that courts repay.
He saw a steaming squid scatter'd round
Of savoury food; and from his teacher found
That this was alms, which, while his last he breathes,
A wretched sinner to the poor bequeaths.
Then to a hill of vany'd flowers they went,
That sweet before, now yields a fetid scent;
This (let me dare to speak) that present show'd,
Which on Sylvester Constantine bestow'd[18].
Of bird-lime twigs he saw vast numbers there;
And these, O gentle dames! your beauties were.

[18] "By this gift is understood the city of Rome, which Constantine the Great gave pope Sylvester, which he saith now stinketh, because of their sins."
Sir John Harrington.

In the first edition of the poem the passage stood thus:

Ad un monte di rose e gigli passo,
Ch'elbe già buon odor, or puzza forte;
Ch'era corrotto: e di Giovanni intese
Che fù un gran don' d'un gran signor mal spese.

Where roses and where lilies grew he went,
A hill once sweet, but now of fetid scent,
Corrupt and foul!—and this his teacher show'd,
A gift by mighty hands but ill bestow'd.

"It is very remarkable that the poet had the boldness to place among these imaginary treasures, the famous deed of gift of Constantine to pope Sylvester. It may be observed in general, to the honour of the poets both ancient and modern, that they have ever been some of the first, who have detected and opposed the false claims and mischievous usurpations of superstition and slavery. Nor can this be wondered at, since these two are the greatest enemies, not only to all true happiness, but to all true genius."

Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, vol. i. p. 252, 4th edit.

See note to Book xvii. ver. 259, on the same subject.

Vain is th' attempt in story to comprise
Whate'er Astolpho saw with wondering eyes:
A thousand told, ten thousand would remain;
Each toil, each loss, each chance that men sustain,
Save folly, which alone pervades them all;
For folly never quits this earthly ball.
There his past time misspent, ans deeds apply'd
To little good, Astolpho soon esp'y'd;
Yet these, though clear beheld, had ne'er been known
But that his guide explain'd them for his own.
At length they came to that whose vast below
None e'er perceiv'd, or breath'd for this his vow;
That choicest gift of Heaven, by wit express,
Of which each mortal deems himself possest.
Of this Astolpho view'd a wondrous store,
Surpassing all his eyes had view'd before.
It seem'd a fluid mass of subtlest kind,
Still apt to mount, if not with care confin'd:
But gather'd there he view'd it safely clos'd,
In many a vase of various size dispos'd.
Above the rest the vessel's bulk excell'd,
Whose womb Orlando's godlike reason held:
This well he knew, for on its side were writ
These words in letters fair, ORLANDO'S WIT[16].
Thus every vase in characters explain'd
The names of those whose wit the vase contain'd:
Much of his own the noble duke amaz'd
Amongst them view'd, but wondering more he gaz'd
To see the wits of those, whom late he thought
Above their earthly peers with wisdom fraught.
But who can such a fleeting treasure boast,
From some new cause each hour, each moment lost?
One, while he loves; one, seking fame to gain;
One, wealth pursuing through the stormy main;
One, trusting to the hopes which great men raise,
One, whom some scheme of magic guile betrays.
Some, from their wits for fool pursuit depart,
For jewels, paintings, and the works of art.
Of poets' wits, in airy visions lost,
Great store he read; of those who to their cost
The wandering maze of sophistry pursu'd,
And those who vain presaging planets view'd.
The vase that held his own Astolpho took,
So will'd the writer of the mystic book[16],
Beneath his nostril held, with quick ascent
Back to its place the wit returning went.
The duke (as holy Turpin's page is read)
Long time a life of sage discretion led,
Till one frail thought his brain again bereft
Of wit, and sent it to the place it left.
The amplest vessel fill'd above the rest
With that fam'd sense which once the earl possess'd,
Astolpho seiz'd, and found a heavier load
Than plac'd amidst th' unnumber'd heap, it show'd.
Ere yet for Earth they quit that sphere of light,
The sage apostle leads the Christian knight
Within a stately dome, where, fast beside
A rapid river rolls its constant tide.

Here heap'd with many a fleece[17] each room he views,
And silk and wool unwrought of various hues,
Some fair, some foul: a beldame these with skill
Selects, and whirling round the rapid reel
Draws the fine thread: so from the reptile swarms
Whose industre the silken texture forms,
The village maid untwines the moisten'd flue,
When summer bids the pleasing task renew.
A second beldame from the first receives
Each finish'd work, while in its stead she leaves
A fleece unspun: a third, with equal care
Divides, when spun, th' ill-favour'd from the fair.
"What means this mystic show?"—Astolpho cries
To holy John—and thus the saint replies:
"In yonder aged dames the Parcæ know,
Who weave the thread of human life below.
Long as the fleeces last, so long extend
The days of man, but with the fleece they end.
With watchful eyes see Death and Nature wait,
And mark the hour to close each mortal date.
The beauteous threads selected from the rest,
Are types of happy souls amid the blest;
These form'd for Paradise: the bad are those
Condemn'd for sin to never-ending woes."[18]
Of all the fleeces by the beldame wrought,
Of all the fleeces to the spindle brought,
The living names were cast in many a mould
Of iron, silver, and resplendent gold;
These, heap'd together, form'd a mighty pile,
And hence an aged sire[19], with ceaseless toil,
Names after names within his mantle bore,
And still, from time to time, return'd for more:
So light he seem'd, so rapid in his pace,
As from his birth inur'd to lead the race.

[15] This fiction of Ariosto is most wittily alluded to by Mr. Pope in his Rape of the Lock, accompanied with a fine stroke of satire: speaking of things lost in the Moon, he says:

There heroes' wits are kept in pondrous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
Canto iv.

[16] The Apocalypse.

[17] Ariosto takes the general idea of the Parcæ, from the well-known heathen mythology, with a genius that never borrowed any circumstance from another without embellishing it with his own inventive fancy: he makes the fair fleeces the type of a good, and the foul of an ill life; in which he might probably have an eye to the following passages of Statius and Seneca:

Ergo dies aderat Parcarum conditus albo
Vellere——

And Seneca, in the Life of the tyrant Nero, prostitutes his praise in this line:

Aurea formosæ descendant pollice fila.

[18] The following passage is so beautifully imagined, and so diversified with circumstances, as to form perhaps one of the finest allegories in this or any other poem.

Of all the fictions of Ariosto, the flight of Astolpho to the Moon must, for surprise and novelty of subject, take the strongest hold on the reader: we experience here the power of a great and eccentric genius, who, without any restraint, gives a loose to the reins of his imagination, and with his adventurous knight on his own Ippogrifo, soars

Beyond the visible diurnal sphere!

Amidst the general wildness, and perhaps absurdity of particular parts in this book, we are hurried along by the strength and liveliness of the poet's descriptive powers, and have no leisure to attend to the cool phlegm of criticism!

Hear too what fate unhappy Dido found[8],
Dido with truth and every virtue crown'd:
But she, since Maro was her foe, has left
A name of chastity and truth bereft.
Be not surpris'd if on this theme I dwell,
And warmly speak of what I feel so well.
To writers every debt of love I owe,
Myself a writer in your world below.
Above my peers I gain'd such honour'd grace,
No death shall end it and no time deface.
And every grateful thought to him is ow'd,
To holy Christ whose hand such gifts bestow'd,
But wretched those, in hours of grief expos'd,
On whom the gates of courtesy are clos'd;
Who with pale want and famine on their cheek,
By night or day in vain an entrance seek!
And hence (th' unpleasing subject to pursue)
Few are the poets as the patrons few:
Since savage beasts from that rude climate fly,
Whose barren sands nor shade nor food supply." 220

So spoke, with kindling warmth, the blessed sire,
While either eye-ball flash'd with heavenly fire,
Till, turning to the duke, his speech he clos'd,
And in a smile benign his looks compos'd.

Thus they: but let us now Astolpho leave
With him from whom mankind redeem'd receive
The gospel truth, while from the lunar steep
To lower worlds I meditate a leap,
A leap from Heaven to Earth—nor can I more
Self-pois'd aloft on weary pinions soar. 230

The strain to her I turn[9], whose gentle heart
Was pierc'd by jealousy's envenom'd dart;
Whom late I left, when in succeeding joust
Three kings, by turns, she humbled in the dust.
At night a castle, on the way, reliev'd
Her wandering course, where tidings she receiv'd

[8] Trogus Ausonius, and Marcellus, as likewise Petrarch, affirm that Dido, whose proper name was Eliza, killed herself that she might not become the wife of Iarbas, king of Mauritania, to which union she was strongly pressed by her subjects. An old Greek epigram is extant, in which she is made to complain of the Muses for inciting Virgil to write against her chastity. It is a certain fact that she lived long before Æneas is said to have left Troy, which Petrarch sets forth in his Triumph of Chastity. Forcacchi:

E veggio Dido
Ch'amor più del suo sposo a morte spinse,
Non quel d'Enea, com' è publico grido.

Dido, who loyal to her consort fell,
Not for Æneas' love, as lying legends tell.

Mr. Hayley, in his instructive and entertaining notes to his poem on epic poetry, speaking of her story given by the Spanish poet Ercilla, says, "I must observe, that many bards of his country have considered it as a point of honour to defend the reputation of this injured lady, and to attack Virgil, with a kind of poetical Quixotism, for having slandered the chastity of so spotless a heroine." He afterwards gives us the words of Ercilla at the conclusion of his account of Dido. "This is the true and genuine story of the famous defamed Dido, whose most honoured memory has been belied by the inconsiderate Virgil, to embellish his poetical fictions." Notes to the Third Epistle.

[9] He resumes the narrative of Astolpho, Book xxxviii. ver. 190.

That Agramant with all his numerous bands
In camp was routed by her brother's hands:
That Arli's walls he sought, and well she knew
That there Rogero with his king withdrew. 240
Soon as the first gray light in Heaven appear'd,
To rich Provence the dame her journey steer'd;
For thither (spread the fame) his conquering crew
King Charles had led the vanquish'd to pursue.

Now near the camp a lonely fair she met;
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with tears were wet:
Noble her mien—lo! this was she who won
The manly heart of Monodantes' son;
Who from the bridge beheld her lover's fall,
And left him Rodomont's unhappy thrall: 250
A knight she sought whose dauntless soul could brave
The narrow pass above, below the rapid wave.

Soon as Rogero's valiant maid distress'd
Beheld a dame no less by grief oppress'd,
With courteous greeting she besought to know
What secret cause had wrought the stranger's woe.
Her Flordelis beheld, and at the sight
Believ'd in her she found the wish'd-for knight;
And now describ'd the dangerous bridge and flood
Where Algiers' king against all strangers stood:
How from his seat her hapless lord he threw; 261
Not that th' insulting Pagan better knew
The use of arms, but that with craft apply'd,
He to his 'vantage us'd the bridge and tide.

"If thou, O warrior!" said the weeping fair,
"Art brave and courteous as thy looks declare,
For Heaven's dear sake on him thy valour turn,
Through whom I thus my lord, my champion mourn,
Or teach me in what near or distant land
To meet with one yon Pagan to withstand; 270
A knight whose courage can my foe assail,
That little shall his bridge and stream avail.
Not only shalt thou act as suits the right
Of chivalry and fits a wandering knight;
But more—thy valour shall the cause maintain
Of one, the truest of Love's faithful train.
How shall I all his other virtues tell,
Such numerous virtues that his sex excel?
Who own not these, must breasts unfeeling prove
Which neither faith can touch, nor worth can move."

The generous maid, whose mind so little weighs
Whate'er may lead to fame and martial praise,
Heart-broken with her grief, in anguish dares
Danger and death, and for th' attempt prepares.
She thinks no fortune to her arms can give
Her dear Rogero back, and loaths to live.

"Fair love-lorn stranger," Bradamant replies,
"Such as I am, this arm thy foe defies.
Thou speak'st thy lover loyal to his vows,
When truth to few so high a praise allows; 290
Till now I deem'd, who dar'd in man to trust
Would find in love all perjur'd and unjust."

Thus she; and as the latter words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.
"Lead on"—he cried; and with th' ensuing day
They view'd the fatal stream and dangerous way;
There soon discover'd by the watch, who stood
To warn his lord what strangers reach'd the flood.
The horn is blown; the Pagan, arm'd with speed,
Stands on the shore oppos'd with spear and steed:
He guards the pass, and when the dame he spies,
Denounces instant death with threatening cries,
Unless she yields, t' avert her threaten'd doom,
Her horse and armour offer'd at the tomb.

But Bradamant, before instructed well,
Who heard fair Flordelis th' adventure tell,
How by his fury Isabella died,
Thus to the haughty Saracen reply'd:
"Why, wretch! should those who ne'er partook thy guilt
Be punish'd for the blood thy rage has spilt? 310
By thee she fell—thy life should here atone
That impious deed through every region known.
Thy life were here a better victim paid
In just oblation to her virgin shade:
More grateful far than all the trophies won
From luckless knights that on this bridge have run:
Her ghost would prize the vengeance best, that came
From one who bears, like her, a woman's name:
A woman see—but ere in joust we meet,
On equal terms together let us treat:— 320
Shouldst thou in fight prevail, my fate with those
Already taken at thy will dispose.
But (as I deem) on me should conquest light,
Thy horse, thy armour, shall be mine of right:
My hand shall yonder arms and mail displace,
And, in their stead, shall thine the marble grace:
Thy prisoners shall be mine."—"'Tis just," reply'd
Stern Rodomont, "nor is thy claim deny'd.
But shouldst thou win, I shall not yet restore
The knights, my captives late in yonder tower,
Since these are sent to Afric's distant shore. 331
But here I swear, shouldst thou thy seat retain
By some strange chance, and I unhors'd remain,
Each captive shall be freed, by our command
Dispatch'd in message swift to Afric's land.
But shouldst thou fall when we in fight contend,
(As surely thus the contest soon must end,)
Thou shalt not leave thy arms, nor shall thy name
Grav'd on the marble thy defeat proclaim:
To that fair face, bright locks, and sparkling eyes
Already vanquish'd I resign my prize. 341
Thine be the day—so mayst thou but remove
Each angry thought, and change thy hate to love:
Such is my strength, my courage, known to all,
Thou need'st not deem it shame by me to fall."
The virgin smil'd, but sternly smiling show'd
A generous wrath that in her features glow'd,
Nor to the Pagan aught reply'd again,
But turning to the bridge her courser's rein,
Urg'd all his speed, while in her hand she bore 350
The lance of gold to charge the furious Moor.
Fierce Rodomont prepar'd the joust to meet,
Rapid he came: beneath their coursers' feet
The tough bridge shook, while many an ear around
At distance trembled with the deafening sound.
The golden lance its wonted virtue held,
And he, whose arm so oft his foes had quell'd,
Prone on the bridge was tumbled from his seat,
His head laid low, high rais'd his quivering feet.
Scarce could the virgin, as the warrior lay, 360
Speed o'er the narrow pass her courser's way:
Great was her risk; a step but swerv'd aside
Had plung'd her headlong in the subject tide.
But Rabican so light, so steady came,
(That wondrous courser bred of air and flame)
Along th' extremest verge he sped so fast,
That on a sword's sharp edge his feet had safely past.
Then to the Pagan king, supinely spread,
She turn'd, and thus in sportive humour said:
"Behold who now has lost—see whither tends 370
Thy empty boast, and how the contest ends!"
Foil'd by a woman's hand, without reply,
Depriv'd of sense the Pagan seem'd to lie,
Till slowly rising, with dejected look
A few short steps with silent gaze he took,
Then sudden from his limbs the armour drew,
And fill'd with rage against the marble threw:
Alone, on foot, he hasten'd from the place
(The scene detested of his foul disgrace);
But ere he went, he gave a squire in charge 380
(As late he vow'd) to set the knights at large
To Afric sent: no more of him we tell,
Save that departing thence he turn'd to dwell
From living haunts[10] in some sequester'd cell.
Meantime against the monumental stone,
The Pagan's mail, by law of arms her own,
Aloft the virgin hung, but thence remov'd
Each Christian's armour that the joust had prov'd,
(Known by their names inscrib'd) that left the train
Of Charles's court; the rest she let remain, 390
Her trophies plac'd to adorn the virgin-fane.
Beside the arms of Monodantes' son,
With Sansonetto's, Olivero's shone;
Who, while Aglante's noble prince they sought,
Their path pursuing, to the bridge were brought,
And, here made captive by the Pagan's hand,
In hapless exile sent to Afric's land:
Their arms, which now the lofty structure bore,
The dame remov'd and plac'd within the tower.
All other harness won, the conquer'd spoil 400
From Pagan knights, she left to deck the pile.
There hung the monarch's arms who sought in vain,
With length of peril, Frontalet to gain;
Those arms, which late Circassia's monarch wore[11],
Who wandering many a plain and mountain o'er,
By evil chance to lose his steed arriv'd,
And travell'd thence of horse and arms depriv'd.
Thus every warrior of the Pagan crew
Dismiss'd, with freedom from the pass withdrew:
But shame forbade Circassia's king's return, 410
To risk amid the camp opprobrious scorn,
For honour sully'd, arms and courser lost,
Disgrace ill-suited to his frequent boast,
And now desire rekindled in his breast
To seek the damsel, who his soul possess'd,
Who (fame had told) her native country sought:
Hence, as the power of fond affection wrought,
While he pursues with speed the flying fair,
To Amon's daughter[12] let the Muse repair.
Each Christian name eras'd, the martial maid
In words new graven on the tomb display'd 421
To every passing eye her glorious deed,
The knight dismounted and the passage freed;
Then turn'd to Flordelis, whose heart was fill'd
With tender grief, whose eyes big tears distill'd,
And ask'd her purpos'd way: the dame replies:
"To Arli, where the Pagan army lies:
Companions there I seek, there hope to find
A bark for Afric with a favouring wind:

[10] Rodomont appears no more till Book xlvi. ver. 794.

[11] The last time we heard of Sacripant was in Book xxvii. ver. 837, where he was said to pursue Rodomont, in order to recover from him his horse Frontaletto (or Frontino), and where the poet mentioned his being afterwards made prisoner by Rodomont.

[12] We hear no more of Sacripant in the course of the poem.

Ne'er will I rest till to these arms restor'd,
These eyes behold my husband and my lord:
Nor shall he long in cruel prison live,
Though treacherous Rodomont should falsely give
His promise to deceive thyself and me:
All shall be tried to set my consort free."
"Behold me ready," said the martial fair,
"With thee each peril of the way to share
Till Arli we behold, where, for my sake,
Within her walls thy entrance shalt thou make;
There seek Rogero, fam'd through every land,
Lov'd of his king o'er all the martial band:
Thy gift on him this courser must bestow,
From which I late o'erthrew our haughty foe:
Then shalt thou say—'The knight from whom I came
Dares to the world thy breach of faith proclaim;
To thee this steed he sends, and bids thee brace
Thy arms, his force on yonder plain to face.'
Here end thy speech; but should he further try
To learn my name, be this thy sole reply:
'Unknown to me the knight whose words I bear.'"
Thus she, and thus return'd the grateful fair:
"What danger, generous warrior! for thy sake
Shall I decline, what toil refuse to take?
My life is thine—Not less than life she owes
To thee, who could for her thy own expose—"
Good Bradamant returns in courteous strain,
And to her hand commits Frontino's rein.
Along the margin of the winding flood
These beauteous dames their eager way pursu'd,
Till Arli they beheld, and heard the roar
Of billows breaking on the neighbouring shore.
Here Bradamant her courser check'd, to wait
Herself at distance from the city's gate,
Till Flordelis to Arli should repair,
And to the noble youth his courser bear.
The barrier now attain'd, the gentle dame
The draw-bridge pass'd and to the portal came:
The knight she found, perform'd her task enjoin'd,
And good Frontino to his hand consign'd.
Her message done, no longer would she stay,
But to the port pursu'd[12] her eager way.
Perplex'd Rogero stood, his mind confus'd,
On this, on that, in vain alternate mus'd:
What knight could such mysterious challenge send,
With gifts to court him, and with arms offend?
He knows not who the combat thus may claim,
Or dare for wrong sustain'd attaint his name:
Yet no suspicion ere could raise a thought
That Bradamant such charge against him brought.
Sometimes he deem'd of all the warrior crew
The knight was Rodomont, nor yet he knew
What cause on him the Saracen's anger drew.
Yet, him except, through all the world remain'd
No single chief with whom he strife maintain'd.
Meanwhile Dodona's dame, in generous scorn,
To claim the combat blows her sounding horn.
Now Agramant, and now Marsilius heard
That near the walls some champion strange appear'd.
With these, as chance befel, a gallant knight,
Call'd Serpentino, stood, who for the fight
Requested leave to arm, and vow'd to bring
That bold unknown in bonds before the king.
Soon spreading rumour to the ramparts drew
Each sex and every age the field to view:
Not feeble years, nor childhood stay'd, but all
Alike impatient throng'd to line the wall.
With radiant arms and rich-embroider'd vest,
King Serpentino of the star address'd
His dauntless courser, and entering on the joust,
The first encounter stretch'd him in the dust.
The courteous dame pursu'd, and by the reins
Secur'd his steed that startled fled the plains;
Him to the Saracen her hand restor'd:
"Resume thy seat," she cried, "and bid thy lord
Select another warrior from his band
Who better may in arms my force withstand."
The king of Affric saw with wide survey,
Amidst his train, the fortune of the day:
"Behold," th' usurpator'd prince exclaim'd aloud,
In accents heard by all the Pagan crow'd,
"Yon gallant chief a victor's right forgo,
And from the plain dismiss his vanquish'd foe!"
He said; when Serpentino present stands,
And, in her name, a braver knight demands.
Grandonio of Valterna next appears,
No lord of Spain his crest so proudly rears;
With leave obtain'd the second course to try,
He issues forth the stranger to defy.
Then he—"Thy courtesy avails thee nought,
When thou in bonds before our sovereign brought
Shalt wait his nod, or by my weapon slain
Here stretch thy length on this contested plain."
"Think not my soul," the noble maid replied,
"Shall quit her purpose for the threats of pride:
I warn thee to retire, ere prostrate here
Thy batter'd limbs confess my stronger spear.
Return, return—and to thy king declare,
'T is not for such as thee these arms I bear:
But hither am I come to meet in fight
Some warrior that deserves a warrior's might."
These bitter words, in taunting vein address'd,
With burning wrath inflam'd the Pagan's breast:
He nought replied, but reining round his steed
Against the virgin urg'd his fiery speed;
Prepar'd to joust, her golden lance she held,
And Rabican to meet his rage impell'd;
When scarce the fatal spear had touch'd his shield,
With spurning heels aloft he press'd the field.
The noble championess his courser stay'd:
"Confess that justly I foretold," she said,
"Thy tongue might better for my message bear,
Than in the list thy arm my weapon dare.
Go then—and in my name thy king entreat
To choose a knight that may my challenge meet
On better terms: nor let me toil in vain
With those that knightly fame so ill sustain."
The gazers from the walls, who wish'd to tell
What brave unknown had kept the seat so well,
Recall'd to mind each chief, that oft in field
Midst summer's heat their blood with fear congeal'd.
To Bradamant some gave the champion's claim,
But to Rinaldo more ascrib'd his fame:
Orlando most had deem'd, but well they knew
His state, that tears from every hearer drew.
The third in turn, Lanfusa's son[13], applied
To run the course; "with little hope," he cried,
"To win the palm, but, failing, that his shame
Might with his friends unhonor'd partake: he b'ame."
And furnish'd now with all that warriors need
In lifted fight, he mounts a fiery steed,

[12] *He returns to Flordelis, Book xxxix. ver. 299.*

[13] Ferrau.

Led from a thousand which his stalls contain,
For swiftness priz'd and steady to the rein.
He issues forth, but ere in joust he meets,
The virgin him, and he the virgin greets:
Then she—"If this thou seek'st not to conceal,
To me in courtesy thy name reveal."
To her request Ferrau in full replied,
Who seldom sought himself or deeds to hide;
"Thy proffer'd joust I take," rejoin'd the dame,
"Though here to prove another knight I came."
"What knight?" return'd Ferrau—to whom the maid
"Rogero" cried—and scarce the word she said,
When o'er her face the mantling colour flew
And dyed her lovely cheeks to crimson hue.
She thus mus'd—"That warrior's fame in arms
My beating breast with emulation warms:
Eager I burn with him in field to wage
The single fight and face to face engage."
Simply she spoke[18], what some malicious mind
May turn far other than the maid design'd.
To her Ferrau—"Be first our conflict tried,
The prize of strength between us first decide:
Then, should I fall, as fell my peers before;
To heal the chance of this disastrous hour,
That gentle knight shall enter next the course,
With whom thou long'st at tilt to prove thy force."
As thus they parleying stood, her helm unclos'd
Her visage to the wondering gaze expos'd;
And while Ferrau those angel features view'd,
His heart confess'd him more than half subdu'd.
Then to himself—"A form I sure behold
From Paradise, not bred of mortal mould;
And should I fall in joust the lance to meet,
Those conquering eyes have wrought my sure defeat."
Each measur'd now the ground; when, like the rest,
Ferrau o'erthrown the earth indignant press'd.
For him his courser Bradamant detain'd:
"Return," she cried, "and be my wish explain'd
"To yonder knight." Ferrau abash'd withdrew,
And sought Rogero 'midst the courtly crew;
Before king Agramant the message told,
That him to joust defy'd the champion bold.
Rogero, while as yet he little thought
What unknown knight with him the combat sought,
As sure of conquest, with a fearless air
Bade all his armour for the field prepare;
Still glow'd his courage, though so late he view'd
Three warriors by a single spear subdu'd.
But how he arm'd, how issu'd to the fight,
And what ensu'd, hereafter I recite.

BOOK XXXVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

While Rogero is preparing to leave the walls of Arli to answer the challenge of Bradamant, Marphisa meets her, and is unhorsed. Distress of Rogero. Skirmish between the Christian and Pagan forces. Rogero entreats a parley with Bradamant, and both the lovers retire from the field of battle into a grove. Marphisa, impatient to revenge her fall on Bradamant, pursues them. Battle between Bradamant and Marphisa.—Rogero attempts to part them, and is attacked by Marphisa. Their combat is broken off by a supernatural event, followed by an unexpected discovery.

A NOBLE heart by noble deeds is known[1],
Sway'd by no change, no dictates but its own;
In every lore of courtesy refin'd,
Where habit stamps what virtue had enjoin'd.
Not less the heart, which vice polluting stains,
At every turn its wretched bent maintains,
Where nature warp'd an evil habit takes,
And favour'd be such habit who forsakes.
Too times of old supply'd a martial race,
Not less indu'd with every gentle grace:
Few boasts the modern page; since there we find
Each outrage that debases human kind.
As when, Hippolito, thy arm divine[2]
With conquer'd ensigns deck'd each hallow'd shrine,
That arm, which from the port their galleys bore
With spoils encumber'd to thy native shore:
O! then what dreadful scenes of carnage spread,
As where to deeds of savage fury bred,
Moors, Turks, and Tartars round them heap the dead!
Yet think not Venice could partake the guilt
Of hireling hands, and blood unjustly spilt.
I speak not here of flames, whose torments pour'd
From street to street, whole sumptuous piles devour'd:
Though such a savage vengeance must proclaim
The worst of insults to thy better fame:
For when proud Padua's turrets[3] shook with fear,
And, join'd with Cæsar, flam'd thy dreadful spear,

[18] An instance, amongst many others, of those ludicrous turns interspersed through the poem, for which Lavezuola, the Italian critic, in his comment on this place, in general condemns the author.

[1] Spenser, the great admirer and imitator of our author, borrows this sentiment in his Fairy Queen:

True is, that whilom that good poet said,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known:
For man by nothing is so well bewray'd
As by his manners; in which plain is shown
Of what degree and what race he is grown.
Book vi. c. iii. st. 1.

Again,

Like as a gentle heart itself bewrays
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight.
Book vi. c. vii. st. 1.

[2] In the notes on the iiid Book an account was given of this victory gained over the Venetians in the Po, in which cardinal Hippolito took seventy ensigns from the enemy, which he afterwards caused to be fixed up in the great church of Ferrara. Peracchi.

[3] Andrea Gritti, after he was doge, recovered Padua from the hands of the emperor Maximilian; who, disturbed at the loss of so important a place, came from Germany with an army to retake it; and arriving in Italy, he was joined by the Franks, Spaniards, and the forces of the pope, so that when he encamped at Padua he found himself at the head of a vast army: among others who came to his assistance was cardinal Hippolito de Este, who seeing the wanton cruelty of the imperialists, with difficulty restrained them from committing many acts of violence, and particularly prevented the destruction of many neighbouring towns, and of the edifices at Padua. Peracchi.

Thy voice humane forbade the fires to rise,
And stopp'd the blaze when bursting to the skies,
While towns and cities by thy pity spar'd,
Thy inborn worth to either host declar'd.
Yet these, nor all their savage fury wrought,
Deeds never harbour'd in the courteous thought,
So touch'd my breast as one heart-rending woe,
Which rocks might weep, could rocks compassion know;
When you, great prince[4], your noble offspring sent
To where the foes, in guarded fortress pent,
Fled from their ships, and where in dread they lay
To wait th' event of that ill-omen'd day,
As dauntless Hector and Æneas strode
To burn the Grecian ships that heav'd the flood:
Like Hercules and Alexander go
The friendly pair, their hearts too boldly glow,
They leap the trench, and rush amidst the foe.
Too far advanc'd, the second scarce regain'd
His social band; the foe the first detain'd.
Feruffin 'scap'd, behind Cantelmo stay'd—
O Sora's duke! what pangs must then invade
Thy wretched breast, when from thy generous son
His helm unlac'd, a thousand swords in one,
Thou to the vessel saw'st thy darling led,
And sever'd from the trunk his beauteous head?
Why, when the cruel edge his blood could spill,
Did not such sight the wretched father kill?
Say, curs'd Sclavonian, from what savage lands
Brought'st thou the trade of war? Did Scythia's hands
E'er shed a captive's blood, who freely gave
His yielded arms his forfeit life to save?
Was this thy plea to murder him who shone
His country's brave support? O powerful Sun!
Withdraw thy beams from this remorseless age,
Where all like Atreus, like Thyestes rage.
Thy savage soul, barbarian! could destroy
The soldier's early hope, the nation's joy!
Whose fame no chief from pole to pole outshines,
From Indian shores to where the day declines.
Not those who make the flesh of man their food,
Not cyclops Polypheme's inhuman brood,
But touch'd with pity had that grace confess'd,
That grace and youth to melt an iron breast:
Thou, only thou, couldst harm that angel face,
Than Lestrygons more fell, or Cyclops' hideous race.
Not such example ancient times can show,
Each vanquish'd chief then met a generous foe;
Each warrior then was train'd in courteous love,
The battle ended, slaughter rag'd no more.
Unconquer'd Bradamant, who smote the shield
Of each brave knight, and stretch'd them on the field,
From her fall'n foe withheld her bloody sword,
And every courser to his lord restor'd.
This warlike virgin (as we sung before)
To earth the gallant Serpentino bore,
Knight of the star; next by her noble hand
Grandonio of Voltorna press'd the land;
And last Ferrau: then rising from his fall,
Each rein'd his steed, and turn'd to Arli's wall:
The third her challenge bore, and call'd the knight
Rogero once believ'd, to mortal fight;
As midst the peers he stood, where all deceiv'd
By outward deeds, the maid a knight believ'd.
Rogero, who the bold defiance hears,
Demands his arms, while in his look appears
A noble warmth: in sight of Afric's lord,
While thus he arms, the chiefs, with one accord,
Again inquir'd what warrior could so well
With rested spear in single fight excel;
And ask'd Ferrau, who with him lately drew
To near discourse, if he the stranger knew.
"Securely rest," Lanfusa's son rejoin'd,
"No tongue has yet this pride of Mars divin'd.
To me he seem'd, as first his face I view'd,
Amon's young hope; but when the joust ensu'd,
And show'd his prowess in the manly course,
Not such I know was Richardetto's force:
His sister hence you knight unknown I deem,
Whose semblant features Richardetto seem.
Brave as Rinaldo lives her fair report,
Brave as each Paladin of Gallia's court:
But sure, by this day's proof, her arm in fight
Transcends her brethren's and her kinsmen's might."
When this Rogero heard: the deepening red
Of morning blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread;
A sudden tremour seiz'd his beating heart,
Swift through his vitals flew the amorous dart:
He glows—he burns—and now as fear assails,
Through all his bones an icy cold prevails:
He dreads some new-born anger has suppress'd
The love that once her gentle soul possess'd;
Divided thoughts by turns his bosom sway,
He doubts to go, nor yet resolves to stay.
Meantime Marphisa, breathing martial fires,
There present stands, and to the joust aspires;
All clad in steel; for seldom day or night
She stood without her mail and corslet bright.
She sees Rogero arm, and fears to yield
To him the foremost honours of the field;
Should first the warrior issue to the plain,
And with preventive speed the palm obtain.
Her steed she takes, and vaulting in the seat,
Impatient spurs th' expecting fair to meet,
Who waits with beating heart Rogero's sight,
In hopes to hold in bonds her faithless knight;
While oft she ponders where the lance to bend,
That least in combat might the youth offend.
Now from the portal fierce Marphisa press'd,
The phœnix[5] towering on her radiant crest,
To prove that she, above each martial name,
Shone the sole phœnix in the field of fame;
Or boast her chaste design to lead a life
Estrang'd from love and all the joys of wife.
On her brave Amon's daughter bent her view;
But when no semblance of her knight she knew,
Her name she sought; her name disclos'd the maid
With whom Rogero had his faith betray'd;
Or rather her, whom, by report deceiv'd,
She now the partner of his heart believ'd:
Her whom she loath'd, on whom she burn'd to prove
The vengeance due to wrongs of slighted love.

[4] In this war, amongst many gallant warriors with the cardinal were Hercules Cantelmo, son of the duke of Sora, and Alexander Feruffino: these two rashly attacking the enemy, Hercules was made prisoner, and condemned by the Venetians to lose his head, as one who, being in their service, had attached himself to the Ferrarese: the sentence passed on him was executed in the presence of his father. Feruffino, seeing Cantelmo taken, made his escape with difficulty to his own people.
Eugenico.

[5] In Boyardo the crest of Marphisa is a dragon.

Her steed she turn'd, again with fury wheel'd,
Nor sought to hurl Marphisa on the field,
But through her breast to drive the thrilling spear,
And free her own from every jealous fear.
Compell'd, Marphisa from her seat was thrown,
To try if flinty rock or yielding down
Receiv'd her fall; at such a chance unthought,
What rage her fiery soul to madness wrought!
Scarce rising from the ground, her sword she drew,
And for revenge against her victor flew;
When Amon's daughter with indignant pride—
"Thus art my prisoner! yield thy arms," she cried;
"Think not on thee, Marphisa, I 'll bestow
The grace I lately show'd each vanquish'd foe:
On thee, whose deeds thy vicious soul proclaim,
Reproach and scandal to the female name!"
At this Marphisa foam'd, as mid the waves
Around some rock the wind indignant raves:
She strives to speak; but rage her voice confounds,
And her lips mutter undistinguish'd sounds.
She whirls her sword; and while she aims to strike,
On steed and rider aims her strokes alike.
But Bradamant her courser by the rein
Swift wheeling round, with wrath and fell disdain
Again her spear impell'd—her spear anew
Marphisa backward on the sand o'erthrew.
Once more from earth arose the wrathful maid,
Once more for vengeance grasp'd her beamy blade,
Again her weapon Bradamant extends,
Again Marphisa to the ground she sends.
Yet deem not, though her fame so high was held,
Her strength so far Marphisa's strength excell'd,
That every stroke had thus the maid o'erthrown,
But that the lance retain'd a spell unknown.
Meantime some warriors from our army, near
Encamp'd to where with brandish'd sword and spear
These heroines rag'd, beheld with wondering sight
Th' exalted prowess of their country knight:
Nor other, by his mien and arms they knew,
But for some warrior of the Christian crew.
When now Troyano's generous son survey'd
The Christians bending tow'rds th' extended shade
Of Arli's walls; still cautious to provide
For every ill or chance that might betide;
Without the gates he bids a squadron go,
And arm'd attend the motions of the foe.
With these Rogero came, who late prepar'd
To meet the tilt which first Marphisa dar'd.
Th' enamour'd youth beheld with earnest look
The virgins meet, his heart with terrour shook;
He shook with terrour for his soul's delight,
Since well he knew Marphisa's force in fight.
Such were his fears when first with lance oppos'd
Each dame on each with mutual fury clos'd;
But when the issue of the joust he view'd,
All motionless, in wonder rapt he stood.
Their wrath, as if the strife was then begun,
Rag'd on each side; nor here suffic'd to run
A single course, as when the virgin's hand
First stretch'd the three bold Pagans on the sand.
Rogero gaz'd, and gaz'd with anxious heart,
His doubts, his hopes engag'd on either part:
Both dear he held: this love's fierce passion fir'd;
And that mild friendship's gentler flame inspir'd.
Fain would he see the hated conflict cease,
But honour's laws forbade to enforce the peace:
Not so his comrades thought, who when they spy'd
The scale of conquest on the Christian side,
Resolv'd to part the fray; and sudden wheel'd
Their eager squadron to dispute the field:
The knights of Charles their nearer course oppose,
And soon in general fight the warriors close.
"To arms, to arms!" is heard on every hand,
Such cries as daily rous'd each martial band.
These mount their coursers; those their armour take,
The rattling trumpets to the battle wake
The trampling horse; while drums and timbrels join
To fire the foot, and form each deepening line.
Fierce and more fierce the skirmish'd troops engage
With mutual slaughter and with mutual rage.
Dordona's valiant dame[*], who hop'd in vain
To see Marphisa by her weapon slain,
With wrath beholds her eager vengeance erost
And from her hand her hated victim lost.
Now here, now there, with quick exploring eyes
She seeks Rogero, for whose sake she sighs;
And soon she knows him by his targe reveal'd,
The silver eagle on an azure field;
And now with every tender thought impress,
She marks his well-turn'd limbs, his manly breast,
Each grace, each action of the youthful knight,
On which she oft had gaz'd with fond delight.
But when her fears suggest these nameless charms
Decreed to bless a happy rival's arms,
Furious she cries—"Am I deny'd the bliss,
When other lips those balmy lips may kiss?
Ah! never sure another's shall thou prove,
And, scorning mine, return a rival's love!
Rather than singly by thy hate expire,
This hand, inhuman, shall thy life require;
If here I lose thee—death at least shall join
Our hearts once more, and make thee ever mine.
If by thy sword I fall, thou sure must go
A willing victim to the shades below:
For human laws and laws divine ordain,
Who slays another, shall himself be slain.
Nor canst thou murmur here, nor seek to fly
That fate thou justly meet'st, unjustly I;
I kill but him who seek's my life to take,
Thou, crush, her, who lives but for thy sake.
Rouse, coward hand, and with a righteous blow
Lay bare the bosom of thy treacherous foe,
Whose looks, in love's dissembling smiles array'd,
Have wounded oft to death a helpless maid!
Who now can bid my life's sad period close
Without one pang in pity to my woes!
Then from his impious breast with generous ire
Exact that death, thy thousand deaths require."
She said; and to her steed the spurs applied;
"Perjur'd Rogero! guard thy heart!" she cried,
"Think not unquestion'd victor hence to bear
The glorious trophies of a maid's despair!"
Soon as these accents reach Rogero's ears,
In these his consort's well-known voice he hears,
That voice so deeply on his mind impress,
That tongue amidst a thousand tongues confess.
He thinks her words conceal'd reproach imply
For some imputed crime of deeper dye
Than late his promise fail'd; and hence his hand
He wav'd a friendly audience to demand,
And plead his cause—but she with beaver clos'd,
Her spear already in the rest dispos'd,
And threatening rush'd to hurl him from his seat
Where no soft turf perchance his limbs might greet.
When now he saw the furious virgin near,
Collected in his arms, his ponderous spear

[*] Bradamant.

He plac'd in rest, but rais'd the point in air
Through doubt to wound the lov'd but cruel fair.
The dame, who with unpitying rage inflam'd
Against the knight her fiercest vengeance aim'd,
Now feels some sudden power her wrath disarm,
Nor dares unhorse him, nor the warrior harm.
Thus guiltless of a stroke the weapons prove,
Both turn'd aside: not so the lance of Love:
This in the joust he drove with matchless art,
And fix'd the amorous point in either's heart.
The dame on others from Rogero turn'd
The rage that in her jealous bosom burn'd,
And midst the tumult of the mingled fight,
Such deeds perform'd as ne'er shall set in night.
Soon with her golden lance to earth she threw
Three hundred warriors of the Moorish crew;
Her single arm that day the ranks defac'd,
Her force that day the flying Pagans chas'd.
Now here, now there, Rogero cours'd the plain,
And oft he sought to accost the fair in vain,
At length they met?—"And O! I die," he cried,
"Yet hear—nor be my sole request denied:
Grant me to speak—alas! what crime is mine?
Why dost thou thus my speech, my sight decline?"
As, when the balmy southern wind prevails,
And o'er the ocean sweeps with tepid gales,
Long-frozen streams dissolve, and mingling flow
With rocks of ice and hills of crusted snow;
So when Rinaldo's valiant sister hears
These few short words, and sees her lover's tears,
Her melting heart relents, and seems no more
That heart which wrath to marble chang'd before.
The virgin to Rogero nought replied,
But gor'd with iron heel her courser's side;
And swiftly turning from the warring band,
She made a signal with her beck'ning hand.
Far from the throng she reach'd a vale where stood
Amidst a verdant plain a cypress wood;
Whose sable boughs extended o'er the glade
The solemn honours of coeval shade.
In this sequester'd place, this awful gloom,
Of purest marble rose a stately tomb;
Where to th' inquiring eye was seen disclos'd
In sculptur'd verse what body there repos'd:
But Bradamant, arriv'd, with heedless gaze
Alike the sculpture and the stone surveys.
Rogero spurr'd his steed, and swiftly came
In this retreat to join his virgin-dame.
To brave Marphisa let us turn the strain,
Who now recovering prest her steed again,
And sought the warlike maid, whose potent thrust
Full thrice her length extended on the dust:
Whom parting from the fight afar she view'd,
And saw Rogero, who her course pursu'd;
Nor deem'd that love impell'd the youthful knight,
But eager warmth to end th' unfinish'd fight.
With sharpen'd spur her fiery steed she drove,
And join'd the lovers, as they reach'd the grove:
How grateful to the pair her sight must prove,
Those best may tell whom equal passions move.
But Bradamant was fir'd with rage to view
A rival, whence in thought her woes she drew;
What from her soul this firm belief can shake,
She thither came for her Rogero's sake?

"O false Rogero!" once again she cries,
"Perfidious man! and could it not suffice,
Fame speaks thee base; but thou in fell despite
Must bring you hated gorgon to my sight!
I see thy wish, to drive me from thy soul,
Nor will I more thy cruel wish controul:
Farewell to light!—but, ere I yield my breath,
She first shall die, by whom I meet my death."
Furious she spake; and on Marphisa prest,
With more than viper's venom in her breast.
Soon as her spear had touch'd the rival-shield,
Back fell Marphisa helpless on the field;
Even while aware, 't oppose the stroke she tries,
With heels retorted to the radiant skies,
And helm half sunk in earth the haughty virgin lies.
But Amon's daughter, who, in frantic mood,
Resolv'd to die, or shed Marphisa's blood,
No more with spear the conflict would renew,
But from her hand th' enchanted weapon threw,
And leaping from her steed her falchion drew.
Furious she rush'd to lop with trenchant blade
Her head, half-buried, from the struggling maid:
But ere she came, Marphisa on the plain
Recover'd stood to wage the fight again,
Enrag'd to find once more in equal joust
Her former glories humbled to the dust:
With grief Rogero views the growing fight;
In vain with earnest prayers the gentle knight
Would calm their souls; all peace the dames refuse,
While each alike her mad revenge pursues.
Now, at half sword, these female warriors close,
Near and more near they press, each bosom glows
With tenfold pride; and now together join'd
Each round her foe a powerful arm has twin'd:
They let their falchions useless fall to ground,
And with their daggers aim a fatal wound.
To both by turns Rogero bends his prayer,
But all his words are lost in empty air.
Entreaties vain, and every milder art,
The youth resolves by force their strife to part:
He wrests the dagger from each struggling maid,
And hurls the weapon in the cypress shade.
Their hands disarm'd, he steps between their rage,
With threats to move them, or with prayers assuage;
In vain—his prayers and threats alike prevail,
Still burns their wrath; and when their weapons fail,
They gripe, they squeeze, they strike with spurning heel[8],
And with their gauntlets clench'd the tempest deal:
Oft by her hand or arm the gentle knight
Each virgin draws to interrupt the fight;
Till stern Marphisa could no more controul
The fury kindling in her haughty soul,
That haughty soul which all the world despis'd,
As little now Rogero's friendship priz'd;
But leaving Bradamant, her sword she shook,
Rush'd on Rogero, and indignant spoke.
"O insolent of mind, discourteous knight,
Uncall'd to mingle in another's fight!

[7] Tasso has a similar passage, when he describes the casual meeting of Tancred and Clorinda in the IIId Book, when in like manner he makes Tancred solicit a parley with Clorinda.

[8] Perhaps it may be thought by some, that the poet in this passage, as in some others, has rather done violence to his female characters: it must perhaps be acknowledged that the idea is not pleasing; but, after all, human nature is the same in every rank of life, and there are situations when extreme passion levels all distinction; which truth the reader must often have learnt from that great master of human manners, Shakspeare.

But know this hand thy folly shall chastise,
This hand whose single weapon both defies!"
Thus she: with balm of soothing words address
Rogero still would touch Marphisa's breast:
But such her rage, no soothing can controul
The stubborn purpose of her fiery soul:
At length, his cheek with kindling anger dyed,
The knight unsheaths the falchion from his side.
Not Rome or Athens, once with riches crown'd,
Nor wealthier city, through the world renown'd,
Could on the gazer such delight bestow
With dazzling splendours of some public show,
As now, to jealous Ircalamant, the sight
Of deadly strife between the dame and knight;
A sight that to her grief sure medicine prov'd,
And every pang of cruel doubt remov'd.
She snatch'd her sword, that on the herbage lay,
And stood a glad spectatress of the fray:
Rogero in his force, his martial air,
And matchless skill she deem'd the god of war:
But while like Mars he seem'd, with vengeance fell
Marphisa look'd a fiend from deepest Hell:
For still the generous warrior would restrain
His wonted nerve, nor give his wrath the rein.
Too well the virtue of his blade he knew,
That oft, in battle prov'd, such numbers slew;
That cut its bloody way through toughest arms,
Through temper'd steel, or steel secur'd with charms,
And hence his wary hand declin'd alike
With thrilling point to thrust, with edge to strike.
At length the virgin aim'd a dreadful blow,
That rous'd the vengeance of her gentle foe:
To cleave his head the thundering steel she drove.
Against the weapon, hissing from above,
Rogero rais'd his eagle-painted shield,
And stay'd the fury on its azure field:
His eagle held secure by magic charm.
But the dire blow benumb'd the warrior's arm,
And had not Hector's mail the falchion stay'd,
Through shield and mail had driven the trenchant blade;
Thence on his head had fall'n with swift descent,
Nor miss'd the mark the raging virgin meant.
Rogero scarce can lift his arm with pain,
And scarce his eagle's ponderous orb sustain.
All pity fled, his bosom glow'd with ire,
And either eye-ball flash'd vindictive fire!
Then at full force he whirl'd the pointed steel,
Ill chance had met her, such dire stroke to feel.
Some guardian power was near to save the maid,
And in a cypress trunk the erring blade
Stood deep infix'd, where thickly planted stood
Of mournful trees the venerable wood.
Sudden a fearful earthquake rock'd the ground;
The meadow shook, the mountain trembled round:
When from the tomb[9] in central silence rear'd,
A sound, exceeding mortal sounds, was heard.
Then thus the voice of horrour—"O! forbear
This impious strife, this most unnatural war,
Where brother's hands a sister seek to kill,
Where sister's hands a brother's blood would spill.
O lov'd Rogero! luv'd Marphisa, hear!
For both are mine—O lend a heedful ear!

One womb conceiv'd you both, one happy birth
Produc'd you both, the future hosts of Earth.
Your sire, Rogero[10], second of the name,
Lov'd Galacella, who return'd his flame:
But him, alas! her cruel brothers gave
An early victim to th' untimely grave;
And mindless of the dear, the precious load
Your mother bore, unheeding kindred blood,
Her in a slender bark these fiends consign'd
To threatening death amid the seas and wind.
But Fortune, that decreed you, yet unborn,
With glorious deeds your country to adorn,
Your vessel to a realm unpeopled bore,
And safely landed on the Syrtes' shore.
Eas'd of her birth, to death your parent bends,
Her spotless soul to Paradise ascends.
Such was your fate, so will'd some favouring power,
Myself was present at the needful hour:
Then (as the place allow'd) this friendly hand
Inter'd your mother on the lowly strand:
Wrapt in my vest your tender limbs I laid,
And to Carena's towering height convey'd.
I caus'd a gentle lioness to come,
Her whelps deserting, from the woodland gloom;
Who twice ten months (her nature's rage subdu'd)
From savage teat supply'd your milky food.
But roving o'er the fields one fatal day,
As distant from my home I chanc'd to stray,
On you a band of Arab spoilers fell,
(Your memory may supply the tale I tell,)
Marphisa, thee they seized; with feet more light
By better chance Rogero 'scap'd by flight.
Return'd, your cruel loss I long deplore,
But guard my sole remaining hope the more.
Thou know'st, Rogero, well my ceaseless care,
While sad Atlantes breath'd this vital air.
I saw, from boding stars, thy life decreed
In Christian hands by treacherous guile to bleed;
For this I strove to keep thee thence afar
T' evade the influence of each threatening star:

[9] So Virgil, Æneid iii.

——genitus lachrymabilis imo
Auditur tumulo, et vox reddita fertur ad auras.

——from the tomb I hear
A hollow groan, that shock'd my trembling ear.
Pitt, ver. 50.

[10] For Boyardo's account of the birth of Rogero and Marphisa, see note to Book ii. ver. 217. Take this further account of Rogero of Risa and Galacella, the father and mother of Ariosto's hero.

When Almontes left the dominions of his father Agolant to revenge the death of king Garnieri on the Christians, he took with him his sister Galacella, a female warrior of great courage, but his brother Troyano remained behind with his father. Almontes and Galacella alternately fought with Rogero of Risa, without victory to any party. Galacella turned Christian, and married Rogero; but Beltram, elder natural brother to Rogero, having conceived a passion for his sister-in-law, but unable to corrupt her chastity, he in revenge betrayed the town of Risa to Almontes, who entering by night put all to the sword. Rogero and his father Rampallo were killed: but Almontes afterwards repenting of the part which he had acted, caused Beltram to be put to death. Galacella, then big with child, was put on board a vessel with eight attendants, whom she afterwards killed, and landing at a castle was delivered of two children and died.

Aspramonte, c. iv. vi. ix. & seq.

The latter part of this story is differently told by Boyardo and Ariosto, who relate that she was exposed alone in an open boat by her brothers, and cast on the coast of Africa.

But when thy ardour all my hopes oppos'd,
My wretched days with grief and sickness clos'd.
Yet ere I died, where my prophetic sight
Here with Marphisa long foretold thy fight,
I call'd the demons from Tartarean gloom
With marbles heap'd to raise this stately tomb;
And with loud cries to Charon thus I pray'd:
'Awhile forbear to claim my mournful shade!
Though freed from life, permit my ghost to stray
In this drear grove till that predestin'd day,
When my Rogero in this lone retreat
In single combat shall a sister meet.'
Impatient here I chid the lingering hour
That stay'd thy coming to this cypress bower:
O Bradamant, by our Rogero lov'd,
Henceforth be every jealous thought remov'd!—
But now, farewell! farewell to cheerful light,
I sink for ever in eternal night!"
  Here ceas'd the voice[11]; and ceasing left impress'd
Fear, wonder, love, in every hearer's breast.
The knight Marphisa for his sister knew:
She, in Rogero, with enraptur'd view
Her brother own'd; and both with pious haste
Advancing in each other's arms embrac'd: [mov'd,
While she, whose soul no more with doubts was
Shar'd in their meeting and their joy approv'd:
Now recollection, waking many a thought,
The time long past to their remembrance brought,
The sports in which their childish years they led,
Confirming all Atlantes' spirit said.
Rogero to his sister now reveal'd
What love his heart for Bradamant conceal'd;
And, with affection's warmest glow, display'd
The ties that bound him to the generous maid:
Meantime fell discord, hate a cruel guest,
Was banish'd far from either virgin's breast,
And both, to peace and amity dispos'd,
Their friendly arms around each other clos'd.
  Marphisa now impatient burns t' inquire
The state and birth of their illustrious sire;
By whom he fell, and how the chief was slain,
In single fight, or on th' embattled plain:
What impious hands their hapless mother gave
A guiltless victim to the greedy wave:
If e'er the tale had reach'd her infant ears,
The trace was scarce retain'd in lapse of years.
  Rogero then began: "From Ilium's coast,
Through Hector's mighty line our race we boast.
When young Astyanax had fled the hands
Of Grecian foes, and 'scap'd Ulysses' bands,
He left behind him in his native place
A youth of semblant stature, mien and face:
Long wandering o'er the spacious seas he gain'd
Sicilia's isle, and in Messina reign'd.
His progeny at length by Faro dwell'd,
And in Calabria's realms dominion held;
Till sons succeeding sons, th' illustrious town
Of Mars[11] they reach'd, where chiefs of high renown
Spring from their line, whom mighty Rome obey'd,
Who regal or imperial sceptres sway'd;
Whose blood to Constantine from Constans ran,
And thence to Charles imperial Pepin's son.
Midst these Rogero (first that bore the name)
Buovo, Gambaron, Rambaldo came:
Rogero last, the second, he who led,
As old Atlantes from yon marble said,
Our honour'd mother to the nuptial bed.
Your eye may clear in story'd annals trace
The glorious actions of our generous race."
  Rogero then declar'd, from Afric's shore
How Agolant his double offspring bore
Almontes and Troyano; how he brought
A daughter, who in arms so bravely fought,
That many a Paladin to earth she threw;
Till of their sire the fair enamour'd grew:
That for his sake her father she forsook,
And how, baptiz'd, his hand in marriage took.
He told the traitor Beltram's impious flame,
Who burnt incestuous for the beauteous dame:
Whom to possess all nature's ties he broke,
And basely yielded to a foreign yoke.
Sire, brethren, country—Elisa's town betray'd
To foes whose fury scenes of death display'd.
How Agolant and his dire sons combin'd,
(When billows dash'd, when howl'd the raging wind)
Unhappy Galaciella's death to doom,
She moons beholding then her growing womb:
And how her feeble skill without a guide
They launch'd at mercy of the roaring tide.
  While thus her brother his discourse pursu'd,
In mute attention rapt Marphisa stood,
With joy exulting from each spring to trace
The shining streams of her illustrious race:
Mongrana thence and Clarmont thence she knew
(The double progeny) their lineage drew;
Names that through Earth had pass'd unrival'd long,
Fame's darling chiefs, and themes of future song.
But when at length she heard the cruel brood
Of Agramant had shed Rogero's blood
By treacherous guile, and doom'd his blameless wife
On surgy tides to end her wretched life;
No more the sister could her wrath disguise,
But thus abrupt—"O brother lov'd!" she cries,
"Forgive me, if I gently must complain
That you, a son, could filial warmth restrain,
And unrevenged behold a father slain!
What though Almontes and Troyano, fled
From mortal state, are shelter'd with the dead,
Thy justice may the son of life deprive—
Thou liv'st—and yet shall Agramant survive?
What foul dishonour must thy courage blot,
Thy parents' wrongs neglected and forgot!
Not only from this king thy sword abstains,
But thee, his soldier, Afric's court retains:
By Christ, the God henceforth I will adore,
That God to whom my father bow'd before,
I swear this armour never to forsake,
Till for my parents' wrongs revenge I take!

[11] There is scarce a passage in this, or perhaps it may be allowed in any poem, more noble, poetical, and affecting, than this discovery of Rogero and Marphisa to each other: the several workings of rage, love, and jealousy, are inimitably painted, and the attention of the reader wonderfully suspended, till the whole mystery is unravelled by the sublime machine of the ghost of Atlantes, which may be truly called *dignus vindice nodus*. The sudden transition of scene from the hurry and tumult of a field of battle to a sequestered grove and sepulchre, and the terrible voice that issues from the vault, are circumstances of a strong imagination. Indeed the many natural, sublime, and beautifully wild strokes of this book would not have been unworthy of a Shakspeare himself!

[11] Rome.

Griev'd I behold, and ever shall behold,
Rogero's force with Agramant enroll'd,
Or mix'd with Moors, unless with sword in hand
To scatter slaughter through their hated band." 630
While from Marphisa's lips these accents flow'd,
The heart of Bradamant with rapture glow'd,
And oft she urg'd her lover to pursue
The path Marphisa pointed out to view,
And seeking Charles, assert his lineal claim
To honour's due; for long his father's fame
Had Charles confess'd, and deem'd no living knight
Eclips'd his valour in the field of fight.
To them Rogero courteous thus reply'd:
He long ere this had left the Pagan's side, 640
Had all been known, or known been duly weigh'd:
But since from Agramant the martial blade
Now grac'd his thigh, on him that sword to raise
With treason's guilt would stain his former praise;
To shed his blood whom for his lord he chose,
And pledg'd the faith of knight to guard him from his foes.
Yet, as engag'd to Bradamant he stood,
So to his martial sister now he vow'd
The first fair hour occasion gave to take,
The Moorish camp with honour to forsake. 650
This had he sought before, but left in fight
To death near wounded by the Tartar knight:
Long time he lay, which numbers could attest,
(As late the Muse has told) but o'er the rest
Marphisa knew, who every day beside
His languid couch her friendly cares supply'd.
He said; the word each noble virgin took,
And all by turns their pleased reasons spoke;
At length they fix'd Rogero should repair
To Agramant, whose standards fann'd the air 660
At Arli's town, and with his lord remain
Till he some just occasion might obtain [train.
To seek imperial Charles, and join the Christian
Marphisa then the enamour'd maid address'd:
"Permit his absence, nor alarm thy breast,
Few days shall see him to your sight restor'd,
Nor longer Agramant be call'd his lord."
Thus pleasing she; while yet her doubtful mind
Had scarce revolv'd the purpose she design'd.
Rogero bids adieu, and turns the rein 670
To seek his king encamp'd on Arli's plain.
When sudden from the neighbouring vales they hear
The sounds of sorrow breaking on their ear;
And female plaints they seem'd—But here we close
The pleasing book to seek a short repose;
Yet nobler deeds th' ensuing page displays,
If still you deign to mark your poet's lays.

BOOK XXXVII

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, find three damsels cruelly treated, and undertake to revenge their cause. They arrive with them at a town where they are acquainted with the shameful law made by Marganor against women. Tale of Marganor and his sons. Rogero, Bradamant, and Marphisa, attack the castle of Marganor, and take him prisoner. Marphisa institutes a new law. Death of Marganor.

IF every dame, who day and night applies
T' acquire those gifts which Nature oft denies,
The fruit of anxious toil!—if such can raise
A name in future times deserving praise,
Would but the sex those paths of learning take,
Which mortal virtues can immortal make,
And thus themselves to distant ages tell
The deeds in which the female race excel,
Without the poet or historian's aid,
Who oft by malice[1] or by envy sway'd, 10
Whate'er of good they knew have kept conceal'd,
And, blaz'd abroad, each little fault reveal'd;
Then might such honours crown the lovely kind,
To leave the lessening fame of men behind.
With equal ardour man to man repays
The mutual tribute of reflected praise:
Nor this alone, but labours to proclaim
Each blemish that may blot the woman's name;
As if he fear'd their merits fair display'd
Would sink his own, like suns that set in shade. 20
But not a tongue or hand, though best in spite
With voice to utter, or with pen to write,
With every fraud of jealousy indu'd
The bad to heighten and obscure the good,
Can so prevail the gentle sex to stain,
But still their glory shall in part remain,
Though far beneath what their deserts might claim,
If candid truth allow'd their genuine fame.
Not fam'd Harpalice, on Scythia's shore;
Not Thomyris, who brav'd the Persian power; 30
In Troy or Latium, not each warrior maid[2],
Who gave to Turnus or to Hector aid;
Not she[3] who fled with Tyre and Sidon's train,
Through length of seas to fix her Libyan reign:
Not great Zenobia[4]; not the queen[5] whose hand
Subdu'd Assyria, Ind, and Persia's land:
Not these alone, and some selected few,
Demand the fame to mighty actions due:
Not those alone in Greece and Rome d'splay'd,
For virtues bred beneath their fostering shade, 40
But dames as wise, as faithful, just and brave,
Have liv'd from Indus to th' Hesperian wave;
Whose praise, whose honours are for ever flown,
And scarce, amidst a thousand, one is known;

[1] Spenser in like manner complains of the jealousy and injustice of writers.

Here have I cause in men just blame to find
That in their proper praise so partial be,
And not indifferent be to woman-kind,
To whom no share in arms or chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave gests, and prowess martial:
Scarce do they spare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs; yet the same writing small
Does all their deeds deface, and shame their glories all. Fairy Queen, book iii. c. ii. st. 1.

[2] Penthesilea and Camilla. [3] Dido.

[4] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, who, when her husband Odenatus was taken prisoner by Sapores, king of Persia, raised a great army, set her husband at liberty, and afterwards conquered the East. At the death of Odenatus she had the courage to make war upon the emperor Aurelian; who, having taken her prisoner, caused her to be led in triumph: and when he was reproached by some, for triumphing over a woman, he replied, that her courage and power had been superior to any man. Porcacchi.

[5] Semiramis.

Since partial writers, in an envious age,
With cruel falsehood have deba'd their page.
Yet, O ye noble dames! who pant to gain
The wreaths of virtue, virtue's track maintain,
Nor let despair of future times regard
Your venturous steps from high attempts retard: 50
For learn this truth, by just experience found,
Nor good, nor ill, has one eternal round.
If writers oft your praises have deny'd,
The present time has well that want supply'd.
Your wondrous worth Marullus[6] late has shown;
Pontanus, and the Strozzi[6], sire and son:
Capello, Bembo[7], plead your sex's cause;
And he[8] whose pen prescribes the courtier's laws,
And is himself th' accomplish'd prince he draws[9].
There Alamanni[10], here th' immortal pair[11] 60
Lov'd by the Muses and the god of war,
Sprung from the race that rul'd the favour'd ground,
Which Mincius' stream divides and lakes surround.
Of these, while one by nature still inclin'd
To pay due homage to your beauteous kind,
Bids Cynthus and Parnassus sound his lays,
And high to Heaven extend your swelling praise;

[6] Marullus Tarchoniota, a Greek, no less skilled in arms than letters: he served in Italy, and married Florentina, daughter of Bartholomeo Scola, a lady of erudition. He lost his life by a fall into a deep pit, and died the same day that Ludovico Sforza fell into the power of the French. Pontanus was born at a castle belonging to the duke of Spoleto; his father being killed in an insurrection of the people, he fled when a youth to Naples in great poverty, and was received by Antonio Panchemita, secretary to Alphonso of Aragon; he succeeded Panchemita in his office, and married a rich Neapolitan lady: he wrote well in prose and verse, and died at seventy-seven years of age at Naples.

Tito Vespasiano Strozzi and Hercules his son. Tito wrote many things, but was excelled by his son Hercules, who was also a great improver of the theatre: he was much addicted to women, which passion at last ended in his death. They both lived at Mantua. Hercules wrote in praise of Isabella, wife to the duke of Mantua. Fornari.

[7] Capello, a Venetian gentleman and an excellent Tuscan poet. Bembo, afterwards cardinal; he wrote in prose and verse, and excelled on amorous subjects, which was objected to him when Paul III. raised him to the cardinalship. Fornari.

[8] Castiglione.

[9] Count Baldassar Castiglione, who excelled in all the qualities of an accomplished courtier: he wrote a treatise entitled Il Cortegiano (The Courtier), in which he introduces many praises of women: it is said, by Ariosto, that in describing a perfect courtier he drew his own picture. Fornari.

[10] Luigi Alamanni, an excellent poet: he lived some time in banishment in France, like another Ovid, where he wrote many things, particularly his Girone il Cortese (Girone the Courteous), a poetical romance.

[11] Two of the name of Luigi; Gonzaga of Castel Giufredi, cousin to the duke of Mantua, and Gonzaga called of Gazalo, for his intrepidity surnamed Rodomont, who afterwards married Isabella. Fornari.

The love, with truth and constancy unmov'd,
So well by him in Isabella prov'd[12],
Exalts your sex so far, your fair renown, 70
From Envy's shafts he guards above his own;
Nor lives, throughout the world, so brave a knight,
Who less shall fear in virtue's cause to fight;
His deeds to other bards a theme can give,
His pen can bid another's glories live:
Worthy a dame so wealthy[13], who (endow'd
With every gift by bounteous Heaven allow'd
The female name) through every chance could prove
A steady column of connubial love[14],
He worthy her, she worthy him to bless; 80
No worthier two each other to possess.
Now trophies see he rears on Oglio's shore[15],
Amidst the din of arms and cannon's roar;
So rich a work[16] his polish'd genius gave
That envy seem'd to swell the neighbouring wave.
Hercules Bentivoglio[17] pours along,
And paints your triumph in triumphant song.
Trivultio[18] follows; then in equal lays
My own Guidetto[18] your desert displays;
And Molza[19], nam'd by Phœbus to record your praise.
See! Hercules, Carnuti's duke[20], appears, 91
Son of my patron duke—his wings he rears
Like the sweet swan, and singing as he flies,
Bears your lov'd name resounding to the skies.

[12] This Isabella was daughter of Vespasian Gonzaga, and being promised to signor Luigi of the same family, pope Clement, exasperated with Luigi for being in arms with the Imperialists at the sack of Rome, endeavoured by every means to make her marry another; but she, neither by threats or promises, would be ever induced to break the faith that she had plighted. Porcacchi.

[13] Rodomont received with her a dowry of twenty thousand ducats. Fornari.

[14] Alluding to her name, *Colonna*, the ancient race of the Colonnese.

[15] The castle of this lord of Gazalo was situated not far from the river Oglio: by the neighbouring wave he means Mincius, and thus seems in some sort to equal him to Virgil. Fornari.

[16] Luigi Gonzaga Rodomont not only excelled in military talents, but was an accomplished writer. As a proof of his easy vein in poetry, we may refer to the stanzas printed with his name at the end of the Furioso, in most of the editions of the work.

[17] Son of Annibale: he wrote eclogues and comedies, and likewise excelled in music: he lived at Ferrara. Fornari.

[18] Rinato Trivultio of Milan; he composed in octave stanzas on amorous subjects. Francesco Guidetto, a Florentine, a good writer in Tuscan verse. Fornari.

[19] Maria Molza da Madonna from her earliest life showed a genius for poetry. She excelled in Latin and Tuscan verse, and was patronized by every Mæcenas of the age. Her life was licentious, being like another Sappho, addicted to a multiplicity of lovers, and died at last of disease, a victim to her incontinence. Fornari.

[20] Hercules II. then only duke of Carnuti, afterwards duke of Ferrara.

See Vasto's lord [91] (whose virtues might inspire
Full many a Roman and Athenian lyre)
Exalts your deeds, while numbers more [92] that live,
In this our age your honour'd praises give.
Behold your sex their female labours leave,
Forget to turn the reel, the web to weave,
And guide the pen on learning's sacred theme;
Who quench their thirst at Aganippe's stream,
And, thence return'd, such honours you bestow
Man owes you much—to man you little owe.
Should here the Muse recount the splendid names
And mighty worth of these distinguish'd dames,
How would the subject shine from page to page!
What other story could the verse engage?
What course is left!—shall I the whole reject,
Or, midst the train a single name select?
One I'll select! in whom such gifts combine
Not Envy's self shall at the choice repine.
She not alone, with sweet mellifluous lays
Preserves her name to far succeeding days,
But calls the slumbering worthy from the tomb,
And bids his fame revive'd eternal bloom.
As Phœbus on his sister seems to throw
More vivid light than on the stars that glow
Around his orb; so he her breast inspires,
Whose praise I sing, with more exalted fires:
Gives every word with energy to flow,
And bids her shine a second Sun below.
Victoria is she call'd [93]—and well the name
Befits her, born to triumph and to fame;
With every trophy deck'd'd of laurell'd pride,
And victory attendant at her side,
Like Artemisia [94] she, the queen who prais'd
For nuptial duty, to Mausolus rais'd
The stately pile: but more to her is due,
Who from the sepulchre her consort drew,
And bade his buried honours rise anew.
If Laodamia [95], Arria [96], Brutus' wife,
Evadne [97] and Argia, fled from life;
And numbers more, in story'd annals bloom,
Who sought their breathless husbands in the tomb:
Still fair Victoria [97] yields a nobler theme,
Who could from Lethe and the turbid stream
That nine times round the bloodless spectres flows,
Her husband free, though Death and Fate oppose.
If stern Achilles [98] once could envy raise
In Macedonia's king for Homer's lays;
What would the monarch, living, feel to hear
Thy name, Pescara, sound in every ear;
For whom thy chaste thy much-lov'd consort sings
Eternal honours on the tuneful strings?
If all her great deserts the Muse would tell,
The Muse for ever on the theme might dwell;
And leave what late I promis'd to unfold,
A pleasing story in the midst untold,
Of fierce Marphisa, and the gentle pair,
Which in this book I purpos'd to declare.
Since gracious now you stand prepar'd to hear
These fair adventures with attentive ear,
For better leisure I reserve the lays
That mean to trace Victoria's boundless praise.
Not that my verse can make those virtues bright
Which shine unrivall'd by their native light,
But fain my soul would those desires obey,
Which prompt all honours at her feet to lay.
Thus then, ye fair, I deem in every age
Your sex might claim a place in story'd page.

[91] Alphonso, marquis of Vasto, who enriched poetry with many elegant amorous compositions. Fornari.

[92] Ludovico Dominichi was among the most celebrated: he composed an entire volume to the honour of women. Fornari.

[93] Victoria Colonna, a marchioness of Pescara, daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, a commander of great courage and conduct: she was wife to Francisco Davolo, marquis of Pescara: she was a lady of consummate genius and piety, and composed many elegant poems in praise of her husband, and other works on religious subjects. Porcacchi.

[94] Artemisia, queen of Caria, who built a most magnificent tomb for her husband Mausolus, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; but not satisfied with this proof of her affection, and deeming no other monument so worthy as her own breast to contain the remains of her husband, she caused the body to be consumed to ashes, and having mixed these with a precious liquid, she drank the potion so prepared.

[95] Laodamia, wife to Protesilaüs, who went to the siege of Troy: he was the first who landed, and fell by the hand of Hector: his dead body being sent home to Laodamia, she expired upon it.

Arria, wife to Pætus, who was condemned to death for being privy to a conspiracy against the emperor Claudius. Arria, with great intrepidity, drew a dagger, and plunging it into her bosom, presented it to her husband with this expression, "that she died without pain, but that the agony she felt was for the death which he must suffer." On this incident Martial made the following celebrated epigram:

Casta suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
Quam de visceribus traxerat illa suis,
Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit,
Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

When Arria chaste to Pætus gave the blade,
When from her breast she drew the crimson steel,
'Tis not (she cried) the wound my hand has made,
But what, O Pætus! thine must make, I feel.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, hearing of the defeat and death of Brutus, put an end to her own life by swallowing burning coals.

[96] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, who went to the siege of Thebes: her husband being dead, she threw herself on the funeral pile, and was consumed with him.

Argia daughter to Adrastus king of Argos, and wife to Polynices. Polynices and his brother Eteocles being dead by the hands of each other, Creon forbade them to be buried; but Argia, accompanied by her sister Antigone, went in the night to the field of battle, and finding the body of her husband gave it burial; on which the tyrant commanded Argia and Antigone to be put to death.

[97] Ariosto poetically intimates that Victoria, by the excellence of her compositions, preserving the memory of her deceased husband, recalled him to life. See Note to verse 123.

[98] Alexander the Great, paying a visit to the tomb of Achilles, is said to have expressed his regret that he had no such poet as Homer to record his actions.

But canker'd envy in the writer's breast
Has after death each generous name suppress'd.
That time is past—since now yourselves can give
Your virtues blaz'd through latest days to live.
Could those two kindred dames like you excel
In arts of eloquence, as warring well,
What gallant deeds had now been brought to light,
Which envy long has kept obscur'd in night!
Of these a tenth the Muse can scarce declare; 170
Of fierce Marphisa, Bradamant the fair,
I speak, and wish each glory to display,
Since virtuous deeds should shine in open day;
Your slave am I, and burn with zeal to show
To you what truth and loyalty I owe.

In act to part, I said, Rogero stood,
His sword recover'd from the yielding wood, [groan
When from the neighbouring vale was heard the
Of female plaints and undistinguish'd moan.
He paus'd; but soon, with either warlike maid, 180
He bent his course to give the mourners aid:
All spur their steeds, and now approaching near,
With louder cries distincter words they hear.
At length they find, in wretched plight distrest,
Three dames with weeping eyes and sobbing breast,
Whose vesture, clipt above each lovely waist
By impious hands, to strangers' gaze disgrac'd
Those secret charms, which each low-seated train
To hide from sight, and fears again to rise.
As Vulcan's offspring[19] born from dust of earth, 190
Whom Pallas took, and gave the monstrous birth
With charge severe to rash Aglauros' hand,
Who dar'd to disobey her high command;
As he of old his serpent feet enclos'd
Within the car, which first his art compos'd;
So crouch'd the virgins, fearful to reveal
Those charms that modesty would fain conceal.

This object fir'd in either noble dame
The kindling blushes of a maiden shame:
In each fair cheek the deep'ning crimson glows, 200
As blooms in Pæstan groves[20] the fragrant rose.
Indignant Bradamant, with wondering eyes,
Amidst these weeping dames Ulania spies,
Her, whom at Tristram's lodge she met erewhile,
The lovely envoy from Perdita's isle:
Nor less the damsels her attention drew,
Whom late companions of the fair she knew.
But to Ulania, honour'd o'er the rest,
The noble maid her courteous speech address'd;
And ask'd what wretch of unrelenting mind, 210
Foe to the gentlest ties of human kind,
Could to a stranger's eyes those charms reveal
Which modest nature labours to conceal.

At that known voice Ulania rais'd her eyes,
Suffus'd with flowing tears, and now descries
The vest and arms of that victorious dame
Who late the northern champions overcame.

Then thus—"Not distant far a castle stands,
Where wretches dwell, who with inhuman hands
Have clipt our garments thus above the waist, 220
With blows oppress us, and with taunts disgrac'd.
Nought can I speak of that resplendent shield;
Of those three kings, who long o'er hill and field
My steps pursu'd, no tidings can I tell,
Nor know if death or bondage these befel.
And, though it irks us such a length of way
To trace on foot, we purpose to display
Before the court of Charles our wrongs and shame,
And every justice from the monarch claim."

She said: her words each noble dame inspir'd
With generous wrath, not less Rogero fir'd: 231
With grief they heard the maid her tale relate,
But more they griev'd to view her wretched state.
All other thoughts forgot, each virtuous breast
Self-prompted glow'd to aid the three distress'd,
While with one mind the martial three prepar'd
T' avenge the wrong; but first their armour bar'd
Of vest and scarf, and cloth'd with tender care
The naked charms of every blushing fair.
But Bradamant, whom much it griev'd to view 240
Ulania thus on foot her way pursue,
The weeping virgin on her crupper plac'd;
Whose gentle friends, with equal shame disgrac'd,
Marphisa bold and good Rogero took;
Then all the six the lonely vale forsook.
To Bradamant Ulania pointing show'd
The nearest path to where the castle stood:
Her Bradamant consol'd, and for her sake
Vow'd on her foes a just revenge to take.
To right and left, by turns, their course they bent,
And slowly gain'd a rugged hill's ascent; 251
Nor stay'd to rest, till deep in ocean's bed
The setting Sun had veil'd his golden head.
A humble village on the hill's steep side
Their lodging fair and good repast supply'd;
Such as the rustic hamlet could provide.
They gaz'd around, and wondering gaz'd to find
Each part, each dwelling, fill'd with woman-kind,
Some young, some old; but not a single face
Of man was mingled with the female race. 260
Not more surprise[21] of old brave Jason knew,
Not more the rest of Argos' valiant crew,
To see no males on Lemnos' fatal shore,
But savage females drench'd in kindred gore;
Than now Rogero and each martial dame,
When to this town at evening close they came.
Here Bradamant and here Marphisa's care
For aid Ulania, and her damsels fair,
Three vests procur'd, not wrought with female pride,
But such as well their present need supply'd. 270
Meanwhile Rogero call'd a dame from those
Residing there, and will'd her to disclose
What place conceal'd the males, since yet his eyes
No male beheld—to which she thus replies:

[19] Erichthonius, the son of Vulcan, was born with the feet of a dragon, and was given by Pallas shut up in a chest to be kept by the three daughters of Cecrops, king of Athens, Pandrosos, Erse, and Aglauros, with strict orders not to look therein: but Aglauros through curiosity opened the chest, and discovered the infant, on which they were all three punished. Erichthonius, when he was grown up, invented the use of the chariot, in order, when he rode therein, to conceal his deformity.

[20] Pæstum, an ancient city, the gardens of which abounded with roses, which were reported to blow twice a year: Thus Virgil,

Biferi rosaria Pæsti.

[21] The women of the island of Lemnos being jealous that their husbands meant to forsake them for other wives, formed a conspiracy against the men, and at their return massacred them all in one night: Hypermnestra only saved the life of her old father king Thoas, and sent him in safety from the island. Jason afterwards arriving thither, found with surprise the kingdom only held by women. See Ovid's Ep. Hypsipyle to Jason.

"While you perchance with looks of wonder view
Without a man our numerous female crew,
Think what we feel in banishment to live
From all that once could life's fond solace give:
To fill the measure of our doom severe,
Sires, sons, and husbands, names for ever dear,
From our lov'd sight a long divorce constrains,
As our inhuman tyrant's will ordains.
Chas'd from the confines of the neighbouring earth,
Where we, unhappy! drew our wretched birth,
Our cruel lord has here our sex confin'd
With wrongs ill-suited to our gentle kind;
Denouncing pains and death to us, to all
Our tender mates; should these at love's soft call
Hither repair our sorrows to relieve,
Or we with welcome our lov'd mates receive.
To woman's name he bears such deadly hate,
He lets no female near his presence wait,
But drives us thence, as if our harmless breath
Could taint the air with pestilence and death.
"Now twice the trees their verdant leaves have shed,
And twice renew'd their annual honours spread,
Since to such height the tyrant's fury rose,
And none have dar'd his impious deeds oppose;
Such fear prevails!—for to his brutal mind,
As if in foll despite, has Nature join'd
A strength beyond the strength of human kind.
His body, towering to gigantic size,
A hundred warriors in the field defies.
Nor we alone his hapless subjects mourn,
But strangers feel his rage more fiercely burn.
He from his sight disgrac'd each female drives,
That by ill fortune at his walls arrives.
O! if you prize your freedom, life, or fame,
Or dearly hold each fair and gentle dame,
This way forsake, which leads to yonder tower
Where dwells the tyrant, whose detested power
Maintains the law, invented to disgrace
Damsels and knights that reach the fatal place.
His hand he chief in female blood imbrues;
Not so the wolf the tender lamb pursues.
Not Nero, fam'd for every cruel deed,
Nor wretch more cruel can the wretch exceed
Whose fury thus assails each hapless dame
With impious force, and Margasor his name."
Thus she: Rogero with attentive ear,
And each brave virgin, stood the tale to hear,
And fair besought the matron to disclose,
How first his hatred of the sex arose.
"Yon castle's lord," the dame her speech renew'd,
"Was ever cruel and averse to good,
But for a time his nature's vice suppress
Lay deadless, buried in his impious breast.
Two sons his offspring were, of virtuous kind,
Ah! how unlike their sire's degenerate mind!
All base and cruel deeds they strove to shun,
And every stranger their affection won.
With these, awhile, mild love and fair report
And courteous manners grac'd their father's court;
For though deep avarice could himself restrain,
Parental fondness gave his sons the rein.
Each knight and dame that rov'd the country round,
Alighting there, such friendly welcome found,
That parting thence each grateful tongue confess'd
The honours paid to every coming guest
By both the brethren:—each by solemn rite,
Invested with the sacred name of knight.
Olindro this, Tanacro that was nam'd,
Alike for princely mien and courage fam'd.
Their worth was prais'd of all, and still had prov'd
Fair knighthood's boast, of every breast belov'd;
But ah! they fell to cruel love a prey,
That led them soon from virtue's path astray,
To tread the maze of error's winding way.
Their honour now, by fatal passion crost,
In one unhappy deed was stain'd and lost.
It chanc'd that from the Grecian court there came
A gentle warrior, with his wedded dame,
Of soft demeanour and of blooming charms,
Worthy to fill the noblest lover's arms.
Olindro saw, and kindling at the view,
Such draughts of love from her fair features drew,
He fear'd the hour that saw the dame depart
Would see life's latest pulse forsake his heart.
Too well he saw that gentle suit were vain,
And hence resolv'd by force the prize to gain.
He arm'd, and near the castle ambush'd lay,
When well he knew the pair would pass the way.
His wonted courage and his love combin'd
To urge him headlong to the deed design'd:
Soon as he found th' approaching warrior near,
He rush'd against him with his lifted spear:
With certain hope of victory he came,
T' unhorse the champion and to win the dame.
Vain hope! — the knight in field was stronger found,
And pierc'd his corset with a mortal wound.
The fatal tidings reach'd his parent's ear,
Who wept his breathless offspring on the bier,
And bade his mourning friends the corse convey,
Where long entomb'd his dead forefathers lay.
"Yet still were hospitable rites employ'd,
And friendly welcome every guest enjoy'd:
Not less Tanacro than his brother strove
In every act of courtesy and love.
On this ill-omen'd year a baron came
From distant regions with his gentle dame;
He, first of men for hardy feats of arms,
She, first of all her sex for female charms;
She, blest with truth as with a blooming face,
He, sprung from ancestry of noble race:
And well it seem'd a knight of worth so rare
Should match with one so virtuous and so fair:
Olindro he, of Longavilla fam'd;
His blameless consort fair Drusilla nam'd.
Alike his dame Tanacro's love inspir'd,
As late the first his wretched brother fir'd:
Th' unjust desire that on his vitals fed,
The youth devoted to destruction led:
He, like Olindro, honour's voice forsook,
The ties of hospitality he broke;
And dar'd each evil, rather than endure
The rankling wound that death alone could cure.
His brother's end still present to his eyes,
He bent his thoughts to win the lovely prize
By surer means, and such as might afford
No hope of vengeance to her injur'd lord.
Ah! hapless youth! whose impious love suppress'd
The last faint tracks of honour in his breast,
And quench'd in guilt each spark of virtue's fire,
Plung'd in the gulf that whelm'd his cruel sire.
"One night, far distant from the castle gate,
He 'points a force well arm'd in caves to wait
The knight's approach: in ambush close they stand,
And twice ten warriors swell the deathful band
To close Olindro's way on every hand.
In vain his valour dar'd th' unequal strife,
Subdu'd at length he lost his spouse, and life.

Olindro slain, Tanacro seiz'd the fair [28],
Frantic with grief, abandon'd to despair:
And oft she begg'd his falchion would bestow
The sole relief in pity to her woe:
Now rushing to a river's winding side,
Furious she plung'd amid the dashing tide;
But cruel Fate the wish'd-for death deny'd.
Wounded and bruis'd the near assistants bore
The senseless victim groaning from the shore.
Her on a bier Tanacro thence convey'd,
And anxious call'd on medicine's sons in aid,
To save his lovely prey: while these employ
Their healing arts, he dreams of future joy.
The name of mistress his fond heart disdains;
So fair, so chaste a dame in nuptial chains
He means to bind; these thoughts his bosom sway,
By night pursue him, and possess by day.
He owns his guilt, and large amends he vows;
The more he soothes, her hatred stronger grows;
The more the traitor pleads his suit abhorr'd,
The more she thirsts t'avenge her murder'd lord.
But well she knew deceit and art must join
The deep-plann'd scheme to further her design;
She veil'd her former love with pious wiles,
And heard his tale with well-dissembled smiles.
Peace, gentle peace, her placid looks impart,
But deep revenge is brooding at her heart:
A thousand schemes her busy mind revolves,
By turns she weighs and doubts, by turns resolves:
At length she finds her life alone can buy
Her wish'd revenge, and now prepares to die:
For how so happy can she close her breath,
As in her own t' avenge her consort's death?
All joy she seems, and feigns a soft desire
Once more to light the torch at Hymen's fire:
She decks her charms with every grace of art,
As her first lord was banish'd from her heart.
One only boon she begs, to join their hands
With all the rites her country's law demands:
Not that such nuptial rites, as now she claim'd,
Her country us'd, but this device she fram'd,
In hopes her dear revenge on him to view,
Whose guileful force her lov'd Olindro slew;
And hence, with virtuous guile the dame describes
The well-feign'd custom of her native tribes.

"'Each dame,' she cries, 'who quits her widow'd state,
Must, ere she yields to take a second mate,
With masses sung and all due rituals paid,
Appease her angry lord's departed shade;
And in the temple, where his bones remain,
Absolve his soul from past polluting stain. [bring
These rites perform'd, the bridegroom then may
And to his bride present the spousal ring.
Meantime the holy priest with ready prayer
The consecrated chalice must prepare;
Then from the chalice pour the hallow'd wine,
And to the new-espous'd the cup consign;
But first he to the bride the portion gives,
And first her lip the hallow'd draught receives.'

"Tanacro gladly yields, at her demand,
T' adopt each usage of her native land,
He bids her crown with love his faithful vows,
And at her pleasure all the rites dispose.
Ah! wretch! he little deem'd Drusilla's mind
This mare t' avenge Olindro's death design'd;
So deep one object all his thoughts possess'd,
That only one found entrance in his breast.

"Drusilla near her person long retain'd
An ancient dame, that with her yet remain'd,
A sister captive; her aside she took,
And thus with low and sacred voice bespoke:
'A speedy poison in a vase prepare,
And to my hand the deadly mixture bear:
The day arrives my vengeance to fulfil,
And Margarot's detested son to kill.
Some other time shall tell—but trust my art
That thou and I in safety will depart.'
The beldame goes; the venom'd bowl prepares,
And this, returning, to the palace bears:
The potent drugs she blends with Candian wine,
And gives the dame; the dame with dire design
Preserves it for the approaching nuptial day,
To which th' impatient youth forbids delay.

"The day appointed to the temple came
With gold and jewels deck'd the lovely dame;
Where late with pomp of funeral splendour grac'd,
On columns rais'd her husband's tomb she plac'd.
There hymns were sung in solemn notes and loud,
And round of either sex a mingled crowd
Attentive stood: stern Margarot was there,
With him his son, both with exulting air,
And many a friend to hail the wedded pair.

"At length the nuptial ceremony o'er,
Behold th' instructed priest is seen to pour
The wine and poison blest; to her he gives
The golden cup, the bride the cup receives
With steady hand; she to the brink applies
Her cheerful lip, and drinks what may suffice
For decency and death; then with a face
To smiles compos'd, resigns the fatal vase
To her new lord,—with unsuspecting soul
He takes the gift, and drains the deadly bowl.

"The cup return'd, he flies with open arms
Eager to clasp his lov'd Drusilla's charms,
When lo! each soft, each female grace is fled,
And kindling furies o'er her features spread!
She thrusts him back, his loath'd embraces flies,
While lightning flashes from her fiery eyes,
Then with a dreadful voice and faltering tone,
'Traitor!' she cries, 'infernal fiend, be gone!
Shalt thou a life of love and solace know,
And give my days to pass in tears and woe?
O no—this hand its just revenge obtains,
And sheds destructive poison in thy veins.
Thou dy'st—but ah! it grieves my soul to view
So mild a punishment thy crime pursue!
I only grieve that these unhappy eyes
See in thy death so poor a sacrifice.
'Tis all I can—since more the Fates deny,
Another world may every wish supply:
There shalt thou, wretch, in ever-during chains
Lament, while present I enjoy thy pains!'
Then to the skies she rais'd a dying look,
Half cheer'd to smiles, and thus with tears she spoke:
'Yet thou accept, O ever honour'd most,
This vengeance paid to thy offended ghost,
Olindro, take for thy lamented life
This victim offer'd by thy widow'd wife:
And, O! for me the king of Heaven entreat
This day with thee in Paradise a seat:

[28] This story of Olindro and Drusilla is taken from Plutarch, from whom Castiglione has translated it word for word in his Cortegiano. It is likewise told with many circumstances by Apuleius in his Golden Ass: but Ariosto has altered and improved the story. Lavezuola.

If none without desert inhabit there,
To Heaven's high king my spotless truth declare:
Tell him, I dare approach his hallow'd reign
Rich with the triumph of yon monster slain:
What greater virtue lives than hers whose hand
From such foll plagues can free a groaning land!'
"She ceas'd; and ceasing, life forsook her breast,
While her pale looks a seeming joy express'd
To see the traitor thus resign his breath,
Whose guile had wrought her lov'd Olindro's death.
'T is doubtful whether first her spirit fled,
Or first Tanacro mingled with the dead:
Yet sure on him th' effect more speedy wrought
Whose throat so largely drain'd th' envenom'd draught.
"When wretched Marganor his falling son
Caught in his arms, and saw that life was gone,
Such rage of grief o'er all his senses spread,
His soul seem'd fleeting with his offspring dead:
Two sons were his, and childless now he stood,
And each his wretched end to woman ow'd:
Grief, pity, love, despair, and wild desire
Of foll revenge, inflam'd the wretched sire;
Conflicting passions now by turns prevail'd;
So foam the seas by boisterous winds assail'd.
He seeks Drusilla, but the hand of death
Ere yet he came had stopt her balmy breath:
As with his teeth the snake attempts to wound
The pointed spear that nails him to the ground;
As the gaunt mastiff rushes on the stone[23],
By passing travellers in fury thrown;
So he, more foll than snake or mastiff, flies
T'attack the corse, that pale and speechless lies.
When long in vain his savage wrath has fed
With impious outrage on the sacred dead;
Against the dames that fill'd the hallow'd fane
He turns his arm; when we (a helpless train)
The havoc of his murdering weapon feel,
As falls the grass before the mower's steel.
Full thirty dames the bloody pavement spread; 580
A hundred wounded from the temple fled.
Such was his people's fear, none durst withstand
The mad destruction of his slaughtering hand.
Swift fled the dames, and all the vulgar crew
With equal terrour from the fane withdrew:
At length his grieving friends with gentle force
And mild entreaties stopp'd his desperate course,
And led reluctant to the castle's height,
While all below was tumult, grief, and fright.
"Still burns his rage; but since his people's prayer,
His friends' advice had urg'd him now to spare
Our wretched lives, he bent his ruthless mind
To banish thence the race of woman-kind.
That fatal day he publish'd his command,
That every female should forsake the land,
And here confines our sex to this retreat,
Forbid, with heavy threats, t' approach his seat.

Thus wives divided from their husbands mourn,
Thus weeping mothers from their sons are torn;
When some too bold have dar'd to seek us here, 600
The tidings carry'd to the tyrant's ear,
On these his rage inflicts severest pains,
And those to death without remorse ordains.
Then, at the fort, he bids a law proclaim;
None more severe e'er stain'd a ruler's name:
The law decrees each dame or damsel led
By evil destiny you vale to tread,
Shall feel the smart of many a galling wound
From cruel stripes; then from the tyrant's ground
Be exil'd far: her garments clipt away 610
By impious hands shall to the sight display
What neatest virtue blushes to betray.
Should one arrive whom some brave knight defends,
On her unpity'd certain death attends.
All those who come with knights (their martial guard)
Are led by him, whose iron breast is barr'd
To pity's touch, to meet their cruel doom,
Slain by his weapon on his children's tomb.
Each champion's arms and courser he detains,
Himself condemns to groan in servile chains. 620
Such is his power, that near him night and day
A thousand warriors his commands obey.
Yet more—Should any hence dismission find,
By every solemn tie that holds mankind
He these adjures, unshaken to proclaim
Eternal hatred to the female name.
If these fair damsels little claim your care,
If for yourselves no anxious thought you bear,
In yonder fortress, where the tyrant dwells,
Prove if his cruelty or strength excels."
The matron thus her moving tale address'd,
Till pity melted every warlike breast;
And had not night restrain'd their eager course,
That hour had seen them with resistless force
The castle storm—but here compell'd to stay
Till early morn reveal'd her saffron ray,
In gentle sleep the knight and virgins lay.
Soon as Aurora, with her blushing light,
Announc'd the Sun, and put the stars to flight,
The fearless three their limbs in armour brac'd,
And each fair damsel on their coursers plac'd; 641
When sudden from behind they heard the sound
Of horses trampling on the neighbouring ground:
They turn'd, and gazing on the vale below,
Far as an arrow parted from the bow,
Full twenty warriors, horse and foot, they view'd,
That through a narrow pass their way pursu'd:
With these a hapless pinion'd female came,
Aged in looks, and such as might proclaim
A wretch decreed by fire, or cord, or chains, 650
To bear the sentence law for guilt ordains.
Though distant yet, the banish'd female crew
By face and vest in her th' attendant knew
Of fair Drusilla, she, who with her dame
Seiz'd by Tanacro to the castle came,
His wretched thrall! to whom the dreadful care
Was given th' envenom'd chalice to prepare.
When on the nuptial day the female train
In eager numbers throng'd the sacred fane,
She, fearing what might chance remain behind,
Then fled the town some sure retreat to find. 661
Ere long to Marganor the news was brought,
That in Osterica[24] she refuge sought;

[23] Tasso has the like simile:

Quasi mastin, ch'el muso, ond' a lui porto
Fù duro colpo, infellonito afferra.
Cant. ix. st. 88.

So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,
The mastiff wages unavailing war.

And after both our Spenser:

Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
The stone which passed stranger at him threw.
Fairy Queen, book iv. c. viii. st. 36.

[24] Duchy of Austria.

And every means he sought, that could secure
Her person, and his vow'd revenge ensure:
Large gifts he proffer'd sordid souls to bow,
And wealth immense; till faithless to his vow
A lord, who gave her shelter in his land,
Betray'd her to the cruel tyrant's hand.
As the rich wares of merchants are dispos'd,
On camels laid in ample chests enclos'd;
So to Constanza[35] captive was she sent:
Where from their chief this troop with fell intent
Receiv'd the victim, destin'd to assuage
The impious Margasor's unbounded rage.
As the strong tide[36] that from the hills descends
Of Vesulus, and to the ocean bends,
When Lambro and Ticino swell the course,
And Ada joins it with auxiliar force,
More deeply foams, with widen'd bed appears
Swell'd by fresh waves: so when Rogero hears
Of Margasor, he feels new wrath inflame
His generous breast; nor less each martial dame
With fury glows; and all with one accord
Resolve t' assail the castle's impious lord,
And, fearless of his guard's surrounding band,
Exact the punishment his deeds demand.
Yet sudden death they deem'd too mild a fate,
Resolv'd that torments should his crimes await.
But first their arms must free the wretched dame
Who with the troop to death devoted came:
They gave the bridle to the fiery steed,
And urge through nearest ways his rapid speed;
And never yet th' assail'd receiv'd before
Assault more fierce from such determin'd power:
Each flies, compell'd before the storm to yield,
And leaves the captive dame his arms and shield.
As when a hungry wolf, surcharg'd with prey,
Takes to the den secure his eager way,
If chance the train of men and dogs oppose,
He quits his course, aside his load he throws,
And where he least the beaten track espies,
Through thorny brakes with nimble feet he flies:
So from the field the routed band withdrew,
So swift on these the generous warriors flew.
With terrour struck, their wretched lives to save,
Some leap the rock, some seek the mountain cave;
With arms and prisoner, many leave behind
Their steeds forgotten, to the foes resign'd:
From these Rogero and the joyful pair
Of martial dames selected three, to bear
These three fair virgins, whom so late before
The coursers gall'd with double burthen bore.
Now to the tower of infamy they bend,
And will the matron should their way attend,
To see on Margasor each wrong repaid
With full atonement to Dramilla's shade.
But, fearing ill, the beldame this denay'd:
Her, while in vain she wept, and trembling cried,
Rogero in his nervous grasp compell'd,
And on Frontino plac'd reluctant held.
At length they came where from a neighbouring height
A town below lay stretch'd before their sight
Of wide extent, on every side expos'd,
Nor fenc'd with ramparts nor with fosse enclos'd.
Full in the midst a rock high-towering show'd
A lofty fort that on its summit stood.
To this with joy their eager course they held,
Where Margasor (detested tyrant) dwell'd.
The town they enter'd, when the watchful guard
Before, behind, their further passage barr'd.
Now Margasor, encompass'd with a crew
Of foot and horsemen, from the castle drew,
And in short speech, with haughty phrase, explain'd
The cruel law that in his castle reign'd.
Marphisa then (for so the fiery maid
With Bradamant and with Rogero laid
The first assault) in answer spurr'd her steed,
And onward rush'd with equal strength and speed:
Nor sword nor lance she grasp'd, but many a blow
With gauntlet arm'd she dealt, and laid him low
With hauter'd helmet on his saddle-bow.
Marphisa thus—not less the Dordan dame
Her courser urg'd: with these Rogero came;
So fierce his onset, six at once he slew
Ere from its rest his potent spear he drew. [press'd,
That, through his paunch the thrilling steel im-
There, through the neck, the head, or panting breast.
Within the sixth, who fled, the weapon broke;
But first through spine and pap resistless took
Its bloody way—All stretch'd on earth behold
Where Amon's daughter aim'd her lance of gold.
So from the burning skies is seen to fall
The dreadful bolt that rends and scatters all.
The people fly—some seek the mountain's height;
Some to the plain precipitate their flight:
Some in their dwellings, some in temples hide,
And every fence against assault provide.
None save the dead remain—meantime in bands
Behind his back the wretched tyrant's hands
Marphisa ty'd; and to the dame consign'd;
The ancient dame, who bent her vengeful mind
A torment worthy of his deeds to find.
Marphisa threats to wrap the town in flame,
Unless they now their errours past disclaim,
Unless they now the tyrant's law forsake,
And, in its stead, another statute make.
All yield to her, for all with equal fear
Her wrath denounc'd for disobedience hear;
Lest the stern virgin with vindictive ire
Should shed their blood and waste their domes with fire.
They hate fierce Margasor, nor less they hate
The cruel impious law enforc'd so late;
But such their power who rule with tyrant sway,
Whom most they loath the people most obey;
For mutual want of confidence ensures
A tyrant's safety and his reign secures.
Hence exile, murder, patient they behold,
Their honours tainted and purloin'd their gold.
But grief, though mute, to Heaven's high throne will cry,
And draw down tardy vengeance from the sky.
When each delay the saints shall recompense
With punishment for every past offence.
By wrath and hatred urg'd, the vulgar crew
With deeds and words their wild revenge pursue:
Each shares the woodland spoil (the proverb cries)
When rent by winds a tree uprooted lies.
Let kings from Margasor this truth believe,
Who deals in wrong, shall just return receive.
All ranks, and all degrees, exulting view'd
The righteous sufferings that his crimes pursu'd.
Many, who wept some mother, child, or wife,
Some sister, by his rape depriv'd of life,

[35] A city of the Switzers.

[36] The Po, that breaks out from mount Vesulus and discharges itself by seven mouths into the Adriatic sea, being increased by the conflux of many rivers from the Alps and Apennines.

No more by fear withheld, impatient stood
With their own hand to shed the tyrant's blood;
Scarce now defended by th' united care
Of brave Ruggiero and the noble pair
Of martial dames, who doom'd him to sustain
A wretched death of slow-consuming pain.
To her who seem'd with hatred keen to glow,
As woman's heart can bear her deadliest foe,
They gave him bound: a hind that stood beside
A rustic weapon for her rage supply'd,
A pointed goad he brought, with which she drew
From every limb the streams of sanguine hue.
Not less Ulania and her friends combin'd
(The dire disgrace still rankling in their mind)
To work his pain; nor idle long they stood,
But with the matron their revenge pursu'd.
Yet such their wish t' offend, their sex but ill
With feeble nerve supplies their stronger will:
With stones, with needless pony war they wage,
And every instrument of female rage.
As when a river swell'd with melting snows
And sounding rains a mighty torrent grows,
Down the steep hills it bears with sweepy sway
Trees, cots, and stones, and labouring hinds away:
At length, by slow degrees, with lessening pride
In narrow channels rolls the shrinking tide,
Till boys and females can the current brave,
And dry-shod pass the late tremendous wave:
Thus far'd it with the tyrant's ruin'd power,
Once dreadful prov'd, but dreadful prov'd no more!
Behold his crest so fall'n, his courage broke,
His strength so crush'd beneath a stronger yoke,
That infants scorn the tyrant whom they fear'd,
And rend his locks or pluck his bristly beard.
The knight and virgins thence their way pursu'd
Where on the steepy rock the castle stood:
By none oppos'd, their hands the treasures gain'd,
Whate'er of wealth or stores the walls contain'd.
Of these they gave Ulania part to share
With those, the late sad partners of her care;
And part destroy'd: the shield of gold they found,
And here the northern kings in fetters bound;
Th' ill-fated three, who from their coursers cast
By Rradamant, unarm'd on foot had past
With that fair dame, who from a distant shore
The radiant shield and high commission bore.
Nor know I yet but happier prov'd her chance,
That these nor grasp'd the targe nor held the lance:
Arms might she wish, could arms her cause maintain,
But better left untry'd, than try'd in vain.
One fate had then involv'd the wretched dame
With those who thither led by warriors came:
Like those conducted to receive her doom
A wretched victim, at the brethren's tomb.
Unhappy females! fated to disclose
Those charms which virtue shudders to expose!
But more unhappy she, who sadly dies,
In bloom of life a spotless sacrifice!
Since all disgrace, by force compell'd, may find
Some kindly balm to soothe th' afflicted mind.
Ere these undaunted three the land forsake,
A solemn oath they bid the people take,
That every husband shall his wife obey,
And yield to her the sovereignty of sway,
With threats, that he who dares this mandate scorn,
Too late in sorrow shall his folly mourn.
While men in other climes the rule maintain,
They here, revers'd, must own the female reign.
Next were they bound, what strangers thither came,
Or knights or squires, of high or lowly name,
To chase them thence, unless they solemn swore
By Heaven, by saints—or aught that binds us more,
The cause of women ever to defend,
Foe to their foes, and to their friends a friend.
Should any then in nuptial bonds be ty'd,
Or soon or later woo the blushing bride,
To her must each his vow'd allegiance pay,
And give her empire undisputed sway.
Marphisa vows (ere months in circling round
Have clos'd the year, or leaves bestrow'd the ground)
Once more to seek the land, and should she find
Her law neglected by their faithless kind,
To give their buildings to devouring fire,
And see at once their name and race expire.
Ere yet they went, the knight and either maid
With pious care Dranilla's corse convey'd
From ground impure, and in a tomb enclos'd
With her dear lord in lasting sleep repos'd.
The crime on Marganor revenge pursu'd,
And all his limbs with purple gore bedew'd,
While still she mourn'd that Heaven deny'd her strength
To draw his sufferings out to endless length.
The warrior-virgins near a temple spy
A stately column pointing to the sky,
On this engrav'd, by his command, they saw
The tyrant's impious and insensate law.
Those arms that Marganor was wont to wield
Were here dispos'd, his cuirass, helm and shield;
In trophy-wise—and near they bade to place
Their new decree to bind the future race.
So long they tarried, till the column bore
Marphisa's law, far other than before,
When the dire sentence doom'd each wretched dame
To timeless death or heart-corroding shame.
The three departing thence, Islanda's fair
Remain'd behind rich vestments to prepare,
With all the state befitting one who came
To Charles' high court, and such as might proclaim
An envoy from a mighty sovereign dame.
Fell Marganor was to Ulania's power
Consign'd; but lest some unpropitious hour
With new device should free him from her chain,
And he return t' afflict the female train,
She made the wretch a tower's steep height ascend,
And with one leap his crimes and sufferings end.
Of these the vary'd story speaks no more,
But follows those that bend to Arli's shore.
That day and half the next the three pursu'd
Their friendly journey, till at length they view'd
Two different tracks (and well was either known),
One to the camp, one led to Arli's town.
Embracing oft, while words sad lingering fell
From either's lips, the lovers bade farewel.
At length they part; the knight to Arli goes,
The damsels reach the camp:—and here my tale I close.

37 In this and some other instances of the same kind, Ariosto seems to depart from the female character, at the same time that the expressions are such as must have a ludicrous effect in any language.

BOOK XXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Bradamant and Marphisa arrive at the Christian camp, where Marphisa is introduced to the emperor Charlemain, and afterwards baptized in the Christian faith. Saint John dismisses Astolpho from Paradise with Orlando's wit. The knight returns to Nubia, where he restores Senapus to sight, who raises a vast army to enable him to lay siege to Biserta. His march into the dominions of Agramant. The wind secured in a bag. The transformation of stones to horses. Agramant calls a council at Arli on the state of his affairs. Speeches of Marsilius and Sobrino. By the advice of the latter, Agramant sends an embassy to Charles with proposals to determine the war by a single combat. Charles accepts the conditions. Rogero is chosen on the side of the Pagans, and Rinaldo on the side of the Christians. Affliction of Bradamant. Preparations for the list, and ceremonies previous to the combat.

YE courteous fair! with gracious ear inclin'd
T' attend my story, from your looks I find
That much by you Rogero stands reprov'd
For such desertion of his best belov'd:
You share in anguish with his faithful dame,
And think he little feels love's potent flame.
Had any other cause allur'd the knight
Against her will t' absent him from her sight,
Though hopes of greater wealth might fire his breast,
Than Croesus join'd with Crassus[1] once possess'd,
Yet should I deem with you that Cupid's dart
Had feebly struck, but fail'd to pierce his heart;
Since love's dear raptures never can be sold
For mines of silver, or for heaps of gold.
Not only full excuse, but he who weighs
What honour dictates, merits lasting praise,
Who shuns each action that may taint his name:
Had Bradamant, regardless of his fame,
Detain'd Rogero, such restraint might prove
A female weakness more than virtuous love;
And argue motives of a baser kind
Than suit a generous and enlighten'd mind.
If lovers like their own, or e'en above
Their own, should prize the lives of those they love,
Beyond self-pleasure, held by each so dear,
Should all the honour of their friends revere:
Honour, more worth than life; through life we find
Preferr'd to every good that courts mankind,
Though fierce Almontes had his father slain,
The guilt on Agramant leaves not a stain;
While many a kindness to the youth express,
With grateful feeling warm'd Rogero's breast;
And urg'd him still unshaken to pursue
His master's steps: nor less the praises due
To one, who while her power could well detain
A parting lover would that power restrain.
What though he left her thus, some future hour
Might heal the seeming wrong, and love restore
To all his dues—but one small wound we feel
From honour's lapse not years on years can heal.
Rogero now to Arli's walls return'd, 41
Where Agramant his shatter'd forces mourn'd;
While Bradamant[2] and brave Marphisa ty'd
In friendship's bond, and soon to stand ally'd
By nearer claims, pursu'd the way that led
To where king Charles his conquering banners spread,
And strain'd each nerve against the Pagan foe,
By war's whole force to lay their glory low,
And free at length the Christian's fair domain
From Afric's inroad and the force of Spain. 50
Soon as th' approach of Bradamant was heard,
A sudden joy through all the camp appear'd.
Still as she pass'd, on either hand the crowd
Declin'd with reverence, while to each she bow'd:
Her coming known, to meet the glorious maid
Rinaldo hasten'd; nor Richardo stay'd;
Brave Richardetto, all the numerous race
Of noble Amon, mov'd with eager pace
To bid the virgin welcome to the place.
But when the tidings spread, that with her came 60
Marphisa bold, in arms so great a name,
Who from Cathay, with warlike laurels crown'd,
Had bent her course to Spain's extremest bound,
Nor rich nor poor within the tents remain'd,
Such fond desire each bosom entertain'd
T' enjoy the sight; deep thronging round they drew,
Together such a glorious pair to view.
To Charles they came; and she who ne'er before
Inclin'd her knee to any earthly power,
Here first (as Turpin writes) that homage paid 70
To him, whose hand th' imperial sceptre sway'd,
To Pepin's mighty son, to whom alone,
Of every king through Earth's wide regions known,
She deem'd such honour due; nor held a name,
Christian or Saracen, of equal claim,
Howe'er esteem'd for virtue, wealth, or fame.
His tent forsaking, Charles advanc'd to meet
The fearless maid, and on his regal seat
Close at his side in rank resplendent plac'd,
Above the kings, and lords, and barons grac'd. 80
There due regard to noblest worth was shown:
There Paladins and princes of renown
Remain'd within, a fair selected few,
The rest are kept without, a nameless vulgar crew.
Marphisa then her grateful speech address'd:
"O glorious king! o'er every sovereign blest!
In arms unconquer'd—who from India's waves
To where in Gades' straits[3] cold ocean raves,
From Scythian snows to Æthiop's burning sand,
Hast made thy cross revered in every land! 90
Wisest and best!—whose name all praise transcends,
And draws me now from Earth's remotest ends:
Here let me own that first, as envy wrought,
Fell war and enmity with thee I sought;
And came resolv'd such mighty power to wrest
From him, whose soul a different faith profess'd:
For this I dy'd the fields with Christian blood:
For this, thy ruthless foe, prepar'd I stood

[1] Croesus a king of Lydia celebrated for his great riches. Crassus, called by the Romans Marcus Crassus, is said to have been the most wealthy, and at the same time the most avaricious of men. His wealth was reputed to have been so immense, that he could have maintained the whole Roman army for one year, without any apparent diminution of his possessions.

[2] The poet returns to Rogero in this book, ver. 519.

[3] The pillars of Hercules.

To work thy further harms—but stronger fate
To sudden friendship chang'd my former hate.
While to thy loss I plann'd the future blow,
I found (but how some future time will show)
Rogero, nam'd of Risa, was my sire!
'Gainst whom a brother's treason durst conspire.
Me, in her womb, my luckless mother bore
Far o'er the seas, where at my natal hour
A sage magician bent his care to rear
My infant life,—the seventh revolving year
Arabian spoilers snatch'd me from his hands,
And sold to Persia, where in slavish bands
My person grew, till urg'd by lawless flame
The king my lord assail'd my virgin fame.
Then him and with him all his court I slew,
Destroy'd his kindred, and his realm o'erthrew:
The crown I seiz'd—and scarce my age had told
The eighteenth sun in annual progress roll'd,
Seven realms subdu'd beneath my arms I won,
When envying, as I said, thy high renown,
I bent my thoughts to lay thy trophies low,
With what success succeeding time would show,
But now my will, by stronger power depress,
To milder purpose vails its haughty crest,
Ere since I learn'd my honour'd birth to trace
In lineage near thy own illustrious race.
Thus, like my sire, a double tie I own,
Child of thy blood, and subject of thy throne.
That hate, that envy, which so late before
My bosom sway'd, I cherish there no more,
Or bend on Agramant the vengeful tide,
All to his sire or grandsire's name ally'd,
The foul, detested race by whom my parents died."

Thus she[4]; and claim'd the hallow'd baptist rite,
Resolv'd when first her sword had slain in fight
The Turkish prince, by Charles dismist to go
And on her eastern realms the faith bestow;
Then turn on those her arm's resistless power,
That Trevigant and Mahomet adore,
With promise all her victor-sword might gain,
Should own the cause of Christ, and strengthen Charles's reign.

The emperor, no less eloquent, than skill'd
In sage debate and valiant in the field,
Much prais'd the generous maid, and much he prais'd
Her sire, her lineage, high in honour rais'd.
To all her words he fram'd a fair reply,
Intrepid courage beaming from his eye,
Then clos'd his speech, her proffer'd love to take,
And her his daughter by adoption make.

Again he rose: he clasp'd her to his breast,
And with a father's kiss her forehead press'd:
With welcome joy advanc'd on either hand
The chiefs of Clarmont and Mograna's band,
'T were long to tell how good Rinaldo paid
Distinguish'd honours to the glorious maid;
Her deeds be witness'd, when the numerous powers[5]
Begirt Albracca's close beleaguer'd towers:
'T were long to tell what joy in Guido's breast
Her presence wrought: what equal joy impress'd
Brave Sansonetto's[6] soul; nor less delight
Had sable Aquilant, or Gryphon white;
Who late with her that cruel city[7] view'd
Where murderous females held their rule in blood.
With these good Malagigi, Vivian came
And Richardetto, who the generous dame
Had seen in fight, what time with theirs she join'd
Her conquering arms against the treacherous kind
Of foul Maganza and Laufusa's train,
Who met to sell their kin for sordid gain.

Imperial Charles himself with zealous care
Bids for th' ensuing day the pomp prepare,
When in the list, before the public sight,
Marphisa might receive the hallow'd rite.
Bishops and reverend clerks, to whom is given
T' explain the Christian laws prescrib'd by Heaven,
He next convenes, that these by truth inspir'd
Might teach Marphisa what our faith requir'd.
Th' archbishop, in his pontiff's weeds array'd,
Good Turpin, then baptis'd the kneeling maid,
While pious Charles ministrant seem'd to stand,
And gently rais'd her with his regal hand.

But time requires[8] me now for him whose sense
Had left his brain the medicine to dispense.
Which to our Earth, from you bright orb afar,
Astolpho brings in great Elijah's car.
And now descending from the lunar height,
In Paradise the saint and warrior light;
The sacred vase they bring, whose wondrous power
Must the great master of the war restore.
Then holy John to good Astolpho show'd
A potent herb with virtues rare endow'd;
With this, return'd to Earth, he will'd the knight
To touch the Nubian king and heal his sight.
Then should the grateful prince, for eyes restor'd,
And hungry harpies banish'd from his board,
T' assail Biserta's walls his aid afford.
He taught him how to arm the troops unskill'd
In martial toil, and train them to the field;
And how unhurt to tread the burning way,
Where blinding sands in circling eddies play.
He bade him now remount the steed that late
Had borne Rogero and Atlantes' weight.
Reluctant then his leave Astolpho took,
The hallow'd saint and blissful seats forsook:
Above the Nile he wheel'd his rapid flight,
Till Nubia's nearer realm appear'd in sight:
Then in the city's walls with swift descent
Alighting to Senapus' presence went.

Great was the joy the knight returning brought
To Nubia's king, who oft in grateful thought
Confess'd that aid, which from the ravenous power
Of famish'd harpies freed his genial hour.

[4] Gregorio Calaprese, an Italian, published a book entitled "A Lecture on the Oration of Marphisa to Charlemain;" being a long and tedious eulogium on this speech, and on the speech of Armida to Godfrey in the ivth book of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

[5] Alluding to Boyardo's story.

[6] This is undoubtedly a slip of the poet's memory. In the xxxvth Book, Sansonetto, who had been made prisoner by Rodomont at the bridge, is said to have been sent by him to Africa, and was not released at the time Marphisa came to the Christian camp; for in the xxxixth Book the ship arrives with him and the rest of Rodomont's prisoners on the coast of Africa, where he meets with Astolpho, and first recovers his liberty.

[7] City of the Amazons.

[8] He returns to Bradamant, ver. 535. of this book. Astolpho was last mentioned in Book xxxv. ver. 925.

But when the champion now had pass'd away
The cloudy film that veil'd his visual ray,
Th' enraptur'd monarch, for his sight restor'd,
His great deliverer as a God ador'd;
Nor only granted at his first demands,
T' invade Biserta's walls, auxiliar bands,
But rais'd a host, to which the mightiest yield,
Twice fifty thousand marshall'd for the field;
And proffer'd these to head—the groaning plain
Could scarce the ranks of trampling foot sustain
On foot they march'd, for rare the race of steeds
In Nubia nurtur'd, while in troops she breeds
The camel, patient long of parching toil,
And elephant, that shakes the groaning soil.
The night preceding, ere the numerous bands
Prepar'd to tread th' inhospitable sands,
The Paladin his winged steed bestrides,
Then to the south his rapid pinion guides,
And gains at length the cave, where issuing forth
The southern wind first breathes against the north:
The champion (as his sage instructor taught)
With him prepar'd a bag capacious brought,
And while fatigu'd within the cavern deep,
Th' outrageous blast lay hush'd in quiet sleep,
This at the entrance close, with silent care
Unknown to him, who little dreamt the snare,
Astolpho held; and when with rapid force
At morn the wind essay'd its wonted course,
The closing bag the rushing plague repell'd,
And in its womb[9] the struggling captive held.
The knight o'erjoy'd at such a valu'd prey
To Nubia turn'd; and now began his way
With all his sable host, while plenteous stores
Were borne behind to feed the numerous powers.
With these the duke his glorious march pursu'd
Safe in the imprison'd wind, while round he view'd
Th' unstable sands, till from a mountain's height
The plain and distant shore appear'd in sight.
His army here he stays, and here the best
In discipline he singles from the rest,
And where the mountain bounds the spacious plain,
Encamp'd in legions leaves his martial train.
Himself, as one who sworn'd by looks intent
On some great purpose, gain'd the hill's ascent;
There first the ground with knee devoutly press'd,
Then to his patron saint his prayer address'd.
Secure that Heaven would listen to his vows,
From scattering hands a stony shower he throws;
O wondrous deeds of those who Christ believe!
The falling stones a sudden change receive;
Each takes new shape, and grows a living beast,
With well-turn'd hoof, arch'd neck, and nervous chest:
To neighings shrill the winding crags resound:
The new-form'd race in many a sprightly bound
Rush to the subject vale with eager speed,
Where every stone is now a generous steed.
They snort, they foam, they leap in sportive play,
Of various colour, dappled, roan, or bay.

[9] This fiction is borrowed from Homer, where Eolus makes a present to Ulysses of the winds in a leathern bag. Odyss. b. x.

——— at length for parting mov'd,
The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd:
The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd each force, and lock'd each struggling blast. Pope's Odyss. b. x. ver. 17.

The squadrons, that beneath in order stand,
These soon behold; as soon with ready hand
Secure, and mounting poor along the plain;
For each was form'd with saddle, bit and rein.
Thus in one day Astolpho chang'd the force
Of fourscore thousand men from foot to horse:
With these in waste the country round he laid,
And wealthy plunder gain'd and prisoners made.
When Agramant had pass'd to Gallia's strand,
Three kings he left to guard his Afric land;
The king of Fezza, Algazeri's king,
And king Branzardo—these the'r numbers bring
T' oppose the duke; but first with sails or oars
A rapid bark they send to Europe's shores,
That Agramant might learn what ills arose
From such incursion of the Nubian foes.
Through surging tides the vessel night and day
To Arli's port pursues her ready way,
There finds the king with various woes distrest,
And near by Charles' advancing power oppress.
King Agramant, who heard his own domain
Endanger'd thus, while Pepin's realm to gain
He cross'd the seas, convened to deep debate
The chiefs and princes of the Pagan state.
There once or twice his careful eyes he cast
Where king Marsilius and Sobrino plac'd,
The council join'd; of all the honour'd train
Wisest and eldest—when he thus began:
"Though ill it fits a leader's name to own
He ne'er divin'd what future time made known;
Yet will I say, should such misfortune light,
As mock'd the prescience of a mortal sight,
Error were venial then—that Afric's lands
Were left disarm'd expos'd to Nubia's bands—
The fault was mine—but who, save Heaven (whose eye
Can every deep event of time descry),
Could e'er have thought from realms remov'd afar,
So huge a host would wage in Afric war;
Whose clime beyond the burning desert lies,
Where clouds of sand in dusty whirlwind rise?
Yet to Biserta's wall the siege is laid,
Our Afric pillag'd and her sons dismay'd.
Declare, O chiefs! if spent with fruitless toil
Our baffled troops shall quit this hostile soil:
Or urge the conflict on, till hence we bear
You Christian Charles a prisoner of the war:—
But how to guard at once my regal seat
And leave this empire crush'd with great defeat;
Let each disclose the thought that sways his breast,
While we from various counsels choose the best."
Here ended Agramant; and, as he spoke,
On Spain's imperial lord, who next him took
His honour'd place, he fix'd an earnest eye,
As from his lips awaiting a reply.
He, rising slow, awhile in silence stood
Before his chief, and first with reverence bow'd:
Resuming then his place, in words prepar'd,
He thus the purport of his mind declar'd:
"When Fame, O monarch! good or evil tells,
Evil or good beyond the truth she swells.
I little trust in tales, that, idly bred,
From tongue to tongue with lying rumours spread.
Less can I credit that which sure will find
No credit from a cool considerate mind.
Who can believe that, with such numerous bands,
A king, who holds the sway o'er distant lands,
Should bend his march to Afric's peaceful soil
Through parching sands, where shrunk with heat and toil

Cambyses once had led [10], in evil hour,
With wretched omens his devoted power?
Perchance from native hills th' Arabian train
May make incursion on the neighbouring plain;
And, while no force oppos'd, destruction make,
And sack and kill, and many a captive take:
Meanwhile Branzardo, to whose trusted hand
Thou gav'st the rule (thy viceroy in the land),
For every ten a thousand writes, that blame
For such defeat may less attend his name.
Grant that the Nubians are by wondrous power
Sent like some storm or Heaven-directed shower,
Grant that they soon from clouds on Earth to light,
Their march conceal'd from every mortal sight,
Weak were indeed the soldiers' hearts to show
Inglorious fear of such a dastard foe.
Yet from thy ships dispatch a chosen few,
And let thy standards but appear in view;
Nubians and naked Arabs all shall fly,
And in their wonted confines trembling lie:
Though unexpected now those spoilers dare
Disturb thy kingdom with invasive war,
While distant here thy banded powers remain,
And seas divide thee from thy native reign.
But thou, as Charles with double ardour press,
His kinsman's absence must assure success;
Orlando lost, of all you Christian foes
Not one shall more your rising fates oppose,
Unless yourself neglect the glorious crown
That waits to bind your temples with renown;
Till Time from thee his favouring lock shall turn,
And we too late our shame and ruin mourn."

With words like these, in reason's garb address,
Spain's mighty lord the peers assembled press'd,
And urg'd to keep in France the martial bands
Till Charles was exil'd from his native lands.

Then king Sobrino spoke, whose judgment view'd
That king Marsilius less in speech pursu'd
The general cause, than labour'd to conceal
His private aims with show of public zeal.

He thus:—"When peace I counsell'd, would to Heaven
Th' event had shown that ill th' advice was given!
Or that thou then hadst deign'd, O king! to hear
Thy old Sobrino with a willing ear;
Nor then in Rodomont confided most,
In Marlabusto and Alzirde's boast,
With Martisino—would that each I name
Were present now!—but chief that son of fame,
Stern Rodomont, who vow'd in every chance
Thy fate to follow with his single lance,
And crush beneath his arm the brittle power of France:

So might my tongue reproach the recreant knight
Who lives in sloth [11], a truant from the fight;
While I who dare ungracious truths declare,
(Then deem'd a coward) still thy fortune share,
And yet will share, while life informs my breast,
That life, which now with weight of years oppress,
I stand prepar'd for each event to yield
To every Frank that dares us in the field.
Nor is there one shall tax Sobrino's name,
Of all, who boast their deeds eclipse my fame.
Thus far I speak, that what with fervent zeal
I once declar'd, and what I now reveal,
May no effect of fear or weakness prove,
But marks of loyal truth and faithful love.
Hear then, O king! my counsel to retreat,
And turn with speed to thy paternal seat.
Unwise the man, whose fruitless arm pursues
The good another holds, his own to lose!
What is our gain thou know'st—from Afric's shore
Full thirty kings, the vassals of thy power,
We cross the seas—now count the remnant train,
And scarce a wretched third alive remain!
Forbid it Heaven, or more must yet be lost!
Shouldst thou, O monarch! follow to our cost
Th' inprosperous war, soon death may level all,
And chiefs and people share one common fall!
Orlando's absence yields but little aid
To force like ours with every day decay'd:
No ruin hence remov'd—though ruthless fate
Some little space prolongs our wretched date.
Behold Rinaldo, fam'd in many a fight,
And scarcely yielding to Orlando's might.
Behold his brethren, kinsmen, all the train
Of Paladins, whose deathless arms maintain
The Christian cause; whose deeds the world re-
veres,
And every Saracen with terrour hears!
With these another Mars exacts the praise
Which to a foe my tongue reluctant pays;
The valiant Brandimart, whose fearless breast
(Like his Orlando) danger ne'er depress'd:
Part have I heard, and part by trial known,
His deeds to others' cost in battle shown.
And since Orlando to their arms was lost,
Less good than evil has befall'n our host.
To sufferings now endur'd, my boding mind
Foretels, alas! more sufferings yet behind.
Lo! Mandricardo pale in death is laid,
And stern Gradasso has withdrawn his aid,
With Algiers' king—yet would the last as well
But prove his duty, as his arms excel,
Gradasso's absence might be held more light,
Nor should we so regret the Tartar knight.
While these we lose, while breathless on the plain
Thousands by thousands lie our warriors slain,
While all our troops are drawn from Afric's shore,
Nor can supplies our drooping hopes restore,
Four knights have join'd with Charles, whose mar-
tial name
Equals Orlando's or Rinaldo's fame;
Since from these realms to where cold Bactros flows,
No chiefs in field can four such chiefs oppose:

[10] Cambyses, king of Media, undertook two expeditions, one against the Ammonites, the worshippers of Jupiter Amon, and the other against the Macrobians, a people of Ethiopia that inhabited the country near the Southern ocean. He divided his army into two parts; with one he marched himself into Ethiopia, and the other he sent against the Ammonites; but their provisions failing, and finding no supplies in the barren soil through which they passed, they were reduced to the most dreadful extremities, and at last constrained to return with great loss: the other army in attempting to pass over the deserts was buried under the mountains of sand.

[11] Rodomont, since he had been defeated by Bradamant on the bridge at the tomb of Isabella, was retired from the field and lived a recluse, as was the custom of chivalry, to expiate the disgrace which he had brought on the profession of knighthood.

Perchance to thee is savage Guido known,
With Sassonetto, and each generous son
Of Olivero born[88]—these more I fear
Than many a knight, than many a valiant peer,
That Germany and various regions send
Against our force their empire to defend;
Though each new aid that swells their hostile bands
From us new courage, new allies demands.
Whene'er we dare the field, the field we lose,
And infamy with rout our arms pursues.
If Spain and Afric, oft with loss engag'd,
When, two to one oppos'd, the fight they wag'd,
What chance is ours, where Franks and Scots combine,
Where English, Germans, and Italians join,
Where every six of ours twelve Christians meet?
What hope of aught but shame and foul defeat!
In time retire—and with thy kingdom save
Our few survivors from a foreign grave.
Marsilius left, the world perchance may blame
Thy breach of faith, but to preserve thy name
From all reproach, such terms thou mayst ensure
As shall, with thine, Marsilius' peace secure.
Yet with thy fame if ill it seems to stand,
That thou, first injur'd, shouldst a truce demand;
If still untir'd on war thy thoughts are bent,
(With what success thou wert by sad event)
One only way remains to turn the tide
Of wavering conquest from the Christian side:
Hear but my counsel—to some valorous knight
Intrust our kingdom's cause in single fight,
And be Rogero nam'd the champion of thy right.
We know Rogero, arm'd with sword and shield,
Can equal prowess in the listed field
With great Orlando or Rinaldo boast,
Or any leader of the Christian host.
But if thou still pursu'st a general war,
Though more than human deeds his worth declare,
He stands but one amidst innumerous foes,
Where warriors like himself their strength compose.
If thou my words approve, a message send
To Christian Charles, that mutual strife may end:
He for the list shall name his boldest knight,
Who dares encounter thine in equal fight
Till one shall fall—that king shall tribute pay,
Whose champion slain or vanquish'd yields the day.
Nor Charles I trust (whate'er his arms have won)
Will proffer'd peace on such conditions shun:
In brave Rogero firmly I confide
That certain conquest must his force betide:
So just our cause, that all to him shall yield,
Though Mars himself oppos'd him in the field."
With these persuasive words Sobrino mov'd
Th' assembled peers; the peers th' advice approv'd.
That day th' important embassy they frame,
That day to Charles the chosen envoys came:
When Charles, who knew what warriors of renown
Maintain'd his quarrel, deem'd the prize his own.
Then to Rinaldo he the combat gave,
Whom next Orlando, bravest of the brave,
He trusted most.—Meantime, on either hand,
The truce was welcom'd by each martial band:
With labours spent, with anxious care oppress,
They hail the hour that promis'd future rest;
And curs'd that discord (bane of human good)
That urg'd their souls to hate, their hands to blood.

Rinaldo thus with honour'd preference grac'd
Above his peers, in whom his sovereign plac'd
The charge his empire and his fame to guard,
Exulting for the glorious list prepar'd;
Nor fear'd Rogero's arms might his excel,
Though by that arm stern Mandricardo fell:
But good Rogero, while his soul confess'd
His monarch's favour, singled from the rest;
From Afric's lords by Agramant decreed
In such a cause to conquer or to bleed,
Yet look'd with downcast eyes of heavy cheer,
Though unappall'd, his bosom knew not fear.
Rinaldo had he scorn'd, and with him join'd
Orlando's self, but, ah! his troubled mind
View'd in his foe a warrior near ally'd
To noble Bradamant his future bride;
His best-belov'd, who oft with anguish mov'd
In tender lines his breach of faith reprov'd:
As should he thus her future hopes requite,
To meet her brother now in mortal fight,
Such change to hatred must her bosom feel,
As all his cares could ne'er suffice to heal.
If to himself Rogero mourns in vain
The part that Heaven has call'd him to sustain,
Soon as the flying news his fair-one hears,
Sighs follow sighs, her eyes are fill'd with tears:
She strikes her lovely breast, her golden hairs
She rends away, her bloodless cheek she tears:
She calls Rogero perjur'd and ingrate,
And loud lamenting, weeps her cruel fate.
Whate'er event should chance on either side,
To her, in every chance, must woe betide:
She dares not think the day may fatal prove
To him, the object of her dearest love:
But should high Heaven his righteous doom dispense
To punish France for some remote offence,
Beside a brother's loss, more thrilling pains
Must rend her soul, a deeper curse remains:
She durst not then, but to her fond disgrace,
And hate incurr'd from all her angry race,
Again her dear, her plighted lord review,
And in the face of all those vows renew,
Those vows, which ever present to her mind,
By night, by day, her anxious thoughts design'd
To see fulfill'd—so strong was either tye'd,
No struggle could the mutual knot divide,
Or late repentance set their loves aside
But she, whose friendly succour ne'er had fail'd
Whene'er ill chance against the fair prevail'd,
The sage Melissa, with attentive ears,
Not unconcern'd her plaintive sorrow hears:
She comes, with gentle words to soothe the maid,
And promise gives of unexpected aid;
When need requires, to give her fears relief,
And stay the fight, her fatal cause of grief.
But now the rival knights, with equal care,
Their weapons for th' expected list prepare:
The choice of weapons to the chief remains,
Whose valiant arm the Roman cause maintains;
And he, who since his gallant steed he lost,
Still fought on foot amid th' embattled host,
Resolves, in plate and mail, on foot t' engage,
With axe and dagger keen the fight to wage.
Thus, whether fix'd by chance, or whether wrought
By Malagigi with forecasting thought;
Who knew full well how Balisarda's force
Through arms and armour takes its ruthless course
Without their trusty swords each noble knight
With axe and dagger will decide the fight:

[88] Gryphon and Aquilant.

And near the walls of Arli's ancient seat,
They choose a spacious plain for combat meet.
Aurora scarce had rais'd [a] her watchful head
Above the waves from old Tithonus' bed,
To usher in the day that seem'd decreed
To see the victor crown'd, the vanquish'd bleed,
When, lo! on either hand, with equal care
A chosen squadron to the field repair:
They pitch their tents in due proportion'd space,
And near the tents two rising altars place.
Ere long, in order marshall'd train by train,
The Pagan forces issu'd to the plain:
Full in the midst, in barbarous splendour drest,
Proud Afric's king a fiery courser press'd;
His colour bay, his skin was glossy bright,
Black was his mane, two foot and front were white.
Beside the king his steed Rogero rein'd;
Nor him t' attend Marsil us' self disdain'd,
Whose hand the helmet held, so late in fight
With peril conquer'd from the Tartar knight:
That helmet, once in Trojan battle borne,
A thousand years ago by Hector worn.
With king Marsilius various chiefs of fame,
Nobles and barons plead their equal claim;
On either side his arms and weapons hold,
His arms with jewels set and rich with gold.
Then issuing from their works in shining swarms
Imperial Charles conducts his troops in arms,
In blazing pomp and military show,
As if on equal terms t' engage a foe.
His noble Paladins their lord enclose,
And near him arm'd the bold Rinaldo goes,
Arm'd save his head—that helmet which of yore
In fatal combat fam'd Mambrino wore,
The Danish Paladin Ugero bears:
Duke Namus next beside the knight appears;
One axe he holds of two for fight ordain'd,
One royal Salomone's hand sustain'd.
Here various chiefs each Christian squadron led,
And there the powers of Spain and Afric spread.
Between the camps was left an ample space,
Where, save the champions, none the fatal place
Must dare to tread—the trumpet's dreadful breath
For each offence denouncing certain death.
The Christian warrior first, prepar'd for fight,
His weapon seiz'd, and next the Pagan knight:
When now advanc'd before the martial bands
Two priests appear'd, each bearing in his hands
A volume clos'd: one hallow'd page proclaim'd
Christ's blameless life; the Koran one was nam'd;
With that, the emperor came, devout in mien,
With this, the Pagan Agramant was seen.
Imperial Charles before his altar stay'd,
And thus with lifted hands to Heaven he pray'd:
"O God! who couldst in flesh resign thy breath
To save devoted souls from sin and death!
O Virgin pure! from whom, for our frail sake,
That God vouchsaf'd a human form to take,
And in thy hallow'd womb nine months remain,
Thy virgin-flower preserv'd from mortal stain;
Be witness now, that for myself I swear,
And each that may henceforth this sceptre bear,
To Agramant and all, whose future hand
Shall hold the rule of his paternal land,
Of finest gold an annual sum to pay.
Should here my chosen champion lose the day:
And more—I swear to fix a peace so sure
As may to time's remotest verge endure.
If this I fail, let each offended power
On me, on mine, the fiercest vengeance shower,
But spare my people—here thy wrath let fall,
Nor stretch, for my offence, thy scourge to all.
Yet to the world a dread example show,
What punishment awaits the broken vow."
Thus while he pray'd he grasp'd the sacred book
With pious zeal, and upwards fix'd his look.
And now they pass'd to where with splendour grac'd,
The Pagan train a second altar plac'd:
There vow'd king Agramant to waft his powers
Through midland waters back to Afric's shores,
And tribute to the Christian monarch yield,
Should good Rogero vanquish'd press the field,
And bid (as Charles had sworn) all hatred cease
To bind the solemn league with lasting peace.
The Pagan then, amidst the listening crowd,
His prophet Mahomet invok'd aloud,
And on the book, t'observe his oath he swore,
The book which in his hand the pontiff [b] bore.
Then from the altars sworn each prince withdrew
Back to his train; when from the martial crew
The noble champions, ere in fight they join'd,
Advanc'd with mutual oaths themselves to bind.
Rogero swore, if heedless of the right
His monarch should disturb th' approaching fight,
No longer to confess his sovereign sway,
(His chief or peer,) but only Charles obey.
Then vow'd Rinaldo, if the Christian lord
Should the first cause to break the truce afford,
And sudden call him from the listed field,
Ere he should fall, or see Rogero yield,
Then for his sovereign Agramant to own,
His future knight and guard of Afric's throne.
Now all perform'd as solemn rites requir'd,
Each champion backward to his lines retir'd,
To wait the sign—when soon resounding far
The shrill-mouth'd trumpet gave the peal of war.
The fight begins—loud strokes are echo'd round;
Now high, now low, the brandish'd weapons sound.
Above, beneath, the thundering axe is sped;
Now aim'd against the breast, and now the head.
So well they strive, no words suffice to praise
The matchless skill that either arm displays.
But good Rogero, who the brother fought
Of her whose love possess'd his every thought,
So cautious struck, his caution seem'd to show
A strength inferior to his gallant foe;
Readier to ward than strike, he seldom aim'd a blow.
Scarce knows he what he seeks; nor would he try
To wound Rinaldo, nor himself would die.
But now methinks the stated bound in view
Permits me not the story to pursue.
The book ensuing shall the rest unfold,
If then you deign to hear the sequel told.

[a] The several circumstances of the truce between Charles and Agramant, and the breaking of it by the intervention of Melissa, are copied from the xiith book of Virgil, where the Latin poet describes the ceremonies preparatory to the single combat between Æneas and Turnus, and the machine of Juturna.

[b] This word may probably appear not strictly proper when applied to a Mahometan priest; but it is after the Italian—Papasso—liberties of this kind are common with the poets of that time.

BOOK XXXIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero and Rinaldo being engaged in single combat to decide the dispute of the two nations, Melissa, by a device, incites Agramant to break the truce. A general battle ensues, and the two knights separate by mutual agreement. Valour of Bradamant and Marphisa. Proceedings of Astolpho in Africa. The leaves of trees transformed to ships. Arrival of Oliviero, Sansonetto, Brandimart, and other Christian knights, who had been prisoners to Rodomont. These are received with great joy by Astolpho. Orlando, in his madness, wandering from place to place, comes to the camp of Astolpho, who, according to the instructions of Saint John, restores him to his senses. Preparations for the siege of Biserta. The Pagan army in France being routed by Bradamant and Marphisa, Agramant is obliged to quit the field, and with some of his ships sails from the port of Arli for Africa, but is met by Dudon's fleet, that attacks him unawares during the night, and burns and destroys most of his vessels.

GREAT is the woe that good Rogero knows,
A woe by far surpassing other woes:
On either side too cruel fate prevails;
His honour here, and there his love assails.
He now may perish by Rinaldo's hand:
Or should his arm the Christian foe withstand,
He to his mistress must resign his breath,
Whose hate incurr'd shall seal his bitterest death.
Rinaldo, not with thoughts like these distrest,
On conquest bent his brave opponent press'd
With every nerve; his axe of temper steel'd,
Now here, now there in rapid circles wheel'd,
At head or arm he aim'd; while still prepar'd
On every part the threatening sword to ward,
Rogero turn'd; but when a stroke he dealt,
The cautious stroke Rinaldo little felt.
Anxious the Pagan lords the knights survey,
Who seem'd ill pair'd for such a glorious day.
Too slow his arm and axe Rogero moves:
Too well his arm and axe Rinaldo proves.
The king of Afric pale, with alter'd hue,
Bent on the doubtful fight his fearful view:
On old Sobrino now he turn'd the blame,
Whose erring counsel risk'd a nation's fame.
But sage Melissa, that eternal source
Of magic power transcending human force,
Now cast aside her female form, and took
The king of Algiers' habit, voice and look.
Like haughty Rodomont her arms she bore,
Like him a dragon's semblant hide she wore:
Like him she seem'd her pointed lance to wield,
So hung her sword, so gleam'd her bossy shield:
A demon, in a courser's shape, she rode;
And sudden piercing through the wondering crowd,
Before Troyano's pensive son she press'd,
And, frowning, thus with thundering voice address'd:
"Ill have you judg'd, O king! with such a knight
To match a stripling warrior, raw in fight;
In such an arm so rashly to confide
For what must Afric's weal and crown decide.
Haste—stay the combat—on whose issue wait
Disgrace and ruin to yourself and state.
'Tis Rodomont that speaks—attend no more
To keep the truce or oath you rashly swore.
Unsheath the sword—'tis every valiant hand
Enforce its edge on you devoted band.
Lo! I am here—and each amid your host
May now the vigour of a hundred boast."
Thus she: unwary Agramant appro'd,
And forth he rush'd with headlong fury mov'd:
The lying form of Sarza's monarch wrought
Such sudden change, he banish'd from his thought
The treaty made: nor had he priz'd so high
A thousand warriors as this sole ally.
Behold on every side with eager speed
They couch the spear and spur the foamy steed:
Melissa, when her arts had mix'd in fight
The jarring nations, vanish'd from the sight.
The champions, who in growing tumult saw
The lists disturb'd against all martial law,
Withheld their strokes, and join'd their friendly hands,
Till time should tell what fury mix'd the bands
In impious strife, and whence the breach had sprung,
From ancient Charles or Agramant the young.
Again each vow'd to prove the future foe
Of him whose guilt could thus his faith forgo.
Wild uproar now succeeds—and, shouting loud,
Here forward press, there backward shrink the crowd.
One act alike is honour[1], or disgrace,
And stamps alike the valiant and the base.
Alike, on every side, in heaps they run,
But these to meet, and those the fight to shun.
As when a well-breath'd hound impatient views
A beast swift-flying which the pack pursues:
He hears the dogs, he pants to join the train;
His lord forbids it, and he pants in vain:
So, with her noble friend, Marphisa's breast
Till then the feelings of the brave confess'd;
Till then the pair with deep regret survey'd
Each mighty host in idle pomp array'd;
And oft repin'd to think the solemn day
Forbade their arms t' invade so rich a prey.
But now, the league dissolv'd, they gladly flew
To sate their warmth on Afric's warring crew:
Her spear Marphisa through the foremost sent;
His breast it pierc'd and issu'd at a vent
Two feet behind: her falchion then she took,
And four strong helmets shatter'd at the stroke.
Not with less valour Bradamant engag'd;
Though with her golden lance the virgin wag'd
A different fight, while all to earth she threw,
But not a warrior by her weapon slew.
Thus, side by side, the pair undaunted fought,
And witness'd each what deeds the other wrought:
Till, parting now, they took a separate course
As anger drove them on the Moorish force.
Who can the name of every Pagan tell,
That by the lance of gold dismounted fell?
Or those, whose heads on earth full low were laid,
Or cleft or lopt by fierce Marphisa's blade?
As where on Apennine soft breezes blow,
And verdant turf the heights ascending show,
Two rolling torrents rush with sweepy sway,
And from the summit take divided way:
They whirl huge stones, from craggy hills up-tear
The towering trees, and to the valleys bear

[1] The sense of this passage, which at first may appear rather obscure, is, that some show their valour by running to engage the enemy, and some their cowardice by running to avoid the enemy.

The labourer's hope, and strive with rageful force
Which most shall scatter ruin in its course.
The fearless virgins thus their progress held
Along the plain, while Afric's legions quell'd
Confess'd their might, and shrunk with chilling fear
Where that the falchion wielded, this the spear.
King Agramant can scarce the troops detain
Around his standard, and their flight restrain.
He calls aloud—he turns—intrepid stands
To brave the foe, and Rodomont demands.
Impell'd by him he deem'd his fame betray'd,
The solemn league dissolv'd, so lately made,
His Gods profan'd—while he for whom he broke
All ties of honour now his sight forsook:
Nor yet Sobrino he beheld, for fled
In Arli's walls Sobrino veil'd his head,
Abjur'd the deed, and in his fears divin'd
Some plague that day by righteous Heaven assign'd
To punish guilt of such an impious kind.
With him Marsilius to the town retir'd,
Such dread religion in their souls inspir'd.
Thus Agramant can ill th' assault sustain
Of royal Charles, conducting in his train
The English, German, and Italian name,
All valiant chiefs and men of mighty fame.
With these the Paladins their station hold,
Like sparkling jewels set on tissued gold;
And join'd to these were knights of high renown,
Whose praise in arms through all the world was
blown;
Guido, whose worth his noble deeds declare,
And Oliviero's sons [1], a dauntless pair.
Already told, 't were needless now to tell
Of those two dames that fought in field so well.
By hands like these the carnage wider spread,
And countless Pagans strow'd the fields with dead.
But leave we here the fight [2], and traverse o'er
Without a ship the sea to Afric's shore;
Nor think with Gallia's arms my mind so fraught,
To banish good Astolpho from my thought.
What grace the sage apostle show'd the knight
Already have I told; and if aright
My mem'ry serves, how king Branzardo rose
With all his force to meet the Christian foes,
And Nubia's strength, and how to his the train
Of Algazieri's king was join'd in vain:
Such motley succours, as in haste supply'd
Through all her kingdom Afric could provide
Of every kind, were mix'd without regard;
The levies scarce old age or females spar'd:
For Agramant, on vengeance bent, had drain'd
With two descents on France [4] his native land:
Her strength exhausted thus, the remnant few
Compos'd a feeble and unwarlike crew:
And such they prov'd; for when with distant sight
They view'd the foe, they turn'd their backs in
flight,
(Like timorous herds) before the Christian knight [5],
With Pagans slain Astolpho heap'd the ground,
But some their safety in Biserta found.
Brave Bucifaro prisoner then remain'd:
The sheltering city king Branzardo gain'd,
Who deeply mourn'd for Bucifaro's fate,
A loss not little to the public state.
Large was Biserta, and requir'd his care
Against a siege her bulwarks to repair:
Ill could he this pursue without the aid
Of Algazieri's king [6], and oft he weigh'd
The hapless prince's loss, while, deep distrest,
A thousand cares lay brooding in his breast.
At length his mind recall'd a Danish knight
Whom many a mouth, a prisoner made in fight,
He held in bonds, and Dudon was his name [7]:
Near Monaco him Sarza's king o'ercame,
When first to France he cross from Afric's shore;
The Paladin from that disastrous hour
Remain'd a captive in Branzardo's power.
For Bucifaro now Branzardo meant
T' exchange the Dane, and trusty envoys sent
To Nubia's chief, for o'er the Nubian bands
By spies he knew that England's duke commands [8],
And deem'd he gladly would such terms receive,
A Paladin from bondage to relieve:
Nor err'd the prince, since good Astolpho clos'd
With king Branzardo for th' exchange propos'd.
Dudon, releas'd, the gentle duke repaid
With grateful thanks, and now companions made
In glorious toils, in counsel both unite,
And plan by land and sea the future fight.
Astolpho, leader of so vast a power
That Afric's forces, seven times number'd o'er,
Could ne'er oppose, revolving in his thought
What from the holy sage in charge he brought,
To take Provence and all the neighbouring strand
Of Acquamorta from the Pagan's hand,
Which late they won, he from his numerous train
Selects the soldiers that might best sustain
New toils and dangers on the gulfy main.
Then either hand with gather'd leaves he fill'd,
Which laurels, cedars, palms, and olives yield:
Beside the margin of the seas he stood,
And cast the foliage in the dashing flood.
O happy souls! so highly prix'd in Heaven!
Stupendous grace to mortals rarely given!
O wonder! scarce by human faith believ'd!
Soon as the waves the scatter'd leaves receiv'd,
They swell'd in bulk, and (miracle to view!)
Each long, and large, and curv'd, and heavy grew.
The fibres small to cables chang'd appear'd,
The larger veins in solid masts were rear'd:
One end the prow, and one the steerage show'd,
Till each a perfect ship the billows rode.
In equal number now the tides they sweep,
As leaves before were scatter'd on the deep.
Strange was the sight, as these in turn became
Barks, galleys, transports, every various name
That forms a fleet, with compass, oars, and sails,
Prepar'd to stem the surge and caitiff the gales.
Nor fail'd the duke such skilful hands to find
As oft were wont to dare the storm and wind.
Corsians and Sardians, bred to plough the wave,
His pilots, masters, and his seamen gave.

[1] Gryphon and Aquilant.

[2] He returns to Rodamant and Marphisa in this Book, ver. 540; and to Agramant, ver. 528 of this Book.

[4] It appears from Boyardo that Agramant had twice invaded the dominions of Charlemain.

[5] Astolpho.

[6] Bucifaro.

[7] This knight is one of the personages in the Orlando Innamorato, and is there said to be made prisoner with Rinaldo, Prasildo, and others, at the bridge of Arrolano; and mention is made by Boyardo of his being taken prisoner by Rodomont, as here set forth by Ariosto.

[8] By this passage it appears that Senapus gave the effective command of the whole army to Astolpho.

Embark'd full twenty thousand quit the land
Of every kind, o'er whom the chief command
Brave Dudon held, whose name to none could yield
For skill at sea or courage in the field.
While near the coast the fleet at anchor lay,
Awaiting winds to speed them on their way,
From distant lands a vessel reach'd the shore
That many a luckless warrior captive bore.
Those knights she brought, who at the risk of life
Prov'd on the narrow bridge th' unequal strife;
Whom haughty Rodomont awhile detain'd,
And doom'd to lie in foreign dungeons chain'd.
With these the kinsman[9] of the earl was found,
And Sansonetto, Brandimart renown'd;
With more, whose titles need not here a place,
Of Gascon, German, or Italian race.
The pilot, driven before th' impetuous wind,
Had left his destin'd Algiers far behind,
And now unconscious of the lurking foes,
Not fearing danger, to the bay he goes;
There peaceful thinks among his friends to rest,
As Progne flies to her loquacious nest[10].
But when he saw th' imperial eagle[11] fly,
The golden lily and the leopards[12] nigh,
The frighted colour from his features fled;
As one who, unaware, with heedless tread,
Has crush'd a snake that swoln with poison lay
In slumber roll'd amid the grassy way:
Trembling and pale he flies the venom'd pest
That darts his tongue and rears his sanguine crest.
In vain the pilot would regain the deep,
Or in his hold the captive warriors keep.
Brave Brandimart and Olivero freed,
With Sansonetto, from the deck proceed
To greet the generous duke and Dudon brave,
Who to their friends a cordial welcome gave;
While him whose ship the noble prisoners bore,
They doom'd for penance to the labouring oar.
Great Otho's son[13] within his tent receiv'd
The warlike guests, with welcome rest reliev'd;
With needful food, with arms and vest supply'd,
What want could claim or friendship could provide.
With these to waste awhile the social hour
In pleasing converse, Dudon near the shore
Detain'd his fleet, and deem'd the time delay'd
With such distinguish'd warriors well repaid.
Of these he heard whate'er of late befel
To Charles or France; by these instructed well
Where best prepar'd his navy's strength to bend,
To guard the faithful and the foes offend.
While thus in useful talk the peers he held,
A sudden noise was heard, that louder swell'd,
From man to man pass'd with deep alarms
Of rattling drums that roar'd the camp to arms.

Astolpho with his noble comrades press'd
Their ready steeds, and to the sound address'd:
With eager looks inquiring as they pass'd
Whence came the tumult, till they view'd at last
A savage man, who naked and alone
Had all the camp in wild disorder thrown.
Grasp'd in his hand a club he brandish'd, rude
With frequent knots, of firm well-season'd wood:
Where'er it fell, each wretch that felt the blows
Lay stretch'd on earth, nor soon recovering rose.
A hundred had his senseless fury slain,
All strength was fruitless, all resistance vain,
While here and there the scatter'd arrows light,
None daring now t' engage in closer fight.
Astolpho, Dudon, Brandimart amaz'd,
With Olivero on the savage gaz'd.
Drawn by the noise they came, and wondering stand
To see the prowess of a single hand:
When, on a palfrey pacing swift, they view
A comely dame in robes of sable hue,
Who straight to Brandimart impatient goes,
And round his neck her eager arms she throws.
This dame was Flordelis, whose gentle breast
The love of Brandimart so far possess'd,
That when she left him, in the stream o'erthrown,
The Pagan's thrall, her grief too mighty grown
Her reason shook: but when she heard the knight
Had sent her lover, since the luckless fight,
To Algiers' town with others in his train,
Her love resolv'd to cross the surgy main.
But ere she parted from Marseilles, she found
A foreign ship from eastern climates bound,
That brought a knight who many years had told
In royal Monodantes' household old;
Who now had travers'd various regions o'er
(Or tost on seas or wandering on the shore)
For Brandimart, who late in France appear'd
(So went the fame) and hence for France he steer'd.
She knew Bardino[14] in the hoary sage,
The same who Brandimart in infant age
Resentful from his sorrowing father took,
And careful nourish'd in Sylvania's rock.
His cause of travel known, the faithful fair
Urg'd him with hers to join his pious care,
And told how Brandimart for Afric sent
A wretched prisoner in Algiers was pent.
Soon as the land they reach'd, they heard the tower
Of fam'd Biserta by Astolpho's powers
Were close besieg'd, and heard, but doubting heard,
That with him Brandimart in arms appear'd.
When Flordelis her dearest lord beheld,
Her speedy step, by heart-felt love impell'd,
Declar'd her secret joy, a joy that rose
To greater height from sense of former woes.
The gentle knight, who equal rapture prov'd,
To see that wife o'er every blessing lov'd,
With eager warmth to meet the fair-one press'd,
Receiv'd, embrac'd, and held her to his breast;

[9] Olivero.

[10] *Loquax nido*—this phrase is used by Dryden speaking of the swallow in his version of Virgil:

To furnish her loquacious nest with food.

[11] The eagle and the golden lily were the arms of the Empire and of France, and therefore borne by Charlemain. The leopards are said by Ariosto, I know not with what authority, to have been the arms of England, and borne by Astolpho, son of Otho, king of England: hence in the xvth Book he says of this knight that he was

Known by the harm of the leopard's name.

[12] Astolpho.

[13] This Bardino is said by Boyardo to be an old servant in the house of Monodant, father of Brandimart, who, for some offence taken at Monodant, stole from him this son, and put him into the hands of a knight, called the lord of Sylvana's rock, where he attended himself the infancy of the young prince, who, after the death of the knight, became heir to his possessions; but at the time that Zilliantes was delivered by Orlando from Morgana, Bardino, making his peace with Monodant, discovers his son to him, and Brandimart and Zilliantes are the same day restored to their father.

On her dear lips imprinting many a kiss,
Nor soon had sated with the guiltless bliss,
But, lifting up his eyes, by chance he view'd
Where near the dame his old Bardino stood.
He stretch'd his hand, preparing to embrace
And ask what fortune from his native place
Had drawn him thus—when now the tumult spread
Cut short their greeting, while huge numbers fled
Before the club, which, with resistless sway,
The naked swain impell'd, and clear'd each crowded way.
When Flordelis beheld with heedful eyes
The strange assailant, "Lo the earl!" she cries[14].
At once Astolpho near, with earnest view
Survey'd, and soon his lov'd Orlando knew,
By tokens, which the sainted three[15] who dwell'd
In earthly Paradise, to him reveal'd:
Else had the wandering warrior ne'er explor'd,
In such a form, Anglantes' courteous lord,
Who, long distraught, thus wild and savage ran,
And to the wretched brute debas'd the man.
Astolpho, by his starting tear, confess'd
The tender feelings of a generous breast:
To Dudon then and Olivero near
He turn'd and said—"Behold, Orlando here!"
These, bending on the hapless earl their view,
At length in him their long-lost champion knew,
Alike beholding with amaze and grief.
A state that seem'd so hopeless of relief.
Of all the warlike peers were few but show'd
Infectious sorrow which their cheeks o'erflow'd
To whom Astolpho thus—"No longer waste
The time in plaints, but rather let us haste
To work his cure"—he said, and left his steed:
The rest their seats forsook with equal speed.
Now Brandimart by Sansonetto stood:
With holy Dudon[16], Olivero show'd
A ready zeal, and all at once drew near
With force combin'd to seize the madding peer.
Orlando, who the shining band perceiv'd
That hemm'd him round, his knotty weapon heav'd
With twofold strength, and, lo! as Dudon spread
The fencing shield to guard his daring head,
And nearer drew, the club descending weigh'd
His buckler down, but Olivero's blade
Met half the blow, which else so fiercely driven
Through shield and helm the mortal wound had given.

[14] The last we heard of Orlando was in Book xxv. ver. 108.

[15] Enoch, Elias, and Saint John.

[16] An Italian commentator calls Dudon a pattern of meekness and piety. Romances tell us that this knight, leaving the military profession, became a hermit; and the poet here, by a kind of poetical anticipation, gives him this epithet, which he repeats in the next book. Such a story is told of our famous Guy of Warwick, to which circumstance Mr. Scott very poetically alludes in his elegant descriptive poem entitled *Armwell*.

——— Warwick's ancient walls,
Where, under umbrage of the mossy cliff,
Victorious Guy, so legends say, reclin'd
His hoary head beside the silver stream,
In meditation rapt —— ver. 188.

Cervantes has a humorous passage, with an eye no doubt to these legends of romance, where Don Quixote and Sancho debate upon turning saints or archbishops. See Don Quixote.

The shield it broke, the helm its fury found;
And Dudon lay extended on the ground.
At once his falchion Sansonetto drew,
With swift descent the well-aim'd weapon flew,
And cleft the madman's ponderous mace in two.
Now Brandimart behind Orlando plac'd,
With either arm in strictest grasp embrac'd
His heaving flank: his legs Astolpho took,
While to and fro enrag'd Orlando shook
The valiant pair, till with resistless might
Ten paces off he threw the English knight,
Who backward fell: but still in vain he strove
From Brandimart's tenacious grasp to move.
With forward step as Olivero came,
His hand the madman clench'd with furious aim,
And sent him pale to earth, while drench'd in blood
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood.
Strong was the helm that fury to sustain;
That fury else had Olivero slain:
Yet prone he fell, and look'd like one in death,
Who yields to Paradise his fleeting breath.
Astolpho now and Dudon rose, who press'd
The earth so late; but Dudon still confess'd
His blow receiv'd—again erect they stood,
With Sansonetto, who the knotted wood
So strongly cleft: all three their forces join'd:
Brave Dudon then with matchless strength behind
Orlando held, while with his foot in vain
The madman strove to cast him on the plain.
The rest his arms confin'd, but uncontrol'd
His nervous arms soon burst their strongest hold.
Whoe'er perchance in some wide field has view'd
By dogs and men a stately bull pursu'd,
That, bellowing loud, as here and there he wheels,
In either ear the fangs indented feels:
So seem'd Orlando, more than mortal strong,
So drew with ease those mighty chiefs along.
But Olivero, who the ground forsook,
Where stretch'd he lay beneath the madman's stroke,
Beheld their vigour thus in vain combin'd
T' effect the deed Astolpho had design'd:
And now he ponder'd in his secret thought
Some better means t' effect the purpose sought:
Sudden he bade th' assistant train provide
Strong lengths of cords with running nooses ty'd:
These round Orlando's legs and arms he threw:
The distant ends among the warlike crew
He gave, and each with force the cables drew.
As some large steed or ox which swains surround
With rustic toils, is headlong drawn to ground,
So fell the earl—All rush'd with eager haste,
Compress'd his hands and feet, and bound them fast.
Thus prostrate laid, in vain Orlando strove
Now here now there his fetter'd limbs to move.
Astolpho, who the high commission bears
To heal his madness, for the task prepares:
He bids them thence remove the senseless knight:
When Dudon, large of bone, of sinewy might,
The earl uplifting on his shoulder laid,
And to the sea th' enormous weight convey'd,
Seven times Astolpho bade his limbs to lave,
Seven times to plunge him in the briny wave,
Till from his face and body, black by toil
In parching sons, they wash'd the fetid soil,
With herbs collected then (in vain oppos'd
By struggling breath) the madman's mouth he clos'd,
That not a passage might for air remain
Save through the nostrils leading to the brain.
And now Astolpho in his hand sustain'd
The vessel where Orlando's wit remain'd:

Beneath his nostrils this with nicest care
He held unstopp'd, when (wondrous to declare)
With air inhal'd the breath returning drew
The subtile wit, that from the pris'on flew
Back to its native seat, nor left behind
A single atom of th' ethereal mind:
But more enlarg'd his manly soul is grown[17],
With eloquence and wisdom scarce his own.
As one, whose sense by anxious dreams oppress,
Sees horrid forms disturb his broken rest,
Monsters unknown! or in his troubled thought,
Has some strange deeds of dreadful import wrought,
E'en when he wakes, his phantom fears remain
And still the vision haunts his teeming brain:
So when his reason had resum'd her sway,
Orlando long in stupid wonder lay:
On Brandimart, on England's valiant lord
Whose pious care his better self restor'd;
On Aldabella's[18] brother with a look
Of deepest thought he gaz'd, nor silence broke:
But while he much his present state admir'd,
Nor whence he came, nor how convey'd inquir'd:
He marvell'd when his naked limbs he spy'd
From head to foot with cords so firmly ty'd:
At length he spoke, as in the cavern'd shade
He those who bound him once Silenus said—

[17] Thus Homer, speaking of the restoration of the companions of Ulysses to their native shape, says they grew

More young, more large, more graceful to the eyes!
Pope, Odyss. book x.

[18] Alda the fair. By Boyardo, Pulci, and other romance writers, it appears that Orlando was married, and that the name of his wife was Aldabella, sister to Oliviero. In the Morgante of Pulci, Orlando at the defeat of Roncevalles recommends her at his death in a pathetic prayer to the protection of Heaven. Her name is mentioned with Clarice (Rinaldo's wife) in the first canto of the Innamorato, amongst the lords and ladies of the court of Charlemain, but no where else, as I remember, in the whole poem.

Era qui nella sala Galerana,
Eravi Alda la moglie d'Orlando,
Clarice, e Armellina tanto humana ——
Boyardo.

Era in sala Clarice, e Galerana,
Del Danese Ermellina, Alda d'Orlando,
L'una Palla para, l'altra Diana——
Berni.

In the old poem of Aspramonte, Aldabella, sister to Oliviero, makes peace between Orlando and Oliviero, who were at variance, and is afterwards married to Orlando, with which event the poem concludes. See Aspramonte, c. xxiii.

As her name only appears in the above passage of the Furioso, it may be thought that Ariosto was led inadvertently to introduce it here from the familiarity of romance tradition ever present to his imagination; for it is likely neither he, nor Boyardo, meant that Orlando should be considered in their poems as a married man; but no such apology can be made for Ariosto with respect to Rinaldo's marriage, which he has so fully adopted. Sir John Harrington omits here the name of Aldabella: the last translator, Mr. Huggins, retains the name, but probably was not acquainted with the circumstance that gave rise to the present note.

"*Soluite me*"[19]—and with such courteous mien
He spoke, and look'd with features so serene,
They loos'd his hands, and hee'fd to provide
For every want, with covering vests supply'd.
While all alike their friendly influence join'd
To soothe the anguish of a noble mind,
For actions past that left a sting behind.
Orlando, heal'd of every love-sick care,
The dame, whom once he deem'd so good, so fair,
So highly priz'd, he now esteems no more,
But scorns those charms he held so dear before;
And every wish he bends t' efface the shame
Which love had cast on all his former fame.
Meanwhile to Brandimart Baldino said,
That Monodant his royal father dead,
He from his brother Gigliantes came,
And all the lands that own'd his rightful claim,
(Nations that dwell amid the scatter'd isles
Which cheerful Phœbus gilds with evening smiles)
T' invite him now to realms beyond compare
With every other, peopled, rich, and fair:
To many a reason urg'd he this adjoin'd—
Sweet is his country to a patriot mind!
And would he now embrace his better fate,
Henceforth his soul might scorn a wandering state.
Then Brandimart reply'd—His force to prove
In aid of Charles, and for Orlando's love
The sword he drew, nor would the cause forgo,
Till Heaven should reconcile the Pagan foe:
The war once done, hereafter might be weigh
The duties of his own paternal sway.
Next morn the Duish[20] leader to the shore
Of fair Provence his vast armada bore,
From England's duke Orlando learns the state
Of Afric's war, and oft in deep debate
Employs the time, bids stronger siege enclose
Biserta's town, but on the duke bestows
The praise of all, while yet the noble duke
From Ilsera's warrior every counsel took.
What order they pursu'd, and how assail'd
Biserta's city; how their arms prevail'd;
The first assault what deeds Orlando dar'd,
And who with him the foremost honours shar'd,
Be not displeas'd if these I pass awhile[21],
For subjects not unlike to change the style.
Vouchsafe to hear what now demands a place,
How by the Franks the Moors were held in chase.
Unhappy Agramant alone remain'd,
And all the perils of the day sustain'd,
While many a Pagan by Marsilius led,
And king Sobrino to the city fled:
Each prince for safety hastened to his fleet,
Their safety doubtful while at land to meet.

[19] *Release me*.—Ariosto here alludes to a passage in Virgil, and puts into the mouth of Orlando the words spoken by Silenus when he was surprised by Egle the Naïd and two shepherds (by Dryden called Satyrs) in the cave where he lay a-sleep.

Solvite me, pueri: satis est potuisse videri.
Eclog. vi. ver. 24.

—— Unloose me, boys, he cry'd,
Enough that by surprise I've been espy'd.

As Ariosto has inserted the Latin words in the Italian, it was thought right, however strange it may appear, to follow him in the translation.

[20] Dudon.

[21] He describes the siege of Biserta, Book xl. ver. 68.

By their example many a knight and lord
Of Moorish nation went with speed on board.
Still Agramant th' unequal combat bore:
But when he found his force avail'd no more,
He turn'd the reins, and yielding to his fate
Pursu'd the ready way to Arli's gate.
Behind him Rabicam, like lightning, came,
Impell'd by Bradamant, the noble dame,
Who glow'd with ardour for Rogero's sake
(So oft withheld) the Pagan's life to take.
Not less Marphisa burn'd with fierce desire
To appease with late revenge her murder'd sire:
The goring rowels in her fiery steed
She drove, and by her own impell'd his speed.
But this nor that, though borne on fury's wings,
Could in their course outstrip the flying king,
Who soon the city's closing gates attain'd,
And safely thence his anchoring vessels gain'd.
As when two generous leopards through the wood
(A beauteous pair) have long with speed pursu'd
The nimble goat or stag, return'd at length
Defrauded of their prey, with baffled strength
They leave the tardy chase, and with disdain
Lament their force and swiftness urg'd in vain:
So seem'd the virgins, so with shame return'd,
And oft with sighs the Pagan's safety mourn'd;
Nor cras'd their rage, but on the remnant crew
Dispers'd in broken ranks again they flew: [pour
Now here, now there, their thundering weapons
On those, that falling fall to rise no more.
What now avails the wretched bands to fly,
When flight no longer safety can supply?
For Agramant, t' ensure retreat, has clos'd
The gates of Arli next the camp expos'd;
While every bridge that o'er the Rhodan lod,
His friends destroy'd, and took from those who fled
All hope—Ah! when a tyrant's need demands
Like worthless herds are held plebeian bands.
Some in the stream and some in seas are drown'd,
And some with crimson torrents drench the ground.
What numbers perish'd!—Prisoners few remain'd,
For few, so bold, the foe's attack sustain'd,
Of all that in this last embattled plain
On every side by countless heaps lay slain:
Though huge the throng, yet most had prest the
By Bradamant and by Marphisa's hand. [land
Still through the region many a sign appears;
Where Rhodan flows, her walls where Arli rears:
The neighbouring fields are throng'd with sepulchres.
Now Agramant [1] impatient gives command
To launch the heaviest vessels from the strand;
Yet some he left with lighter barks behind,
To take the fugitives that wish'd to find
Their safety in the sea: two days he stay'd,
So long the adverse winds his fleet delay'd;
The third he stretch'd his canvass to the gale,
And hop'd for Afric's coast secure to sail.
But king Marsilius with increasing dread
Beheld the blackening clouds around him spread;
And fear'd at length his own paternal Spain
Would all the remnant of the storm sustain;
Then sought Valencia, and with anxious care
Began his forts and castles to repair
For war, that seem'd himself and friends to threat,
From which himself and friends their ruin met [2].

Now Agramant for Afric bids expand
His sails, with ships ill-stor'd and thinly mann'd.
Few were his men, but not their sorrows few,
When looking back on Gallia's shores, they view
Three fourths deserted of their wretched crew.
One calls his sovereign proud; one, cruel calls;
Imprudent, one; and as it oft befalls
In times like these, each gladly would accuse,
But fear forbids the murmuring tongue to loose;
Yet some there were, who met in secret, durst
On friendship's faith each other's feeling trust:
These vent their rage, while he their wretched chief
Thinks each his sovereign loves and shares his grief.
A king no face beholds without disguise,
And all he hears is flattery, fraud, and lies.
The king of Afric, well-advis'd, forbore
To steer his vessels to Biserta's shore,
Since there he knew that all the hostile land
The Nubians held; but higher up the strand,
Where rocks display'd a less impending steep,
He thinks with winding course to stem the deep.
There, landing safe, his forces backward steer,
And with unlook'd-for aid his people cheer.
But soon his cruel destiny withstood
The sage intent the prudent leader show'd,
And brought th' armada form'd by wondrous power
Of gather'd leaves (that through the billows bear
Had sail'd for France) in dead of night to meet
The tossing vessels of the Pagan fleet,
Midst murky clouds without a gleam of light,
And unprovided for so fierce a fight.
Nor yet king Agramant the tidings heard,
That Otho's son with such a navy steer'd;
Or had he heard, what faith would man bestow
To tale so strange, that midst the seas could grow
A hundred vessels from a slender bough?
Hence, without fear, he sail'd, nor deem'd to find
A single ship t' obstruct his course design'd;
No watch, no sentinel was plac'd on high
To give him notice of a foe so nigh.
Astolpho's navy, well by Dudon stor'd
With arms and mariners, and troops on board,
At rising eve, the Pagan vessels view'd,
And favour'd by the darkening night pursu'd.
These soon assail the unprovided foe,
And iron hooks and missive weapons throw,
And grapple close; till now so near they drew
That by their speech the hostile Moors they knew.
The bulky ships, with such o'erbearing force,
By winds propitious that impell'd their course,
Amidst th' affrighted Saracens were sent,
That many a vessel to the bottom went.
The Christians now their eager weapons ply'd:
Flames flash'd with wreathy smoke on every side;
Huge stones were cast, and dire confusion swell'd
The troubled ocean, that had ne'er beheld
So fierce a tempest on his watery field.
Brave Dudon's men, to whom by favouring Heaven
Unwonted strength and dauntless heart were given,
(For, lo! the hour by righteous powers design'd
To plague for past misdeeds the Pagan kind,)
Afar and near so well their arms employ'd,
That Agramant could no defence provide:
A cloud of arrows hiss'd above his head;
Around him swords, and spears, and axes spread:

[1] He returns to Bradamant and Marphisa, Book xlii. ver. 170.

[2] Nothing further is said of Marsilius, or what befel him at the conclusion of the war. It appears only from what the poet says in the xxiiid Book, that the Christians obtained a complete victory over all their enemies.

Of size enormous many a ponderous stone
Thundering from high, by mighty engines thrown,
Through prow or steerage drove with crushing sway,
And op'd to rushing waves a dreadful way.
But most th' increasing fires annoy'd the foe,
In kindling rapid, but in quenching slow.
The wretched seamen would from danger run,
But swifter rush on what they seek to shun.
Some, by the foe with murdering steel pursu'd,
Leap headlong from the decks and swim the flood:
Some, while their nervous arms their weight sustain,
Now here, now there, to save their lives would gain
A friendly bark; the bark, with numerous freight
Already charg'd, rejects their added weight:
The cruel sword each clinging hand divides,
The sever'd hand still grasps the vessel's sides,
The shrieking owner sinks in crimson tides.
Some seek by water to prolong their breath,
Or, dying, perish by a milder death:
Till, swimming long, when hope no more prevails,
When strength decays apace, and courage fails,
The thought of drowning, spite of former dread,
Recalls them to the flames from which they fled:
Eager they seize some burning wreck, and both
To die of either death, they die of both.
Some from the biting axe, or brandish'd spear,
Back to the seas return with double fear;
Till scarce escap'd the fate they deem'd so nigh,
A dart or stone o'ertakes them as they fly.
But cease we here, lest we the tale prolong
To tire your patience with a tedious song.

BOOK XL.

THE ARGUMENT.

Agramant with great difficulty escapes, with Sobrino, in a small bark, from Dudon's fleet. The siege of Biserta. The assault described. Valour of Brandimart. The town is taken by storm. The flight and despair of Agramant: he meets with Gradasso, who engages to fight in his cause. A messenger is dispatched to Orlando, in the names of Agramant, Gradasso, and Sobrino, to challenge him and two more knights to the combat. Orlando accepts the challenge, and names for his fellows Brandimart and Oliviero. Rogero after the truce was broken, having debated for some time, determines to follow Agramant to Africa. Arriving at Marseilles, he engages in combat with Dudon, to release seven kings, whom that knight had taken prisoner from the fleet of Agramant.

Hard were the task, and tedious, to recite
The various chances of that naval fight;
Useless for thee to hear, O glorious heir[1]
Of Hercules unconquer'd! as to bear
To Samos vases[2] with unfruitful toil,
To Athens owls, or crocodiles to Nile:
Since all I paint, but from tradition known,
Thou saw'st thyself, and hast to others shown.
Great was the spectacle thy faithful band
Enjoy'd by night and day, when safe on land,
As in a theatre, they view'd the foe
With fire and sword opprest in winding Po.
What groans and shrieks were heard, what human blood
With purple streams distain'd th' infected flood!
What cruel deaths in such dire fights they die,
Thou saw'st, and numbers could with thee descry.
Myself was absent far—six days had past
Since thence dispatch'd I went with dutcous haste,
Before the holy sire our wants to speak,
Embrace his knees and timely succours seek.
But soon no aid of horse or foot we claim'd;
Thy fearless arms the golden lion tam'd,
And crush'd so far from that fatal hour
He ne'er again resum'd his wonted power.
But from Alfonsin Trotto[4], present there,
Afranio, Peter More, skill'd in war,
Alberto, Annibal of noble name,
Bagnlo and Zerbinetto, like in fame,
And Ariostos three that honours claim[5];
From these the deeds I learnt, and since survey'd
The numerous banners in the fanes display'd;
And fifteen galleys that I captive view'd,
With barks a thousand moor'd in Tiber's flood.
Whoe'er beheld the flames, what wrecks beneath
The waves were whelm'd, what grievous forms of death
Revenge our palaces by fire laid low,
Till every ship was conquer'd from the foe,
May judge what dreadful ills the Pagan train,
Unarm'd and weak, were fated to sustain
With Agramant their king, at dead of night,
Assail'd by Dudon with unequal fight.

[1] Cardinal Hippolito de Este.

[2] A kind of proverbial expression, as we would say, "to carry coals to Newcastle." Samos is reported to have been famous for the making of earthen vessels, from the plenty of earth or clay adapted to that purpose.—Concerning the owls of Athens, Tully uses this expression: *Hoc est, Athenas noctuas mittere.* That is, "I will send owls to Athens." But the proverb arose (say some) not so much from the plenty of those birds, as because the Athenians had a coin stamped with the figure of an owl, as appears from Plutarch in the Life of Lysander, where it was laid to the charge of a great officer named Gysippus, that he roosted too many owls in his penthouse, meaning the money which he had concealed of the kind of coin here described. The Nile has always been well known to abound with crocodiles.

[3] Ferrara being besieged by the troops of Venice, and by those of Pope Julius II., the duke sent Ludovico Ariosto, our poet, to the pope, to mitigate the anger which he had conceived against the Ferrarese. In the meantime cardinal Hippolito obtained a victory over the enemy in the river Po; and Ariosto, returning from his embassy, with great hopes of restoring peace, heard the account of Hippolito's success. Eugenico.

See the Life of Ariosto, where he appears to have been twice sent ambassador to the pope.

[4] A kind of steward in the household of duke Alphonso, who kept account of all expenses. Fornari.

[5] Alphonso, to whom Castiglione addressed his book: the other, Ludovico's brother Alessandro, who, from the satire addressed to him, appears to have been in the service of cardinal Hippolito; the third may be Carlo or Galasso Ariosto. Fornari.

'Twas night; and not a feeble glimmering shone,
When first the Christians had th' assault begun:
But soon as sulphur, pitch, and brimstone pour'd
On side or stern the crackling ships devour'd,
So clear each object seem'd reveal'd to view,
As day from ocean's face the darkness drew.
Thus Agramant, who, by the gloom deceiv'd,
Of small account the hostile fleet believ'd,
When now the flame disclos'd their numerous power,
He sees, alas! what scarce he deem'd before,
The navy's strength; and in his alter'd mind
Far other issue to the fight divin'd.
Then with a few the vessel he forsakes,
And with the gallant Brigliadoro takes
Whate'er he priz'd: a lighter bark receives
The wretched prince; in silent haste he cleaves
(Stealing from ship to ship) the troubled tides,
Till safe at distance from the foe he rides:
While far behind his wretched friends remain,
By Dudon thus with dreadful carnage slain.
Fire burns them, water drowns, and steel destroys,
And he, the cause of all their ruin, flies.
So flies king Agramant, and in his fate
Sobrino shares, with whom he mourns too late
He once unheeding heard the sage foretel
Th' impending ills that since too sure befel.
But let us to Orlando[6] turn the strain,
Who, ere Biserta's town might succours gain,
Advis'd her walls and bulwarks to destroy,
That never more her power might France annoy.
Thus fix'd; the third ensuing day was nam'd
T' assault the town, and through the camp proclaim'd;
With duke Astolpho many ships remain'd
T' assist the siege, from Dudon's fleet detain'd:
Of these he made brave Sansonetto guide,
A chief by sea and land of courage try'd;
Who now with these against Biserta stood,
And from the port a mile at anchor rode.
Astolpho and Orlando, who, with mind
Of Christian frame, no enterprise design'd
Heaven unimplor'd, bade through the camp declare
By herald's voice a day for fast and prayer,
Exhorting each the third returning light,
Prepar'd to wait the signal for the fight,
To storm with fire and sword Biserta's town,
And from her buildings heave the lowest stone.
When now the host from morn till eve had pray'd
And every due of pure religion paid,
All those in blood or friendship bound, invite
Each other to partake the festive rite;
Their languid bodies then refresh'd with food,
They wept, embrac'd, and such their actions show'd,
Their looks, their words, as dearest friends that part
When thoughts of absence rend the feeling heart.
Within Biserta's walls, the priests no less,
Midst thronging numbers to the temple press:
They beat their breasts, to Macon[7] they complain,
But Macon hears not, and their plaints are vain.
What prayers are offer'd, and what alms bestow'd
By each apart! What public gifts are vow'd
Of statues, fanes, and altars, to disclose
In future times their past and present woes!
Now by their Cadi blest, in arms prepar'd,
The people rush their city's walls to guard.
In Tython's bed still fair Aurora lies,
And darkness still o'erspreads the morning skies,
When there Astolpho, Sansonetto here,
In armour sheath'd before their ranks appear.
Orlando now the signal gives, and all
Advance with eager speed t' attack the wall.
With four extended fronts Biserta stood,
Two next the land, and two o'erlook'd the flood.
Her ramparts once by skilful artists rais'd,
Were much for strength and much for beauty prais'd.
Now, wanting hands, the works by slow decay
Declin'd; for since within Brancardo lay
Begirt with foes, no workmen could his care
Procure, nor time the bulwarks to prepare.
Meanwhile Astolpho to the foremost place
Assign'd the king[8] who rul'd[9] the sable race.
Forward they rush to shake the trembling towers,
With fierce assault—so thick the mingled showers
From twanging bows, from slings and engines rain,
That scarce the Pagans can the storm sustain.
To reach the fosse the foot and horseman drive,
And safely now beneath the walls arrive.
All toil, as if on each was plac'd the war,
And stones and beams, with strength unceasing bear:
These in the fosse they cast, where deep below
The waters drain'd an oozy bottom show.
Full soon the depth is fill'd with eager pains,
And, lo! the fosse is level'd with the plains.
Astolpho, and with him Orlando join'd
And Oliviero, on the walls design'd
To urge the foot—impatient of delay
The Nubian bands, allur'd with hopes of prey,
Each threatening danger met with fearless view,
And shelter'd with the tortoise nearer drew.
Huge battering-rams, and vast machines they bore
To burst the gate and shake the solid tower;
Beneath the walls they post'd compact and strong,
Nor unprovided found the Pagan throng.
These, from on high, fire, darts, and jav'lins throw,
And ponderous stones and rafters send below.
The thundering tempest falls, and batters down
The planks of engines rais'd against the town.
Much toil and pain the Christian bands endure
The first assault, while glooms the air obscure:
But when the Sun in eastern splendour burns,
Then changing Fortune from the Pagan turns.
Orlando then on every side pursues
The siege, and close by land and sea renews,

[6] He returns again to Agramant, ver. 273 of this Book.

[7] By Macon is meant Mahomet. In this passage, as in several others, the poet without scruple blends the manners of Mahometans, Pagans, and Christians. The old Italian poets and romance writers, as has been before noticed, use indiscriminately the appellation of Pagan to infidels of every denomination; and Ariosto here makes his Mahometans talk of votive gifts and statues, ideas totally repugnant to the doctrine of Mahomet; but a strict observance of what painters call the *costumi* (or manners) is not to be looked for in Tasso or Ariosto. By the word Cadi is meant here the high-priest or chief teacher of the sect, though it seems to be rather the title of the civil judge amongst the Turks.

[8] Senapus.

[9] Senapus, king of Nubia, who after he was restored to his sight accompanied Astolpho with a powerful army.

Brave Sassonetto with his naval power
The port has enter'd and possess'd the shore;
With bows and slings he galls the foes from far,
And every engine fram'd for missive war;
And darts and spears and scaling-ladders sends
(Whate'er he ships supply) to aid his friends.
Orlando, Oliviero, and the knight[10]
Who late in air sustain'd so bold a fight,
With Brandimart, a fierce assault maintain,
Far from the sea and near the upland plain.
The host is fram'd in four well order'd bands,
And each brave chief himself a fourth commands;
Walls, gates, they storm, alike they press the foe,
And shining proofs of dauntless courage show.
Each warrior singly better can display
His worth, than blended in a general fray.
Who claim'd the foremost praise a thousand eyes
Might now be witness, and adjudge the prize.
Here towers of wood are driven on wheels; and there
Vast elephants, inur'd the weight to bear,
Plac'd on their backs huge castles lift so high,
That far beneath the hostile ramparts lie.
Lo! Brandimart a scaling-ladder rears[11]
Against the walls, and mounting others cheers:
His bold example many chiefs pursue,
For who would pause with such a guide in view?
None heed how well the ladder might suffice
To bear the numbers that attempt to rise.
Brave Brandimart to reach the height intent,
Fights as he mounts, and wins the battlement:
With hand and foot he strives, till with a bound
He treads the works, and whirls his falchion round:
He drives, o'erturns, he scatters, thrusts and cleaves,
And many a proof of matchless valour leaves:
But sudden with its freight (a dreadful sight)
The ladder breaks, and headlong from the height,
Save Brandimart, the bold assailants fall,
Each pil'd on each beneath the well-fought wall:
Still Brandimart maintains his glorious beat,
Nor bends his thought a moment to retreat;
Though far beneath his followers lie o'erthrown,
Himself a mark to all the hostile town.
His anxious friends entreat him to return,
In vain they call—he hears with generous scorn.
Lo! from the walls, full thirty yards in height,
Within the city leaps the fearless knight[12];
Unharm'd he lights, as if his fall to meet
Soft down or turf were stretch'd beneath his feet.
Through deepening ranks of arm'd encircling foes,
As if unarm'd, his trenchant weapon goes.
Now here, now there he pours with generous ire,
Now these, now those before his face retire.
His friends, without, think all relief too late
T' avert his death, and yield him up to fate,
From tongue to tongue th' unwelcome tidings grew:
Loquacious Fame, enlarging as she flew,
To good Orlando first her speed purs'd
With restless wing, then Otho's son she view'd,
And Oliviero last—all three, who lov'd
The noble Brandimart, his danger mov'd;
But most Orlando—should they help delay,
Their dear companion on that fatal day
Might breathe his last—Each for a ladder calls,
With emulation each ascends the walls;
With such fierce semblance and with looks so bold,
The wither'd Pagans tremble to behold.
As midst the seas, when rattling winds prevail,
The roaring floods th' endanger'd bark assail;
And now the prow and now the poop engage,
To force their passage with tempestuous rage;
Pale stands the pilot, who should help supply,
He groans—he sighs—his art and courage die;
Till through a breach one wave its entrance speeds,
And, where it enters, wave to wave succeeds:—
So when these noble three the walls had gain'd,
An easy conquest for the rest remain'd;
Fearless they press, and raise on every side
A thousand ladders to the works apply'd.
Meanwhile the battering rams with ruin shake
The jointed stones, and many an opening make.
Thus, pour'd through more than one defenceless part,
Assistance came to noble Brandimart.
As when the king of floods, with deepening roar,
In sudden deluge bursts his sounding shore;
Wide o'er the field his rushing tide is borne,
The furrows drowns and sweeps the ripen'd corn;
Whole flocks and sheep-cotes by the stream are tost,
And dogs and shepherds in the waters lost;
While wandering fish amid the branches glide,
Where birds could late the yielding air divide:—
With such a fury, where the walls disclose
A gaping breach, the martial current flows,
Of shooting troops, with sword and brandish'd flame
To sink the remnant of the Pagan name.
Rapine and Murder, fond with gory stain,
And Avarice, thirsting for another's gain,
That stately city now in ruin lay,
The queen of Afric once and first in sway!
With slaughter'd men is heap'd the groaning ground,
Th' innumerous streams that flow from every wound
Swell to a pool, more dismal than the lake
Which, circling Dis[13], Cocytus' waters make.
From street to street the hungry flames aspire,
Domes, mosques, and portals feed the spreading fire;

[10] Astolpho.

[11] Very similar to this spirited passage is the description of Rinaldo's attack at the walls of Jerusalem, in Tasso, book xviii. ver. 310.

——with eager haste
A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd;
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour,
Dauntless he mounts amidst the ponderous shower.

[12] Ariosto seems here to have made use of a passage in Quintus Curtius, when Alexander the Great, at the siege of Oxydrace, having scaled the walls, leaps singly amidst the enemy, where he fights with incredible valour, till receiving several wounds, he is nearly oppressed by numbers that surround him, when the Macedonians, terrified at the danger to which their king was exposed, force the gates to come to his assistance, and the city is taken by storm. The action of Brandimart is scarcely more romantic than that of Alexander, whose courage, strongly stimulated by his enthusiastic admiration of the ancient heroes, brings him nearer to the fabulous warriors of romance than any other historical character, unless perhaps we except, in our own times, that of Charles XII. of Sweden. See Quintus Curtius, book i. ch. iv. v.

[13] Dante, in his Inferno, feigns a river of red water, of which the four infernal streams are formed. Phlegethon, one of these, surrounds the city of Dis or Pluto.

The pillag'd dwellings groans and shrieks repeat,
And frequent hands the wretched bosom beat.
Behold with piles of costly treasure borne,
The mournful victors through each gate return;
With vases fair, with vestments richly wrought,
And massy silver from the temples brought,
Snatch'd from their fabled gods—Sad mothers here
Are drag'd, and there the captive sons appear.
Behold subjected to the soldiers' lust
Matrons and maids!—a thousand deeds unjust
To good Orlando told, but told in vain,
Which he nor duke Astolpho could restrain.
Brave Bucifaro, Algazieri's lord,
Was slain by gallant Olivero's sword.
All hopes of better fortune cast aside,
By his own weapon king Branzardo died.
Soon with three wounds in death was Fulvo laid,
Whom first the noble duke had prisoner made.
When Agramant for France his arms prepar'd,
These three he left his Afric realms to guard.
King Agramant, who with Sobrino took
His hasty flight, and all his ships forsook,
Began with sighs Biserta to deplore,
The cause divin'd, when blazing from the shore
He view'd the flames: but when at full were known
The sufferings of his once imperial town,
Urg'd by despair, himself his life had clos'd,
But that Sobrino such dire thought oppos'd.
Sobrino thus—"What couldst thou more bestow
To swell the triumph of thy haughty foe,
Than by thy death to give him hopes to gain
The quiet rule of Afric's wide domain?
To him thy life, O king! must this deny,
Thy life must cause of endless fears supply,
Long, long ere Afric shall his laws confess:
Thy death alone ensures his full success;
That death, which us of every hope deprives,
Of hope, the only good that now survives.
Yet live—thou still shalt happier hours employ
To turn our tears to smiles, our grief to joy.
If thou art lost—sure bondage is our fate,
And Afric mourns a tributary state.
If life thou wilt not for thyself preserve,
Yet live, O king, to save thy friends from wrong.
Th' Egyptian soldan, whose dominions lie
So near thy own, will men and stores supply:
Ill must be brook, in Afric thus o'er-run,
To see the growing power of Pepin's son.
Thy kinsman Norandino will sustain
A war so just thy kingdom to regain:
And, wouldst thou seek their aid, thou soon mayst find
In aid of thee Armenians, Turks combin'd,
With Medians, Persians, and Arabians join'd."
These soothing words the prudent sage address'd
To waken comfort in his sovereign's breast;
But while with words his drooping lord he cheer'd,
In thought perchance far other end he fear'd.
The wretched state of him too well he knows,
How vain his hope, who, when by powerful foes
Oppress, beholds them seize his regal lands,
And flies for succour to Barbarian bands.
Of this Jugurtha, Hannibal of old[14],
And many a name in story'd annals told,
Example yield, and Ludovico (nam'd
Il Moro[15]) in our time has since proclaim'd,
Who by another Ludovico fell:
This knows thy brother[16] (great Alphonso) well,
Who deems the man to madness near ally'd,
That shall (O prince!) by adverse fortune try'd,
More in another than himself confide.
Peace, in that war where through the pontiff's ire
He saw such foes against his peace conspire,
Though in his feeble state he little knew
To frame designs, though he, from whom he drew
His best defence, from Italy was driven,
And to his deadly foe the kingdom given,
Yet would he ne'er for threats or promise yield
His cause to others, or resign the field.
King Agramant, now steering from the west
His beaky prow, had through the waves address'd
His foamy course, when sudden from the shore
A dreadful tempest rose with hollow roar;
The pilot, at the helm, aloft survey'd
The blackening skies, and instant thus he said:—
"I see a gathering storm, whose threaten'd rage
Not all my art suffices to engage:
If you, O chiefs! attend what I advise,
Near, to the left, a lonely island lies,
Where we secure may safe at anchor keep,
Till past the fury that o'erhangs the deep."
The king consenting, to the left they stand,
And, safe from perils now, approach the land
Welcome to seamen worn with length of toil,
'Twixt Afric plac'd and Vulcan's fiery soil.
In this small island not a cot was found;
Pale juniper and myrtle shade the ground:
A pleasing solitude, from man remote,
Where breed the deer, the stag, the hare, and goat:
By few but fishers known: here oft they came,
And cleansing from the ooze and briny stream,
On lowly shrubs their humid nets they dry'd,
While fishes slept beneath the quiet tide.
Arriv'd, another vessel here they view'd,
Like them by fortune sheltering from the flood:
This the great king of Sericana bore,
Who late embarking[17], sail'd from Arli's shore.
Together met, the kings with friendly grace
Receiv'd each other in a dear embrace.
For friends of old, and in one cause combin'd,
Before proud Paris' walls in arms they shin'd.
With deep concern Gradasso heard the fate
Of Agramant, and to his wretched state
Fair comfort gave, and, as a courteous prince,
His person offer'd in his friend's defence;
But will'd him ne'er from Egypt's faithless power
(A wandering exile) succours to implore[18].

[14] Hannibal, being overcome by the great Scipio, took shelter first with Antiochus; but afterwards suspecting his faith, he went to Prusias king of Bithynia, who treacherously prepared to deliver him up to the Romans; of which Hannibal having intelligence, killed himself by poison. Jugurtha, trusting to the good faith of Bocchus, king of Mauritania, was by him delivered prisoner to Sylla.

[15] Ludovico Sforza duke of Milan, who fell into the power of Lewis XII. king of France. See note, Book xxxiii. ver. 345.

[16] The poet here addresses cardinal Hippolito, to whom his work is dedicated.

[17] Gradasso, king of Sericana, after finding Bayardo (see Book xxxiii. ver. 699), for which he had engaged in a duel with Rinaldo, left France to return to his native country.

[18] Gradasso, to dissuade Agramant from seeking

"Enough of old was Pompey warn'd," he said,
"Unhappy Pompey, to his death betray'd.
But since thou say'st Astolpho, with the hands
Of Æthiopia from Senapus' lands,
Has Afric seiz'd, and (sword and fire employ'd)
The capital of all thy realm destroy'd;
And that Orlando, who with senseless mind
Late rov'd an outcast, him in arms has join'd;
Methinks the means I spy, which, well pursu'd,
From present ill may work thy future good.
For love of thee, and to maintain thy right,
Orlando will I call to single fight:
Full well I know with me he ne'er can stand,
His breast though adamant, though steel his hand.
He once remov'd, the Christian church I hold,
As to a hungry wolf the bleating fold.
Then have I plann'd, from Afric's realm to chase
(Nor hard I deem the task) the Nubian race.
Those Nubians, whom the Nile's far-winding tides
From these disjoin, but more whose faith divides;
The Arabs and Macrobians; those with hoard
Of gold and jewels, these with coursers stor'd;
Chaldeans, Persians, many names that own
My regal sway, the subjects to my throne:
These, at my nod, on Nubia's realm shall fall,
And soon from Afric every hand recall."
Unhappy Agramant full gladly clos'd
With what Gradasso's friendship last propos'd,
And deem'd his thanks to favouring Heaven were due
That to the desert isle the monarch drew.
But never could he yield (though fate once more
Would on such terms Biserta's walls restore)
That in his cause, to his eternal shame,
Gradasso, in his stead, should combat claim.
"If in the list Orlando must be try'd—
Be mine the trial—" Agramant reply'd,
"Prepar'd I stand—and as by Heaven decreed,
Let death or victory the fight succeed."
"Be still the combat mine," Gradasso cries,
"And what I wish a sudden thought supplies;
Let thou and I together wage the fight
Against Orlando and some other knight."
"Exclude me not, I little shall complain,
If last or first—" thus Agramant again,
"How through the world such glory can I share,
Or find, like thine, a partnership in war?"
Sobrino then—"Must I remain behind?
Old as I seem, yet know with age declin'd
Experience dwells, and counsel oft avails
In danger most, where nerve or courage fails."
Strong was Sobrino and robust in years,
For deeds of valour fam'd above his peers:
Through all his veins the vigorous spirits flow'd,
As prime of youth still warm'd his generous blood:
Just seem'd his suit—and for the destin'd way
A messenger was nam'd, on whom to lay
Th' important charge for Afric to repair,
And to Orlando's ear the challenge bear;
And urge the knight with two brave warriors more
In arms to meet the three, where round the shore
Of Lipadusa's isle the billows roar.
The messenger, as such commission needs,
With oars and sails to reach Biserta speeds;
There finds Orlando, who o'er all presides,
And midst his friends the spoils of war divides.
And now in public was the fight declar'd,
To which the Pagan king the Christians dar'd:
Such joy Anglante's noble lord confess'd,
With honour'd gifts the herald he caress'd,
And fair dismiss'd him—from his friends he knew
That bold Gradasso Durindana drew.
Hence, through desire his weapon to regain,
He purpos'd once to cross the Indian main.
Alone he deem'd Gradasso there to find,
Whom fame declar'd by lands and seas disjoin'd
From distant France: but now in happy hour
He hopes that fortune might his sword restore;
With this he hopes to gain his valu'd horn[19]
(So long withheld) by fam'd Almontes borne:
And Brigliadoro[20], from his lord detain'd,
Which in the field Troyano's offspring rein'd.
Orlando now t' engage the triple foes,
His faithful Brandimart and kinsman chose:
Both had he prov'd as those who knew not fear,
And oft had prov'd each warrior held him dear.
For him and for his friends fair steeds he sought,
With armour tried, and swords of temper wrought,
And jousting-spears—for well to you is known
How from these knights had fortune reft their own.
Orlando, as I told, in frantic mood
His mail had piecemeal scatter'd through the wood:
Stern Rodomont from two their armour gain'd,
Which long the virgin sepulchre contain'd.
Few arms and weapons now could Afric boast,
The best king Agramant for Gallia's coast
Exhausted to supply his numerous host.
Orlando bids from every part produce
Such arms as best might serve their present use,
And on the shore full oft the noble knight
Consults his partners on th' expected fight.
One day, as distant from the camp he stood
With eyes intent upon the billowy flood,
He saw a vessel with expanded sail
To Afric speed before the driving gale,
Without or seamen, passengers, or guide,
As fortune sped, or winds their breath supply'd:
With canvass stretch'd the vessel nearer bore
Her rapid way, and reach'd at length the shore.
But ere of these I further can rehearse[21],
The love I bear Rogero claims the verse:
His story I resume, and haste to tell
What him and Clarmont's noble knight befel.
Of either warrior we the tale pursue,
Who lately from the martial list withdrew;
The truce o'erturn'd by breach of every right,
And all the squadrons mix'd in mortal fight:
Of each they meet the champions seek to know
Who, lost to honour, could his faith forgo:
From what fell cause such impious strife could spring,
From royal Charles, or from the Pagan king.

assistance of the soldan of Egypt, as advised by Sobrino, sets before him the example of Pompey, who lost his life by trusting to the faith of the Egyptians.

[19] This horn, of which nothing particular is related in Ariosto, appears in the poem of Aspramonte to have been won by Orlando from Almontes, with his armour, and is said by Boyardo to have been afterwards stolen from Orlando by Brunello. Concerning the miraculous horn, so frequently mentioned in romance, see note to Book xv. ver. 105.

[20] After the death of Mandricardo, this horse was presented by Rogero to king Agramant.

[21] He returns to Orlando, Book xli. ver. 172.

Meantime a servant of Rogero, mus'd
In courts and camps, and faithful to his trust,
Who, while the conflict rag'd 'twixt either host,
Had ne'er, by sight, his dearest master lost,
Approach'd, and sudden to his hand convey'd
His sword and steed to give the Pagans aid.
Rogero grasp'd the sword, his seat regain'd,
But heedful from forbidden fields refrain'd.
He parted thence; yet ere he went, once more
Renew'd the oath he to Rinaldo swore:
If Agramant were first the truce to break,
Him and his sect for ever to forsake.
Of all he sought, and learnt alike from each,
That first from Agramant began the breach.
Him dear Rogero lov'd; and this could give
Small cause, he fear'd, his sovereign lord to leave.
Already have I told that, thousands slain,
Dispers'd and lost were Afric's broken train,
Low in the wheel's unstable motion hurl'd,
As she[93] decrees, whose empire rules the world.
Now held Rogero with himself debate—
T' abide in France, or share his monarch's fate;
When love, that held him with a powerful rein,
From Afric's land would still his steps detain;
And dread of shame his other thoughts control'd,
And bade him faith with good Rinaldo hold.
No less reflection rankled in his breast,
That thus to quit king Agramant distrest,
Must argue fear—though just to some might seem
The cause, yet others might his stay condemn;
And urge the license such an oath to break,
At first unlawful and unjust to take.
That day and all the live-long night he mus'd,
And all th' ensuing day in doubts confus'd;
At length he fix'd to bid awhile adieu
To Gallia's realm, his sovereign to pursue.
Full well his soul love's potent rule obey'd,
But more his loyalty and honour sway'd.
He turns to Arli, hoping there to find
Some Turkish bark to speed his course design'd.
At sea or anchor not a bark he found,
Nor Pagans saw, but lifeless on the ground;
For Agramant, what ships his need requir'd
Departing took, the rest in port he fir'd. [strand
His aim deceiv'd, to reach the neighbouring
Of fair Marseilles, Rogero pass'd by land,
In hope some vessel there might waft him o'er,
To seek his lord, to Afric's distant shore.
The Dane, who late at sea so bravely fought
The Moorish fleet, his prisoners hither brought.
Scarce could a grain be cast amidst the flood,
So thick around th' innumerous navy rode:
So close each bulky ship to ship was join'd,
Each ship with victors and with captives lin'd:
The Pagan vessels, sav'd that fatal night
From fire and wreck (save those that scap'd in fight),
By Dudon taken, now Marseilles had gain'd,
With these, seven kings who once in Afric reign'd,
Who when they saw their kingdom's overthrow,
With their seven ships submitted to the foe.
That day had Dudon left his dock to meet
His sovereign Charles, and landing from the fleet
His spoils and captives, rang'd in long array
The solemn triumph through the public way.
Abash'd and mute th' unhappy prisoners stand;
Around exult the conquering Nubian band;
While, caught from man to man, with loud acclaim
The neighbouring cliffs resound with Dudon's name.
This fleet, for Agramant's, the warlike youth
At first believ'd, and eager for the truth
His courser spurr'd; but as he nearer drew,
Too soon his eyes the mournful captives knew.
The king of Nasamana there he view'd:
There Barbirago, Agricalte[94] stood;
There Ferraurantes, Rimedon renown'd;
Balastro, Manilardo there he found.
All these, with looks declin'd, deep anguish show'd,
While down each cheek the manly sorrows flow'd.
Rogero saw, nor saw with breast unmov'd,
The doleful state of those whom dear he lov'd:
But well he knew entreaty here would fail,
And aid, enforc'd by arms, alone prevail.
Against their guards his rested spear he drove,
Nor fail'd his spear its wonted force to prove.
His falchion next he drew, and round him slain
A hundred fell, and groaning bit the plain.
Dudon the tumult hears, beholds the blows
Rogero gives, nor yet the warrior knows:
He sees his men who turn their feet to fly,
With many a groan, with many a fearful cry.
In corselet, mail, and cuishes arm'd he stands,
And swift his courser, shield and helm demands.
Lightly he mounts his seat, receives his lance,
And shines confest a Paladin of France.
He bids the troops on either hand recede,
And gores with iron heel his foamy steed.
A hundred now Rogero's arm had kill'd,
And rising hopes each captive bosom fill'd:
When holy Dudon[95] on his steed he view'd,
As round on foot th' ignoble vulgar stood,
He deem'd him leader of the powers, and flew
To give the warrior-chief a warrior's due.
Him Dudon met, but when, approaching near,
He saw Rogero come without his spear,
His own he cast aside, as one in fight
Who with advantage scorn'd t' assail the knight.
Rogero, when the courteous act he spy'd—
"Sure yonder warrior," to himself he cried,
"Or much I err, is one of many nam'd
The Paladins, in fields of battle fam'd:
Fain would I, ere we join in combat, know
The name and lineage of my gallant foe,"
He ask'd; and by his fair reply was known
Dudon the brave, the Dane Ugero's son.
To him good Dudon made the like request,
Rogero equal courtesy express'd.
Against each other now (their names declar'd)
They hurl'd defiance and for deeds prepar'd.
That iron mace[96], which in a thousand fields
Had giv'n him endless glory, Dudon wields:

[93] Fortune.

[94] Here is an apparent slip of the poet's memory; for Puliano king of Nasamana, and Agricaltes, were killed by Rinaldo in the xvith Book, and Balastro by Lurcanio in the xviiith Book.

[95] See Book xxxix. note to ver. 374.

[96] The poet here arms Dudon with a mace, and Rogero with a sword; which may seem rather singular, as it is not explained how such difference of weapons was consonant to the laws of chivalry, nor is there any other example of the kind in Ariosto or Bowardo, though it is here said that Dudon was celebrated for the use of this weapon. It is however certain, that the poet does not imply that any unfair advantage was taken, since he

With this full well his rightful claim he show'd
To Danish valour and Ugero's blood.
That sword, which helm and cuirass can divide,
Which scarce is equall'd through the world beside,
Rogero grasps, and, while he grasps, displays
A virtue pair'd with noble Dudon's praise.
But good Rogero fear'd, o'er every fear,
T' offend the virgin to his soul so dear,
Assur'd if by his hand the knight should bleed,
Her hatred must attend the luckless deed.
Skill'd in each noble house of France, he knew
Dudon his birth from Armellina drew,
Sister to Beatrice, of whom was born
His Bradamant, whose gifts her sex adorn.
Hence ne'er with point direct the thrust he bends,
And seldom with its edge his blade descends.
Still on his guard, as falls the ponderous mace,
The stroke he parries, or he shifts his place.
Well Turpin thinks that by Rogero slain
Had noble Dudon prest the sanguine plain:
But he, who fears th' advantage given to sue,
Still fights with caution, nor his stroke pursues.
By turns Rogero in his skilful hand
With flat or edge his falchion can command:
Now whizzing round his rapid weapon flies,
And with such force astonish'd Dudon plies,
That scarce with dazzled eyesight can he rein
His frighted courser or his seat retain.

But more henceforth—who deigns to lend an ear,
Some future time the finish'd tale shall hear.

BOOK XLI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Conclusion of the battle between Rogero and Dudon. The seven kings are set at liberty. Rogero embarks with them for Africa, and is overtaken by a dreadful storm, in which all perish but himself. Preparations of Orlando, Brandimart, and Oliviero, for their battle with the three Pagans. They depart for Lipadusa, and leave Flordelis in great affliction. The six knights arrive at the place appointed for the combat. Interview of Brandimart with Agramant. They prepare for battle next morning. Rogero escapes by swimming to a small island, where he is entertained by a hermit, and receives baptism. The hermit converses with him of his future race. Description of the great battle between the three Christian and three Pagan knights, in the island of Lipadusa.

Those sweets[1], that, far diffusing, scent the gale
From curling locks, or beard, or silken veil
Of beauteous damsels, or enamour'd swains,
In whom love, dew'd with tears, full often reigns:
Those sweets which, after days elaps'd, dispense
Soft balmy perfumes to the gentle sense,
By such effects their primal virtues show,
From which so long such pleasing odours flow.
That nectar'd juice, to which his death he ow'd,
Which on his reapers Icarus[2] bestow'd,
Which made the Celtian and Boëtian train[3]
A toilsome passage o'er the Alps sustain;
The flavorous taste, it first possess'd, declares,
When twelve long moons such flavorous taste it bears.
The tree, that keeps in wintry skies its leaves,
In genial spring the fairest green receives.
Behold that race, where son succeeding son,
Eternal lights of courtesy have shone;
Which day by day with added lustre shine!
Hence he, from whom we drew th' Estensian line[4],
Must know the fairest gifts that man can boast,
And beam a sun among the starry host.
Rogero, as in every act he bore
The prize for virtue, fame, and courteous lore,
Beyond compare; so now (as late we view'd)
His noble mind display'd to Dudon stood:
In fear to slay, he urg'd not half his force,
But check'd his valour in the middle course.
While Dudon saw that oft his valiant foe
Withheld the fury of th' impending blow,
Unharm'd he fought, till now, with nerves unbrac'd,
His strokes grew faint, he felt his vigour waste;
At length, compell'd the praise of arms to yield,
He still for generous soul maintain'd the field. [clime
"For Heaven's dear sake," he cried, "sir knight, in-
Thy thoughts to peace—the palm can ne'er be mine,
'T is lost already—lo! myself I own
Thy captive, by thy courtesy o'erthrown."

commends the courtesy of Dudon for casting away his spear to meet Rogero on equal terms. After all, the introduction of the mace might arise solely from a desire of giving more variety to the battle.

[1] This simile or allusion, which seems rather forced, is drawn from the custom of perfuming the clothes, beard, and hair, which might be common among the Italians at the time of Ariosto.

[2] There were three of the name of Icarus. Icarus, the father of Penelope: Icarus, the son of Dedalus: and Icarus, of whom the poet here speaks. This last was so favoured of Bacchus, that he received from him the secret of making wine. He gave some to his reapers, who, drinking to excess, were intoxicated. Their companions, supposing them to have been poisoned, in revenge of their death, slew Icarus at his return from hunting. Porcacchi.

Lucian, in his Dialogues of the Gods, alludes humorously to this story of Icarus, where he introduces Juno reproaching Jupiter with the drunken frolics of his son Bacchus.

"Juno. I suppose you will praise him too for his invention of the grape, though you see how those who use it tumble about, and how abusive they are, drinking even till they run mad with it. Icarus, the very first who tasted the juice of the vine, was beat to death with clubs by his own pot companions." See Dr. Francklin's Translation.

[3] The Celtes and Boëtians, people of Gaul; long before the destruction of Rome, being allured by the wines of Italy, passed the Alps in order to possess themselves of a country that produced so delicious a beverage. Eugenico.

[4] He means Rogero, the head of the house of Este: there is a quaintness and obscurity in the whole passage. Ariosto says, that all the members of this house having been celebrated for courtesy, Rogero, the origin of the house, and from whom all their courtesy was derived, must have been eminent for that quality.

Rogero then—"The peace thou seek'st to make,
Which here I give—on this condition take;
That those unhappy kings whom bonds confine,
Releas'd from thraldom thou to me resign".
He said; and pointed where in durance bound
The seven kings stood, with looks that sought the ground;
And thus pursu'd—"No longer these detain,
But free to Afric let them cross the main."
Thus he—The generous Paladin agreed,
Then to his hand the noble captives freed;
And bade him choice from all his vessels make,
For Afric's coast his speedy way to take.
Rogero quits the port, he spreads the sail,
And gives the vessel to the treacherous gale,
That first the canvass swells with friendly breeze:
With joy her merry course the pilot sees.
The land retreats—at length is seen no more:
Surrounding ocean seems without a shore,
When, lo! as rising eve obscures the day,
The wind reveals its purpose to betray:
It shifts, nor will a moment's pause allow,
By turns invades the poop, the sides, and prow: 60
It whirls the ship, in giddy motion tost,
And all the troubled seaman's art is lost!
Now at his side he feels the mastering wind,
And now it bows before, and now behind:
Now dash'd aloft, the spumy billows rave,
And Neptune's white herds low above the waves.
A thousand deaths the trembling wretches fear;
As many deaths, as threatening waves, appear!
At head or stern, the wind's increasing force
Now forward drives, and backwards now, their course: 70
One blast against the reeling vessel sets;
And every blast with wreck the seaman threats;
While he, who holds the rudder, shakes with dread;
The lively colour from his cheek is fled!
He beckons oft, and oft with fruitless cry
Bids strike the sail, and let the main-sheet fly.
He bids unheard, and every signal fails;
So dire a noise, so deep a night prevails!
His voice is lost amidst th' united cries
Of frighted sailors mingling in the skies 80
With louder din; while dash'd together break
The frothy waves, and horrid concert make.
From prow to poop alike, nor far nor near,
They view a signal, or command they hear:
Through shrouds and tackling round the bending mast
With double fury raves the hissing blast:
From flashing lightning livid gleams are sent,
And peals of thunder shake the firmament.
One grasps an oar, one to the steerage flies;
And each, with straining nerve, his office plies. 90
One toils to loose, one faster makes: one laves
The water forth, and waves return to waves.

Again his force resistless Boreas pours,
Again with rage the storm redoubled roars:
Against the mast the sail and sail-yard bend:
The oars break short—the seas to Heaven ascend:
The prow is turn'd, and to the hostile tide
The vessel lays her unprovided side:
Beneath the water on her right she lies,
In danger soon t' o'erset: with fearful cries, 100
All now to Gon their fleeting souls commend,
Expecting when the vessel would descend
Engulf'd—one mischief to another leads,
And lo! a second soon the first succeeds.
Th' o'er-labour'd bark, with many a gaping seam,
Admits the influx of the hostile stream.
The tempest rages still—now lifted high
On mounting seas, they seem to touch the sky:
Now from the ridgy waves they sink so low,
They seem to view th' infernal realms of woe. 110
No hope remains! Death glares in every sight!
Thus pass'd in horrour all the sleepless night.
Nor with the dawn of day the tempest ceas'd;
With dawn of day the tempest's force increas'd.
Before their eyes, above the angry tide,
Appears a rock, and not a hand can guide
The vessel's course the threaten'd death to shun,
On which, impell'd by winds and waves, they run.
And thrice, and four times, the pale pilot strove,
With every nerve, the rudder swift to move, 120
And clear the rock—but, lo! his purpose crost,
The rudder broke, and in the deep was lost!
The furious wind impell'd the tatter'd sail
With dreadful speed—no art could more avail—
No time is left for counsel or debate,
All help too distant, and too near their fate!
Their wreck deem'd certain—each the public cares
Forgets, and to preserve his life prepares.
Who first can reach her, gains the skiff with speed:
But soon such numbers enter as exceed 130
Her scanty bulk, and scarce her sides exclude
The rising billows that around intrude.
Rogero saw, how from the deck, in haste,
The master, captain, and the seamen pass'd:
Then as he stood, without his arms, undrest,
To seek his safety to the boat he press'd:
But entering there he found such heaps were stow'd,
Still others following, till the greedy flood
Pour'd o'er the sides, and in one hour of fate
Down sunk the boat withall her wretched freight;
Down sunk the boat; and to the depths below
At once the vessel with the many go,
That late forsook the ship—loud shrieks arise!
Each sinking wretch to Heaven for mercy cries.
But soon, alas! the vocal accent fails,
With such a rage th' unpitying surge prevails,
And chooks the sounds, that, struggling in their way,
Weak and more weak in dying plaints decay.
Some, when they sink, the sea for ever hides,
Some rise again, and float upon the tides: 150
One, while he swims, his head discover'd rears;
Here shows an arm, and there a leg appears.
Rogero fearless, while the tempest raves,
Borne from the bottom rises o'er the waves;
And near him sees the rock above the main,
So late the terrour of the sailor-train:
He strains each nerve, and, swimming, hopes to find
The cliff his refuge from the seas and wind.
He pants—breathes short—while from his face he blows
Th' intruding brine, that in his nostrils flows. 160

[1] The white foam of the sea and the hollow noise accompanying the dashing of the waves, might perhaps have suggested to Ariosto this very poetical expression:

Muggiando sopra il mar'va il gregge bianco.

The classical reader, in this admirable description of the tempest, will see the poet's several imitations of the ancient writers, though many circumstances are added by him, and others highly improved.

Meanwhile the ship before the tempest flew [6],
The ship abandon'd by her wretched crew,
Who (as their cruel fortune will'd) to shun
The death they fear'd, on surer death had run.
O fickle state of man! whose erring mind
Sees but the present, to the future blind!
The ship, so near destruction, safely rode,
Without her crew, or pilot, through the flood.
As if the wind, that from the vessel view'd
The men retir'd, no more his rage pursu'd;
Safe from the rock he turn'd her course aside,
Where, free from shelves, she plough'd secure the tide.
While with a pilot late her track she lost,
Without a pilot now to Afric's coast
She steer'd direct; and reach'd Biserta's strand,
Three miles inclining to th' Egyptian land:
There borne by winds, but driv'n by storms no more,
She stopt, and rested on the sandy shore.
Here (as I told?) Orlando chanc'd to walk,
And cheer the friendly hour with social talk:
Desirous now to learn the vessel's state,
What chiefs she brought, or what her secret freight,
With Brandimart, and with his kinsman [8] dear;
A bark he took, and soon approaching near,
He trod the deck, and every part explor'd:
No chiefs nor mariners he found on board,
But view'd alone Rogero's arms and sword.
To quit the ship such speed Rogero made,
No time allow'd to save his trusty blade.
This weapon by the Paladin was known;
This, Balisarda nam'd, was once his own.
Oft have you heard the tale, how this he took
From Falerina, when her spells he broke [9],
And all her bowers destroy'd, and how the hand
Of base Brunello this by stealth obtain'd
From him, whose arm the glorious weapon gain'd.

[6] He returns to Rogero, ver. 342 of this Book.

[7] See Book xl. ver. 481.

[8] Oliviero.

[9] Falerina, queen of Organa, and a powerful enchantress, had a wonderful garden surrounded with a huge wall of stone, that defended the access from every mortal: there was one entrance towards the east, at a gate, which was night and day guarded by a dreadful serpent that never slept, and was fed with human flesh. All the knights and damsels who came thither were, by command of the enchantress, cast into a dungeon, and every day a knight and damsel were given by lot to be devoured by the serpent. Rinaldo, travelling that way with Ivolde, saw Prasildo and Flordelis led to death; when attacking their guards, he delivered them, and resolved to attempt the adventure of the enchanted garden; but was persuaded first to visit the garden of Dragontina, where he found that enchantment already dissolved by Angelica.

Orl. Innam. book i. c. xvii.

Concerning the adventure achieved by Orlando in the garden of Falerina, by which he obtained the famous sword Balisarda, take the following account from Bojardo.

Orlando and Rinaldo, being engaged in a dreadful combat, Angelica, terrified for the safety of Rinaldo, at that time the object of her affection, prevailed upon Orlando to break off the combat, and undertake the adventure of the garden of Falerina, by which she not only hoped to remove the present danger from Rinaldo, but to rid herself of an importunate lover. Orlando, at the request of his mistress, immediately left Albracca, and after several adventures, and having lost his horse, stolen from him by Origilla (as before related, see note to Book xv. ver. 735), he travelled on foot till he came near the enchanted garden, where he delivered two knights and a lady, who were conducting to the prisons of Falerina: these were Gryphon, Aquilant, and Origilla; the last of whom, making her peace with him, restored to him his horse. Gryphon and Aquilant then departing, left Orlando alone with Origilla, who had begun to conceive a violent passion for Gryphon. While Orlando and Origilla were conversing together, a lady appeared, mounted upon a white palfrey, who, having saluted them, addressed herself to the earl, and advised him to fly with speed from a place where all strangers were sacrificed by the cruelty of Falerina; but Orlando declaring his resolution to enter the garden, she replied in this manner: "If you would not become the food of the serpent, you must, sir knight, continue chaste, at least three days, and for your guidance take this book, which will inform you of all that must be done for the completion of the adventure. Know that this garden is the work of an enchantress, who has retired into a stately palace in the middle of the garden, where, by her skill in magic, she has framed a sword, whose edge nothing can resist, which weapon she has designed to be the death of the greatest champion in the western world: this champion is named Orlando; he is reported to be invulnerable and unconquerable, and Falerina has found that the Fates have threatened her garden shall one day be destroyed by him: but remember, when you attempt this adventure, that no foot can enter the garden except at sunrise." The damsel having ended her speech, gave Orlando a book and disappeared.

Orlando then hastened, with his companion, towards the garden, when night coming on, he alighted from his horse; and, lying down on the grass, fell fast asleep in his armour, ready at daybreak to enter upon the adventure. The treacherous Origilla once more stole the earl's horse Brigliadoro, and taking likewise his sword Durindana from his side, while he lay asleep, mounted, and departed in pursuit of Gryphon. In the morning, Orlando waking missed his horse and sword; but, resolutely determined to prosecute the adventure, he tore down a huge branch from an elm, of which he made a kind of club, and advanced intrepidly towards the wall, where the serpent kept watch. The Sun was just risen when he arrived at the gate that faced the east, where the monster, lashing with his wings and tail, made a most horrible noise, and opened his jaws to swallow the knight. Orlando rushed upon him with great fury, and at length, with repeated blows of the club, dashed his skull in pieces. As soon as the serpent was dead, the wall immediately closed, the gate was seen no more, and Orlando found himself shut up in the garden, without any apparent means of escaping. Casting round his eyes he beheld a fountain, in which stood a marble statue, on whose forehead was written, "The path lies by this fountain to the palace of the garden." Orlando, having refreshed himself awhile at the fountain, continued his way, sometimes gazing on

Then how, as at Carena's foot he stood,
On young Rogero[18] he the gift bestow'd.

Full well the gallant sword Orlando knew,
The steel how temper'd, and its edge how true,

the verdant turf, enamelled with a thousand flowers, and listening to the music of the birds that fluttered amid the branches of the trees, while he admired the number of stags, deer, and other animals that inhabited this delightful solitude. At length he came to a stupendous palace, built of gold, and ornamented with rubies and diamonds.

Orlando entered, and beheld a dame clothed in white garments, with a diadem of gold on her head, and holding in her hand a sword in the broad blade of which, as in a mirror, she seemed to be contemplating herself. No sooner had she beheld the knight, but she fled with precipitation from the palace. Orlando, armed as he was, pursuing her with equal speed, and soon overtaking her, seized the sword that had been made for his destruction, and holding her by the hair of the head, threatened her with immediate death, unless she instructed him how to leave the garden; but she persisting obstinately silent to his threats or promises, Orlando, enraged, bound her to the trunk of a tree, and recollecting his book, applied to it for information, where he found that a gate opened to the south, guarded by a bull that had one horn of iron, and one of fire, and whose hide was not to be pierced by any weapon; but that before he reached the gate, he must pass by a wonderful lake with great difficulty. Orlando, fully instructed, first carefully stopped his ears with the leaves of roses, which he gathered from the meadow, and arriving at the lake where many had found their death*, the water began to gurgle, and a Syren appeared, having the form above of a beautiful woman, and beneath the tail of a fish; she began to sing so melodiously, that the birds and beasts gathered round, and were immediately charmed to a profound sleep. Orlando, though he heard nothing, pretending to be in the same manner attentive to her song, threw himself on the ground and feigned to be asleep, when the Syren rushing to seize him, he struck off her head with his sword, and smeared himself over with her blood, as a sure preventive against the effects of the bull's fiery horn, which would otherwise have consumed his armour to ashes. The earl then advanced to the south side of the garden, and reached a brazen gate guarded by the fiery bull, which he immediately attacked, and soon cut off his iron horn; but with the horn of fire the beast pressed him so furiously that the knight could scarce defend himself, and had he not been preserved by the blood of the Syren, the fire would have totally consumed him. At last he slew the bull, whose body was immediately swallowed up by the earth, and the wall closing, he found himself once more imprisoned. He was then directed by his book to go to the western part, where he would find another gate adorned with jewels and precious stones, defended by a wonderful ass that was enchanted. Orlando, as his book directed, pursuing his way, came to a tree of a vast height, the branches of which spread to a prodigious extent: having again consulted his book, he took his shield, and binding it over his brows, so that his sight might be effectually defended, as by a penthouse, from any thing that fell from above, he boldly advanced to the trunk of the tree; amidst the branches of which sate an enormous bird, with the head and face resembling a woman with beautiful hair, and crowned with a diadem; her feathers were parti-coloured and gold; her feet were armed with iron talons, and from her body distilled a certain liquor, that as soon as it touched the eyes, instantly took away the sight, and the helpless prey was left to be devoured by her. This monster rushed with a dreadful noise upon Orlando, who came with his head held down to defend himself from the effects of the liquor that fell on his shield in great abundance, till at length, with a fortunate stroke of his sword, he cleft the bird asunder, and leaving her dead by the tree, he replaced the buckler on his arm and pursued his way, till he came to the rich gate decorated with jewels of inestimable value, where he found the ass covered over with impenetrable scales of gold; his ears were two ells in length, which he curled like a serpent, with which he seized and drew every thing to him with incredible strength; his tail was sharper than the sharpest sword, and not to be resisted by the strongest armour; and the noise of his braying made the earth tremble. This beast ran furiously towards Orlando, who, receiving him with his drawn sword, laid all his side bare notwithstanding his scales, that were no defence against the sword of Orlando: the ass then seized on the knight's shield with his ears, and by force drew it from him, but Orlando severed his ears with a stroke of the sword, when the beast turning round with his sharp tail hewed all the champion's armour in pieces, while he, whose skin was enchanted, remained unhurt. Orlando, had now wounded the ass in many places, and at last divided his head from his body, which continued for some time to turn about; the garden and all the forest shook; the earth opening swallowed up the ass; and when the earl attempted his passage through the gate the wall closed, and the gate was seen no more. Orlando once more consulted his book, and was directed to take his course towards the north, where was another gate that led from the garden, through which no human force could pass, as it was defended by a dreadful giant, from whose blood, should he be slain, sprung two others fiercer than himself, the brood still increasing with every death. Orlando now arrived at a flowery valley, where he saw, by the margin of a fountain, a table richly spread with the most delicious viands, and wines of every sort in golden vases, where the knight was tempted to refresh himself; but first, he consulted his book, then casting his eyes upon a bower of roses, he perceived concealed among the greens a Faun, whose upper part resembled a woman, and the lower part a serpent; she held in her hand a chain that was invisibly spread round the fountain, as a snare to

* See Tassoin his description of the snares prepared by Armida for the knights who came to redeem Rinaldo from her chains.

Jerus. Del. b. xiv.

[18] See General View of Boyardo's story.

By proof he knew—and hence to gladness rais'd,
"The Sovereign Ruler of the skies be prais'd:"

He deem'd that God (thus oft the warrior said)
At such a time had sent this sword in aid:

secure any one that should venture to partake of the repast, whom she immediately drew to her lower. Orlando, aware of this, turned from the fountain towards the wood, which the Fam perceiving fled, rustling through the grass, but the knight soon overtook and slew her. The Fam being dead, Orlando hastened to the gate of the north, where he found the giant completely armed with shield and helmet: a dreadful combat ensued, till the earl, with a blow of his sword, giving the giant a mortal wound, he fell dead to the ground, and seemed to leave the victory to Orlando. The blood that flowed from the dead giant gathered into a large pool, and a flame kindling round it, another giant, by degrees, appeared newly created, armed as the former, and a second succeeded him in like manner, both at once attacking the knight with irresistible fury. Orlando finding it vain to pursue the combat with those whose death but increased the number of his enemies, ran hastily to the gate, and endeavoured to force the bars, which he soon burst asunder; but the giants closely pursued him, and obliged him to defend himself: he now left his sword as an useless weapon, and grappling with his opponents, by turns, threw each of them to the ground with incredible strength, and often attempted in vain to reach the gate; but finding every effort unsuccessful to effect his escape, he began to retreat towards the garden, when the giants immediately left him, and resumed their station at the gate, for so the enchantment was framed, that they should ever remain the guardians of the entrance. In the mean time the earl arrived at the meadow, where the banquet was spread, and where he slew the Fam, whose snare was laid for strangers. Here Orlando took the chain that was of a great length and weight, and dragging it after him returned to the place where he left the two giants, and after a dreadful conflict he seized and bound them both with the chain: but the knight still knew that his adventure was not completed, as he must not return to his mistress till he had entirely destroyed the garden of the enchantress. He had again recourse to his book, and found that in the middle of the garden was a tree, of which if the topmost branch was brought to the ground, the whole enchantment would be dissolved; but that no one must hope to achieve this without exposing himself to the most dreadful danger. Orlando, undaunted, took his way to the palace, where he had seen the dame with the drawn sword, and whom he now found, as he had left her, bound to the trunk of a tree: he soon came to the trunk of the tree he sought for, and beheld the fatal summit above the flight of an arrow sent from the strongest bow; the branches of this tree were to a great extent, and covered with thick leaves that changed every day, and concealed under them sharp thorns; the trunk was so perfectly smooth that it was impossible to climb it, and so slender, as to be grasped by the hand: this whole tree was laden with apples of gold of a vast size and weight, that hung by a small stalk, and threatened all that approached them, for the lightest foot that pressed the earth made all the tree tremble, from which the golden shower immediately descended like hail, and crushed the wretched adventurer to death. Orlando, having considered all with attention, saw that it was in vain to think of ascending the summit of the tree, where the boughs would not have supported the least weight; but having made a kind of wicker shed, lined with sods of turf, he placed it on his head, and, thus defended, marched forwards towards the trunk of the tree, which, as he approached, began to shower the apples in such abundance, that all his strength, great as it was, could scarcely enable him to stand under the enormous weight that oppressed him: as soon as he reached the trunk, he, with his sword, immediately severed it in two, and the whole fell to the ground: an earthquake followed, the Sun was obscured with dreadful clouds, and the earl remained in total darkness, till, from a thick smoke that covered all the plains and mountains, a flame arose to the height of a tower, where some demon seemed to destroy every spell of the garden. The enchantment being ended, the sky cleared, the Sun shone with new beauty, the wall of the rock that lately surrounded the place was vanished, and left every one at liberty to depart. The palace and fountain appeared no more, and nothing was seen but the dame bound to the trunk of the tree, who, with bitter complaints, lamented the destruction of her garden. Her former pride was now humbled; she no longer continued in obstinate silence, but thus addressed Orlando: "Sir knight, the flower of knighthood, I confess that I deserve death, but should you now execute your just vengeance upon me, know that many knights and ladies, detained in prison by my power, will suffer in my death. This garden, which thou hast destroyed in one day, cost me the study of seven months, and was designed to revenge me for the discourtesy of a knight and dame called Arriantes and Origilla, who have never yet fallen into my hands *: many lives have fallen a sacrifice in this garden, but greater numbers have been made captive at a bridge, and at a tower, where an old man drew many into his snares, till his prisoners were released by a certain virgin, daughter to Galaphron †, well versed in magic. Many still remain prisoners at the bridge, all whom, should I be slain, would inevitably perish; but if thou wilt spare my life, I promise to set them at liberty: shouldst thou distrust my words, lead me hence, either released or bound, and I will destroy the tower and bridge in thy presence. Choose which thou wilt; take my life, or, by extending thy mercy to me, give life and liberty to the wretched captives."

Orlando, hearing this, determined to spare the enchantress, and immediately set out for the enchanted bridge; at which place he slew Arridano, and delivered all the prisoners as before related in the note to Book xix. ver. 272.

Orlando Innam. Book i. cant. xvii. xviii.
Book ii. cant. iii. iv. v.

* No further account appears of this in Boyardo.

† Angelica.

At such a time, that call'd for all his might,
To meet in combat Sericana's knight,
Who (join'd to force o'er all the world confess'd)
Were Durindana, and Bayardo press'd:
Rogero's armour scarce attention drew,
As little prizing what he little knew,
Which seem'd, whate'er its worth, such worth to owe
To temper less than pomp of outward show.
He wants no mail of proof, whose skin was made
Impervious to the javelin, dart, or blade.
To Olivero then he left the arms,
But kept himself the sword of temper'd charms.
To Brandimart he gave the steed, and shar'd
With either noble friend, in due regard,
The good that seem'd by Providence prepar'd.
Each warrior for the day of battle sought
Some new device and vestment richly wrought.
Orlando, pictur'd in his scutcheon, took
Proud Babel's lofty tower with lightning struck.
A hound of silver Olivero bore,
The leash upon his back he couchant wore;
The motto—TELL HE COMES[11]—his mantle fram'd
Of gold, well worthy of a knight so fam'd.
But noble Brandimart resolv'd to take,
For his own honour and his father's sake[12],
A mantle fashion'd for the day of fight,
All sabled o'er with the dun hue of night.
The work of Flordelis; who round it plac'd
A costly fringe with sparkling jewels grac'd.
With her own hand the dame had wrought the weed
That cover'd all the warrior's arms and steed.
But from that hour the task was first begun,
To that which saw her love's dear labour done;
Nor since, did smile upon her face appear,
Or glimpse of pleasure change her mournful cheer:
A constant weight hung heavy at her heart,
And much she fear'd to lose her Brandimart:
Oft had she known him in the field expos'd
To hostile rage, with perils round encios'd;
But such a dread had ne'er her soul oppress,
Froze in her blood, or throbb'd within her breast,
And from this fear, which ne'er before she knew,
The gentle dame more fatal omens drew.
With arms, and every need prepar'd at hand,
Their sails the warriors to the breeze expand.
But Sansonetto and Astolpho stay,
Whose joint command the numerous hosts obey.
Unhappy Flordelis, in deep despair,
Laments and weeps, and wearies Heaven with prayer;
And, far as sight the lessening object views,
With straining eyes the flying ship pursues.
Her Sansonetto and Astolpho bore,
All pale and struggling, from the fatal shore;
Then to her home the widow'd mourner led,
And left her spent and fainting on her bed.

Meanwhile the winds convey'd the gallant three,
The fearless champions, through the foamy sea; 261
Swift to the isle the vessel urg'd her speed,
The list for such a glorious fight decreed.
Now had Anglante's knight th' expected land,
With Brandimart and Olivero, gain'd:
Arriving first, he first the ground possess'd,
And to the east his fair pavilion dress'd.
That day came Agramant, in martial pride,
And pitch'd his tent upon the western side.
But since the Sun roll'd down departing light, 270
Till next aurora they deferr'd the fight.
Till morning dawn on either hand prepar'd,
The monials stood in arms their lords to guard.
The noble Brandimart at evening went
(His chief permitting) to the Pagan's tent,
With Afric's king t' unlock his secret breast,
For once their souls the ties of friend confess'd,
When Brandimart in Afric's banner'd host
Had follow'd Agramant to Gallia's coast.
Mindful of former love the warriors meet, 280
And grasping hand in hand, each other greet.
With earnest reasons then the Christian knight
Would urge the Pagan to decline the fight,
With offers, from Orlando, to restore
Each city to his rule, from Nilus' shore
To where Alcides fix'd his pillar'd bane,
Would be the faith of Mary's Son embrace.
"Thee have I lov'd," he cried, "thee, whilst I live,
Shall ever love, and hence this counsel give.
Well mayst thou know I deem that counsel good,
Which I, O monarch[13]! for myself pursu'd. 291
Christ is our God, but Mahomet untrue——
By me the path of life and mercy view.
The path I tread—and fain would there, O king!
With every friend, to life and mercy bring.
In this consists thy weal—nought else aright
Can work thy good, and least of all, the fight
With Milo's son[14], where conquest cannot weigh
Against the evil, shouldst thou lose the day.
If thou shouldst win—how little gain ensues! 300
But if thou losest—greatly must thou lose.
Say, by thy hand Orlando breathless lie,
Or we, who come with him to win or die,
I see not how henceforth thou shalt regain
Thy honour, and restore thy lost domain.

[11] This fanciful device of chivalry is thus explained by the Italian commentator: "The posture of the dog shows that he is in expectation of his prey; by the dog Olivero figures himself, and shows, that he only waits for the opportunity to prove his valour."

[12] In honour of his father Monolant lately dead, of which the news was brought him by Bardino. See Book xxxix. ver. 494.

[13] Brandimart was converted to Christianity by Orlando, as is related by Boyardo. Orlando having engaged in a bloody battle with Agrican, endeavours, when night breaks off the battle, to convert the king to Christianity, but in vain; next day the combat is renewed: at last Agrican receiving his death's wound from Orlando requests baptism, and is baptized by the Paladin before he dies.

[14] Milo of Anglante, youngest brother to duke Amon, having won the affections of Bertha, the sister of Charlemain, she proved with child by him. The emperor coming to the knowledge of this, threw them both into prison, till the lovers being set at liberty through the mediation of Amon, he banished them from his dominions. They afterwards married, and Bertha was delivered of a son, afterwards named Orlando, who gave in his earliest years such proofs of valour, as induced the emperor to pardon his parents: he received them both into favour, and restored to Milo his possessions, the marquisate of Brava, and the earldom of Anglantes. He adopted young Orlando for his

Think not—should we be slain—the Christian state,
So twin'd with us, so buried in our fate,
That Charles can want, to Earth's remotest end,
Soldiers and chiefs his conquests to defend.
Thus Brandimart; and thus had further prest
The wholesome counsels of a zealous breast,
But with an angry voice, and haughty look,
Impatient on his speech the Pagan broke.
"Sure more than madness must possess thy mind,
And all who dare, like thee in folly blind,
Whate'er the chance, in evil or in good,
Unask'd on others their advice obtrude!
That these thy words but speak thy former will
To seek my peace, and that thou seek'st it still,
I scarce can think, when, to my present harms,
I see thee with Orlando rang'd in arms.
Sure, rather conscious of th' avenging day,
When that dire fiend shall make thy soul his prey,
Thou seek'st to drag with thee to lowest Hell
All-human kind, in endless pains to dwell.
Whether I lose or conquer—whether gain
My ancient realm, or exil'd still remain,
God in his awful purpose must dispose;
Nor thou, nor I, nor yet Orlando knows.
Howe'er it fall—no fortune shall debase
My soul to actions that a king disgrace.
Hence, to thy friends return! and if thy might
Can prove no better in to-morrow's fight,
Than now thy skill in eloquence is shown,
Orlando little shall thy succour own."
Thus Agramant his speech in anger clos'd;
And both retiring till the morn repos'd.
With silver dawn of light, each warrior, dress'd
In shining arms, his foaming courser press'd:
No time for parley, while, with eager haste,
His pointed lance in rest each warrior plac'd;
But ill-advis'd, my lord [18], the martial strain
Would linger here on Ligadusa's plain,
And leave Rogero, in the cruel strife
Of winds and waves, to yield his noble life.
The youth his dreadful way through roaring tides
And raging foam with sinewy arm divides:
He feels the breaking surge and howling wind,
But most he feels the tempest in his mind:
There conscience bids him fear that Christ will take
Due vengeance now; and since he scorn'd to make
His choice of purer streams, has doom'd to lave
His past offences in the briny wave.
He now remembers many a promise given
To her he lov'd; and what he vow'd to Heaven
When with Rinaldo late in fight he met,
And how his soul could every tie forget.
Repentant now, with many a fervent prayer
He begs of God his forfeit life to spare,
And vows, if e'er his feet should tread the shore,
With heart sincere t' embrace the Christian lore,
And ne'er again in aid of Afric's band
With sword or lance against the faithful stand;
But back to France resume his speedy way,
And there to Charles his due allegiance pay;
No longer Bradamant with words delude,
But with true faith their happy loves conclude.
Scarce had he vow'd, when, lo! he seems to swim
With nerves new-brac'd in every buoyant limb:
Wondrous to tell! untir'd his vigour braves
The deep once more, and buffets with the waves:
Wave rolling after wave alternate swells,
One lifts him high, and one his course impels.
Sinking and rising thus the brine he cloaves;
At length the rock his weary limbs receives,
And where with favouring shelf declines the steep,
All drench'd with ooze he issues from the deep.
The rest that sought their hapless lives to save,
Engulf'd in billows found a watry grave.
Now from the tossing surge, at Heaven's commands,
Upon the dreary cliff Rogero stands;
Around the savage coast he rolls his eyes,
And, safe from sea, new fears by land arise:
There doom'd, perhaps, on that dire coast to lie
A lonely exile, and with famine die.
But yet resolv'd with constant mind to bear,
What evil Heav'n had doom'd his wretched share;
Up the steep rock his patient step he bends,
And now, by slow degrees, the height ascends;
When sudden to his wondering sight appears
A sire, low bent with abstinence and years:
A hermit, by his looks and gesture seen,
Of saint-like manners, and of reverend mien.
"O Saul! O Saul!" he cried, as near he drew,
"Why wilt thou thus my holy faith pursue?"
(As once to Paul our heavenly Saviour spoke,
What time he gave the dread, but saving stroke,)
"Think'st thou, unpaid, to pass th' opposing ford,
Defrauding of his dues the rightful lord?
Lo! God, who reaches all, whom late in thought
You deem'd so far, has here his judgment wrought."
Thus far the hermit, to whose holy sight
High Heaven in vision, the preceding night,
Great things disclos'd; how, by his powerful hand,
Rogero safe should tread that desert land;
Reveal'd his life; his every action past,
His future praise, and hapless death at last;
With all the glory that henceforth should grace
His sons, his grandsons, and his numerous race.
The hermit then pursues; and first severe,
He pours reproof in young Rogero's ear;
And, when remorse and shame his bosom move,
He soothes him with the balm of peace and love.
The youth he blames, who such delay could make
A yoke so pleasing on his neck to take:
Hence, what at first believ'd him to embrace,
When Christ so gently warn'd him oft to grace,
In peaceful times, he now receiv'd, as aw'd
Before the presence of an angry God,
And deaf to mild reproof, confess'd his chastening rod.
He comforts then, and tells him Christ will hear
Repentant sinners with indulgent ear;
That in the gospel-vineyard of the Lord
Each holy labourer finds a like reward;
And, with pure zeal, he to the listening youth
Unfolds the mysteries of Christian truth.

son, and the pope made him standard-bearer to the church, and a senator of Rome.

On the invasion of the Christians by Garnieri, king of Carthage, Milo of Anglantes performed great feats of valour: having received the pope's benediction, he defended Rome and Charlemain, and killed Garnieri. Almontes, grandson of Garnieri, afterwards coming over to revenge his death, engaged in single combat with Milo, and killed him with the sword Durindana.

See Aspramont, c. 1. ll. ver. 18.

[18] He continues the combat in the 320th verse of this Book.

In converse thus, with steps sedate and slow,
Together to the hermit's cell they go,
Cut in the living rock; and o'er it stands
A hallow'd chapel that the east commands,
Fair, neatly built—and reaching to the flood,
Of various growth below, a quivering wood,
Where laurel, juniper, and myrtle green,
With spreading palm-trees, grace the lovely scene;
Whose mingled shade a liquid fountain feeds,
That down the rock its murmuring current leads.
Near forty years had past since first the sire
Forsook each worldly pleasure, to retire
To this recess, where, by his Saviour blest,
He led his days in purity and rest.
For wholesome food the gather'd fruits he took;
To quench his thirst he sipp'd the crystal brook:
And strong in health, and free from care and strife,
He reach'd th' extremest verge of human life.
Now in his cell the kindled fire he blew,
Then on the board his homely fruits he threw.
Rogero dry'd his vest and oozing hair,
Then sate and feasted on the simple fare;
Where, by his saint-like host explain'd, he heard
The wondrous truths in Christian faith rever'd;
And from his hand, next day, the humble knight
In the pure stream receiv'd the cleansing rite.
Awhile sequester'd in this calm abode
Rogero stay'd, whom oft the man of God
Declar'd, some days elaps'd, he meant to send
Where all his thoughts, where all his wishes tend.
Meanwhile in talk the useful hours were given
To various themes: now on the realms of Heaven
The sage discours'd; now on his worldly good;
And now the race to issue from his blood.
That Power, from whom no thought remains conceal'd,
Had to the reverend sire in dreams reveal'd,
That, from the day he first our faith embrac'd,
Rogero's life in seven short years would waste;
That Pinabello, by his consort dead,
Should call down future vengeance on his head;
Till for this death and Bertolagi slain,
He falls by dire Maganza's impious train:
So secret is his fate; no tongue can tell
The murderous treason, or by whom he fell.
But where, by cruel hands the knight shall die;
There, by those hands his corse shall bury'd lie.
His wife and sister, for his honour'd sake,
Hereafter shall a heavy vengeance take;
And with her burthen'd womb, long time deplor'd,
His mourning wife shall seek her absent lord:
Between the Adigi and Brenta's rills,
And where Antenor stay'd between the hills,
Hills rich with sulphur, where each river leads
His course through corn-clad fields and verdant meads;
Scenes, by the Trojan view'd with raptur'd eye,
Which well might Ida, and the loss supply
Of Xanthus and Ascanius—there in shade
Of sheltering forests should the dame be stay'd;
And near Athestes (Phrygian name) in throes
Of child-bed labour, should to birth disclose
An infant, fair in form, and after fam'd
For noble daring, and Rogero nam'd:
He, own'd of Trojan lineage, should obtain
Dominion o'er the Trojan's exil'd train;
And next from Charles[16], to whom his youthful aid
He gives in arms, with princely gifts be paid:
When, for his actions in the Lombard war,
The name of marquis should be justly bear.
As royal Charles, when he the land bestows,
Would say in Latin—*Este*—here repose;
Succeeding times such omen should embrace,
And give the name of Este[17] to the place.
Thenceforth no more Athestes should retain
Its ancient title, but the new remain.
God set before his chosen servant's view
What judgment should Rogero's death pursue;
How he, in vision, ere the dawning light,
Should stand before his faithful consort's sight,
And to her ear the murderous guile betray,
The place describing where his body lay:
How she, and her Marphisa, should employ
Both fire and sword Pontiero to destroy.
Nor less his son, Rogero, when he grew
To manhood, should Maganza's race pursue.
Of every Azzo of th' Alberti's[18] name,
Th' Obizi, all that blood from these could claim,
The hermit knew, to Nicholas renown'd;
Borso and Hercules with virtues crown'd;
Hippolito and Lionetto grac'd;
Alphonso brave, and Isabella chaste.
But well instructed where his speech to close,
The holy father speaks not all he knows;
What should be told, he to the youth explains,
And, what conceal'd, he to himself retains.
Meanwhile with spears declin'd[19], and fearless heart,
Orlando, Oliviero, Brandimart,
To meet the Pagan Mars with fury came,
(For such the Muse my fierce Gradasso name)
And those that with him stood the fight to wage,
King Agramant, and king Sobrino sage.
Each spurr'd his mettled steed, and, wide around,
The seas, the shores, re-echo'd to the sound.
When now the combatants together drew,
And to the skies their shiver'd lances flew;
With horrid crash the affrighted waves appear'd
To swell and foam—the noise to France was heard!
By chance Orlando and Gradasso met,
And equal seem'd against each other set,
Save that Bayardo's vigour in the course
Gave seeming vantage to Gradasso's force.

[16] This was the beginning of the illustrious family of Este, whose praises are scattered all through this work; and here the poet gives the origin or derivation of the name of Este, as likewise of the title of marquis, given by Charles the Great to this Rogero, when he went against Desiderius king of Lombardy. See note to Book iii. ver. 164.

[17] In the quaintness of this passage, Ariosto alludes to the real incident that gave birth to the title or name of Este, afterwards so famous. The emperors, when they bestowed any lordship or sovereignty on subjects for their merits, made use of this expression in Latin. *Este hic domini.*

[18] All these personages have been sufficiently noted in the former parts of these remarks. See Book iii.—the Notes throughout.

[19] The poet returns to Rogero, Book xliii. ver. 1469.

The battle here described by Ariosto of six champions, three to three, is certainly new in poetry, though doubtless battles of the same kind may be found in the romance writers: it gives the poet room for novelty of description, and perhaps is as excellent a battle as any in the whole poem.

Against the steed with such resistless power
He rush'd, the steed which fierce Orlando bore,
That, fore'd before the dreadful shock to yield,
He fell, and measur'd with his length the field.
Orlando tries, but vainly still he tries,
With hand and spur to make his courser rise.
When nought avail'd the saddle he forsook,
Embrac'd his shield and Balisarda shook.
On Afric's monarch Olivero ran,
And both with equal chance the tilt began.
But Brandimart had king Sobrino thrown
From off his steed; though scarcely could be known
If by his own or courser's blame he fell,
For seldom fame Sobrino's fall could tell.
But whether by his own or courser's fault,
Unhors'd Sobrino lay the first assault.
Now Brandimart, who king Sobrino view'd
Low-stretch'd on earth, no more with him pursu'd
The fight, but turn'd Gradasso's arms to meet,
By whom alike Orlando lost his seat.
The marquis now and Agramant, engag'd
With equal fortune, had the combat wag'd.
Against the shield their spears they broke, and drew
Their flaming swords, the battle to renew.
Orlando (who beheld Gradasso clos'd
With Brandimart, and little now dispos'd
On him his force to turn, so sore he felt
The strokes his gallant foe unceasing dealt)
Gaz'd round, when near Sobrino stood in sight,
Like him, on foot, and idle from the fight.
Fierce on the sage he rush'd, with dreadful look,
And, as he trod, the skies with terrour shook:
Sobrino, who the dread encounter view'd,
Firm in his arms with force collected stood.
Then, as a pilot, who beholds from far
The roaring onset of the watery war,
Directs his prow against the billowy tide
In mountains rising—thus Sobrino try'd
With lifted shield, that ruin to repel,
Which from the sword of Falerina fell,
Such Balisarda's edge, the strongest arms
But little held against its temper'd charms;
And, wielded now in great Orlando's hand
(Of force unequall'd), nothing could withstand.
Full on the buckler's orb, with swift descent
Through double folds of plated steel it went,
Cleft all the shield, and in his shoulder made
A ghastly wound, where mail and plate o'erlaid,
Oppos'd in vain the fierce descending blade.
Now in his turn, Sobrino aims the blow
To wound Orlando; but his fearless foe
Unwounded stands—to him such favour Heaven,
And stars propitious, from his birth had given.
Again the noble earl the falchion sped,
And from Sobrino thought to part his head.
Sobrino, who the strength of Clarmont knows,
And finds no buckler can such strokes oppose,
Drew sudden back, but scarcely could evade
The furious aim from Falerina's blade:
The sword fell flat, but o'er his forehead broke
Th' unfaithful helm, and stunn'd him with the stroke.
Prone on the ground all pale Sobrino lay,
Nor soon recover'd to dispute the day.
The Paladin, who deem'd this combat o'er,
His rival fall'n, as if to rise no more,
Against Gradasso turn'd, should chance demand,
In aid of Brandimart, his friendly hand.
For him o'ermatch'd in arms and sword he held,
Perchance in course and in strength excell'd.
Brave Brandimart, that on Frontino rode,
(The generous beast Rogero late bestrode)
So ply'd his weapons in the dangerous field,
He little seem'd in strength or skill to yield.
Had the defence secur'd his breast from harms,
His force might more than meet the Pagan arms.
But, (conscious of his weaker mail) now there,
Now here he turns, and oft eludes the war:
No courser better than Frontino knew
The knight's command, or at a signal flew.
Where Durindana fell, he seem'd to know
Its aim, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.
But in a different part the battle rag'd,
By Agramant and Olivero wag'd:
Both seem'd alike the skill of arms to claim,
Their valour equal, and their strength the same.
Orlando (as I told) Sobrino sent
Senseless to earth, and tow'rds Gradasso bent,
In aid of Brandimart, but from his steed
Dismounted, urg'd on foot his eager speed:
Now ready for th' attack, he view'd at large
Sobrino's courser fighten'd of his charge:
Him, as he cross'd his way, with active heat
He seiz'd, and seizing press'd the welcome seat:
One hand was seen the ponderous sword to wield,
And one the rich and splendid bridle held.
Gradasso now, who view'd Orlando near,
Defy'd him by his name, nor harbour'd fear:
With all the three he deem'd such deeds t'achieve,
That each should from his arm a stroke receive,
To think it midnight[99] ere the close of eve.
Then leaving Brandimart, his weapon's point
Furious he drives, where twisted mail and joint
Enclos'd Orlando's neck; through all it held,
But the tough skin unbent the thrust repell'd.
At once Orlando Balisarda waves,
From whose keen edge no magic temper saves:
In vain the corselet, helm, and shield oppose;
Through corselet, helm, and shield the weapon goes;
At once his bosom, face, and thigh receive
The smarting wound, he scarcely can believe:
For since the day he first his armour wore,
No issuing blood e'er stain'd the mail before.
Wondering he sees, and rages at the view,
This unknown sword his plates and cuirass hew
With that resistless force he deem'd alone
Bestow'd on Durindana, now his own;
And had one stroke pursu'd its aim aright,
That stroke had to the saddle cleft the knight:
More wary now he fights, with more regard
Than wont erewhile, and less forgets to ward.
When Brandimart his friend Orlando view'd,
Who, in his cause engag'd, the fight pursu'd,
Aside he drew to mark the various field,
Prepar'd, where need requir'd his aid to yield.
Thus stood the war—when now, long time depriv'd
Of sense, Sobrino from his trance reviv'd:
He rose; but still his front its anguish own'd,
His shoulder still confess'd the grievous wound.
Across the plain his careful eyes he cast,
And heavy now to aid his sovereign pass'd:
As Olivero, all intent, pursu'd
The fight with Agramant, Sobrino stood

[99] An expression often used by Ariosto, and common to romance, meaning to dazzle his eyesight by repeated strokes, to make his eyes flash fire that he might think he saw stars at daylight.

Behind, unnoted of th' incautious foe,
And at his courser aim'd a speeding blow:
His hindmost leg receiv'd the biting steel [71];
He fell; and with him Olivero fell,
While press'd beneath him on the rugged way,
His left-foot tangled in the stirrup lay,
Again, with strength renew'd, Sobrino sped
A sidelong stroke, to lop the warrior's head;
But this his arms forbade, his arms of yore
By Vulcan temper'd and which Hector wore.
His danger Brandimart from far survey'd,
And spurr'd his steed, and waving round his blade
Sobrino struck, whose helm receiv'd the stroke,
While, headlong, jostled by the courser's shock,
He fell to earth—but soon the senior knight
His feet recovering, rose again to fight,
On Olivero turn'd with fell intent;
Once more to slay the knight his force he bent,
Or, as he sought to rise, to frustrate his intent.
But Olivero, with his better hand
Still disencumber'd, could his sword command,
Which here he thrust or whirl'd with matchless strength,
And held Sobrino at the weapon's length.
He hop'd ere long (the Pagan kept at bay)
To free his foot that now imprison'd lay.
Drench'd in his blood he sees th' invading foe,
And sees to earth the purple current flow;
His feeble knees can scarce their weight sustain,
And vanquish'd soon, his limbs must press the plain.
Oft Olivero strives in vain to rise,
Still on his foot the floundering courser lies.
Now Brandimart an iron tempest deals,
As round king Agramant Frontino wheels:
Now at his side, in front, and now behind,
Frontino circles rapid as the wind.
This steed the son of Monodant bestrides;
Nor worse the steed the mid-day monarch [72] guides,
By Brigliadoro in the field outstrip'd,
Rogero's gift from Mandricardo gain'd.
Arms could he boast, of arms in battle try'd,
Whose temper oft the hostile steel defy'd;
While Brandimart wore such as time could yield,
And sudden need had furnish'd for the field:
Yet these he hop'd (escap'd from present harms)
To barter with his foe for stronger arms;
His foe, whose shoulder, wounded by his sword,
From the wide gash a stream of crimson pour'd.
Still in his side a wound the Christian felt,
By stern Gradasso not for pleasure dealt;
Yet with king Agramant so well he strove,
That oft through mail and sever'd plate he drove
The weapon's point; his fencing shield he cleft,
His better hand he raz'd, and pierc'd his left.
Such was their fight, yet all must sport be thought,
To deeds Orlando and Gradasso wrought.
Gradasso has Orlando half depriv'd
Of plate and mail, his helm asunder riv'd;
On either side has shorn his crest in twain,
And sent his shield divided to the plain;
His corslet rent beneath; while, safe from harm,
His fated skin defies a mortal arm.
But him the Paladin more sorely press'd
And pierc'd with wounds his face, his throat and breast.
To grief and madness fir'd, Gradasso view'd
In his own gore his smarting limbs imbru'd,
While fierce Orlando fought, though near disarm'd,
Without a wound, from head to foot unharm'd.
Gradasso rear'd his falchion, at a blow
Through head and breast to cleave his hated foe.
He struck, but from his head the shining blade
Return'd unbath'd, though with the stroke dismay'd,
Before Orlando's sight the dazzling meteors play'd.
He dropt the reins; his grasp had lost the sword,
But to his wrist a chain the hilt secur'd.
Scar'd with the thundering blow, the courser bore
The knight of Anglant round the sandy shore;
The knight all senseless, while he kept his seat,
Nor knew his fight, nor rul'd the curbing bit.
Gradasso, with Bayardo, swift pursu'd,
And soon had reach'd, but turning round he view'd
King Agramant to certain death expos'd,
With whom the son of Monodant had clos'd;
Whose left hand seiz'd his helmet, while the right
His beaver opening, at his dazzled sight
The dagger held, and no defence remain'd
For him, whose weapon Brandimart had gain'd.
Gradasso saw, and, furious at the view,
Orlando left and to his rescue flew.
Now Brandimart (who deem'd that close engag'd
Gradasso with Anglante's warrior wag'd
The combat still) his art and force apply'd
His dagger in the Pagan's throat to hide,
When lo! Gradasso struck with all his might
Behind the helmet of the noble knight.
Father of Heaven [73]! among th' elected blest,
Vouchsafe to give thy faithful martyr rest!
Who now, the storm of life's short voyage o'er,
Has furl'd his sails upon a peaceful shore.

[71] This action of Sobrino does not seem entirely consonant to the laws of chivalry, whereby it was ever held unkindly to wound the horse; and this the poet himself strongly expresses in the description of the duel between Rogero and Mandricardo.

—— But neither knight would try
Ungenerous arts, or make the courser die,
T'overthrow his lord, &c.

Book xxx. ver. 533.

But, after all, these little deviations from general principles, as has been already observed when Dudon uses for his weapon a battle axe, may be introduced chiefly from a desire of variety in the descriptive parts; and if the several passages in other writers, particularly of the epic kind, were minutely examined, there is little doubt but many apparent improprieties, if not inconsistencies, might be discovered that had crept in from the same motive. With respect to this action of Sobrino, it may be thought less to trespass against the decorum of chivalry, from the age of the combatant, who, from that circumstance, may have a greater claim to our indulgence.

[72] Il dì del mezzo giorno——Agramant king of Afric, so called from the situation of his dominions to the south.

[73] The death of Brandimart is one of the most affecting passages in the poem; and nothing can be finer than this abrupt apostrophe of the poet, when he receives the mortal wound. This idea appears entirely our author's own, and I believe will be allowed to be excelled by few, if any passages, either in the sublime or pathetic.

How couldst thou, Durindana[34], ruthless sword!
So wound Orlando, thy unhappy lord,
Before his eyes, without remorse, to end
His life's companion, and his truest friend?
The helm in vain oppos'd the fatal stroke,
Deep in the steel the edge resistless broke;
Through fold on fold, a dreadful passage made,
And buried in his head the reeking blade.
All pale he fell, while from the gaping wound
A purple deluge flow'd, and drench'd the ground.
When now Orlando from his trance awoke,
As round the field he cast an eager look,
Full soon his dearest Brandimart he view'd,
Low stretch'd on earth and gasping in his blood;
He saw the Pagan near, whose gestures tell,
That by his hand the much-lov'd warrior fell.
Scarce knows he yet, if rage prevails or grief,
But blood, not tears, must only yield relief.
No time for plaints, when fury bears the sway;
But here we close the book, and here the tale delay.

BOOK XLII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Conclusion of the battle between the three Christian and three Pagan knights. Death of Agramant and Gradasso. Grief of Orlando for the death of Brandimart. Bradamant laments Ruggero's breach of faith. Rinaldo consults Malagigi on the absence of Angelica: he hears of her leaving France with Medoro, and resolves to pursue her. He enters the forest of Arden, and is attacked by a dreadful monster: he is delivered by a knight; and afterwards, by drinking at the fountain of Disdain, is cured of his love for Angelica. He is received and hospitably entertained by a knight of Mantua, who shows him a wonderful cup, by which every married man might prove the fidelity of his wife.

WHAT curb so strong can kindled wrath restrain?
What iron bit, what adamantine chain
(Could such be found) shall in the tortur'd mind
Check fierce revenge, when one to us conjoin'd
In friendship's closest ties, we see subdu'd
By fraud or force, to shame or death pursu'd?
Should momentary impulse then engage
Our souls to deeds of cruelty and rage,
We merit some excuse, since reason's power
Is lost, while passion rules the frantic hour.
Achilles, when he saw Patroclus slain,
In borrow'd armour press the sanguine plain,
Unaided, though his hand the victor slew,
Behind his car the breathless carcase drew.
Such was the wrath, Alphonso[1]! that inspir'd,
Thy faithful people, when to madness fir'd
They saw thy front receive the hostile stone,
And fear'd in thee, their lives and hopes o'erthrown:
In vain entrench'd within their gates and wall
The foes remain'd; the troops t' avenge thy fall
The city storm'd; nor sex nor age would spare,
And not a wretch was left the news to bear.
Thy life endanger'd to th' unpitying sword
Such license gave—Again to thee restor'd
A few short hours recover'd Bastia's town,
Which late Cordova and Granada won.
Perchance in justice, God thy wound decreed,
With heavier vengeance to pursue the deed
Our foes had wrought, when by their cruel hands
Unhappy Vestidello[2], held in bands,
A victim fell; whom, while disarm'd, he stood
All spent with toil, and wounds fresh streaming blood,
A hundred impious swords in pieces hew'd.
To sum up all—no fury can we name
Like that which sets his generous soul on flame,
Who present sees, by some dire force oppress,
His kinsman, lord, or partner of his breast.
No wonder then, if for a friend so lov'd,
Despair and rage at once Orlando mov'd;
Who saw him senseless stretch'd along the sand
By one fierce stroke from fell Gradasso's hand.
As some Nomadian shepherd that has spy'd
A hissing serpent from his presence glide,
Whose venom'd tooth his little son had slain,
That harmless sported on the sandy plain;
With sudden ire he grasps his knotty oak:
The knight of Anglant so his weapon shook,
(That fated edge which never fails to wound)
And first the wretched Agramant he found;
Of sword disarm'd with purple gore bedew'd
With helm unlac'd, and shield asunder hew'd,
With frequent gashes in the fight receiv'd,
And scarce from Brandimart with life reprieve'd:
Like some poor bird, who just escap'd survives
The falcon's gripe, and doubts if yet he lives.
Orlando came, and full the stroke he sped,
Where to the shoulder join'd the crested head:
The helm and gorget loos'd; the trenchant steel
Cut through the neck, and like a poppy fell
The spouting head, while on th' extended shore
The Libyan ruler sunk, to rise no more:
To Stygian shade descends his groaning ghost,
By Charon ferried to the burning coast.
Orlando stay'd not long the slain to view,
But with drawn sword on fierce Gradasso flew.

[34] In the romance poem of Aspramonte, we are told, that Milo, father of Orlando, was slain by this same sword in the hand of Almontes.

Drizzossi Almonte, ciò superbia e ira,
Con ambe man la spada che non resta,
Inimichevolmente allor lo mira
El colpo fere e calò su la testa
Ogni armadura il brando seco tira
Barbuta e elmo la spada rubesta
Per modo tale allora salutollo
Che con la spada il fesse fino al collo.
El gentile sangue cade in piana terra
In quel de manco tutta la possanza
Per l'impia Durlindana che l'afferra
Almonte per trovare el Sir di Franza, &c.
Aspramonte, c. xviii.

[1] He commemorates the victory of Alphonso over the Spaniards, at the taking of Bastia, a strong fortress on the Po, built by Nicolo of Este, famous for the action here described by the poet. Alphonso in the attack was wounded by a stone from an engine. Fornari.

[2] Vestidello, the governor of the fort, falling into the hands of the Spaniards, was contrary to all martial law slain in cold blood. The Spaniards being afterwards vanquished, were every man put to the sword. Fornari.

When now Gradasso on the field display'd
The headless trunk of Agramant survey'd,
(What ne'er till then befel[3]) a sudden dread
Benumb'd his veins, his shifting colour fled;
And while the knight of Anglant nearer drew,
It seem'd as if his certain fate he knew.
Already conquer'd, no defence he made,
When high advanc'd he saw the mortal blade.
Orlando on the left the thrust impell'd
Beneath the ribs, till through his belly held
The griding steel, and at the adverse side
Appear'd from hilt to point with crimson dy'd;
And well the force bespoke a warrior's hand,
The first in arms of every martial band,
That with a single wound resistless slew
The learnest champion of the Pagan crew.
But little joyful at his glorious deed,
The Paladin, alighting from his steed,
To Brandimart advanc'd with troubled pace,
The mournful drops fast trickling down his face:
Arriv'd, the gasping warrior's head he view'd
All drown'd in blood, his cask asunder hew'd.
Not less the sylvan bark a tree defends,
When the sharp axe with sweepy sway descends.
With speed Orlando from the dying knight
His helm unlac'd, and saw a dreadful sight:
The sword had cleft, between his manly brows;
Yet fleeting life a short reprieve allows,
Of Heaven's high mercy, ere he breath'd his last,
To ask forgiveness for his errours past;
With accents mild to soothe Anglante's chief,
Whose tears and sighs proclar'd his speechless grief.
"Orlando! when thou mak'st to God thy prayer,
Thy friend," he cried, "in thy remembrance bear:
To thy dear trust I leave—" he would have said
"My Flordelis[4]"—but there his spirit fled:
His feeble accents half her name express'd,
But cruel death came on, and chok'd the rest.
The voice of angels then, in concert sweet,
Was heard in air, as from her mortal seat
The soul releas'd in strains of hallow'd love,
Ascended swift to endless joys above.

Orlando, while his faith rejoic'd to view
Heaven's high reward an end so pure pursue;
To know his Brandimart supremely blest,
And see Heaven opening to receive its guest;
Yet such the frailty of the human heart,
Still nature shudders from a friend to part;
One link'd so close, a brother scarce so dear,
Without the tribute of a tender tear.
Long on the ground Sobrino's limbs were spread,
And fast his veins their vital current shed:
Still Olivero lay in woeful state,
Nor yet has freed, nor from the galling weight
Can free his foot, which, crush'd with piercing pain,
His heavy courser press'd against the plain;
And but Orlando came his aid to lend,
(Orlando weeping for his slaughtered friend)
Himself had vainly from the floundering steed
Essay'd to move; but when, at length, he freed
Th' imprison'd limb, he scarce could tread the ground,
While thrilling smart through every nerve he found;
As by surrounding friendly arms upheld
His fainting steps he dragg'd along the field.
Orlando on his conquest little thought,
A conquest deem'd, alas! too dearly bought!
He mourn'd his Brandimart's untimely fate,
And much he fear'd his kinsman's dangerous state.
He found Sobrino, from the dreadful strife,
Surviving still; but scarce of lengthen'd life
Affording hope, so much the purple tide
From many a wound his aged veins had dry'd,
Him bath'd in blood, the generous victor gave
To skilful hands with healing arts to save,
And strives himself each wounded thought to calm
With gentle words of friendship's sovereign balm.
Such was this earl! the fight's stern trial o'er,
Compassion sway'd, where fury sway'd before.
But here Fulgoso[5] seems to doubt my tale;
For when on Afric's coast he spread the sail,
Each port he search'd, and landed here he found
The isle so mountainous, so rough the ground,
Scarce in a soil, unform'd for human feet,
Six nights, the flower of all the world could meet,
And from their steeds so fierce in battle vie:
Fulgoso thus, and thus I make reply.
In elder times, beneath the rocky height,
There stretch'd a plain extending to the right;
Till, by an earthquake, shaken from its base,
The mountain fell, and cover'd all the place.
O thou, the glory of Fulgoso's line,
In whom such lustre shall for ever shine,
If e'er thy censures here the story blame,
Perchance before the chief[6], whose mighty fame
Extends so far; by whom thy country knows
The choicest blessings of desir'd repose,
O deign from falsehood's name to clear my lays,
And say my Muse unsully'd truth conveys.
Now sad Orlando casting o'er the tide
His sharpen'd sight, a slender bark espy'd,

[3] The death of Gradasso is very similar to the death of the soldan in Tasso, who in the same manner is seized with a sudden panic, attended with a presage of his approaching fate.

See Jerusalem Delivered, book xx. ver. 686.

[4] In this beautiful passage, it was thought advisable to avoid a close translation, where though the thought is affecting in the original, the expression would be ludicrous in English the Italian says,

A te raccomendo la mia Fiordi ———
Mar dir non pote—ligi—e qui finio.

Sir John Harrington has ventured the same in his translation:

To thee I recommend my dearest Fiordi———
And—liege—he would have said—but there did end.

Likewise Mr. Huggins:

Nor less to you, I trust, my dear Fiordi———
—Liege he could not speak forth—here made an end.

The circumstance itself is naturally just, and occurs in several poets:

She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And buried half within her——

Dryden's All for Love.

[5] Fulgoso or Fregoso, archbishop of Salerno, had it seems objected to the probability of this part of Ariosto's story: but the poet artfully defends himself, by alleging, that the face of the country had been entirely changed by an earthquake.

[6] Octavian Fregoso, brother of Frederico, doge of Genoa, who put an end to all the factions in the republic.

That with spread canvas o'er the billows flew,
And near the shores of Lapathusa drew.
But whence she came[7], shall fill some future page,
More themes than one must now the Muse engage:
To France we turn, to mark their joy or woe,
Since late they wrought the Pagan's overthrow.
But first we turn to what the dame befel,
Who bade her shipwreck'd peace a long farewel:
The faithful Bradamant, who heard in vain
Before the Saracen and Christian train,
Rogero's vows, since banish'd from his mind,
These with her hopes were lost in empty wind.
Again her sorrows and her plaints she pours,
Too oft companions of her lonely hours.
She calls Rogero cruel to the trust
Her love repos'd—she calls her fate unjust!
Then gives a loose to grief—of Heaven complains,
At once its goodness and its power arraigns:
That Heaven, which could such perjury survey,
And not a sign of heavenly wrath display.
Melissa she condemns; and him who gave
Dark oracles from his mysterious cave,
Whose lying prophecies her breast could move,
And plunge her deeper in the sea of love.
Then to Marphisa oft her step she turns,
To her full oft her brother's falsehood mourns:
To her she sighs; to her she vents her grief,
Hangs on her breast, and weeping begs relief.
Round her lov'd friend her arms Marphisa throws,
And every comfort, words can yield, bestows;
Tells her, that ne'er Rogero will deceive
Her heart's dear hope, but all her fears relieve:
Or, should he not return, she vows to face
The man whose actions could his line disgrace;
Force him with her to prove his sword in fight,
Or keep his faith, and do his mistress right.
These friendly words awhile consol'd the fair,
For grief imparted oft alleviates care.
While thus on Bradamant's affliction preys,
Learn if her brother happier leads his days,
Whose every nerve the fires of love ingest,
Throb in his pulse, and kindle in his breast:
Yet less her beauty, than the potent spell[9]
Had fix'd his soul in amorous bonds to dwell.
Since France at length had crush'd her numerous foes,
The other Paladins in peace repose:
Among the victors he alone remains
A wretched captive in a woman's chains.
Full many an envoy in her search he sent,
Himself as oft with vain inquiries went;
His kinsman Malagigi now he sought,
On whom he oft repos'd each burthen'd thought:
To him, with reddening cheek and eye depress,
The knight reveal'd each secret of his breast;
And begg'd him to disclose where distant rov'd
The fair Angelica, his best belov'd.
He said: when Malagigi's wonder grew
At this unlook'd-for tale, since well he knew
A hundred times[10] Rinaldo might have led
The willing fair one to partake his bed;
That oft himself had try'd the knight to move,
By prayers and threats, to bend him to her love.
In vain—though love from him had freedom gain'd
For Malagigi, in her bonds detain'd.
But now, unask'd, spontaneous would he give
A heart the fair vouchsaf'd not to receive.
He bade him call to mind how oft his scorn
Had made her proffer'd love an ill return;
And how himself, in dreary dungeon laid,
Had nearly fall'n, for vows so ill repaid,
A guiltless victim to th' offended maid.
Rinaldo still pursues the dear request,
And moves compassion in his kinsman's breast:
The past offence no more in mind he bears,
But willing succour at his need prepares.
He for reply appoints some future day,
And sends the champion full of hopes away.
Now Malagigi to the place retir'd,
Where, when his schemes infernal aid requir'd,
He calls the demon forth, where, dark as night,
And inaccessible to mortal sight,
A grotto stands, enclos'd by hills that rise
In craggy steeps, and shoot into the skies.
His book he opens, calls the fiends aloud,
And round in haste the fiends obedient crowd: 230
Of these selecting one, best skill'd to show
Each maze of love, from him he seeks to know
What cause had soften'd thus Rinaldo's heart,
That late, unpiero'd, repell'd each amorous dart.
He learns what passions different streams inspire,
How one creates, and one absorbs desire:
How every ill the breast from due receives,
The other with a simple draught relieves:
He hears Rinaldo chanc'd the stream to taste
By which are love and love-born passions chas'd;
That hence he scorn'd Angelica the fair
With breast unfeeling, till his cruel star
Led him to quaff the spring, whose amorous power
Inflam'd his soul for charms he shunn'd before.
By cruel stars, by cruel fate he came
In that cool spring to catch the lover's flame:
For lo! Angelica by chance arriv'd
To drink the adverse stream, of sports depriv'd,
That from her heart each tender thought expell'd,
And made her hate whom once she dearly held:
While in the like reverse of passion pow'rful,
And where he scorn'd, he now as fiercely lov'd.
This wondrous fortune that the knight befel
The demon told, and full'd as less to tell
How to the Moor Medoro's youthful arms
Angelica resign'd her virgin charms;
Then how the fair Europe's climes forsook,
And through th' unstable flood her voyage took,
Her vessel lanching from Hispania's land
With spreading sails for India's spicy strand.
Now at th' appointed hour Rinaldo flies
To learn his fate, when Malagigi tries
To turn his thoughts from one who could disgrace
With such a partner her illustrious race;
And for her realms had left the Christian shore,
That little now avail'd to seek her more;
Who with Medoro plough'd the foamy sea,
And now had measur'd more than half her way.
With mind prepar'd (accustom'd to her scorn
The fair's departure would the knight have borne:

[7] He resumes this story, Book xliii. ver. 1115.
[8] He returns to Bradamant, Book xliv. ver. 294.
[9] The Fountain of Love, so often mentioned in Boyardo and Ariosto, the water of which had inspired Rinaldo's passion for Angelica.
[10] Alluding to several parts of the Orlando Innamorato, where Angelica used every art to gain his affection, particularly in the Joyous Garden, to which place he was decoyed by the wiles of Malagigi. See Note to Book xxxi. ver. 663.

He came, ready'd already for her sake
To farthest Ind his toilsome course to take:
But when he heard a Pagan youth possess'd
The first dear blessings of her maiden breast,
He sigh'd—he rav'd—his grief to phrensy rose;
This woe by far surpass'd his former woes:
He strove to speak, but speech his tongue forsook;
His pulse beat quick, his lips convulsive shook;
And stung with jealous pangs, the wretched knight
Abrupt withdrew from Malagigi's sight.
But when his first surprise and plaints were o'er,
He bent his thoughts to visit India's shore:
For this, from Pepin's son he leave obtain'd,
And urg'd the plea, that by Gradasso gain'd
In shameful wise, in stain of knightly race,
His steed Bayardo, to his great disgrace,
Was thither borne, where, to retrieve his fame
He hasten'd, lest the Pagan should proclaim,
With lying vaunts, he won by sword and lance
The courser from a Paladin of France.
Loth was the king, yet could but ill deny
A suit where justice urg'd him to comply.
Dismiss'd by Charles, the knight his way pursu'd,
Though France with sorrow his departure view'd:
Dudon and Guido would his perils share,
But he alone would every peril dare.
Paris he leaves, his soul with anguish burns,
And now he sighs, and now he weeps by turns.
Remembrance still his anxious soul employs
When smiling Fortune proffer'd all her joys
That beauty gives to bless his happy arms,
And when his folly spurn'd the proffer'd charms.
How did he then the precious moments waste!
How willing would he now redeem the past!
And could he call them back, how gladly pay
With life the rapture of a single day!
Reflection still was busy in his mind,
To think a youth of such ignoble kind
Could from her heart so soon all trace remove
Of worth and truth, that claim'd her nobler love.
With thoughts like these still rankling at his breast,
Rinaldo to the East his course address'd;
To Basilea bound, the Rhine he pass'd,
And enter'd Arden's dreary shades at last.
As many a mile the Paladin pursu'd
His venturous way amidst the lonely wood,
From towns and cities far remote, expos'd
To perils dire, with deepening wilds enclos'd;
A sudden darkness[11] o'er the sky was spread,
Th' affrighted Sun in clouds conceal'd his head,
And from a cavern, veil'd in darkest night,
A female monster rush'd, abhorr'd to sight!

Her thousand eyes a watch eternal keep,
No lids were seen to close their orbs in sleep:
As many ears her head terrific bears,
And hissing snakes supply the place of hairs.
A horrid serpent for her tail appears,
That o'er her breast his curling volumes rears.
From Hell's dire gloom, where howling fiends lament,
This dreadful demon to the world was sent.
What ne'er till then had touch'd Rinaldo's breast
In many a field of death, he now confess'd.
Soon as the monster met his startled view,
And swift t'assail him near and nearer drew;
A terrour, more than mortal can sustain,
Congeal'd his blood, and crept through every vein;
Yet wonted courage in his looks he feign'd,
And drew his weapon with a trembling hand.
The cruel fiend, well practis'd in the field,
Began the assault, and round the warrior wheel'd;
Her venom'd snake she brandish'd as she came,
And at Rinaldo bent her baleful aim:
She leaps upon him with a furious bound;
Now here, now there, Rinaldo shifts the ground;
He deals direct and sidelong many a blow,
But none he deals can reach his hated foe.
The fiend applies her serpent to his breast [12],
Beneath his mail he feels the dreadful pest
Cold at his heart: now on his helm it rides;
Now o'er his face, now round his neck it glides.
Rinaldo, terrified, his fiery steed
Goads with the spur, and urges all his speed:
But the dire fiend, that follows like the wind,
Vaults with a bound, and grasps him close behind!
Whether direct or short his course he wheels,
Still at his back the pest accurs'd he feels:
In vain each art to shake her thence he tries,
And with arm'd heel his rapid courser plies.
Trembles, like autumn-leaves, Rinaldo's heart:
The freezing snake clings close to every part:
He groans—he howls—and shuddering with affright
He calls aloud for death, and loaths the light.
Through bogs, through brakes, through thorny ways and rude,
Through thickest covert of th' entangling wood,
He flew, in hopes to loosen from behind
Th' infernal fiend, whose snake his limbs entwin'd.
At length, in arms of shining steel array'd,
A knight appear'd that brought him timely aid:
His crest a broken yoke, and in his shield
Red flames he bore, upon a yellow field:
With flames his surcoat was embroider'd o'er;
And such the trappings which his courser wore.
His hand the spear, his side the sword retain'd,
His saddle-bow a burning mace sustain'd:
A mace, that, stor'd with fire eternal, sent
Flash after flash, that never could be spent;
Against whose power no buckler would avail,
Nor toughest helm, nor strongest temper'd mail;
But all gave way where'er the champion turn'd
His dreadful arms, that unextinguish'd burn'd.
No less a power could succour here bestow
To free the warrior from his ruthless foe.

[11] This beautiful passage has a near resemblance to Spenser's fiction of the monster Errour, in the Fairy Queen: many circumstances are similar in both poets: the gloom of a vast forest heightened with a storm: the attack of the monster upon the knight,—all exquisitely painted in the English and Italian author; but the horrour seems more strongly worked up in Ariosto; while Spenser with all his excellence must be condemned for suffering his fancy to degenerate into a loathsome and disgusting picture. See Fairy Queen, book i. c. i.

The reader of taste will here recollect the fine poetical painting in Dryden's Theodore and Honoria, where the spectres of the hunter and virgin appear to Theodore. See Dryden's Fables.

[12] See Virgil, Æneid vii. ver. 346.

Huic Dea cærulea unum de crinibus anguem
Conjicit———— Virgil.

Snatch'd from her hissing locks a snake she threw,
And through his inmost soul the fiery serpent flew.
Pitt, v. 442.

The stranger-knight, who heard Rinaldo's cries,
His courser spurs, and to his rescue flies;
And soon he views the fiend whose snake entwin'd
Rinaldo's limbs in many a winding fold;
Who glow'd with feverish heat, or shook with freezing cold.
Swift came the knight, against her side he thrust
His potent spear, and hurl'd her in the dust;
She fell; but soon again the earth forsook,
And rear'd aloft her venom'd serpent shook
In spiral wreaths: no longer will the knight
With javelin, but with fire pursue the fight:
He grasps his mace, and where the serpent coils
Her rattling scales, or where in length unfurls,
With ceaseless aim he drives the fiery blows
Like crushing storms, nor rest nor pause allows.
While thus his weapon's unresisted sway
Or drives the monster back, or holds at bay;
He bids the Paladin the path pursue
That from the thickets to the mountain drew.
He said—the Paladin observant flies,
And backward fears to cast his loathing eyes:
Nor stays, till far beyond the monster's sight,
Though rough the path and arduous is the height.
Meanwhile the champion to her dismal cell
Has driven by force the ghastly child of Hell;
There, while in fury for her frustrate will,
She gnaws her flesh; her breast black poisons fill,
And from her thousand eyes eternal tears distill.
The victor then impell'd his courser's speed
To join Rinaldo, and in safety lead
From those drear wilds: and on the ascending height
O'ertook, and stood beside the gentle knight.
Rinaldo now with grateful words repaid
His service done—"Accept my thanks," he said,
"Though thanks are poor, when life can scarce repay
The glorious aid of this adventurous day.
Give me, at least, to learn thy name, and know
To whom, sir knight, I such deliverance owe;
And tell to Charles, and all his peers around,
Thy matchless valour, and thy praise resound."
To whom the knight—"My name yet unreveal'd,
Be not displeas'd if still I keep conceal'd:
This shalt thou learn, before the noontide shade
A foot has lengthen'd o'er the dewy glade."
In converse thus they journey'd till they found
A crystal fount, that oft with murmuring sound
Strangers and swains allur'd its draughts to prove,
And quaff a long oblivion of their love.
These are the cooling waters that assuage,
(O mighty prince[12]!) the heat of amorous rage;
From which Angelica her hatred drew,
From which Rinaldo's first aversion grew.
The knight, who with Rinaldo came and view'd
Where the clear stream the bordering plants bedew'd,
As faint with heat and toil, his courser stay'd:
"Here let us rest awhile"—the stranger said.
"Well may we here," Rinaldo cries, "repose,
Now with fierce rays meridian Phœbus glows:
My limbs unnerv'd so sorely late oppress
By that dire fiend, would gladly welcome rest."
Thus they; when each alighting, gave his steed
To rove at large, and through the forest feed:
Each from his head the radiant helm unlac'd,
And on the turf with flowers enamell'd plac'd.
Rinalds then, oppress with thirst and heat,
To the smooth mirror bent his eager feet;
At one cool draught its sovereign virtue prov'd,
And thirst, and heat, and love at once remov'd.
Soon as the knight unknown beheld him sip
The cooling stream, and raise his moisten'd lip,
And saw his heart estrang'd from Cupid's fire,
Repentant now of every fond desire,
Erect he rose, and with a lofty look,
Himself disclos'd, and in these accents spoke:
"Know then, Rinaldo, I am call'd Disdain,
And hither come to break thy galling chain."
He said; and instant vanish'd from the view,
And with the knight his phantom-steed withdrew.
Rinaldo, speechless, cast around his eyes:
"Where is my champion fled?"—Amaz'd, he cries,
All this th' effect of magic art he thought,
Some friendly spell by Malagigi wrought,
To break that yoke, which long, with galling pain,
His tyrant passion forc'd him to sustain:
Or, haply, God, in his eternal love,
Had, from his holy hierarchy above,
An angel sent, his saving grace to deal,
As once he sent him Tobit's eyes to heal.
But whether fiend from Hell, or saint from Heaven,
Had to his captive soul her freedom given,
To him all thanks were due, by whom his heart
Was cur'd of love, and every amorous smart.
To India still he purpos'd to proceed,
In Sericana to regain his steed;
For this his honour claim'd, and this he vow'd,
When royal Charles his earnest suit allow'd.
Next day to Basilea's town he came;
But ere he reach'd it, thither spread the fame
That earl Orlando stood prepar'd for fight
With Agrayant and Sericana's[14] knight.
Thus went the tale—nor was the tale belied
By message from Anglante's lord receiv'd;
But one, who late his eager voyage sped
From Sicily, the certain tidings spread.
Fain would Rinaldo (though remov'd afar)
The glorious combat with Orlando share:
Full many a mile he tir'd full many a steed,
And many a guide—impatience wing'd his speed.
The Rhine he pass'd, and now his way pursu'd
O'er Alpine steeps, now Italy he view'd;
Now Mantua and Verona he forsook,
And 'cross the Po his rapid journey took.
Already westward far declin'd the Sun,
And in the skies the star of evening shone;
When, as beside the river's winding flood
Debating with himself Rinaldo stood
To change his steed, or there remain till night
Should fly th' approach of next Aurora's light;
Sudden before his eyes a knight[15] was seen,
Of comely feature and of courteous mien,
Who, first with fair salute, besought to know
If e'er his lips had seal'd the marriage vow.

[12] Cardinal Hippolito, his patron.

[14] Granada.

[15] It appears that the appellation of Cavaliero (knight) is not always confined by our author to the military character of a wandering champion, but here, and in other places, is given to those who do not appear to have any concern in the profession of arms. Perhaps Cervantes had this idea when he made Don Quixote call the stranger, whom he met, the knight of the Green Cassock.

Rinaldo then—"I wear the nuptial yoke[16]."
Yet much he muse'd at what the stranger spoke;
Whothus rejoin'd—"Well pleas'd thy words I hear,
And that my deeds may speak my meaning clear,
Vouchsafe, sir knight, the proffer'd grace to take
Beneath my roof till morn abode to make:
There shalt thou see, what he must surely prize,
By whom in bed a wedded partner lies."
Rinaldo, with a length of toil oppress,
Not ill dispos'd to relish offer'd rest;
And ever prompt, with noble thoughts, to view,
Or hear of wonders and adventures new,
Full gladly yielded with the knight to stay,
And, turning, follow'd as he led the way.
Now from the track an arrow's flight they came,
And reach'd a palace of stupendous frame,
Whence issu'd many a squire with dutious haste,
That kindled torches bore, whose brightness chas'd
The gloom of night: Rinaldo, entering, gaz'd
Around the spacious pile with looks amaz'd:
It seem'd no private treasure could dispense
Such regal cost, and proud magnificence.
The outward gate with solid beauty shone
Of polish'd porphyry and Parian stone;
The folding valves of bronze, with figures grac'd,
Which seem'd to live and move in sculpture chas'd,
Beneath the leading arch, admiring eyes
Saw various forms in rich Mosaic rise.
A square was seen within of ample space:
A range of fair apartments every face
Supply'd; a gate for every front was rear'd:
To every gate an inner arch appear'd
Of varied ornament, but equal state,
And smooth th' ascent to every arch and gate.
An arch above each winding staircase show'd
To some fair hall that rich with splendour glow'd.
Each upper arch extending from the side,
A covering for the gate below supply'd,
Where two strong columns, by a master hand,
Of bronze, or stone, the massy weight sustain'd.
Hard were the task, not only to recite
Each rare device that charm'd the gazing knight,
But what, unseen, might speak in many a part
The wondrous builder's subterraneous art.
With golden capitals vast pillars rais'd,
Supported roofs that bright with jewels blaz'd.
Marble from every clime was thither brought,
By artists' hands in various figures wrought.
Each pictur'd form was there, the pencil's boast,
With every elegance of skill and cost:
And such the whole, that scarcely could suffice
A kingdom's wealth to pay the mighty price.
Amid the countless works of art and pride,
Which this transcendant matchless dome supply'd,
A fountain cool its plenteous streams bestow'd,
That in a hundred rills meand'ring flow'd.
Near this a menial train of damsels plac'd
The festive board with savoury viands grac'd,
Which in the centre fix'd, on every hand
Could the four portals of the pile command.
Th' unequal architect here seem'd t' exhaust
Each proof of learned skill, or sumptuous cost.
Eight founts the fountain show'd, and o'er the head
A canopy of gold and azure spread.
Eight marble statues, snowy white, sustain'd
The cieling with their left; their better hand
Held Amalthea's horn[17], whence waters trill'd,
And in an alabaster vase distill'd
With gurgling sound: each female sculptur'd frame
The features bore of some illustrious dame,
Alike in habit, but unlike in face,
Though equal all in beauty and in grace.
Each image for her pedestal was rear'd
On two bold figures that beneath appear'd,
And by their looks and gesture seem'd to raise
For those fair dames the song of tuneful praise.
The lower statues scrolls of writing held,
That told their names, and how each dame excell'd
In virtuous love, and while the scroll made known
The female names, no less reveal'd their own.
Rinaldo, by the torches' light, display'd
The dames and worthies one by one survey'd.
The first inscription bore Lucretia's name,
Lucretia Borgia[18], who for spotless fame
And lovely form her native Rome shall praise,
Above the first renown'd in ancient days.
The sculpture next proclaim'd the generous pair,
Who chose her ever-honour'd weight to bear,
Antonio Todaldeo[19]; with him join'd
Hercules Strozza[20]; where, in both combin'd,
Another Orpheus and a Linus shin'd.
Not less in grace and beauty to behold
The next were seen, and thus the writing told,
"Lo! Isabella of Ferrara[21], born
Of Hercules, her country to adorn,
On whom benignant Fortune shall bestow
Each gift that birth or lofty rank can know,
To bless her native land in weal or woe.
The two by whom her glory stands proclaim'd
Are Bardelone and Calandro nam'd."
The third and fourth, where soft in murmuring tides
The water from the rich pavilion glides,

[16] See Book xxx. ver. 667, where the subject of Rinaldo's marriage is fully discussed.

[17] Jupiter, when an infant, was brought up by two nymphs of Crete, called Melissa and Amalthea: a goat, belonging to the latter, having broken his horn, Amalthea filled it with fruits and carried it to Jupiter, who afterwards placed it in Heaven, and called it after his nurse, Amalthea's horn: it has always been, with poets, the symbol of plenty. Fornari.

[18] Daughter of Alexander Borgia, and wife to duke Alphonso. Fornari.

[19] Antonio Todaldeo, a poet in the time of Ariosto: he died in the eighty-first year of his age, being plunged in a deep melancholy. When the victorious Charles V. returned from his conquest in Africa, and passed in triumph before the house of Todaldeo, he ordered his doors and windows to be shut, that he might not see him, being offended that he had not taken cognisance for the sack of Rome.—Hercules Strozza, of Ferrara, was son of Tito the poet, but excelled his father; his passion for the fair sex was the occasion of his death. He was deeply in love with a noble and beautiful widow named Taurella, whom he married, but was afterwards assassinated by his rival in the street. Fornari.

[20] Isabella, daughter of Hercules, duke of Ferrara, and wife to the marquis of Mantua. See Book iii. Notes. Fornari.

[21] Both named Gian Jacobi, and Mantuans by birth. Calandro wrote on amorous subjects, in verse and prose. Fornari.

Are two fair dames, that equal place may claim
For virtue, beauty, country, race and fame.
Elisabetta[92] here; and at her side
There Leonora[93], both the Mantuan pride: 630
Mantua, whose city boasts not more renown
To call great Virgil hers, than these to own.
Beneath the first were Sadoletto[94] plac'd,
And Petro Bembo[95] (both in sculpture grac'd),
Castiglione[96] and Arelius[97] stood,
And with the other glorious burthen bow'd.
All these the sculptur'd marble fair proclaim'd,
Unknown as then, but since in story fam'd.
Behold her next, to whom indulgent Heaven 639
Shall give each grace that e'er on Earth was given.
The scroll Lucretia Bentivoglia[98] show'd,
And told, amidst her other praise bestow'd,
That to Ferrara's duke her birth she ow'd.
For her a sweet Camillo[99] tunes the strings;
The Rhine and clear Pelsina, as he sings,
With equal wonder hear, with equal praise,
As once Amphrysus heard his shepherd's lays.
See one extoll'd o'er all (where smoothly glides
Isaurus' waters sweet to ampler tides),
From parching Indus to the Moorish coast, 650
From Southern heat to Hyperborean frost:
Great Posthumus[100]; to whom a double wreath
Pallas shall there and Phœbus here bequeath.
Next stood Diana[101] with a lofty air,
But heart as gentle as her face was fair:
Learn'd Celio Calcagnino[102] shall proclaim
Her honours, and extend her virtuous name,
With sounding trumpet, to Morocco's land[103];
To Juba's realms, to Spain and India's strand:
Marco Cavallo[104] shall her praises sing, 660
And in Ancona ope the Muses' spring;
As once the winged steed disclos'd the rill
In Helicona or Parnassus' hill.
Next Beatrice[105] her lovely figure rais'd,
Whom thus in few the polish'd marble prais'd:
"While living, Beatrice her lord shall bless,
And dying, in his breast extinguish peace."
With her, shall Italy the palm obtain,
But, losing her, shall feel the captive's chain.
Correggio[106] seems for her the verse to raise, 670
For her Timotheus[107] seems to swell the lays:
Their tuneful lyres the river's banks shall fill,
That saw their trees rich amber tears distil.
A statue, form'd of alabaster, stood,
Whose mien sublime some dame illustrious show'd[108],
Such as in robes of simplest fashion drest,
Without or gold or gems, or silken vest,
Would rise in charms the fairest dames above,
As o'er the rest the silver star of love. 679
'T were hard to speak what most adorn'd her face,
Superior beauty, majesty, or grace;
Or that which bright in every feature shin'd,
The beaming index of her spotless mind.
Vast were the task for her the voice to raise,
(The marble said) for who shall speak her praise?
While in the beauteous statue alone confest
The gentlest virtues of the female breast;
Yet seem'd she to disdain the numbers rude
Of him who singly her supporter stood.
For he alone to chant her worth remain'd 690
Without a partner, and her weight sustain'd.
Of every other was the name reveal'd;
These only two the sculptor's art conceal'd.
The statues, rang'd, an ample circle made,
Where shone the floor with coral, rich inlaid.
The crystal waters, with a plaintive sound,
Attraction loll'd, and scatter'd coolness round;
Together blending in a channell'd bed,
Through verdant turf their straling course they led,
And sluic'd in streams the plants and flowrets fed.
The Paladin, refresh'd with wine and food, 701
Here with his courteous host discourse pursu'd,
And oft reminded of his promis'd word,
When first invited to his friendly board:

[92] Elisabetta was sister to Francesco Gonzago, marquis of Mantua, and wife to Guidobaldo, duke of Urbino. Leonora, daughter to the before-mentioned marquis, and afterwards to Francesco Mario delle Rovere, who was by means of Julius II. created duke of Urbino. Fornari.

[93] Sadoletto, first a bishop, and then a cardinal, created by Paul III. He published many theological subjects, and was an excellent poet: Bembo called him his colleague, on account of the similarity of their manners.—Bembo composed a book in praise of him and the wife of Guidobaldo. Sadoletto was secretary to pope Leo X. and signed the diploma granted to Ariosto's poem: he wrote two poems, called Curtius, and Laocoön: he died at Rome, anno 1547, aged 70. Fornari.

[94] Castiglione, of Mantua, author of the Cortegiano: he wrote also Cleopatra in heroic verse: he was sent by Clement ambassador to Charles V. and by him made a bishop.—Mattio Arello composed many things, being an academician of Rome in the time of Leo X. He was killed with a blow given him by one of his enemies. Fornari.

[95] Natural daughter of the duke of Ferrara, allied by marriage to the family of the Bentivogli of Bologna. Fornari.

[96] Camillo Paleotto, a courtier in the court of cardinal Ippolito, of the country of Bologna; by Pelsina, he means Bologna; for the Rhine, not the river that divides France from Germany, but a river so called near Bologna. Fornari.

[97] He means Guido Posthumus, who celebrated the praises of Lucretia Bentivoglia. Fornari.

[98] Diana of Este, a lady of excellent beauty, but of haughty deportment and manners. Fornari.

[99] Of Ferrara, and a canon of the church, an elegant writer in prose and verse. Fornari.

[100] Kingdoms of Parthia and Mauritania, where these princes reigned. Fornari.

[101] Of the city of Ancona. He composed many verses: he was extremely addicted to gaming, and was at last found dead in his bed, with five hundred crowns tied to his arm. Fornari.

[102] Daughter of Hercules of Ferrara.

[103] Nicolo da Correggio, held in great esteem by the Italian nobility, and chiefly by Hercules I. He wrote in octave stanzas a poem called Psyche, and another called Aurora. Correggio is the name of the castle held by the illustrious family of the Correggios of Parma.—Timotheo Bendes, of Ferrara, a man of literature. Fornari.

[104] Some suppose this to have been the widow, the kinswoman of Vespucci, with whom our poet became so enamoured in Florence, and whom he alludes to by that simile in the xxivth Book, where Zerbino is wounded by Mandricardo, as mentioned in his Life; and that by the statue who support her, he figures himself.

While by his looks Rinaldo saw express'd
Some heavy anguish labouring at his breast,
Which still, from time to time, the sighs supply'd,
That, half repress'd, in sounds imperfect died.
A strong desire Rinaldo oft impell'd
To learn his grief, but fear his speech withheld,
A fear t' offend—at length, the banquet o'er,
Behold a page whose hand the goblet bore;
This frame of gold, before the knight he plac'd,
Within with wine, without with jewels grac'd.
The lord of that fair dwelling, with a look
Half smiling, then his noble guest bespoke.
He smil'd; but each who mark'd him, well might find
Less joy than anguish in his secret mind.
Then he—"What long thy wish a while to know,
Which late I promis'd—time demands to show; 720
Lo! there the gift, that each most surely prize
Within whose arms a wedded partner lies.
Methinks each husband should desire to prove,
How far his wife maintains her plighted love:
If shame or honour he from her receives,
If, by her means, a man or beast he lives:
Light sits the burthen on the horned brows,
Though all the world its infamy allows:
While other eyes behold, the head that wears
The wretched antlers feels not what it bears. 730
If then hast try'd, and prov'd thy consort true,
From thee more love, more rightful praise is due,
Than she from him might claim who thought her just,
But ne'er has had, and took her faith on trust.
How oft have some, through jealousy, persu'd,
Without a cause, the gentle and the good?
How oft, secure, their lives have others led,
Yet borne the branching honours of the head?
If thou wouldst learn how chaste thy wife belov'd,
Whom, deeming such, thou never yet hast prov'd,
Thou mayst thyself, from others' lips untold, 741
By drinking in this vase the truth behold:
See here my promise—hence thy draught essay,
And strange effects the vessel shall display.
If on thy head thou bear'st the scornful crest,
The wine will all be shed upon thy breast:
No drop can reach thy taste—but should thy wife
Be found to lead a chaste and blameless life,
With pleasure shalt thou drain [29] the goblet dry—
In happy time, sir knight, thy fortune try." 750

He said; and kept his eyes intent to view
Th' overflowing vase Rinaldo's breast embrue.
Rinaldo, strongly tempted to decide
What he perchance might after wish untry'd,
Had stretch'd his hand the fatal cup to take,
And now prepar'd the dangerous proof to make;
Yet first, he commun'd with himself how much
He risk'd with lips the baneful gold to touch.
But here awhile, my lord, I seek repose,
Then, what the Paladin reply'd, disclose. 760

[29] "From the romance of Morte Arthur, is borrowed Ariosto's tale of the enchanted cup; which in Caxton's old translation is as follows: 'By the way they met with a knight, that was sent from Morgan la Fay to king Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn all garnished with gold, and the horn had such a virtue, that there might no lady or gentlewoman drink of that horn, but if she were true to her husband; and if she were false, she should spill all the drink; and if she were true unto her lord, she might drink peaceably, &c. c. xlii. 98.' Afterwards many trials were made. The inimitable Fontaine has new-moulded this story, under the title of La Coupe Enchantée."
Warton's Observations on Spenser, ii. 3. c. xxix.

An Italian commentator on Dante thinks, that Ariosto drew this fiction of the cup from a much earlier source. "Pliny speaks of a river named Olicka, whose waters appear boiling hot to those who have been guilty of perjury. The same was said of another fountain in Sicily, called Palicena. Philostratus speaks of a fountain that being tasted by the perjured, so deprives them of the use of their limbs, that they are unable to leave the place. An author named Rhamius has these lines:

Dianæ fons est, Camerina gignitur unda,
Quam si quis manibus non castis hauserit unquam,
Lætifico tristis non miscet pocula Baccho.

There flows a fountain, whose effects proclaim
its waters sacred to Diana's name;
These borne by hands unchaste, will never glide,
Mix'd in one vase with Bacchus' sprightly tide.

"By these lines it appears, that an unchaste woman could never mix wine with the water of that fountain, which story is likewise told by Solinus. I imagine that from this passage Ariosto had the hint of his cup." Defence of Dante.

BOOK XLIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo refuses to taste the enchanted cup. His host relates to him the cause of his misfortunes. Tale of the Mantuan knight. Rinaldo takes his leave of the knight, and embarks in a vessel to sail down the Po. Description of the places by which he passes. His conversation with the pilot. Tale of Adonio and the judge's wife. Rinaldo pursues part of his journey by land, and then goes by sea to Lipadusa, where he arrives after the battle between the six knights. The news of Brandimart's death brought to Flordelis. Her lamentation. Preparations for the funeral of Brandimart. Orlando's speech over the dead body. The funeral procession. Death of Flordelis. Orlando, Rinaldo, Sobrino, and Oliviero, arrive at the island of the hermit, by whom Rogero had been received after the tempest. Oliviero's foot is cured, and Sobrino's wounds are healed by the hermit, who gives the latter baptism. Rogero is made known to the other knights.

O wretched Avarice! O thou fiend accurs'd!
Hunger for gold! of Virtue's foes the worst!
Well may thy bane infect the sordid breast,
By every other human vice possest,
Since thou canst fetter in thy cruel chain,
And in thy dreadful gripe his soul detain,
Who, had he scap'd thy power, might justly claim,
For noblest gifts, the foremost rank in fame!
Behold one measures earth, and seas, and skies,
And Nature's springs explores with searching eyes! 10
From known effects can trace each latent cause,
And prove the depth of God's eternal laws.

Poison'd by thee, whose venom can destroy
Each generous thought, he knows no future joy
But heaping wealth—for this he will forgo
Peace, honour, safety, every good below.
One conquers armies, breaks the bulwarks down,
And wins from foes the well-defended town;
In every peril of th' ensanguin'd field,
The first to rush on fate, the last to yield:
Thou every virtue from its base wilt shake,
And him till death thy wretched captive make.
By learning, some; by arts, some merit praise;
But touch'd by thee, each envy'd wreath decays.
How shall I speak of noble dames and fair,
Who, scornful of the generous lover's prayer,
Like pillar'd marble cold, obdurate stood,
When youth, and grace, and constant service woo'd:
Lo! Avarice comes, with all-seducing power,
T'infect their heart, and one detested hour
Unloving, gives their youth and bloom of charms
A prey to some old dotard's wither'd arms.
Not without cause such mischiefs I bewail,
Nor think in this I wander from my tale;
Though what I speak relates not here so well
To what is past, as what remains to tell.
Now to the Paladin we turn the strain,
Who seem'd prepar'd the magic bowl to drain:
I told you, ere his lips the draught essay'd,
Awhile debating with his thoughts he stay'd:
Then to himself—"Insensate is the mind
Who seeks for that it ne'er would wish to find.
My wife's a woman—all the sex is frail—
But let not hence my good opinion fail:
Till now my faith has made me blest, and why
Should proof itself more certain bliss supply?
Much may I harm, but little mend my state,
And Heaven forbids too far to tempt our fate.
On me let praise or censure man bestow,
Ne'er will I seek what fits me not to know.
Hence from my sight this boasted cup remove,
Nor have I thirst, nor mean such thirst to prove.
God more forbids a proof like this to make,
Than our first sire the tree of life to take.
As Adam, when the fatal fruit he try'd,
Which God himself had to his taste deny'd,
Incurr'd what pains from disobedience flow,
And fell from highest bliss to deepest woe;
So when a husband, with too curious eye,
Into his wife's recluser deeds would pry,
He quits content, his folly to deplore,
And never shall his peace recover more."
As good Rinaldo spoke, he thrust aside
The hateful vase, and looking up, espy'd
The castle's lord, adown whose features stole
Such tears, as spoke the anguish of his soul;
Who thus at length with words impassion'd said:
"Accurs'd the lips that ever could persuade
My wretched heart the dire advice to take,
Which made my much-lov'd wife these arms forsake!
O! had I known thee once, thy prudent thought
To wholesome purpose had my bosom wrought;
Ere yet my woes began—ere yet my sighs
Had learnt to heave, or tears suffus'd my eyes.
But let me lift the veil—nor longer keep
My tale untold, so thou with me shalt weep
My fortune past, while I relate the cause
From which my life its present suffering draws.
"Thou left'st, not far remote, a town behind,
Where round is seen a crystal stream to wind,
That thence declining leads to Po its course,
And first from Benaco derives its source.
This town[1] was built when time had long decay'd
The walls[2] which once Agenor's offspring[3] made;
There was I born, of no ungentle blood,
Though lowly plac'd, with little worldly good.
If Fortune riches at my birth deny'd,
The care of Nature other gifts supply'd:
She gave me, far above my humble peers,
Such manly beauty in my early years,
Such courteous grace, with comely features join'd,
T'attract the soft regard of womankind,
In dames and maids the flame of love to raise——
But ill it seems myself to speak my praise.
"Within our walls there liv'd a sage, renown'd
For arts occult, beyond belief profound;
Who, ere his days their lengthen'd course had roll'd,
Full six-score suns in mutual circles told.
Long time alone in savage wilds he dwelt,
Till, in life's eve, the power of love he felt;
Then on a beauteous dame with gold he wrought,
Who, to his stol'n amour, a daughter brought;
And lest the daughter, like the mother, frail,
For wealth should set her chastity to sale;
(Her chastity more worth than all below
Which gold can buy, or honours can bestow;)
From human kind remote, the tender maid
He bred beneath the unfrequented shade,
Where this fair palace, from the world apart,
He caus'd the fiends to build by magic art.
With ancient matrons bred, in ripening time
His daughter here attain'd to beauty's prime.
He suffer'd not, in youth, her eye or ear
The face of man to view, his voice to hear,
(Himself except;) and that she still might find
Examples fair, he from the female kind
Each noble dame, who ne'er from virtue stray'd,
In sculpture chisled, or in paint pourtray'd:
Not those alone who shone in elder days,
Whose virtues shall survive to latest praise;
But every future fair whose worth shall grace,
And add new honours to th' Italian race,
Has here her form in living sculpture char'd,
As yonder eight are round the fountain plac'd.
"Soon as the father view'd her growing charms
In bloom mature to fill a husband's arms,
Whether 't was chance, or fate my sorrows bred,
He fix'd on me to share his daughter's bed.
Beside this stately dome, the rich domain
Of forest, meadow, fountain, lawn or plain,
For many a mile, he in the nuptial hour
Can assign'd me for the virgin's wealthy dower.
Such was her beauty, so transcendent shin'd
Each grace, as left all fancy'd charms behind:
Of female gifts she knew each valu'd part,
And equall'd Pallas in the works of art.
She walk'd—she spoke—she sung—and Heaven was there!
She seem'd a goddess 'lighted from her sphere;

[1] Mantua. The city of Thebes being destroyed, Manto the daughter of Tiresias fled into Italy; of her was born Ocnus or Bianor, who built Mantua, naming it after his mother. Ariosto, in the manner of romance writers, who take every liberty with the old mythology, has made Manto a fairy, and the founder of Mantua.

[2] He means the city of Thebes, built by Cadmus the son of Agenor.

[3] Cadmus.

And such her depth in learning's sacred lore,
That scarce her father's knowledge reach'd to more:
So gentle was her soul, so form'd to love—— 141
Still, still remembrance must my torment prove—
On me her joys, her pleasures all were bent,
With me she tarry'd, and with me she went.
Long, long we led this mutual happy life,
And I, alas! the first dire cause of strife!
Since to my arms I took my lovely bride,
Five years elaps'd, her aged father died——
Ah me!—thenceforth my following woes I date,
Woes now endur'd, which here my lips relate. 150
" While she, whom thus I praise, all praise above,
Secur'd my heart by every tie of love,
It chanc'd that in our land a noble dame
Burnt for my sake with Cupid's fiercest flame:
No sage enchantress could her power excel,
She knew the force of every magic spell:
The night she lighten'd, or obscur'd the day;
She stopp'd the Sun, or sped his swifter way;
Yet never could allure my faithful heart,
To heal the anguish of her amorous smart, 160
With that relief, I never had bestow'd,
But to her wrong where most my truth I ow'd.
Not all the charms and graces she possess'd,
Not all the love I knew inflam'd her breast;
Not mighty gifts, nor promises renew'd,
With which she day by day her suit pursu'd,
Could make me from my first dear flame transfer
The smallest spark of amorous heat to her.
My wife's affection, long in duty try'd,
Engross'd each thought, and every wish supply'd: 170
My hope, my trust in her, had made me scorn
The peerless Grecian dame[4] of Leda born;
Had made me scorn each glorious offer made
To shepherd Paris in th' Idæan shade.
But all my firm denials fruitless prov'd
T' oppose her suit, whose soul so deeply lov'd.
" It chanc'd Melissa[5] found me once apart,
(Such was her name so vers'd in magic art,)
Far from my home; and fail'd not then to take
Th' occasion fair, my future peace to shake. 180
With stings of jealousy, her cruel skill
Too well she show'd, my rooted faith to kill;
Extolling first my purpose to preserve
All faith to her, that ne'er from faith should swerve.
'But canst thou know thy consort's truth,' she cried,
'Till such by ample proof be fairly tried?
If now she fail not (though perchance her will
Assail'd might change) thou think'st her constant still;
While here confin'd in such sequester'd plan,
Save thine, she scarce beholds the face of man. 190
Whence is thy confidence so firmly plac'd?
And canst thou dare to me affirm her chaste?
But hence, for one short month thy home forgo;
And let each neighbouring town and village know,
That, absent thou, thy dame remains behind;
With message, visits, let each lover find
A free access—if then she be not led
By prayers or gifts to wrong the marriage bed;
Yet thinks conceal'd she might her wish pursue,—
Then, and then only, mayst thou call her true.' 200
" With words like these, at length, th' enchantress shook
My weak resolves, and to her purpose broke,
My consort's virtue, ne'er essay'd before,
To fix by trial, and by proof explore.
Then I—'What yet I never can believe,
Should she so far my fondest hopes deceive,
Say, how the truth for certain shall I know,
If praise or censure to her deeds I owe?'
'A goblet will I give, whose magic use,'
Melissa cries, 'can strange effects produce, 210
By fam'd Morgana[6] made in ancient time,
T' apprise her brother of Genevra's crime.
He freely drinks, whose consort merits praise;
Whose wife is false in vain the draught essays:
When to the vessel's brim his lips are prest,
The wine o'erflows and trickles down his breast.
Ere hence thou go'st, thy lips the drink shall try,
And now, I trust, will drain the goblet dry:
As yet I little deem thy wife untrue,
But soon expect a further proof to view: 220
If, when return'd, thou wouldst again ensure
Thy faith, I dare not then thy breast secure:
For if unspill'd thou canst assuage thy thirst,
Of every husband thou in bliss art first.'
" The proffer'd boon I took; her hand display'd
The wondrous cup, and soon the proof I made,
When (all I hop'd) I found my dearest spouse
Still pure and faithful to her nuptial vows.
Melissa then—'Awhile thy wife forsake,
And, hence retir'd, thy distant dwelling make. 230
Again returning prove the vase anew,
If clear thou drink'st, or wine thy breast embrue.'
" To me how hard from her my steps to move!
Not that my soul could doubt her truth or love,
But that I never (save with aching heart)
One day, one hour, could from her sight depart.
'Hear then a new device,' Melissa cried,
'By which thy consort's virtue shall be tried:
Thy vesture will I change, thy speech, thy frame,
And as a stranger lead thee to thy dame.' 240
" Not far a village stands, where Po divides
In two defensive horns his parting tides:
Thither the town extends its ruling power,
Where ocean quits, and seeks by turns the shore,
Which, though it boasts not equal age, the fame
Of fair and rich with neighbouring towns may claim,
Built by the relics of the Trojan band[7],
That 'scap'd from Attila's destroying hand.

[4] Helen.

[5] This is totally a different personage from her who is so considerable an agent in the poem, the benevolent enchantress, the constant protectress of Ruggero and Bradamant: perhaps it had been more advisable to have avoided the same name.

[6] Morgana, according to the romance of the Round Table, was sister to Marco, king of Cornwall, the husband of Genevra, who for the love of sir Launcelot forgot the faith she owed her husband. Morgana showed him the infidelity of his wife by the effects of the enchanted cup.
Zotta.

[7] After the destruction of Troy, Antenor, with a company of Paphlagonians, took up his habitation between the Adigi and the Brenta, where he built Padua; but that city being afterwards demolished by Attila, that scourge of nations, the inhabitants that escaped his fury retired to the Adriatic sea, where they laid the foundation of the city of Venice; and some passing from that place built Ferrara.
Porcacchi. Eugenico.

A comely knight, young, noble, who excell'd
In courtly grace, here large possessions held,
Who, as he once his falcon's flight pursu'd,
My palace enter'd and my consort view'd.
Her form so far in one short meeting gain'd,
The deep impression on his heart remain'd;
And not an art he left unstry'd to win
Her dear consent; but she the proffer'd sin
Rejecting stern, repuls'd him o'er and o'er,
Till quell'd he press'd her to his suit no more;
But could not from his memory remove
Her beauty, graven by the dart of love.
Melissa sooth'd me now the proof to make,
And on myself this youth's resemblance take;
Then sudden chang'd (by some mysterious art)
My face, my speech, my mien, my every part.
"Now with my wife a distant voyage feign'd,
She doun'd some foreign realm my step detain'd,
When, like her youthful lover chang'd, I come,
My gait, my voice, my dress, my looks the same.
Melissa near attended at my side,
Whose mien and sex a page's form bely'd,
Who with him fairer gems and jewels bore
Than ever flam'd on India's pearly shore.
I, that full well each close apartment knew,
Now with Melissa to the palace drew,
And found the dame (the coast by fortune clear)
Alone, without a squire or damsel near.
With many a prayer I press'd my amorous suit,
And show'd for wicked deeds the golden fruit;
Display'd my treasur'd stores, of power to shake
The firmest mind, and vice of virtue make;
Where emeralds gleam'd, and where the ruddy blaze
Of rubies mingled with the diamond's rays.
'Yet e'en these presents claim'd but small regard,'
I cried, 'to what my future love prepar'd.'
Her husband's absence then I urg'd, and press'd
The fair occasion to confirm me blest.
I bade her call to mind, my faithful flame
So long experienc'd some return might claim.
"At first confus'd, a flushing colour burn'd
Her glowing cheek, and from my suit she turn'd:
But in her eyes the gems so brightly shone,
By slow degrees her softening will they won;
Till with a low and faltering voice she said,
(What when I think, my very soul is dead)
'My vows should meet return, if well assur'd
Our loves might rest from all the world secur'd.'
This fatal answer, like a venom'd dart
Shot through my soul and thrill'd in very part:
In all my veins a chilling frost prevail'd;
I strove to speak—but speech of utterance fail'd.
Melissa then th' enchanted mist dispell'd,
And sudden, in my proper shape beheld,
Again I stood—judge then how look'd the dame,
Before her lord betray'd to careless shame.
Both ashy pale appear'd, nor silence broke,
Our eyes cast down; at length with pain I spoke
These few short words, which scarce my tongue supply'd:
'Ah! faithless wife! and wilt thou thus,' I cried,
'Betray my honour, when a lover nigh
Thou see'st, with gifts thy venal love to buy?'
Thus I—while nought to my reproach she said,
But tears incessant down her bosom shed. [griev'd
Much griev'd she for the shame, but more she
To find her honour by such wiles deceiv'd;
By me deceiv'd—hence soon to anger turn'd
Each tender thought, her soul with hatred burn'd.
She now resolv'd my loathsome sight to fly;
And when the Sun forsook the reddening sky,
And left his car, she reach'd the river's side,
Embark'd, and stemm'd, by night, the silver tide.
Next morn before the youthful knight she stood,
Who long with earnest suit her favour woo'd,
Beneath whose mien and well-dissembled face,
By me so tempted to my own disgrace,
She suffer'd late,—well mayst thou think her sight
Not little grateful to th' enamour'd knight.
She bade me thence be told my hopes were vain
To call her mine, or her lost love regain.
From that curst day with him the fair resides
In every joy, and me, alas! derides:
And still I groan beneath the load of grief
Myself have heap'd, and ne'er must hope relief:
Still swells my woe, and just it seems that death
Should close, as soon it must, this hated breath.
Scarce had I here a single year surviv'd,
But from one cause some comfort I deriv'd;
My comfort this—of all that here have stray'd
Since Sol ten times his annual course has made,
(For still I bring this vase to every guest)
Not one but sheds the liquor on his breast.
To find so many partners of my fate,
Affords some solace in my wretched state.
Amidst such numbers, thou alone couldst prove
So wise, to shun this dangerous test of love.
Desire to know what fits not of a wife
To learn, has poison'd all my future life.
"Not long Melissa, with insidious heart,
Enjoy'd th' effects of her malicious art,
Since her I hath'd, nor could support the view
Of one, from whom my source of grief I drew.
Impatient she his hatred thus to prove,
Whom more than life she still profess'd to love;
Though many a dame perchance, her rival gone,
Had still remain'd, yet she, the sight to shun
Of all she lov'd, but hop'd not to obtain,
Fled from this land to some remote domain,
Whence never could her tidings reach my ears again."
When, with a sigh, the mournful knight had clos'd
His heavy tale, Rinaldo seem'd dispos'd
To musing thought, by friendly pity sway'd;
At length he rais'd his head, and thus he said:
"Bad counsel has'd from Melissa's breast,
Which urg'd thee to provoke the hornet's nest;
And unadvis'd wert thou a depth to sound,
Which, when explor'd, thou fain wouldst wish unfound:
And if through avarice the first assault
Subdu'd thy wife, why wonder at her fault?
Not she the first, nor fifth, amid the race
Of females, that have fall'n to like disgrace.
So strongly prest—a mind of firmer frame,
For less reward had sunk to deeper shame:
How many men, ere this, seduc'd by gold,
Their dearest patrons and their friends have sold!
But didst thou wish her some defence to make,
Why with such potent arms her virtue shake?
Know'st thou that bulwarks cannot gold withstand,
Which strikes the weapon from the victor's hand?
More is thy blame, who tempted her to sin,
Than hers, whom such reward so soon could win.
Had she, with equal bribes, thyself assail'd,
Thy boasted virtue might, like hers, have fail'd."
Rinaldo cens'd; then from the board arose,
And of his host besought a night's repose;

For ere the morn reveal'd her dawning ray,
He meant, departing, to resume his way.
Short was his time, and at his utmost power
Behov'd him now to husband every hour.
The castle's lord reply'd—He there might rest
His weary limbs, with length of toil oppress;
The rooms were ready, and the couch prepar'd:
But would he to his counsel lend regard,
While all the night in quiet sleep he lay,
He, sleeping, might some miles advance his way.
"A well-oar'd bark with spreading sail," he cried,
"To speed thy voyage shall my care provide,
Where, unmolested, mayst thou pass the night,
And one day's journey gain by morning light."
The friendly offer pleas'd Rinaldo most,
And many thanks he gave his courteous host;
Then took his leave, nor longer time delay'd,
But hasten'd where for his arrival stay'd
The bark and crew; there at his ease reclin'd,
Their well-tim'd oars six sturdy boatmen join'd:
They cut the stream, with rapid course they fly
Light o'er the waves, as birds along the sky.
Soon as the knight of France declin'd his head,
A heavy sleep o'er all his senses spread;
But ere he slept, he gave the crew command
To rouse him when they reach'd Ferrara's land.
Melara[8] on the left-hand shore they leave;
Now on the left they Sermide[8] perceive;
Till Figaruolo[9] and Stilletto[9] near
They view, and reach the horns of threatening Po.
Of either horn the right the pilot takes,
The left, that leads to Venice, he forsakes;
He leaves Ronderno[10], and beholds decreas'd
The night's dun hue before the reddening east;
And from her empty vase Aurora shed
Her parti-coloured flowers of white and red.
Rinaldo, waking, cast around his eyes,
And from afar Tedaldo's spires[11] espies.
"O happy city!" he began, "whose name
My kinsman, Malagigi, mark'd for fame;
What time he view'd each fix'd or wandering star,
Or forc'd some sprite the future to declare.
As with him here I pass'd, he gladly told
Thy rank decreed when years their course have roll'd,
That Italy should ne'er the like behold."
Thus he—while through the king of rivers flies
The winged bark, and gains an isle that lies[12]
Not far from where the city's towers should stand:
This isle, as then a lone neglected land,
He views with joy, for well he knows its praise,
For every blessing in succeeding days.

As once before along these banks he steer'd,
He from his kinsman, Malagigi, heard,
That when with stars the fourth revolving sphere
Seven hundred times had chang'd the circling year,
This happy isle should every isle efface
Which briny seas, which streams or floods embrace;
And he, who view'd it, should forget the fame
Which once Nausicaa's blissful land might claim.
He heard, that this for structures should excell
That isle, where once Tiberius[13] lov'd to dwell:
Nor could of old Hesperia's garden boast
The plants and fruits of this delightful coast.
Not Circe, in her nets or dens, confin'd
Such numerous animals of various kind:
Venus and Cupid Cyprus should forsake,
And with the Graces here their dwelling make.
So should it flourish, such high honours find,
From him[14], whose art, whose power, and wisdom join'd,
Its city should with walls and fosse enclose,
And with its strength the world in arms oppose:
Such deeds are his, and such his glories won,
A Hercules[15] his sire, a Hercules his son.
Thus pass'd Rinaldo, pondering in his mind,
What oft his kinsman by his spells divin'd
Of things to come—but when he wondering view'd
The city's humble state, he thus pursu'd:
"Shall then this spot," he cried, "this dreary waste
With sciences and liberal arts be grac'd?
Shall this small hamlet[16] fill the wondering eye?
Rich culture'd meadows shall these wilds supply?
Where now moist fens and dreary swamps abound,
Shall verdant fields extend, with plenty crown'd?
Hail, city, hail! behold I rise to pay
Due reverence to thy mild, thy courteous sway;
To all thy lords, to every wreath of fame
Thy knights and foreign citizens shall claim!
The sovereign goddess of all-ruling Heaven,
The wisdom, justice, to thy princes given,
Preserve thee still in love, preserve in peace,
And see thy plenteous blessings still increase;
Defend thee from the rage of numerous foes
Against thee league'd, and their fell schemes[17] disclose;
While neighbouring powers against thy peace[18] repine,
Be envy theirs, but modest rule be thine!"
As thus Rinaldo speaks, along the tides
With speed so light the well-trimm'd vessel glides,
Not swifter to his lure the falcon flies,
What time he answers to his master's cries.

[8] Two castles on the Po.

[9] Figaruolo, an island in the same river; and Stilletto a castle.

[10] A castle subject to the princes of Ferrara.

[11] A castle in the western part of the city of Ferrara, on the left hand of the Po, built by Tedaldo of Este, anno 970, to resist the force of the Venetians, though Ariosto, with a poetical license, here describes it in the time of Charlemain.

[12] A delightful small island in our poet's time called Belvidere, improved with gardens and buildings by Alphonso I. who collected there vast numbers of beasts and birds of every kind. It is half a mile long, and a bow-shot over. Fernari.

[13] The island of Capreæ near Naples, where Tiberius Nero, the Roman emperor, resided fifteen years, abandoned to all manner of debauchery: he adorned this place with many magnificent buildings. See farther ver. 476.

[14] Alphonso I.

[15] Alphonso I. son of Hercules I. and father of Hercules II. duke of Ferrara.

[16] The poet feigns Ferrara to have been at this time an inconsiderable village.

[17] He alludes to a design formed against the life of the duke, which was discovered by the wisdom of his brother Hippolito.

[18] He seems to point at the enmity of the Venetians to this city, with which they were often at war.

The stream dividing now, the pilot takes
The right-hand branch, and walls and roofs forsakes.
Saint Georgio[18] left behind: he sees no more
The distant top of Galiana's tower.
As so it fortun'd, thought succeeding thought,
At length to good Rinaldo's memory brought
The castle's lord, whose woes so late he knew,
Who from that city all his sufferings drew;
With this he call'd to mind the magic vase,
That to the husband shows the wife's disgrace;
How this the knight had tried, how each he view'd,
That touch'd the brim, with wine his breast bedew'd:
He now repents, now to himself he cries:
"Well have I judg'd such trial to despise!
Success had but confirm'd my first belief,
And ill success had wrought my careless grief.
So firm my nuptial faith, that could I drain
The goblet dry, but little were my gain.
Not so the loss—should that dire trial show
What of my Clarice I ne'er would know.
This were to lay a thousand stakes to one—
Scarce gain to win—but if I lose—undone!"
While thoughts like these revolving in his mind,
The knight of Clermont sate with head declin'd,
The pilot ey'd him with attentive look,
And (as he wish'd) the first occasion took,
With decent confidence and speech address
In modest phrase, t' explore his pensive breast;
And soon, as one who men and manners knew,
The Paladin to mutual converse drew.
Now both agreed the castle's lord to blame,
Who to such risk expos'd his wedded dame,
The heaviest trial woman can endure:
Since she who holds her heart from gold secure,
May safely guard her chastity from harms,
With flames surrounded, and begirt with arms.
"Just thy advice," the pilot thus pursues,
"The suit he press'd few women could refuse.
Thou mayst, perchance, have heard th' adventure tell,
That in these parts a youthful dame befell;
Whom, yielding to a lover's warm assault,
Her husband doom'd with life t' atone her fault.
Still should my lord have known no breast can hold
(How firm soe'er) against rewards and gold:
But at his greatest need, this truth forgot,
He rush'd, unthinking, on his wretched lot.
Yet well to him was this example known,
Th' example pregnant in the neighbouring town,
His native soil and mine—where from its bed
The circling lake and fens of Mantu spread.
I speak of one, Adonio was his name,
Who on his love, a judge's wedded dame,
(A sprightly nymph and fair) in gift bestow'd
A wondrous dog, with virtues rare endow'd."
The Paladin reply'd—"Of such a chance
No tale has pass'd the Alps, and reach'd to France:
With you it rests—and never far or near,
In different nations yet has reach'd my ear.
Proceed, and, if it irks thee not, relate
The dame's adventure, and the judge's fate."
The pilot then—"Within this country dwell'd
Anselmo, one of noble lineage held,
Who spent his youth in studies of the gown,
By Ulpiano's letter'd doctors known[19].
At length a wife, fair, chaste, and nobly bred,
He sought, deserving of his nuptial bed;
When in a neighbouring city one he found,
Above her sex with wondrous beauty crown'd:
Her mien, her carriage, every breast might move,
Each look, each act united grace and love;
Too much, perhaps, for his estate, who chose
What ill beseem'd his years and his repose.
Scarce were they wedded, when his jealous mind
Left every one in jealousy behind;
Not that she gave him other cause of care,
But that she seem'd too courteous and too fair.
Within this city held his dwelling-place
A knight of ancient and illustrious race,
Deriv'd from those on whom the furrows, sow'd
With dragons' teeth, a wondrous birth bestow'd.
This knight, Adonio call'd, beheld the dame,
Beheld, and burnt with love's resistless flame:
To win her grace, on whom his all was plac'd,
He now began his ample means to waste
In pomp, in shows, in many a splendid treat,
For wealthy lords, for sovereign princes meet,
That scarce the treasure of Tiberius' hoard[20]
Could equal sums for such expense afford:
Till now, two winters heaping cost on cost,
Behold his whole paternal fortune lost:
His house, where late such numbers made resort
From morn till eve, to pay their constant court,
Was now forsaken, when his board no more
Supply'd each dainty, with exhaustless store;
And he, the wretched patron, left alone,
By those whom late he fed no longer known;
Almost a mendicant, resolv'd to go
In some far distant land to hide his woe.
"With this intent, his home and native place
One morn forsaking, with a pensive pace,
Sighing, the margin of the lake he press'd;
Yet midst his cares, the sovereign of his breast
Still caus'd his deepest grief—when all unthought,
Lo! Fortune here a strange adventure brought,
Which from the lowest state his highest rapture wrought.
A hind he saw, that with a knotty stake
Dealt frequent blows around a prickly brake.
Adonio ask'd the cause: the hind replies,
He view'd a serpent there of monstrous size,
Nor meant to quit the search, till he again
Had found, and with his hand the reptile slain.
Adonio, friendly to the snaky brood,
Scarce curb'd his anger, when the swain renew'd
His eager blows; for in their arms express,
His kindred bore a serpent for their crest;
In due memorial that their race they held
From dragons' teeth amid the teeming field.

[18] A small island in the Po, sacred to the tutelar saint of Ferrara of that name; the tower of Galiana was near Ferrara.

[19] He denotes by this the profession of the law or jurisprudence, which Ulpiano, one of the profession, taught in his writings. Foscari.

[20] This Tiberius was the nineteenth emperor at Constantinople, adopted by Justin, whom he succeeded in the empire. It is fabled, that seeing the sign of the cross upon the ground, he ordered it to be taken away that it might not be profanely trampled on; another cross still appearing, he ordered that to be likewise removed, and another after that; till at last, by digging deep into the earth, he came to an immense treasure, consisting of all the wealth of the eunuch Narsites, and of Rosimunda, wife of Alboinus king of the Lombards.

At length his words and deeds so far prevail'd,
The bird no more the lurking snake assail'd.
" Adonio, parting thence, a region sought,
Where most unknown his former state he thought:
There, from his native soil after remov'd,
Seven tedious years of want and sorrow prov'd;
Nor yet could distance or could want control
The secret workings of his active soul;
There love still reigns, resides in every part,
Beats in his pulse, and rankles in his heart:
He lingers to return, to view again
Those charms he long had pin'd to view in vain.
In mean attire, of every mood bereft,
He seeks the country he so long had left.
" Meantime it chanc'd our city to require
Some learned envoy to the holy sire,
Our resident beside the papal throne,
The period of his mission yet unknown.
The lot was cast, and on the judge it fell;
A day that secm'd his fortune to foretell.
Excuses, prayers and promises he tried
To set this fatal embassy aside.
Depart he must—he groans, with grief oppress,
As if his heart were cleft within his breast;
And pale with jealous fear of future harms,
While banish'd from his dearest consort's arms,
By all he thought might move, he begg'd the dame
To keep her nuptial honour free from blame.
Not beauty, wealth, or lineage e'er could raise
A woman's name, he said, to height of praise,
If not in action chaste—that beauty shines
Conspicuous most, when truth its worth refines;
And, in his absence, might her virtue prove
A fair example of connubial love!
" So warn'd the jealous judge—his consort hears
His sad departure, and dissolves in tears;
But swears the Sun shall sooner lose his light,
Than she so ill his constant love requite:
With mind unspotted sooner will she die,
Than with a lover even in thought comply.
Though by her promises, her vows, her grief,
He calm'd his fears, and found a short relief;
Yet could he ne'er from food inquiries cease,
Still finding matter to disturb his peace.
A friend he knew, who, vers'd in magic spell,
Could all events of future time foretell;
To him he went, and begg'd him to declare
If his Agria (so was nam'd the fair),
While he far distant from his home remain'd,
Would keep her nuptial chastity unstain'd.
" By long entreaties won, the sage at last
Observ'd the skies, his schemes and figures cast.
Anselmo left him at his work, and came
Next day to hear the stars his fate proclaim.
Mute was th' astrologer, as loth t' impart
What, known, would touch so near the doctor's heart;
At length, compell'd, he own'd his gentle spouse
(His back scarce turn'd) would break her marriage vows,
Not by entreaties, or by beauty won,
But bribe'd by interest, and by gold undone.
" His former doubts, his former jealous fears,
Confirm'd too clearly by the threatening spheres;
Judge what his tortur'd bosom now must prove,
If e'er thy soul has felt the pains of love.
But most he griev'd, to think his faithless dame
For sordid pelf should sell her matron fame:
Yet to provide, that bribes the less might win
Her frail resolves (for want oft leads to sin),
With her he leaves his heaps of shining ore,
And all his jewels (an exhaustless store);
With these alike committing to her hands
His ample revenue of rents and lands.
'Take all,' he cried, 'for all to thee I give;
Not only as befits my wife to live,
But as thou wilt t' employ—to give, to lend,
With prudence buy, or with profusion spend:
For this the sole account I would receive,
Let me but find thee such as now I leave:
Let me but prove thee faithful to my bed,
And not a home be left to hide my head.'
He pray'd her, in his absence, to retreat
From the full city to the rustic seat;
In sylvan quiet from the busy strife
Of noisy throngs to lead a happier life.
" Thus he—for midst the flocks and furrow'd plains
He deem'd the shepherds and the labouring swains
Could ne'er with soft address, or amorous vows,
Corrupt the virtue of his lovely spouse.
Around her husband's neck her beauteous arms
Argia folds, and with endearing charms
Would soothe his fears, while on his face, in showers,
From her fair eyes the briny tears she pours:
She mourns he ever should her truth suspect,
To think she could her spotless fame neglect;
That such unkind suspicion needs must prove
His want of confidence, his want of love.
'T were long to tell what pass'd on either side;
What he so often urg'd, what she replied.
At length—' To thee I trust my fame,' he said,
And said no more, but turn'd his horse's head;
And as he turn'd from all he valu'd, felt
His wretched heart within his bosom melt;
While she, with straining eyes, her lord pursu'd,
As tear succeeding tear her cheeks bedew'd.
" Meanwhile Adonio, as I said, forlorn,
Squalid and meagre, hasten'd his return,
In hopes that none, in all his land, would know
His form so chang'd with penury and woe.
Now, near his native town, he reach'd the lake,
Where he, long since, within the thorny brake
Had from the rustic's hands redeem'd the snake.
Arriving here at early dawn of day,
The stars yet glimmering with a doubtful ray,
Beside the lake he view'd a lovely maid,
In rich attire of foreign make array'd:
Her mien was noble, yet alone she came,
Nor squire nor damsel waited on the dame.
She view'd Adonio with a smiling look,
Then op'd her rosy lips, and thus she spoke:
" 'While me, O youth! thou little seem'st to know,
Thy kin am I—and much to thee I owe:
I boast thy blood, since both alike can trace
From mighty Cadmus our illustrious race.
Lo! I am she, whom mortals Manto call,
Who founded first you favour'd city's wall,
Which thou must oft have heard from flying fame,
Has since been Mantua call'd, from Manto's name.
Of fairy kind am I—from infant breath,
We subject live to every ill, but death:
Yet such the terms on which from human fear
We stand exempt, scarce less than death severe:
For each is doom'd the figure of a snake
On every seventh revolving day to take:
How do we loath to such a change to yield,
And drag a serpent's slime along the field!
Detested change, that each in vain should shun,
For which we curse our being, hate the Sun,

And death invoke.—Now hear the thanks I pay
For aid from thee on one auspicious day.
Know first, that, with a reptile's skin enclos'd,
We stand to every ill, but death, expos'd.
No animals on Earth are so pursu'd
By man's aversion as the serpent brood:
Hid in this brutal form, we find a foe
In each we meet, when blow succeeds to blow;
Unless, swift earth'd, t' elude impending harm,
We 'scape the stroke of many a sturdy arm:
Better at once releas'd from pain to die,
Than in the ways all crush'd and mangled lie.
Great thanks to thee I owe, who near this lake,
Me, then a reptile hid in yonder brake,
Thy hands deliver'd from the rustic's stake:
Else had I much endur'd; for when we trail
Our form debas'd beneath the serpent's scale,
The Heavens, till then subjected to our power,
Before assistance, and our spells are o'er:
At other times, our word can cloud the light
Of mid-day Sol, and quench his beams in night:
Th' unshaken Earth shall move, if we require;
Fire shall be turn'd to ice, and ice to fire!
Hither I come, thy service to reward;
Free from that loathsome slime, I stand prepar'd
To grant thy every wish—thou shalt receive
Threefold from me the wealth thy sire could give:
Ne'er shalt thou feel pale want's distresses more,
But by thy spending still augment thy store.
And, since full well I know love still retains
Thy gentle heart a captive in his chains,
I mean to teach thee how thou shalt acquire
Thy fair-one's will to favour thy desire.
The husband absent, shalt thou now repair,
Where, at her villa, dwells the gentle fair;
Then, present, will I aid thy soft pursuit,
And of my counsels shalt thou reap the fruit.'

"She said; and told him in what form'd disguise,
What vestments fit to meet his mistress' eyes;
How with prevailing prayers her breast to shake,
And next devis'd what shape herself to take:
For, save the fatal days that fairies doom
To mix with snakes, all shapes they can assume.
Adonio in a pilgrim's garb she dress'd,
From land to land on holy business prest:
Herself appear'd a dog, transform'd to sight,
Of smallest make, and more than ermine white;
Soft was his hair and shaggy touch'd the ground;
A fairer creature never could be found.

"Thus chang'd, they journey'd on, till near they came
Where dwelt, retir'd, the judge's lovely dame:
Here first the youth amidst the village stays,
And on his pipe a tune full deftly plays:
The sleeping dog the sprightly music hears,
And dancing on his hindmost feet appears.
The gaping rustics stare, they laugh, they shout:
The lady wonders at the revel rout:
She bids the pilgrim to her sight be brought;
(So fate, to work the doctor's ruin, wrought.)
Adonio now before Argia stands,
Commands his dog; the dog, at his commands,
Obedient moves in every measur'd pace,
And frisks, and leaps, and apes the dancer's grace;
And close his master's voice and look attends.
With sense that far all brutal sense transcends.
The pleas'd spectators view him with amaze,
And mark his mimic feats with speechless gaze.
Great was the wonder of Argia fair;
And eager to possess a dog so rare,
She bade her trusty nurse an offer make,
At no small price the pilgrim's dog to take.
'Hadst thou more treasure than suffic'd to fill
Th' insatiate appetite of woman's will,
All would too little prove,' he made reply,
'One single foot of this my dog to buy.'

"To prove how far in words the truth he spoke,
Apart from all the trusty crone he took,
And bade the animal on her bestow
A mark of finest gold his love to show:
He shakes his paws, he drops the mark of gold;
Adonio wills the nurse the prize to hold.
'Now judge thyself if coin,' he thus pursu'd,
'Can buy a dog with such rare gifts endu'd:
Behold, whate'er I ask, he nought denies;
But gems, or rings, or costly vests supplies:
Yet tell thy lady, him she may obtain,
Though not for gold, him gold can never gain;
Let me for one short night her bed partake,
And in return this dog her own I make.'
He said; and gave her, to present the dame,
A gem that from the dog that instant came.

"The greedy beldame (not of scruple nice)
Esteem'd the purchase at an easy price,
And to the fair in haste return'd, to tell
For what the stranger meant his dog to sell;
And press'd her close to buy at such a cost,
Where much must sure be won, and little lost.
At first averse the fair Argia hears,
For yet to break her plighted vow she fears;
And much she doubts the truth of what in brief
The nurse had told, surpassing all belief.
The nurse confirms it, warns her to reflect
Ere she so rare a proffer'd good neglect;
And now persuades her, with a chosen few,
Again the pilgrim and his dog to view.

"This second time Adonio met the dame,
Fill'd up the measure of the judge's shame.
Coin after coin the dog incessant shower'd,
Huge strings of pearl, and orient gems he pour'd;
That weaker soon her first resolves she felt;
And more she found her heart dispos'd to melt,
When him she knew, who thus her favour woo'd,
The same that once her gentle love pursu'd:
Till by the beldame's foul persuasion mov'd,
The presence of the youth who long had lov'd;
The gain that follow'd from her husband's wrong;
The wretched doctor's absence thence so long;
The hope that none her secret could betray;
By slow degrees her virtue fades away:
She takes the dog, and to her lover's arms,
In sweet reward, resigns her beauty's charms.

"Long time Adonio, with his lovely dame,
Indulg'd in bliss; in her an equal flame
The fairy rais'd; and ever at her side
To all her wants a ready aid supply'd.

"Through every sign the Sun pursu'd his round,
Ere yet the judge his wish'd dismission found:
At length he came, but came with doubt disarm'd,
For what the prescient seer had once display'd:
Soon as he reach'd his home, with eager pace
His friend he sought, forbodine his disgrace,
And ask'd if virtuous still his wife remain'd
Her faith unsully'd, or her fame had stain'd.
Th' astrologer the polar aspect trac'd,
And in their points each fatal planet plac'd,
Then answer'd, All had chance'd he once foretold,
For sordid gain his consort's honour sold.
This answer, sharper than a sword or dart,
With poignant anguish thrill'd the doctor's heart.

No longer doubt remain'd—yet would he know
Each little step that work'd his careless woe:
For this he drew the beldame-crone aside,
And every art to learn the truth he try'd:
But she, with looks unchang'd, each charge
denyd.
This prov'd in vain, he waited next till strife,
Between the beldame and his faithless wife,
Might what he sought disclose; for well he knew
Where females live, still jars and chidings grow.
Thus, as he hop'd, one day, with anger fraught
Against her dame, the beldame nurse unsought
Address'd the judge; no longer she conceal'd
The killing tale, but all the truth reveal'd.
'T were hard to tell what cruel pangs possess'd,
What grief, what madness, fill'd the doctor's breast.
He groan'd—he rav'd—now death resolv'd to try,
The wretch's hope; but first his wife must die:
Their streaming blood, by one and weapon spilt,
Must him from anguish free, and her from guilt.
"With thoughts like these the wretched husband burn'd,
And to the city, bent on death, return'd;
Thence to his wife a trusty menial sent,
Instructed well to act his dire intent.
He bade him to the village seats repair,
And to Argia's ear this message bear;
That, by a fever's rage each vital power
Oppress, he fears she ne'er will see him more:
Hence (if the thoughts of love or duty sway)
She with the faithful guide would bend her way
To where in sickness on his bed he lay.
As thus deceiv'd he knew his wretched wife
Would deem no snare conceal'd against her life,
He charg'd the guide in some sequester'd place
To expiate with her blood his past disgrace.
Prepar'd to act his patron's dire intent,
The trusty envoy to his mistress went:
Her faithful dog the fair Argia took,
Her palfrey mounted, and her home forsook.
The dog had warn'd her of some evil near,
Yet bade her go, and go secure from fear,
Since he, her guard, with well experienc'd power,
Would yield assistance in the dangerous hour.
"They journey'd till they reach'd a crystal flood
From towering Apennine, where near it stood
A gloomy forest, black with tufted shade,
And here her guide, who, with design, had stray'd,
From towns and cities far, with look mysterious stay'd.
This place he deem'd well suited to fulfil
The cruel purpose of his master's will.
His sword he drew, and to the dame declar'd
The judge's mandate, and the death prepar'd;
But pitying, warn'd her, ere the deadly stroke,
Offended Heaven for mercy to invoke.
"What secret magic could his aim deceive!
For when he rais'd his weapon to bereave
The dame of life, she vanish'd from his eyes,
And left him pale and speechless with surprise.
Around he sought her long, but sought in vain;
Then, baffled, to his patron turn'd again;
And told, but told with scarce recover'd breath,
Some miracle had sav'd his wife from death.
Full little thought the judge that, near her side,
The fairy Manto every need supply'd.
The beldame-crone that all the rest reveal'd
(I know not why) had this alone conceal'd.
What shall he do? His honour smouldrest,
He still must groan, with load on load oppress:
Her fault to few disclos'd, he fears that fame
Will now divulge, and wider spread his shame:
One chance might rest conceal'd; but this made known,
From tongue to tongue would through the world be blown:
He deems, that since the servant's lips disclos'd
His vengeful thoughts against her life dispos'd,
She ever from her dreaded home to fly,
Would to some lover, in her fears, apply,
Of power to hold her from a husband's claim,
And in derision bear his injur'd name;
Perchance, with deeper guilt than lawless love,
His wife's adulterer and his ruffian prove.
Hence in her search, each evil to prevent,
Letters and messages around he sent,
To every town in Lombardy's extent.
Himself in person tidings strove to gain;
But every message, every search was vain.
At length the slave he call'd; the slave, whose hand
Was charg'd to execute his dire command,
And bade him thither lead, where late, he said,
Argia from his eyes so strangely fled:
Who, hid in brake, by day had mock'd his sight,
And found, perhaps, some sheltering roof at night.
The slave his patron led, where, midst the wood,
Once dark with shades, a stately structure stood:
The fair Argia, with her guardian's aid,
This wondrous palace by enchantment made
Of alabaster, beauteous to behold;
Within, without, the building flam'd with gold.
No fancy can conceive, no tongue declare,
Within how wealthy, and without how fair.
The dome thou saw'st but yesternight, compar'd
With this a cottage, scarcely claims regard.
Here richest silks, and hangings from the loom
Of brightest work, adorn'd each lofty room:
Above, below, in every part alike,
A thousand charms the dazzled senses strike.
Here vessels, wrought of gold and silver, flam'd;
There concave gems, red, green, and azure, fram'd
In plates or vases, crown'd the festive board;
And wardrobes shone with vests embroider'd stor'd.
"The judge arriving (as the verse has told)
With wonder gaz'd the building to behold,
When here he thought nor hut nor cottage stood,
But dreary wilds, lone paths, and tangled wood.
He gaz'd, and pass'd, and scarce his sight believ'd,
In doubt some dream his wandering sense deceiv'd.
"A female Æthiop [m] at the gate was seen,
Of feature so deform'd, so loath'd a mien,

[m] A liberty is here taken with the original, in varying the circumstance of the story, too gross to admit of the most distant allusion. We have before seen from Ruscelli, that Ariosto had expunged two stanzas from the xxvth book as too licentious; and the same Ruscelli further informs us, that Ariosto, in his own printed copy, had particularly marked this passage, undoubtedly with design to change the offensive circumstance; and observes, that it was exceedingly to be wished, that the poet had removed this blemish from so glorious a poem. The translator had given this part of the story another turn before he met with this passage of Ruscelli, and is happy to adduce such authority for the alteration he has made, as he may seem thus but to conform to the last intention of the poet himself, had he lived to give the world an-

That ne'er before, nor since, the world around
Could such a foul misshapen wretch be found.
Thick were her lips, and huge her pimpled nose;
Her humpes both above her shoulders rose:
She seem'd a beggar of the lowest tribe:
No words can half her filth obscene describe;
But such a hag to Paradise convey'd,
Had wither'd by her looks the blissful shade.
Anselmo wish'd to learn what prince or peer
Might there reside: the hag alone was near:
To her he then with courteous words apply'd:
'This house is mine'—the filthy Ethiop cried.
The judge believ'd she spoke in jesting vein:
But she, with many an oath, affirm'd again
The house was hers—inviting him at will
The gate to enter, and behold his fill.
And freely, for himself or friends, to bear
From thence whate'er he valu'd rich or rare.
"Anselmo to a mental gave in haste
His steed to hold, and o'er the threshold past;
Through chambers, halls, his sordid guide pursu'd,
And every part with equal wonder view'd;
The form, the site, the ornaments that grace
Each hall, each roof; the riches of the place.
'Not all beneath the Sun,' full oft he cries,
'To purchase such a palace can suffice.'
To him in few the brutal hag rejoin'd:
'And yet this palace has its price assign'd,
Though silver nought we prize nor glittering gold,
Yet will it at an easier rate be sold.'
She said; and made the judge the same request,
Which to his wife Adonio once address'd.
Her beastly love the judge indignant spurn'd,
And from the filthy hag resentful turn'd;
But thrice repuls'd, still more the beldame woo'd,
And with such soothing art her suit pursu'd,
Her palace offering for the beastly hire,
At length she bent him to her foul desire.
"His wife Argia, in the dome conceal'd,
Who him so taken in her fault beheld,
Leapt sudden forth, and thus aloud exclaim'd:
'Is this the reverend judge for wisdom fam'd?
That thus his learned function can debase
With such a hag, the scum of human race!'
"Think how the doctor look'd, think how he stood
Abash'd and mute; how flush'd his cheek with blood!
How oft he wish'd that Earth would open wide,
And his transgression in the centre hide!
The wife, who from herself would turn the blame
By heap'd reproaches on Anselmo's shame,
Pursu'd—'What punishment shouldst thou receive,
Who me, relentless, wouldst of life bereave,
For yielding to a lover's soft assault,
When Love and Nature might excuse the fault?
A youth, accomplish'd in his form and mind,
A gift that leaves this palace far behind!
If death I seem'd to merit at thy hands,
Know that thy crime a hundred deaths demands.
But though I here maintain the sovereign will,
Sole mistress of thy fate—to save, or kill—
Yet shall I now no further vengeance take
For thy transgression, but this league to make:
Lay by the husband—henceforth let us live
In lasting peace, and all the past forgive:
In word or deed I ne'er will more repine
At thy offence, nor shalt thou censure mine.
"Thus she: the husband well approves the terms;
He seals her pardon, and the peace confirms:
With mutual confidence they homeward steer,
And ever after hold each other dear."

The pilot thus; and with his tale beguil'd
The tedious hour, while good Rinaldo smil'd
To hear the chance, yet pity'd much the shame
So deeply planted on the doctor's name.
He prais'd Argia much, whose wit had set,
For such a bird, her well-invested net;
Caught in that snare, in which (though truth to tell
With less reproach) herself so lately fell.
When now the Sun from high his beams had shed,
The Paladin commands the board to spread,
For which the Mantuan's hospitable care
Supply'd exhaustless store of costly fare.
Now to the left they leave a fertile land,
Vast fens extending on their better hand:
Argenta[79] now appears, and now it flies;
And now the castle where Santerno lies.
As yet beside the stream no Biscia[80] stands,
Where since, with little boast, the Spanish bands
Their standards bring; but where the Italian train
Attempt, with greater loss, the fort to gain.
Thence, with full speed, the sinewy rowers force
The flying bark along the river's course:
Till by a stagnant pool they bend their way,
And reach Ravenna's towers at noon of day.
Though good Rinaldo oft was little stor'd
With ready coin, at least he can afford
So much at parting thence his thanks to show,
And on the crew some light reward bestow.
Then, changing steeds, his journey he pursu'd,
And Rimini, at close of evening, view'd;
Nor would at Montefior till morning wait,
But reach'd, with rising Sol, Urbino's gate.
No Guido[83] then, no Frederico[84] there
Resided; no Elisabetta[85] fair;
Nor Leonora[86], nor Francesco nam'd
In later times; for these a knight so fam'd
With courteous welcome had awhile constrain'd
To rest with honour in their seats detain'd;
Such courteous welcome as they since have paid
To every noble knight or virtuous maid.

Since none appear'd his courser's rein to take[87],
Rinaldo hasten'd Cagli[87] to forsake;

other edition of his Orlando. Is it not some kind of reproach on the Italian editors, that in the editions subsequent to 1553, the objectionable parts pointed out by Ariosto had not been expunged?

[79] Argenta, a castle eighteen miles from Ferrara.

[80] Biscia, where the Spaniards suffered such a defeat from Alphonso. See Book xlii. Note to ver. i. &c.

[83] Frederico di Montefeltro, a man beloved by all for his many virtues: of him and his wife Baptista was born a son, called Guidobaldo (or Guido) heir to his father's virtues. After his death Francesco Maria della Rovere was created duke of Urbino, and married Leonora, daughter of Gonzaga. Elisabetta was wife of Guidobaldo. All these persons appear to have lived in the time of Ariosto, and to have resided at Ferrara.

[87] To stop him with a friendly welcome, to entertain him hospitably.

[87] Cagli was long in possession of the dukes of Urbino.

And to the mountain thence impatient sped,
Their streams where Gauno[18] and Metaurus[18] led.
The Apennine he pass'd: and now no more
Beheld it on the right; then journey'd o'er
The Umbrian and Etrurian realms; then view'd
Imperial Rome; to Ostia then pursu'd
His rapid way; and next by sea he gains
An ancient town, where near in hallow'd plains
Anchises' pious son inter'd his sire's remains.
His vessel here he chang'd, and to the shore
Of Lipadusa's isle his voyage bore;
That isle the champions for their list design'd,
That isle, where since the six in battle join'd.
Rinaldo urg'd the jolly sailor train,
With oars and sails, to cleave the briny main.
At speed they fly; but adverse winds detain'd
His tardy vessel from the wish'd-for land.
He came, but came what time Anglante's knight
Had reap'd the laurels of the glorious fight;
King Agramant and king Gradasso kill'd:
Yet hard the conquest of the sanguine field;
Great Monodante's son was now no more;
And pale in anguish on the sea-beat shore
Lay Oliver, feeble with his pain,
Whose foot no longer would his bulk sustain.
The noble earl could not his tears withhold,
When good Rinaldo he embrac'd, and told
The death of Brandimart, their friend belov'd,
In every chance of arms and friendship prov'd.
Not less Rinaldo, when the knight he view'd
With helmet cleft, his mournful cheeks bedew'd,
Then Oliviero in his arms he press'd,
And with consoling words each chief address'd,
While much himself repin'd, that late he came,
Too late to share their dangers and their fame.
Now to the town destroy'd the mournful train
Of Agramant and stern Gradasso slain,
Each breathless corse with duteous care convey'd,
And in the ruins of Biserta laid.
Meanwhile the conquest by Orlando won,
To Sansonetto and Astolpho known,
Great joy in each infus'd, though damp'd to hear
The mournful end of one they held so dear:
The death of Brandimart each heart depress'd,
Each face the signs of deep-felt grief confess'd.
Ah! which of these who lov'd his friend so well,
To Flordelis the killing news shall tell?
As Flordelis at night in slumber lay,
The night preceding that unhappy day,
She dreamt the mantle which her pious care
Had fashion'd for her Brandimart to wear,
His ornament in fight, now, strange to view,
Was sprinkled o'er with drops of sanguine hue:
She thought her erring hand the vest had stain'd,
And thus in slumber to herself complain'd:
"Did not my lord command these hands to make
His vests, his mantle, all of mournful black?
Why have I then against his bidding spread
The sable ground with fearful spots of red?"
Ill omens thence she drew—Th' ensuing night
Arriv'd the tidings of the glorious fight;
Astolpho yet conceal'd, with tender fear,
A truth too dreadful for a wife to hear:
Till now, with Sansonetto join'd, he came
(A mournful pair) before the boding dame.

Soon as she view'd the face of either chief,
In such a conquest clouded o'er with grief,
No more was needful—her distracted thought
Too well divin'd the fatal news they brought:
Chill grew her heart, and sickening at the light,
Her closing eyes were cover'd o'er with night:
Senseless and pallid, stretch'd on earth she lay,
And look'd a wretched corse of lifeless clay.
Her sense returning, frantic with despair,
She call'd her much-lov'd lord—she rent her hair—
She bruis'd with cruel hands her groaning breast,
She rav'd as if some fiend her soul possess'd.
So seem'd the Menades[19], when wide were borne
Their shouts and clamours with the maddening horn.
From this, from that, she begg'd some sword or dart,
Some weapon's point to pierce her to the heart.
Now would she seek the ship that to the shore
The corse of either Pagan monarch bore,
On their remains with momentary rage
To glut her vengeance and her grief assuage:
Now would she pass the seas, to seek where died
Her better half, and perish by his side.
"Why did I leave thee, O my Brandimart[20]!
On such a day without me to depart!
I saw thee go—I fainted at the view—
Why did not Flordelis her lord pursue?
Had I been present in the hour of fight,
My eyes had watch'd thee with a lover's sight;
When fell Gradasso[21] rais'd behind his blade,
My single cry had given thee saving aid.
My speed perhaps had rush'd between, and found
The happy time to take thy threaten'd wound:
My head, for thine, had met the Pagan sword,
A worthless ransom for my bosom's lord!
Yet will I die—though now my parting breath
Avails not thee, nor profits aught my death.
But had I died for thee—what heavenly power
To better use could bless my dying hour?
Had cruel fate, or Heaven averse withstood
My pious aid to save thy dearer blood,
At least I had obtain'd the mournful bliss,
To bathe with tears, to press with many a kiss
Thy ashy cheek, and ere with sons of light
Thy soul had to her Maker wing'd its flight,
I might have said—'To heavenly peace ascend;
Thy flight ere long shall Flordelis attend!——'

[18] Gauno, a small river, that has now probably lost its name.—Metaurus, a river famous for the death of Asdrubal.

[19] The Menades were certain dames, or priestesses, who celebrated by night the rites of Bacchus, with hair dishevelled, with wild and frantic gestures, bearing in their hands spears twisted with ivy leaves, and horns which they sounded from time to time, in honour of their god.

[20] Nothing can be more pathetic than the passages that relate to the death of Brandimart: the complaint of Flordelis, the affecting and natural circumstances of her dream the night before she hears the news; the funeral obsequies performed by night in the island of Sicily, where the mention of Ænea gives a further solemnity to the scene; the behaviour of Orlando upon the occasion; and lastly, the death of Flordelis, are all circumstances finely imagined, and most poetically painted.

[21] The Italian commentators have candidly observed, that it does not appear how Flordelis came to the knowledge of the exact manner of Brandimart's death.

Thus canst thou, Brandimart, thy consort leave,
And is it thus thy sceptre I receive!
With thee at Damogira[32] thus I meet?
And thus thou shar'st with me thy regal seat!
How, ruthless Fortune! hast thou clouded o'er
My future prospects—hope is now no more! 1229
Since I have lost this good, all comfort dies!
And not another with the world supplies!"
In words like these the fair afflicted mourns,
And now again her frantic rage returns;
Again with cruel hand her cheeks she tears,
Beats her white breast, and rends her scatter'd hairs.
But leave the dame awhile to plaints and tears,
And let us seek Orlando and his peers.
Orlando wishes, for his kinsman's weal,
To find some leech his dreadful hurt to heal;
And on his breathless Brandimart bestow 1231
Such honour'd rites as friends to friendship owe.
The mountain now he sought[33], whose flaming ray
Dispels the night, whose smoke obscures the day:
Propitious blew the wind, and, to the right,
Not distant far, the island rose in sight.
Soon as the Sun declin'd to evening shade,
The busy mariners their anchors weigh'd,
While from her horns, to light their watery road,
The silent goddess trembled on the flood. 1240
By dawn of day they trod the destin'd shore,
And thence their course to Agrigento[34] bore;
And here Orlando on th' ensuing night
Bade all prepare to grace the funeral rite.
The pomp dispos'd, when now the Sun had left
The fading sky, and Earth of light bereft,
Amidst the peers, that, call'd by flying fame,
From distant towns to Agrigento came:
Amidst bright torches kindling all the strand:
Amidst loud cries and groans on every hand, 1250
Orlando to the breathless body turn'd
Of him so lov'd in life, in death so mourn'd.
Bard! no there, with years and sorrow bow'd,
Beside the sable bier lamented loud:
His eyes, that in the ship had pour'd a tide
Of briny tears, their fountains still supply'd.
He rav'd at Heaven, his cruel stars deplor'd,
And, like a lion pin'd in sickness, roar'd:
With frantic, trembling, wither'd hands he tore
His wrinkled flesh, and rent his tresses hoar. 1260
Soon as the crowds the east approaching view'd,
Each with shrill sound his plaints and cries renew'd.
Orlando near the corse, with sad survey
Awhile in silence gaz'd, as prone it lay,
Pale as Acanthus, or some fading flower,
Untimely crept at noon or evening hour:
Deeply he sigh'd, and bending still a look,
Fix'd on his lifeless friend, at length he spoke[35].
"O my brave friend! companion of my love!
Who, dying here, surviv'st in bliss above! 1270
A happy life thou gain'st, no more to know
The toils and changes of our world below.
Forgive me now th' involuntary tear,
That mourns I still am doom'd to linger here:
I weep not thou art fled from Earth's annoy,
But weep I cannot live with thee in joy.
Here am I left—thou taken from my sight,
What is there more t' afford my soul delight?
Distress and toil with thee inur'd to bear,
Why should I not thy peace and triumph share?
Great is my guilt, still clos'd in mortal clay, 1281
Forbid to follow on thy glorious way.
If I with thee could every loss sustain,
Why am I not a partner in thy gain?
Alone thou gain'st, and I alone have lost;
Thou blest in Heaven,—I here in trouble tost?
France, Germany, and Italy shall know
Thy death too surely, and partake my woe.
How will my kinsman[36], and my lord lament!
How will the Paladins their sorrows vent! 1290
How will our church and empire rue the day
That snatch'd, in thee, their best defence away!
How shall thy death the Pagan world relieve!
What strength and courage will the foes receive!
What must thy consort feel?—I see her eyes
All drown'd in tears! I hear her piercing cries!
Me she accuses, and must ever hate,
To think through me her lord has met his fate!
Yet, Florielis! one comfort shall remain
Amidst the anguish which his friends sustain, 1300
That every knight, who risks for fame his breath,
May envy Brandimart his glorious death.
Not he in Rome's dire gulf[37] absorb'd and lost,
The Decii[38] fam'd, or Codrus[38], Argos' boast!
Could nobler fall, and in their fall bestow
More than his country to thy lord shall owe."
Thus spoke Orlando o'er the warrior dead;
And now the priests their long procession led.
Black, white, and gray; while all the hallow'd train,
In order rang'd, pac'd slowly o'er the plain, 1310
Imploring God, among the spirits blest,
To take the champion's soul to endless rest.
Innumerous torches pierc'd the veil of night,
And seem'd to emulate departed light.
The corse is rais'd; and thence the weight to bear,
Peers, nobles, knights, the honour'd contest share:
A pall of purple o'er the bier was spread,
Where gold and jewels mingled splendour shed:

[32] The capital of the kingdom of Monadant, mentioned by Boyardo.

[33] Ætna.

[34] The capital of Sicily.

[35] Tasso has followed this beautiful passage, which Ariosto had first drawn from Virgil, at the death of Pallas. The speech of Godfrey over the dead body of Dudon, nearly resembles this of Orlando; but the description of the funeral is more solemn in the Furioso than in the Jerusalem.

[36] Charles.

[37] Marcus Curtius, a noble Roman, who is said to have devoted himself to death. In the middle of the Roman forum suddenly appeared an immense opening in the earth, which the people in vain endeavouring to fill up, at length had recourse to the oracle, and received for answer, that the gulf could only be closed by that in which consisted the strength of Rome. On this, Marcus Curtius, as if to show that arms and virtue were the true support of the city, put on his armour, and, mounting his horse, leapt headlong into the gulf; which immediately closed upon him.

[38] The two Decii, father and son, who devoted themselves to death for their country. Codrus, king of Athens, devoted himself in the same manner to death, the oracle having declared that Athens would be victorious if their king fell by the hands of the enemy.

Nor less the couch and pillow shone, embost
With sparkling gems, and wrought with art and cost:
Here stretch'd at length the lifeless knight was laid
In purple vests, of richest work, array'd.
Three hundred first selected through the land,
Of humble order, led the solemn band,
All cloth'd alike in vestments long, that clung
Around their limbs, and to their ankles hung.
A hundred pages next, and each a steed
Of mighty size bestrode, and warlike breed:
The steed and page alike in sable veil'd,
Along the ground their mourning vesture trail'd.
Before, behind, unnumber'd banners rais'd
With various ensigns and devices blaz'd
Around the hearse—the trophies of his might
From conquer'd legions won in dangerous fight:
All gain'd to Cæsar's and to Peter's power[39]
By force that, now extinct, shall gain no more.
Then many a shield from many a warrior torn,
With proud impresses by their masters worn.
Two hundred then purvu'd, in ranks ordain'd
To swell the pomp: each bearer hand sustain'd
A kindled torch, and, like the rest, conceal'd
In mournful black, nor mien nor face reveal'd.
Orlando follow'd next, with stifled sighs,
The tear big-swelling in his manly eyes.
Rinaldo then no less of grief betray'd:
But Oliver by his foe was stay'd.
'T were long each ceremonial to rehearse,
And paint the solemn obsequies in verse;—
What funeral gifts were made, what vestures fram'd
In various guise, what countless torches flam'd.
Now to the hallow'd fane their steps they bent,
Nor left a check unassisted as they went.
His goodness, valour, youth, and grace engage
The grief of either sex, and every age.
Amidst the fane each pious office done
Of unavailing tears and female moan,
Soon as the holy priests, in heavenly strain,
Their prayers had chanted o'er the warrior slain,
Within a tomb of polish'd stone compos'd,
On two fair pillars rais'd, the corse they clos'd:
O'er this, inwrought with gold, Orlando threw
A costly mantle of impurpled hue,
The dead to honour, till his love could raise
A structure worthier of the warrior's praise!
Orlando, ere he left Sicilia's isle,
Rare costly marbles for the sumptuous pile,
From various parts procur'd with studious care;
Rich porphyry and alabaster fair.
He form'd the plan, and every artist skill'd
Employ'd, with high rewards, the tomb to build.
And Florella, when to the isle she came,
Rich columns added to th' unfinish'd frame,
Which, when Orlando left Sicilia's shore,
The hapless dame, prepar'd, from Afric bore.
But when she found no tears her grief suffice,
Nor her sad soul relieve'd with endless sighs;
Nor prayers, nor masses for the dead addrest,
Appease the anguish of her wounded breast,
She there decreed her fix'd abode to make,
Till life's warm spirit should its hold forsake.
Then in the tomb she fram'd her dreary cell,
Alone, secluded from the world to dwell.
Full many a message to the mournful dame
Orlando sent; himself in person came
To take her thence, and with provision fair
Had trusted her to Galerana's care[40]:
Or would she rather with her sire reside,
Himself to Lizza would the mourner guide;
Or, at his cost, a cloister'd mansion raise
To dedicate to God her remnant days:
But in the sepulchre unmov'd she stay'd,
There night and day with holy fervour pray'd,
Though few the hours that thus her life she led,
For soon the Parcæ shear'd her vital thread[41].
Already from that isle, where lords have told
The Cyclops once were wont their place to hold,
The three brave knights of France with heavy mind
Departing, mourn'd the fourth they left behind;
But ere the warriors would the land forsake,
They sought with them some skilful leech to take
For Olivero's foot, which, sore aggriev'd,
No lenient rest, no healing salve reliev'd,
While deep he groan'd, oppress with shooting pain,
They pitying heard; and, while they stood in vain
In deep debate, a thought the pilot mov'd,
When thus he spoke, and each the advice approv'd.
Not far remote (he said) a rock there stood,
On which a hermit made his lone abode,
With whom none ever, at his greatest need,
Had fail'd in aid or counsel to succeed.
Wonders he wrought that Heaven to man denies;
He made the blind to see, the dead to rise:
He, with the cross, could hush the winds asleep,
And still to calm the roarings of the deep:
And would they seek the man to God so dear,
They soon might find, releas'd of every fear,
Good Olivero from his hurts reliev'd:
Since oft the saint had greater deeds achiev'd.
Orlando heard, and bade, without delay,
Steer to the hallow'd seat their rapid way:
With course direct they cut the briny tide,
And at Aurora's dawn the rock descry'd:
The bark, directed by the skilful crew,
Now near the shelfy land securely drew:
There by the menial train and seamen's aid,
The groaning marquis in the skiff they laid,
And through the dashing brine of billows hoar,
In safety landed on the craggy shore,
Where dwelt the sage, who to Rogero gave
The rite baptismal in the cleansing wave.
Heaven's holy servant, who in Christ believ'd,
With joy Orlando and his friends receiv'd;
With looks complacent every knight he bless'd;
And now inquir'd on what adventure prest,
They reach'd his cell; though by the saint forestaught,
He knew what cause the warriors thither brought.
Orlando told his purpose, to implore
Some healing aid his kinsman to restore;

[39] That is, subjected to the emperor and the pope.

[40] It does not appear in this poem who is meant by Galerana or Galerana, though the name is often to be met with in Boyardo, but without any explanation.

Ens qui nulla sola Galerana.
Orl. Inn. b. i. c. i.

But in the romance of Aspramonte, it appears that Galerana was wife to Charlemain.

[41] Here concludes the affecting episode of Florella, whose death forms an amiable contrast to the popular story of the Egyptian matron.

Whom, fighting for the faith, his friends with grief
Beheld in anguish hopeless of relief.
The hermit bade them every doubt remove,
And promis'd Oliviero soon should prove
His saving power; but since our healing juice,
Medicines or simples could the rock produce;
The church he sought; there to his Saviour pray'd;
Then issu'd forth, secure of heavenly aid;
And now, by name th' Eternal Three address'd,
With hand outstretch'd the feeble knight he bless'd.
Oh! virtue given to those who Christ adore!
Good Oliviero felt his pains no more!
Firmly he trod, with more than strength renew'd;
While sage Sobrino, near, the wonder view'd.
Each day Sobrino's strength was more depress'd,
Each day the anguish of his wounds increas'd:
But when he, through the hermit's saving word,
Beheld the knight by miracle restor'd;
No more his soul will Mahomet believe,
But Christ in future for his God receive:
And, humble penitent, he begg'd the sire
To grant the baptism our rites require.
He said; the sage his suit approv'd, and gave
The Christian cleansing in the limpid wave.
Nor this alone——with holy prayers he heal'd
His wounds, his strength renew'd, his pains dispell'd.
Not less Orlando, and each noble knight,
Rejoic'd to see the truth of Christian light
Disperse the Pagan darkness, than to see
Their lov'd compeer from pain and danger free.
But greater joy Rogero's soul confess'd,
While livelier faith and hope confirm'd his breast.
Rogero, by the tempest thither cast,
His hours in converse with the sage had past,
Who 'midst the warriors now in semblance mild,
With useful love the well-spent day beguil'd;
Taught them to steer through this bad world of strife,
Of wretchedness——unjustly titled life;
Esteem'd by fools! and warn'd them not to miss
The road that leads to everlasting bliss.
Now bade Orlando from the vessel bear
Bread, wine, and viands, store of grateful fare,
To heap the genial board; and these he plac'd
Before the man of God, whose simple taste,
Long us'd to roots and pulse, he gently press'd
To share with them a more luxurious feast.
Their spirits thus refresh'd with wine and food,
The knights and hermit their discourse renew'd;
And, as it oft befalls in social wise,
When round the circle vary'd subjects rise,
At length Rogero (whose high deeds were blown
Throughout the world) was to Orlando known.
Then Oliviero, and Rinaldo found
In him that youth so far in arms renown'd;
Nor had till then Rinaldo mark'd the knight,
With whom so late he met in listed fight.
Sobrino knew the young Rogero well,
When first he met him at the hermit's cell,
Yet held his peace: but when the rest had heard
That this was he, Rogero so revered
For warlike feats—all eager round him press'd,
And each with open look and smiles address'd:
One grasp'd his hand; one close embracing held;
One on his cheek the kiss of friendship seal'd:
But chief the lord of Mount Albano strove
To greet him with a brother's warmth of love.
Why he above the rest, I now conceal,
But with the book ensuing shall reveal.

BOOK XLIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo promises his sister Bradamant to Rogero, at the instigation of the hermit, and with the concurrence of Orlando. The knights take their leave of the hermit, and sail to Marseilles. Astolpho dismisses the forces of king Senapus, who repair to their own country, and the duke himself returns to France, where he meets at Marseilles with Orlando, Rinaldo, Rogero, Oliviero, and Sobrino. Charles and all his nobles prepare to welcome the conquering knights, who enter the gates of Paris in triumph. Great festival on the occasion. Dispute between Amon and his son Rinaldo concerning Bradamant, whom Amon had promised to Leon, son of the emperor Constantine. Distress of Bradamant and Rogero. The singular request of Bradamant to the emperor. She is taken away from the court by Amon, and closely confined in a castle. Rogero resolves to kill his rival Leon, and departs in disguise from Paris attended with a single squire. He arrives at Belgrado, where he assists the Bulgarians, commanded by their king, against the Greeks commanded by Constantine and Leon, and entirely defeats the latter. Leon, in admiration of the valour of the strange knight, conceives a secret friendship for him. Gratitude of the Bulgarians. Rogero departs in pursuit of Leon.

Oft in the lowly roof, the humble cell
Of poverty, where pain and sorrow dwell,
Sincerer virtues in the breast we meet
Than in the stately dome and regal seat;
Where lords and kings are mov'd in courtly wiles,
Midst deep suspicions and insidious smiles;
Where love and charity no place can claim,
And sacred friendship lives not but in name. [pose,
Kings, popes, and emperors, leagues of peace com-
To day are friends, to morrow deadly foes:
Whate'er they seem, their thoughts in secret bear
No semblance oft to what their lips declare:
Nor right nor wrong they heed, but only prize
Those measures most, where most advantage lies!
All these in courts have ne'er the blessings try'd
Of godlike truth, for truth can ne'er reside
Where, or in deep debate, or sportive vein,
The tongue, in speaking, speaks not but to feign:
Yet these, when once by adverse fortune led
Beneath the covert of some rustic shed,
May lend their souls to friendship's purer love,
And taste a happiness unknown before!
The holy hermit in his cell could prove
More certain means to bind in cordial love
His noble guests, than courts could e'er dispense,
With all the turns of winning eloquence:
Their concord, firmly knit, shall ever live,
And death alone its fatal period give.
The saint with pleasure view'd each generous mind,
Where boldest hearts with gentlest manners join'd;
And truth, more white than swans, in native lustre shin'd.
Dissension now was chas'd from every thought,
The traces of each past offence forgot:
Nor warmer marks of friendship had they shown'd,
Born of one race, and nurtur'd of one blood.

The lord of Mount Albano first address'd
Renown'd Rogero, and the youth caress'd,
As one himself had found so well to wield
His glorious weapons in the listed field;
As one, whose courtesy so late he prov'd,
For courtesy o'er every knight belov'd!
But chiefly gratitude employ'd his thought,
On all Rogero for his race had wrought.
He knew his arm had Richardetto freed,
By Spain's offended king to death decreed[1],
When in his daughter's bed the guard surpris'd
The amorous youth, in female weeds disguis'd:
By him, he knew, was either noble son
Of Bovo (as the tale before has shown)
Freed from the Saracen's unpitying hands,
From Bertolagi and Magenza's hands.
Such service done, Rinaldo's generous mind
To love and honour the brave youth inclin'd;
And much he griev'd, so long forbid to pay
The debt he ow'd, till this auspicious day.
While one in Afric's Pagan court remain'd,
And one the cause of royal Charles maintain'd,
All greeting was deny'd—but when he view'd
Rogero here by hallow'd rites renew'd
To Christian life, full gladly he embrac'd
The wish'd occasion to redeem the past;
And zealous vows of future service made,
And grateful thanks and endless honours paid.

The holy sire, who saw with placid look
The cordial greeting, on their converse broke,
And thus began—"No further can remain,
(And this I trust without repulse to gain,)
But since by friendship you are drawn so nigh,
The bond to strengthen with a nearer tie,
Since from your houses join'd (whose separate name
Beholds no equal in the world of fame)
A line shall come, whose lustre must efface
The rays of Sol throughout his annual race;
Whose honours shall descend from year to year,
And distant ages their renown revere;
While in their spheres the starry orbs are roll'd:
So God reveals, so bids me now unfold."

Thus spoke the holy sire, and more he said,
Though less requir'd Rinaldo to persuade,
Who gladly to Rogero's vows resign'd
His Bradamant, the happy league to bind.
Good Oliviero and Anglante's lord
Much prais'd the knights the fair accord;
And deem'd that Charles and Amon must approve,
With all the realm of France, this noble love.

Thus they; but little yet to them was known
That Amon, by consent of Pepin's son[2],
To Greece dispatch'd an envoy, with design
To treat with Greece's emperor Constantine;
Who for his son had ask'd the martial fair,
Leon his son, his mighty empire's heir;
Who, though unseen, enamour'd of the dame
By distant rumour, felt the lover's flame.
Amon reply'd, that ere himself pursu'd
The treaty, such a marriage to conclude,
He to Rinaldo must the cause repeat;
Rinaldo absent then from Charles's court;
Who, soon returning, would with joy sincere
The welcome news of such alliance hear:
Yet, for the love he bore his noble son,
He wish'd him to complete the league begun.

Meanwhile Rinaldo, from his father's view
Remote, of Leon's suit no tidings knew,
But, with Orlando's full consent, design'd
His sister's with Rogero's hand to bind;
While all the knights their union blest approv'd,
But chief the hermit, who such union mov'd;
Who deem'd that Amon would no less rejoice
At such a son of good Rinaldo's choice.

That day and night, and half th' ensuing day,
In converse with the blest recluse they stay,
Unmindful of their ship, though now the gales
With prosperous breath invite the ready sails.
The mariners impatiently attend
Their tardy lords, and many a message send
To urge their voyage, till the knightly crew
Prepare to bid the holy sage adieu.

Rogero, who so long an exile prov'd,
Nor ever from the rock his feet remov'd,
A farewel of his sage instructor took,
Through whom his errours he for truth forsook.
Orlando by Rogero's side his sword
Replac'd; to him Frontino he restor'd,
With Hector's arms, and thus his love express'd,
Since these he knew the knight had once possess'd.
But though the Paladin might better claim
A title to the sword of magic fame,
Which he, with toil and peril huge obtain'd,
In Falerina's dreadful garden gain'd[3],
Than could Rogero, who the weapon ow'd
To him, whose gift Frontino[4] had bestow'd,
A lawless thief! yet this, with generous mind,
Orlando with his other arms resign'd.

The pious hermit bless'd the warlike train,
Departing now their vessel to regain:
The seamen plung'd their oars beneath the wave,
And to the favouring wind their canvass gave.
Calm was the sky; nor vows nor prayers they need,
For fair Marseilles their rapid course to speed.
The port secur'd, we leave them there to stay[5],
Till brave Astolpho thither we convey.

When duke Astolpho had the conquest known,
(A bloody conquest, by the victor won
With little joy,) and deem'd that Francono more
Could fear an insult from the Pagan power,
He purpos'd that with all his numerous bands,
The king of Nubia to his native lands
Should homeward now his former course pursue,
By which he late against Biserta drew.
Already from Ugero's son[6] return'd
The fleet, whose meeting Afric's lord had mourn'd,
When, wonders new! scarce leaving every ship,
The sable bands had issu'd from the deep.
Sudden the poop and prow no more appear'd,
No more the cords are strain'd, the masts are rear'd;
Each vanish'd bark its ancient form receives,
And all th' armada shrinks again to leaves!

[1] The reader will here recollect the adventure of Richardetto in the xxvth Book, who having been condemned by Marsilius to be burnt alive for an intrigue with his daughter Flordespina, was delivered by Rogero.

[2] Charlemain.

[3] See note to Book xi. ver. 192, for the full account of this adventure.

[4] Brunello, who gave his horse and sword to Rogero, as related at full in the General View of Boyardo's Story.

[5] He returns to them, ver. 200 of this Book.

[6] Dudon.

The rapid eddies blew, and airy light
Whirl'd them aloft, and scatter'd far from sight.
From Afric now withdrew the Nubian force,
A countless host of mingled foot and horse;
But first Astolpho, for the troops bestow'd,
To great Senapus[7] paid the thanks he ow'd,
Who drain'd his country's power such aid to yield,
And led them forth in person to the field.
To him Astolpho, in the bag confin'd
Commits the fury of the southern wind,
That fury, wont at midmost day to sweep
The unstable desert, like the billowy deep:
He gave him this amidst the burning waste,
To guard them safely from the dreary blast;
But charg'd him, when his native land he gain'd,
To free the wind in durance now detain'd.
Soon as the host approach'd to Atlas' heights,
Each steed again (as blameless Turpin writes)
Became a stone; and thence on foot the bands
Return'd in safety to the Nubian lands.
Now time requires Astolpho should repair
Once more to France; but first he bends his care
The strongest forts in Afric won to guard
From all assaults, then for his flight prepar'd:
He mounts his griffin-horse, and through the skies
Sardinia reaches; from Sardinia flies
To Corsus' shore; then hovers o'er the main,
Declining to the left his courser's rein;
At length to rich Provence with speed descends,
And in Maremma his long voyage ends.
When now he turns his thought to set at large
The feather'd steed; for so his sacred charge
Th' apostle gave, that when the Christian knight
Provence had reach'd he there should end his flight:
No more with bit or rein the steed confine,
But freely to his liberty resign.
Already had that world[8] (whose orb contains
What mortals love, and makes our loss her gains)
Of every sound his magic horn depriv'd;
For, soon as in those holy seats arriv'd
The glorious knight, his bugle lost its power,
And not a breath could wake its terrours more.
Astolpho reach'd Marseilles, what time the band
Of five brave knights had anchor'd on the strand:
Orlando, Oliver now restor'd
To health and strength, Albano's noble lord[9],
With sage Sobrino; but, above the rest,
Rogero, first of courteous knights confest,
The dear remembrance of their comrade kill'd
Each Paladin with generous sorrow fill'd;
And, in their generous breasts, that joy restrain'd
Which else had follow'd such a conquest gain'd.
And now from Sicily to Charles had spread
The news of either Pagan monarch dead:
Of old Sobrino in the victor's chain;
Of valiant Brandimart unmanly slain:
Of young Rogero, now baptiz'd, he heard:
His heart revis'd, his face in smiles appear'd,
Deliver'd from the yoke of war, that late
Oppress'd his shoulders with the galling weight.
In honour now of those whose hands sustain
His empire's fame, the pillars of his reign,
He sends the nobles from his regal seat,
Along the Seine the glorious chiefs to meet;
Next issues from the walls himself, enclos'd
With kings and dukes in fair array dispos'd:
His royal consort near, and at her side
Fair courtly dames in splendid vesture ride.
Imperial Charles, the Paladin, nor less
The courtly nobles and the thronging press,
Than those, by nature bound in nearer tye,
Of great Anglante bend a raptur'd eye;
On him, and all his train, alike bestow
The love and reverence to their worth they owe,
While from the tongues of thousands echo'd round
The names of Clarmont and Magrana[10] sound.
Embraces now, and mutual greetings done,
Rinaldo, Oliviero, Milo's son[11],
To Charles' high presence young Rogero bring,
And tell his lineage to the listening king;
That from Rogero, late of Risa nam'd,
The warrior born, was like his father fam'd
For virtuous deeds, and well in many a fight
Our troops could witness to his dauntless might.
Meantime with Bradamant, Marphisa fair
Appears, a friendly and illustrious pair!
This with a sister's love Rogero strain'd,
But that her virgin modesty retain'd.
The emperor bade Rogero now his seat
Again resume, who lowly at his feet
In reverence stood; and by his side he plac'd
The noble youth, with highest honours grac'd;
Who well he knew had late his faith secur'd
In Christian lore, and Mahomet abjur'd;
For every warrior, eager to unfold
His country's glory, all th' adventure told.
With pomp triumphant, and with festive state,
All turn and enter Paris' lofty gate.
The streets are green with boughs of cheerful bays,
Rich tap'stry covers all the public ways:
At gates and windows dames and damsels stand,
(A beauteous sight!) and from unsparing hand
With smiles upon the victor rain in showers
A thousand wreaths, and palms, and odorous flowers.
On every side, before th' admiring eyes,
The sculptur'd arch and figur'd trophy rise,
That, wrapt in smoke and flame, Biserta show,
And every deed achiev'd against the foe.
Here various throngs in games and sports converse,
There some attend the mimes and story'd scene;
While all around these words inscrib'd appear:
"THE GREAT DELIVERERS OF THE LAND REVERE!"
Amidst the trumpet's clangour echoing round,
Sonorous fifes, and every tuneful sound:

[7] "It seems very extraordinary, that in the taking of Biserta the poet does not mention Senapus, who might be supposed, as emperor, to have had the command of the army; or, if he had resigned that post to the superior qualities of Astolpho, at least it is reasonable to think, that he would have had some important charge."
Lavezuola

This commentator's remark is so far just, that Senapus seems to be little attended to by Ariosto, though, in making the disposition for the attack, he gives him a place of honour. This the critic has overlooked. The command of the army was evidently left to Astolpho.

[8] The poet means the Moon, where he tells that Astolpho found all things that had been lost on Earth.

[9] Rinaldo.

[10] The two great families of Rinaldo and Orlando.

[11] Orlando.

Amidst the shouts, applauses, clamours loud,
And maddening raptures of th' unruly crowd,
The glorious emperor his palace gains,
Dismounts, and there the numerous throng detains
For many days, with sport on sport increas'd,
The mask, the dance, the tournament, and feast.
One day Rinaldo gave his sire to know
His promise on Rogero to bestow
His sister's hand; a promise duly weigh'd
With Oliviero and Orlando made;
When each agreed the virgin ne'er could find
Another consort of such noble kind;
Much less a youth in virtue or in fame
To rise superior to Rogero's name.
He said; with anger Amon heard his son,
Who durst (unask'd of him) his purpose own
To raise Rogero to his sister's bed,
Whom he, with higher thoughts, design'd to wed
The heir of Constantine, not one whose hand
No sceptre sway'd, who shar'd nor wealth nor land.
The boast of blood but little can avail,
And virtue less, when large possessions fail.
But, more than Amon, Beatrice inflam'd
Against her son's presumption loud exclaim'd:
Abroad, at home, she ceas'd not to declare
Rogero never should possess the fair;
Restless ambition kindling in her breast
To see her daughter empress of the East.
Rinaldo to his purpose fix'd remain'd,
And what he promis'd firmly yet maintain'd.
The mother, who believes her daughter's will
With hers concurr'd, incites the virgin still,
T' avow, she sooner would forgo the light,
Than live the consort of a needy knight;
With threats she ne'er should boast her daughter's
If from a brother she receiv'd such shame; [name,
And vow'd Rinaldo's power in vain should prove
To force his sister to Rogero's love.
Unhappy Bradamant with downcast eye
Appear'd, nor to her mother made reply.
Such was her reverence of maternal sway,
That filial duty urg'd her to obey,
While her free soul disdain'd t' avow th' intent,
To which her will could never yield consent.
But ah! what will is hers, when passion reigns
In every pulse, and every wish constrains?
She dares not disapprove, nor dares appear
Content, but sighs in silent doubt and fear;
And when retir'd from every eye apart,
She pours the tear to ease her burthen'd heart;
Beats her white bosom, rends her golden hair,
And thus in secret vents her soul's despair:
"Alas! I mourn these vows, which she whose will
Should rule o'er mine, forbids me to fulfill;
Shall I, of filial love forgetful grown,
Thus to a mother's hopes prefer my own?
What greater crime, than to neglect the claim
A parent holds, can stain a daughter's name?
Shall I a consort choose where she denies,
Who claims obedience by the closest ties?
Yet—most so strong my filial duty prove,
To make me, my Rogero! e'er remove
My thoughts from thee! expunge my faithful fires,
To nourish other hopes, and new desires!
Or shall I every dear respect forgo,
Which pious children to their parents owe,
And only prize the bliss that sways my heart?
Ah! me—too well I know a daughter's part,
I know—but ah! such knowledge sought avails,
When passion conquers, and when reason fails!
Love rules—as he directs, I give my hand;
I think—I act—I speak—at his command!
Of noble Beatrice, and Amon born,
I, slave to love—am made of love the scorn!
Grant I offend my parents—I may live
To hope their pardon—but will love forgive
If him I slight?—no reason will suffice
To calm his anger—still his victim dies!
How have I long unwearied sought to draw
Rogero to embrace the Christian law!
At length I have prevail'd—and lo! the fruit
Another gathers of my vain pursuit!
Thus never for herself the bee renews
Her annual treasure of nectareous dews!
But let me perish ere it shall be said
I any consort save Rogero, wed;
And should I dare dispute my parent's sway,
At least in this a brother I obey;
Whose better judgment unobserv'd appears
With weakness that attends declining years.
Orlando, what Rinaldo seeks, approves,
And each alike confirms our mutual loves:
A pair, whom all mankind in honour place
Above the rest of our illustrious race.
Our choice approv'd by those whose merits shine
The flower of Clermont and Mograna's line;
Ah! why must Amon claim peculiar right,
Before Rinaldo and Angloate's knight?
It must not be—the treaty scarce begun,
Not Constantine can claim me for his son,
But to Rogero plighted, Heaven has made us one."
If thus the virgin mourn'd with grief oppress,
Not greater calm enjoy'd Rogero's breast.
The fatal tidings, through th' imperial town
Yet undivulg'd, by him too well were known;
And oft he mourn'd his fortune's cruel spite,
That robb'd his soul of every wish'd delight;
Nor gave him sceptres, wealth, or ample land,
Oft given the worthless with unsparing hand,
Of every other good mankind receive,
Which study can acquire, or nature give;
He view'd them centred in himself, and more
Than ever yet a youth possess'd before.
The comeliest person to his grace must yield,
No prowess scarce can meet him in the field:
And some of Fame's first sons have yielded shin'd,
For birth illustrious, and a kingly mind.
The vulgar herd that honours oft dispose,
By turns exalting these, depressing those;
That wretched vulgar riches only prize,
Above the good, the generous, and the wise.
Sense, virtue, daring, all that makes desert,
The graceful person, and the blameless heart,
In sordid breasts no favour'd place can hold,
Till back'd by charms of ill-persuading gold!
Nor here exempt we from the vulgar name,
Save him, whom wisdom gives a better claim;
Not sceptres, crowns, or mitres, can exclude
Kings, popes, emp'rors, from the motley crowd,
But wisdom only, and true judgment given,
To few, the favourites of all-ruling Heav'n!
Rogero then—"If Amon's secret aim
Would raise his daughter to an empress' name,
Let him with Leon yet the league delay,
Till once the Sun has cours'd his annual way:
I trust, ere then, in fight to overthrow
Both sire and son, and lay their glories low;
And when this hand has Leon's sceptre won,
I may deserve the rank of Amon's son.

But should he, as he threats, his daughter wed,
And give her now to Mega the Grecian's bed;
The promise, made me by Rinaldo, slight,
Made by his kinsman, good Anglante's knight;
Which to confirm, that holy sage appear'd;
The marquis Olivero present heard,
With king Sobrino—Shall I tamely mourn?
By me such insult like a woman borne?
First let me die—but can I therefore move
My arms against the sire of her I love?
Should I against his life my weapon raise,
Would Heaven, would Earth, such action blame or praise?
Grant now, that Amon perish by my sword,
With all his race—would that relief afford
To what I feel!—Ah! no—'t would but ensure
Increase of woe to what I now endure.
Shall I, whose dearest wish was still to gain
My fair-one's love, her hatred thus obtain?
For should I slay her sire, and on his race
My fury vent, would not such deed efface
All former kindness? Could she then bestow
Her hand on one so prov'd her kindred's foe?
Yet must I such dire wrongs unpitied grieve?
Forbid it Heaven!—Death shall at least relieve
My breaking heart—but ere I die, shall fall,
With juster doom, that Leon, cause of all!
The wretch, who comes to rend a lover's peace,
Shall, with his father slain, this arm confess:
Not Helen's rape on Troy such woes entail'd;
Not Proserpine, in elder time assail'd
By rash Pirithöus [16], could from Pluto's ire
Such vengeance urge, as now my soul, on fire,
Prepares to wreak against the son and sire.
Perchance thou griev'st not, idol of my heart!
From thy Rogero for this Greek to part:
And wilt thou, for thy sire, thy kindred's sake,
Forgo my love a stranger's hand to take?
Ah! much I doubt thou rather seek'st to give
Ease to a parent than my woes relieve;
And, at thy nuptial hour, prefer'st to see
Cæsar thy spouse, to one so poor as me!
Yet—can it be that e'er a regal name,
The mean regard that pomp and titles claim,
With all the wealth of all the East enshrin'd,
Should taint my Bradamant's exalted mind?
Should make her less esteem her promise given,
And break that faith so often vow'd to Heaven;
Nor rather stand for Amon's wrath prepar'd,
Than e'er forget what once her lips declar'd?"
Rogero thus; while oft some stranger near
Would chance his sighs and fond complaints to hear:
And hence the fair, for whose dear sake he griev'd,
With tears the tidings of his woes receiv'd:
But most she mourn'd Rogero should suspect
She, for this Greek, could e'er her vows neglect.
To ease his fears, and from his breast remove
A thought injurious to her spotless love;
She from her menials chose a trusty maid,
By whom she thus her secret thoughts convey'd:
"Such as I was, Rogero! will I live,
And more, if more can be, while Heaven shall give
This pulse to beat—let love or smile, or frown,
Let fortune raise me high, or cast me down,
In me behold a rock of truth, that braves
The howling tempest and the dashing waves:
Not spring or winter have I chang'd my place,
Nor aught shall ever shake my steadfast base.
First softest metals, when anneal'd in flame,
Shall sever adamant's imperious frame,
Ere cruel fortune, or relentless love,
Shall from my soul her constant faith remove.
First shall the stream to Alpine heights ascend,
Ere to new paths my wandering feet shall bend.
To thee, Rogero, I my heart resign;
(Nor weak the empire o'er a heart like mine)
No subjects can sincerer homage pay,
No king or emperor rule with firmer sway;
Nor need'st thou with a wall or fosse enclose
Thy city here against invading foes:
Without more force resistance shall be made,
And all repuls'd that dare the fort invade.
Think not that riches can my thoughts entice——
A noble heart yields not to such a price!
Nor proud nobility, nor dazzling height
Of regal state, that lures the vulgar sight;
Nor beauty, that can changeful bosoms move,
Shall from Rogero e'er estrange my love.
Fear not another form my heart shall shake:
My heart, by proof, not frame'd of wax, to take
Each new impression——Love his shafts may send,
But thy dear image shall my breast defend.
Ivory, or stone, or gems of hardest vein,
Where forms, impress by sculptur'd art, remain,
May easier break, than ever, to receive
Another form, the first impression leave.
Such is my heart, which love shall sooner break,
Than e'er compel a second form to take."
These words of greeting from the noble maid,
Fair hope and comfort to his soul convey'd;
Words, that had power a thousand times to give
The lover life, and bid the dying live.
But when, so long by stormy billows tost,
They hop'd for refuge from the friendly coast,
Behold an unexpected tempest bore
Their shatter'd vessel farther from the shore:
For Bradamant a nobler proof prepar'd
Of generous love than what her words declar'd;
Her courage rous'd, each nice respect she broke,
To royal Charles she came, and thus she spoke:—
"If e'er my deeds my sovereign's grace have mov'd,
Be what I now demand, O king! approv'd.
But plight thy royal word, ere yet express
Thou know'st my suit, to grant what I request.
And sure my purpose, when disclos'd, I trust
Thou wilt not deem ignoble or unjust."
"O maid belov'd!" imperial Charles reply'd,
"To worth like thine what suit shall be deny'd?
And here I solemn swear, should'st thou require
My kingdom's half, to grant thy full desire."
"The boon I ask is this," the virgin said:
"Thou shalt not suffer one this hand to wed,
But he, O king! whose skill in battle shows,
Whose courage and whose force eclipse my own.
Who seeks my love, I first his arm will try,
At sword and shield in equal joust defy:
The first who wins shall take me for his spouse,
The vanquish'd to another bear his vows."
She said; and princely Charles with smiles rejoin'd,
That well her suit beseem'd her dauntless mind,

[16] Pirithöus descended into Hell, with his companion Theseus, designing to carry off Proserpine, but was slain in the entrance by the three-headed dog Cerberus, and Theseus was kept by Pluto prisoner, till afterwards delivered by Hercules.

And bade her rest in certain faith assur'd,
That all she wish'd his royal word secur'd.
Thus they: the tidings of this converse came
That day to Amon and his haughty dame.
Against their daughter each alike exclaim'd:
With deep resentment each alike inflam'd,
Too well in this perceiv'd some close intent,
More to Rogero than to Leon meant:
And hence they seiz'd by fraud the martial maid,
And to a castle from the court convey'd:
A strong-built castle on the sea-beat shore,
Which Charles to Amon gave some days before.
They held her there a prisoner close confin'd,
And thence to send her to the East design'd,
Resolv'd, whate'er befel, she should forsake
Rogero, and the hand of Leon take.
The generous maid, no less for mildness prais'd
Of female virtues, than for courage rais'd
Above her sex, with modest meekness bore
Sufferings inflicted by a father's power:
Yet was she firm the sharpest woes to prove,
Pains, bonds, or death, to keep unstain'd her love.
Rinaldo, who, by Amon's crafty slight,
Beheld his sister ravish'd from his sight,
No more at his disposal to remain,
His promise to Rogero pledg'd in vain,
Forgetting all respect to parents ow'd,
Against his father vents complaints aloud.
But little Amon heeds, resolv'd his voice,
And not his son's, should rule his daughter's choice.
This heard Rogero[12], fearing yet to mourn
The virgin, from his arms for ever torn:
Should Leon live, he doubts long suit may gain
Her willing hand, or force at length constrain;
And hence (to none disclos'd his secret mind)
The death of Leon in his soul design'd[13]:
Resolv'd, if valour could assert his own,
The sire and son to slay, and seize the Grecian throne.
Those arms he took which Trojan Hector wore,
Which Mandricardo since in triumph bore;
Then with the saddle good Frontino press'd;
But chang'd his wonted surcoat, shield, and crest.
He chose not now his fam'd device to wield,
The argent eagle in a heavenly field,
But on a ground, where deep vermilion glow'd,
A unicorn, all lily-white[14], he show'd;
Then singled from his train a squire well try'd,
In whom for truth he safely might confide,
Sole partner of his way, with strict command,
To keep his name conceal'd in every land.
He pass'd the Mare and Rhine, the country pass'd
Of Osteriochie, and Hungaria trac'd;
Along the later's banks his course pursu'd,
And, on the right, at length Belgrado view'd;
Where to the Danube join'd, with double force
The Sava to the ocean bends his course.
He sees encamp'd a numerous army spread
Beneath th' imperial standard, proudly led
By Constantine, to repossess the town,
Which from his rule Bulgaria's powers had won.
There Constantine himself in person came,
With him his son and every chief of fame
T' assert the honour of the Grecian name.
Without Belgrado, stretch'd in prospect wide,
Down from the mountain to the subject tide,
Before the Greeks Bulgaria's army stood;
And either army drank of Sava's flood.
The Grecians o'er the stream prepar'd to throw
A length of bridge; but this their wary foe
With arms oppos'd; and fierce the contest grew
On either side, when near Rogero drew.
Four times the Greeks Bulgaria's bands surpass'd,
And barks they brought, and bridges frame'd to cast
Athwart the stream; and oft their foes defy'd,
With threats by force to gain the adverse side.
Back from the stream, meantime, with cautious art
Leon retir'd, and on a different part
Far wheeling round the plain, the banks essay'd,
And join'd his bridges, and his passage made.
With twice ten thousand foot and horse he cross'd,
And on their flank assail'd Bulgaria's host
With sudden force—The emp'ror, who descry'd
His son advancing on the further side,
With barks to barks conjoin'd, his bridges cast,
And with the remnant of his army pass'd.
The king and leader of Bulgaria's band,
Active in fight, and prudent in command,
(Vatrasus nam'd) in vain with dauntless breast
Against the Greeks his force and skill address:
Him Leon met, and with a numerous train
Surrounding, hurl'd him headlong on the plain,
Whom, bravely scorning midst his foes to yield,
A thousand weapons slaughter'd on the field.
The fierce Bulgarians fought yet undismay'd;
But when on earth their king and chief they view'd,
And found on every side the tempest grow,
They turn'd their backs, and fled before the foe.
Rogero, mingled with the Greeks, beheld
Their arms prevailing, and Bulgaria's quell'd,
And now resolv'd their battle to restore.
For Constantine he loath'd, but Leon more.
He spurr'd Frontino; rapid as the wind
Frontino flying, left each steed behind;
And soon arriving, where the routed train
Fled to the mountain, and forsook the plain;
Now these, now those, he turn'd with hearten'd breast,
To meet the Greeks; then plac'd his lance in rest,

[12] Rogero was ignorant of what had passed between the emperor and Bradamant, which, though it came to the knowledge of Amon, does not appear to have been published till after the departure of Rogero, when proclamation was made by the command of Charles: Bradamant in the next Book speaks of the proclamation being issued after Rogero's departure.

"Ah! my Rogero! whither art thou fled?
Art thou so far remote," the mourner said,
"That ne'er to thee our challenge stood reveal'd,
From thee alone, of all mankind, conceal'd?
O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
No speed, like thine, had met the summons here."
Ver. 743.

[13] The Italian is,

——far che muia e fin d'Augusto, Divo.

A ludicrous expression, and probably a sarcasm on the custom of deifying the Heathen emperors, "to make of Leon Augustus a God, by killing him," a turn not easily preserved in the translation, and perhaps scarcely worth the pains.

[14] The ermine, or arms formerly borne by the princes of the house of Este.

While with such force his thundering steed he drove,
His looks might strike with terrour Mars or Jove!
Amid the Grecians, in the van, he spy'd
A daring youth in vests with crimson dy'd!
That o'er his arms, resplendent to behold,
Of finest silk embroider'd, shone with gold;
Nephew to Constantine, his sister's son,
By him behov'd and honour'd as his own:
Rogero's spear his shield and corselet tore,
And issu'd at his back besmear'd with gore:
He left him dead, and Balisarda drew,
Against the nearest of the Grecian crew:
On these, on those, by turns the steel he sped;
And here he cleft the trunk, and there the head:
Now in the throat or panting bosom dy'd
The smoking blade, now pierc'd the heaving side:
Arms, legs, and hands and thighs, asunder hew'd,
While blood, in gushing streams, the vale embru'd.
Such slaughter seen, no Grecian durst withstand
Th' unequall'd force of that destructive hand:
The face of war is chang'd—and those who fled
From bands, which Constantine victorious led,
Now felt new courage rise in every breast,
And with recover'd force the Grecians press'd:
At once the broken ranks were seen to yield,
And every standard torn'd to quit the field.
High on a hill imperial Leon plac'd,
Beheld below his numerous squadrons chas'd;
And while he mark'd them with a sad survey,
Where from afar the plain in prospect lay,
Fix'd on the knight he gaz'd, by whom alone
His men were slain, and all his camp o'erthrown;
Yet could not, while he felt his slaughtering hand,
Withhold the praise his valiant deeds demand.
Well by his shining arms with gold inlaid,
His upper vest and shield's device display'd,
He knew the warrior came not with his foes,
Though now against him their defence he chose.
His more than human force with wondering eyes
He view'd; as if some angel from the skies
Was sent against the Grecians to dispense
The wrath of God for some unknown offence.
Thus what in vulgar breasts had hatred rais'd,
With noble soul exalted Leon prais'd:
Charm'd with his worth, far rather had he view'd
His towns dismantled, half his realm subdu'd,
For every ten a thousand press the plain,
Than such a godlike knight in combat slain.
As when some mother (even in anger mild)
Chides from her sight, chastis'd, her darling child;
The little innocent, with sobbing sighs,
Nor to the father nor the sister flies,
But turns to her, and soft in infant charms
Hangs at her breast, and fondles in her arms;
So Leon, while he sees Rogero's hand
O'erthrow the first, and threat each remnant band,
Joys in his sight—for less th' offence can move
His hatred, than the glorious deeds that prove
The champion's valour, warm his soul to love.
While Leon him esteems, behold the knight
With ill return such friendly thoughts requite:
Rogero him detests, and with his sword
Would now behold his rival's bosom gor'd.
Him long he seeks, and calls aloud, in vain,
The Greek to meet him on th' embattled plain;
But still, with caution, through the warlike lines
The prudent Greek th' unequal fight declines.
Leon, lest equal fate should seize on all,
Commands the squadrons from the field to call
With trumpet's sound; and sends t' entreat his sire
Beyond the stream for safety to retire.
If safety might be found; while with his power
Himself the bridges sought he pass'd before,
And now securely reach'd the further shore.
What numbers by the fierce Bulgarians died,
Or captives groan'd! and but th' opposing tide
Forbade pursuit, all with their blood had stain'd
The hostile sword, or prisoners there remain'd.
Some from the bridges fell, and whelm'd beneath
The rushing current, found unlook'd-for death.
Some with swift foot to reach the river fled,
And some were captives to Belgrado led.
The battle ended, on one dangerous day,
In which their king and leader breathless lay;
Great loss and shame Bulgaria's bands had known,
Save for that aid the stranger's arm had shown:
The knight, who pictur'd on a crimson field
A unicorn, of snow-white hue, reveal'd.
Now all, who saw to him what palms they ow'd,
With shouts and clamours round the victor crowd:
In awful homage bent the circling bond:
One kiss'd his feet, one bolder kiss'd his hand:
Each throng'd on each, more near and near they press'd,
Who nearest view'd esteem'd his fortune bless'd;
But he most blest, whose touch that man explor'd,
Scarce held a man, but like a god ador'd!
While all on him with voice united cried,
Henceforth to lead them on—their king and guide.
Rogero to their general suit agreed,
As king to rule them, and as chief to lead,
But would not truncheon then nor sceptre bear,
Nor to Belgrado on that day repair:
He Leon must pursue, ere from his sword
He further 'scap'd, or safe repass'd the ford:
Him must he follow, nor the track forsake,
Till giv'n by fate his hated life to take;
Since many a league he travers'd hill and plain,
To sate his great revenge with Leon slain.
This said; he parted thence, and eager flew
Through ways the squadrons taught him to pursue,
By which the Greek to reach the bridges try'd,
Ere danger, near at hand, the pass deny'd.
Rogero follow'd close, inflam'd with ire.
Nor call'd nor waited for his lagging squire:
Yet such advantage Leon's flight could meet,
(For flight it must be call'd, and not retreat,)
He found the passage free, he cross'd the stream,
Then broke each bridge, and left the barks on flame.
Rogero reach'd the banks when day withdrew
His parting beam, nor where to rest he knew;
And thence he journey'd by the Moon's pale light,
But yet no town nor castle met his sight.
Unknowing of his way, all night he press'd
His faithful steed, till, red in splendour drest,
Sol's eastern car the twilight gloom dispell'd,
When, on the left, a city he beheld.
There all the day he purpos'd to remain,
T' amend the wrong Frontino might sustain,
On whom, nor feed from hit, nor ease from toil,
That night he journey'd many a weary mile.
For Constantine, Ugogardo held the place,
A man exalted in his sovereign's grace;
And now (in dangerous times) a numerous force
The walls contain'd of mingled foot and horse.
Where to his way the portal open stood,
Rogero enter'd, and full gladly view'd
What seem'd to speak, he ne'er elsewhere could
A better welcome, and more wish'd retreat. [meet

It chanc'd that where he stay'd, at evening light
Arriv'd for shelter a Romanian knight,
Who present view'd the deeds his arm had wrought,
When late to aid Bulgaria's troops he fought.
This knight had scarce escap'd the bloody strife,
And still he trembled for his threaten'd life;
And still he saw in fancy's troubled eye,
The furious knight pursue, the Grecians fly.
Soon as his sight had caught the warrior shield,
The noted ensign and vermilion field,
He knew the knight, whose arm such buckler bore,
Was he that dy'd the plains in Grecian gore:
With eager step he sought the palace gate,
And audience gain'd, impatient to relate
Such news as well might claim the ruler's ear,
Such as shall in th' ensuing book appear.

BOOK XLV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rogero is betrayed in his sleep, and made prisoner by Ugurardo, one of Constantine's governors. He is then delivered over to Theodora, sister to Constantine, desirous to revenge the death of her son killed by Rogero. The challenge of Bradamant is published by proclamation. She returns to the court. Leon generously delivers Rogero from prison. Afterwards, not knowing him to be Rogero, he engages him to enter the lists with Bradamant in his stead. Rogero, under the name and ensign of Leon, fights with Bradamant, and then retires in despair to the woods. Lamentation of Bradamant. Marphisa pleads the cause of Rogero with Charles, and contests the claim of Leon. Orlando and Rinaldo side with them, and Amon opposes them.

Who's highest plac'd on giddy Fortune's wheel,
Unhappy man must soon expect to feel
A sad reverse, and in the changing round
With rapid whirl as sudden touch the ground.
Of this Polycrates[1], with Lydia's lord[2],
And Dionysius[3] ample proofs afford:
With numbers that, from boasted wealth and fame,
One day has sunk to poverty and shame.
But when a man, by Fortune's frown distrest,
Is to the bottom of her wheel depress,
He soon may find the turning circle raise
His abject state, and bring him happier days.
How oft to earth have those their head declin'd,
Who dealt but late their laws to half mankind!
As Scipius, Marius, and Ventidius[3], known
In ancient times; and Lewis in our own[4]:
That kingly Lewis, by his royal bride,
In marriage to my noble duke ally'd,
Who, at Albino, seiz'd in bloody strife,
Had nearly paid the foes his forfeit life.
Not long ere this, the great Corvino[5] bore
Severer trials; but those trials o'er,
Behold the first the realm of France obtain;
Behold the second in Hungaria reign:—
Examples may be found in every page
Of modern times, or tales of earlier age,
That good to ill, and ill succeeds to good,
And praise or blame has each in turn pursu'd:
Hence mortals ne'er securely must confide
In wealth, in conquest, or in sovereign pride;
Nor with despair in adverse fortune mourn,
Whose restless orb has never ceas'd to turn.

Rogero by his enterprise begun,
The field from Leon and the emperor won;
So far confided in his single might,
For sure success in every future fight,
He deem'd himself, through thousands in array
Of horse and foot, could force his bloody way,
With single arm the sire and son to slay:
But she[6], who wills not man's presumptuous mind
Should dare to promise all he hop'd to find,
Soon taught him how she chang'd from high to low,
And now a friend became, and now a foe;
This to his cost he learnt from him who spread
Danger and shame on his defenceless head[7];
The knight, who lately from the sanguine strife
Of routed Greeks had scarcely 'scap'd with life.
He to Ugurardo welcome tidings brought,
That the fierce chief (whose arm such ruin wrought
On Constantine, that many a rolling year
Could scarce the loss in that defeat repair)
All day and night within those walls remain'd;
Hence, favouring Fortune, by her lock detain'd,
From him, their prisoner made, would haply bring
Peace to their country, safety to their king:

[1] Polycrates the tyrant, who reigned in the island of Samos, in the time of Cambyses, and maintained an absolute dominion over all the islands of the Archipelago, till at last, by a reverse of fortune, as Herodotus writes, he was treacherously taken prisoner by Orotes, a governor of Lydia, for the king of Persia, and miserably put to death. Porcacchi.

[2] Cræsus king of Lydia, and Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, are well known to have fallen from the height of prosperity to the lowest adversity.

[3] The names of three noble Romans who had experienced the like reverse of fortune.

[4] He means Lewis XII. king of France, son of Charles duke of Orleans. The duke of Orleans being suspected of treason in favouring the cause of Francis duke of Bretagne, against his lawful king, and being made prisoner with his son at St. Albino, was beheaded by Charles VIII. king of France, who for some time debated whether he should condemn the son to the same fate; but was satisfied with keeping him in prison. Charles VIII. afterwards dying, the fortune of Lewis entirely changed, and he succeeded to the crown of France, by the title of Lewis XII.

[5] Ursia de Vajuoda had two sons, Ladislao and Matteo Corvino, who slew the count di Caglia, a relation of Uladislao king of Hungary; though some relate that the count was killed by Ladislao only. The news coming to the ears of the king, he caused Ladislao to be beheaded, and kept Matteo in prison. The king soon after dying, Matteo was, with general consent, proclaimed king of Hungary, being only eighteen years of age. He proved a prince of as great valour and magnanimity as ever reigned in Hungary, and was a formidable enemy to the Turks. Eugenico.

[6] Fortune.

[7] The knight of Romania, who after the battle between the Bulgarians and Greeks, in which the latter were defeated, discovered Rogero, and betrayed him to Ugurardo.

Concludes the war with one decisive stroke,
And on the proud Bulgarians fix the yoke.
Ungardo, from the troops, that, smit with dread,
To him for refuge from the battle fled,
(For numbers, hand by hand, arriv'd, who try'd
In vain to pass the bridge, or ford the tide)
Had heard what slaughter'd rage the Greeks pursu'd,
How half the host lay buried in their blood;
That, fiercest champion, who an army brav'd,
One suffering camp destroy'd, and one had sav'd;
And much he marvell'd with himself to know,
That, self-conducted to his fate, the foe
Fell in the snare; and with a cheerful look,
His joyful speech his secret triumph spoke.
He stay'd till sleep had clos'd Rogero's eyes,
Then sent, in arms, his people to surprise
Th' unconscious knight, whom, sunk in rest profound,
In bed they seiz'd, and fast with fetters bound.
What could Rogero, when he wak'd, and spy'd
His naked limbs with cords inextricably tied?
By his own shield the champion thus betray'd,
In Norengardo's walls was captive made
To glad Ungardo, first of all mankind
For stern demeanour and a ruthless mind.
A trusty envoy now Ungardo sent,
Who with the tidings to the emp'ror went.
Imperial Constantine, his routed powers
That past the stream, that night from Sava's shores
Had safe to Beletera's town convey'd,
Whose laws Andraphilus his kinsman sway'd:
The sire of him, who first amid the fight,
With shatter'd cuirass, felt the Herculean might
Of that brave warrior's unresisted hands,
Whom stern Ungardo held in captive bands.
The emp'ror now commands with heedful care
The walls to strengthen, and the works repair:
For much he doubted the Bulgarian host,
That such a warrior for their chief could boast,
Would rest not here, but to the last pursue
The scatter'd remnants of the Grecian crew:
But, be a prisoner made, no more alarms
The monarch felt, nor fear'd the world in arms.
Joy swell'd his soul, and rapture scarce exprest
Beam'd in his face, while oft his speech confess'd
The warmest hopes—"Bulgaria's name, I trust,
Shall soon," he cried, "be humbled to the dust."
As he who views beneath his stronger hand
The foe dismember'd, seems assur'd to stand
Of certain palm—so fix'd in hope appear'd
The emp'ror, when Rogero's fate he heard.
Nor more rejoic'd the sire, than generous son,
Not only as he deem'd Belgrado won
From this event, and all the lands that lay
Submitted to Bulgaria's haughty sway:
But, as he meant each friendly art to prove,
To bend the warrior's soul to peace and love,
And win him to his side: with him to friend,
The valiant peers that Charlemain defend
He hears unmov'd; nor envies him the fame
Of great Rinaldo, or Orlando's name.
Far different passion Theodora felt,
On whose ill-fated son Rogero dealt
The speeding lance, that in his cuirass stood,
And issu'd at his back with reeking blood.
This dame her brother Constantine address'd,
Before his presence low her suit she press'd,
And clasp'd his knees, while fast the tears pursu'd
Each other's course, and all her breast bedew'd.
"Never will I quit these feet, my liege!" she said,
"Till on the wretch, by whom my child is dead,
Thou giv'st me to revenge a mother's sighs,
When now a captive in our power he lies.
Thy sister's son!—reflect how there he lov'd;
Ah! think for thee what royal deeds he prov'd:
And wilt thou hear his blood for justice call,
Nor on his murderer's head avenge his fall?
Behold, in pity of the Grecians' woe,
How God has freed us from so dire a foe!
And, like some bird in toil unheeded caught,
Him unsuspecting to our hands has brought:
To me, O gracious prince! this wretch consign,
O let me with his pains alleviate mine!
Then shall my offspring in the Stygian shore
His death no longer unrevenged deplore!"
She said, and sobbing deep, with every art
Of female grief assail'd the emperor's heart,
And prostrate from his feet refus'd to move,
Though Constantine with speech and gesture strove
To raise the dame: the dame still closer press'd,
Till fore'd at length, he granted her request;
And, as she will'd, he issued his command
To bring the knight and yield him to her hand.
To cruel Theodora thus convey'd,
The champion of the unicorn was made
Her wretched thrall, whose unrelenting mind
The direst death, of most opprobrious kind,
For him esteem'd too mild: her thoughts she bent
With every pain her captive to torment,
That power could heap, or cruelty invent.
With arms, and feet, and neck in shackles bound,
Deep in a dreary tower, in gloom profound
She cast him, where no ray of cheerful light
From Phœbus e'er dispell'd the dismal night,
Nor there with other food his hunger fed,
But a short portion of unwholesome bread
Putrid and foul! and oft withheld, to waste
His life by slow degrees; and o'er him plac'd
A keeper, who excell'd her barbarous zeal
To make him every human misery feel.
Had Anon's fair and valiant daughter heard,
Or great Marphisa (both through Earth rever'd
For deeds of arms), that thus with lingering pains
Rogero prisoner lay in galling chains,
To set him free, how soon, without regard
Of death and danger, either had prepar'd;
No more had Bradamant, to yield him aid,
Respect to Beatrice or Amon paid.
Meantime king Charles, revolving in his breast
His promise given at Bradamant's request;
That none in marriage should her hand obtain,
But he who could in arms her force sustain,
Not only at his court, with trumpet's sound
Her challenge told, but through each region round
That own'd his sway, he bade the list proclaim,
Till wide from realm to realm was spread the fame.
The terms were these, declar'd by herald's voice,
That who on Amon's daughter fix'd his choice,
Should first against her prove his single might
From rising Phœbus till his setting light:
And should he, unsubdu'd, so long withstand
The virgin's force, she by his stronger hand
Would own her prowess conquer'd, nor deny
Consent to knit with him the nuptial tie:
That, waving all pretensions, would she yield
To him the choice of weapons for the field;
As well she might, inur'd all arms to bear,
On foot, on horse, in every form of war.

Amon, who durst in such a cause no more
Oppose his sovereign, gave the contest o'er;
And, after various thoughts in vain revolv'd,
To lead his daughter to the court resolv'd.
Though deep resentment swell'd the mother's breast,
Nor in herself her anger she suppress'd
Against the dame; yet, for her honour's sake,
She caus'd fair robes, with sumptuous cost, to make
Of blended hues, and, as her rank requir'd,
With these the lovely Bradamant attir'd;
Who to the palace with her sire return'd,
Where soon, alas! her absent knight she mourn'd.
As one in April fair, or genial May,
Who leaves with blossom'd sweets the garden gay,
Again returning, when the solar rays
Decline more south, and shorter leave the days,
Thinks all a wild: so seem'd the court no more
To her that splendid court it look'd before.
She dares not ask, lest question might reveal
What in her heart she labours to conceal;
Yet listens oft, and hopes some tongue may tell
(Unask'd of her) what chance the knight befel.
All knew he left the court; but none divin'd
What course he took, or what his thoughts design'd:
Departing thence, he to his squire alone,
His faithful follower, made his purpose known.
Ah! how she sigh'd! ah! how with sudden dread
Her heart was seiz'd to hear her lover fled!
Ah! how she fear'd, lest he in absence sought
By slow degrees to drive her from his thought!
That finding thus their loves by Amon cross,
And every hope to be her consort lost;
He shunn'd her sight, by distance to remove
The cruel pangs of unavailing love:
Perchance, from realm to realm, to seek a dame
Whose merits might expunge his former flame.
A new reflection then succeeds, and shows
Rogero ever constant to his vows.
Herself she blames, that could his faith distrust
With weak surmises and with fears unjust.
Now she accuses, now her knight defends:
Now sinks the scale of hope, and now ascends!
Yet for her peace she rather strives to choose
The best opinion, and the worst refuse;
Then mourns, as for some crime, that e'er her mind,
To groundless fears and jealousies resign'd,
Should doubt his truth—then beats her breast and cries,
As if she present her Rogero spies:
"Forgive me—I have err'd—but ah! the cause,
Through which I err, to deeper errour draws
My hapless soul—the cause is love, whose dart
Has trac'd thy dearest image in my heart:
There lives thy courage, there each grace enshrin'd,
Th' acknowledg'd praise, the theme of all mankind!
It cannot be, but every maid or dame
Who views thy charms must feel the gentle flame,
And every art employ, by woman known,
To loose my ties, and bind thee with her own.
Oh! had but love thy thoughts as justly trac'd
Within my heart, as there thy form is plac'd,
Full sure I were those undeserv'd to view
(What now conceal'd I deem them) just and true:
Then every anxious doubt and scruple o'er,
My heart shall throb with jealous pangs no more.
As when the miser from his hoarded gold
Afar dejo'u'd, in thought most still beheld
His dearer part, and sees, in fancy's eyes,
Some envious thief purloin the glittering prize:
So, my Rogero, when I cease to hear
Thy voice, to view thy face, soon chilling fear
All hopes destroys—I know my fears untrue,
But cannot, as I would, those fears subdue.
Turn, my Rogero, turn—that peace restore
Which grief has nearly kill'd, to rise no more.
As, when the setting Sun forsakes the skies,
With shades increas'd increasing terrours rise:
Soon as his beams return, the shades decrease,
And with the lessening shades our terrours cease:
Rogero absent, every hope is crost,
Rogero present, every fear is lost!
Turn, my Rogero, turn, ere fears destroy
Each little hope, and poison future joy!
As sparks by night diffuse a gleamy ray,
That sudden fades at near approach of day;
So, when my sun withdraws his parting light,
My grief is strengthened with the mental night:
But when again in eastern state he burns,
My sorrows vanish, and my joy returns!
Come then, my dearest light! whose beams control
The sable terrours that surround my soul.
When the low Sun brings on the shortening days
The earth no more her wonted charms displays;
The hollow winds are clogg'd with ice and snow,
No birds are heard, no blossom'd odours blow:
So thou, my life's dear son, whose rays impart
The genial warmth to cheer my drooping heart,
When thou art gone, what cares my soul infest!
What more than winter desolates my breast!
Return, my cheering Sun, and with thee bring
The smiling treasures of the blooming Spring;
So shall my soul thy healing influence prove,
Oh! chase my winter, and my clouds remove!"
As Progne or as Philomela mourns,
That to her helpless young with food returns,
And finds the nest by cruel hands despoil'd:
As wails the turtle by her mate beguil'd:
So Bradamant laments her absent knight,
As torn for ever from her longing sight:
Adown her cheek the trickling sorrows steal,
While yet she strives her anguish to conceal.
How had her grief to grief unequall'd grown,
Could she have heard (to her, alas! unknown)
That, kept in torment, her unhappy lord
Lay prisoner, sentenc'd to a death abhorr'd!
The dreadful sufferings, and the lingering pains
Of that good knight, who groan'd in hostile chains,
(His fate by that relentless dame design'd
With tortures keen of unexampled kind)
All gracious Heaven (by suffering virtue won)
Brought to the ear of Cæsar's courteous son,
And his great soul inspir'd with means to save
The peerless hero from a cruel grave.
The noble Leon, who Rogero lov'd,
(His name unknown) by that high valour mov'd
Which, first on Earth, the wondering prince esteem'd
Above a man's, and more than mortal deem'd;
Long counsell'd with himself, in close debate;
At length devis'd such means t' elude his fate,
That Theodora never should complain,
Her wish'd revenge by him was render'd vain.
Apart to him he spoke, with whom remain'd
The prisoner's charge, whose walls the knight detain'd,
And told his purpose, ere the doom severe
Was finish'd, with the prisoner to confer.
'Twas night: he chose companion of his way
A friend, well try'd at every hard essay:

Then to the captain of the tower he came,
And instant gain'd access with Leon's name.
The keeper, for the visit well prepar'd,
Suspecting nought, without his wonted guard
Led Leon and his friend, where lay confin'd
The knight to death's severest pangs assign'd.
Now near the place arriv'd, the wary two
Pursu'd, and as the keeper stooping drew
A portal's bar, around his neck they cast
The fatal noose—he gasp'd, and breath'd his last.
A door they rais'd, and by a ladder plac'd
For such intent, the prince, with friendly haste,
Descending went to where Rogero lay,
Exhaled from the bosom of cheerful day:
A lighted torch he held, by which he found,
Stretch'd on an iron grate, the champion bound,
Where, on a palm, beneath his dreadful bed
With putrid damps a stagnant water spread.
Without the hangman, axe, or cord, or knife,
The place had soon cut short his wretched life.
Leon, dissolv'd in pity, to his breast
Rogero closely held, and thus address'd:
"Sir knight! thy virtues o'er my willing mind
Full empire hold, and to thy service bind
My future life—thy good o'er mine I prize,
And for thy safety I my own despise.
My friendship stands avow'd—thy love I place
Above my sire, my kindred, all my race.
Then hear me,—Leon am I call'd, the son
Of Constantine, to thy assistance won:
In person view me here, my love to show,
With danger, should my sire my purpose know,
To live an exile from his regal seat,
Or in his court his frowns eternal meet:
For thee he hates, by whom on yonder plain
His bands were near Belgrado chas'd or slain."
He said: and, while he thus discourse pursu'd,
Whose gentle cordial ebbing life renew'd,
His pious hands each straiten'd hand unty'd:
"What thanks to thee I owe!" Rogero cried,
"This being, sav'd by thee, is mine no more;
This to my dear deliverer I restore,
Whene'er, O prince! shall Heaven my prayers attend
For thee my sword to use, my life to spend."
Rogero thus; and from the dungeon fled,
Where in his place remain'd the keeper dead.
Himself unknown, unknown with him the two:
Good Leon to his home Rogero drew,
And there, in friendly guise, some days detain'd,
With promise while in safety he remain'd,
His arms and generous courser to restore,
Though them withheld in stern Ungviardo's power.
The prison open'd, and the prisoner's flight,
And keeper kill'd, were known by morning light.
This way and that was sway'd the hearer's mind,
Each heard the tale, but none the truth divin'd.
None through the world had Leon e'er believ'd
The friend from whom Rogero aid receiv'd:
Leon, whom each suppos'd with hate pursu'd
The knight, nor sought his safety but his blood.
Meanwhile the matchless courtesy impress'd
Such grateful wonder in Rogero's breast,
So chang'd the purpose, that, for many a mile,
Had led him thither with unceasing toil:
Repentant now his former thoughts he view'd;
For other thoughts the soften'd knight pursu'd:
The first by hatred, gall and venom fir'd:
The last by love and love-born peace inspir'd.
At morn, at night, he ponder'd in his mind,
(All other cares would scarce admittance find,)
How with like courtesy, or more, to pay
The grateful debt that on his honour lay:
To him it seem'd, whate'er his life's extent,
For such a friend should all his days be spent;
A thousand times death ventur'd for his sake
Would scarce, he deem'd, a just requital make.
At length from France the king's decree was known,
Which wide around the herald's trump had blown,
That he whose hand would Bradamant obtain,
Must with his sword and shield her force sustain.
Such little joy this news in Leon bred,
That from his cheek the doubtful colour fled:
For well he knew, by many a proof display'd,
His arm too weak to meet the Dordan maid.
Now with himself he seem'd the means to spy,
By art his want of vigour to supply;
If in his garb this unknown knight conceal'd,
He sent his proxy to the listed field;
Whose force and courage well he deem'd might stand
Against the best of Gallia's martial band.
But first he rested to dispose the knight
To enter for his sake the field of fight;
Then, in his stead, from all disguis'd, to place
In Grecian garb array'd the dame to face.
Now to his friend the secret of his breast
He told, and urg'd, with prayers, the dear request,
Him, for his sake, beneath a borrow'd name,
With foreign vesture clad, to meet the dame.
Much could the Grecian's eloquence, but more
Than all his eloquence, the sacred power
Of gratitude, that singly could control
The tenderest feelings of Rogero's soul:
While his heart shudder'd at the suit, he try'd
With outward smiles his inward pangs to hide;
And answer'd, that he soon prepar'd to prove
All hazards due to noble Leon's love.
Yet scarce his lips[a] had given these accents breath,
When, at his heart, he felt a stroke like death.
By day, by night, the youth more wretched grew;
By day, by night, nor peace nor rest he knew:
He saw too well his future doom was seal'd,
But never wish'd his promis'd word repeal'd:
A thousand deaths he rather chose to die,
Than e'er a suit, by Leon urg'd, deny.
His death is fix'd: if Bradamant he leaves,
He leaves his life, her loss his soul bereaves
Of every bliss—but should his inward grief
Too feeble prove to work its own relief,
Himself can free with predetermin'd hand
His tortur'd spirit from her fleshly band:
Prepar'd for all, rather than living groan
To see her made a bride—and not his own.
Though resolute to die, his mind as yet
Ungertain, wavers how his fate to meet;
Sometimes he thinks his skill in arms to hide,
And to the dame expose his naked side:
For how so happy could he sink in death,
As by her hand to yield his parting breath!

[a] Metastasio, in his Olympiad, has closely copied this beautiful passage of Rogero's grateful generosity to Leon. Megacles, secretly in love with Aristea, daughter to Clistenes, king of Sicyon, is in the drama requested by his friend Lycidas to enter the lists in his name, in order to win for him Aristea, who had been promised as the reward of the conqueror. Many circumstances in the elegant dramatist are delicately grafted on this inimitable original.

But soon reflection whisper'd to his thought,
Not so must Leon's friendship be forgot:
His faith he plighted in the single strife,
To win for him fair Bradamant to wife;
Not with feign'd show of fruitless arms deceive,
And Leon of his promis'd aid bereave.
Thus still unstain'd his candid faith he held;
And while his thoughts, now here, now there rebell'd,
He turn'd from all, save those that would persuade
His heart to keep the vow his friendship made.
Now Leon from his father Constantine
Had leave obtain'd to forward his design,
With arms and coursers and a numerous guard,
And all that suited for his rank prepar'd.
His march began: with him Rogero rode,
Who now his arms restor'd, and courser, ow'd
To Leon's care. Day following day they pass'd,
Till entering France, they Paris reach'd at last.
Here Leon stay'd without the city's gate,
Then pitch'd beneath the walls, in regal state,
His lofty tent, and one dispatch'd to bear
His princely greeting to the monarch's ear.
Full glad was Charles, and well his friendship show'd
By visits paid, and costly gifts bestow'd.
His cause of coming then the prince disclos'd,
And pray'd, to what the herald's voice propos'd,
A speedy issue, that the dame who chose
A lord that singly could her strength oppose,
The list would enter, since by her in arms
He came to die, or win her virgin charms.
Thus he; and Charles for Bradamant declar'd
That she th' ensuing morn, in steel prepar'd,
Would pass the gates, and in the list (by night
Beneath the bulwarks form'd) await the fight.
How from the setting Sun to rising day,
Did sad Rogero mourn the hours away!
So waits a wretch condemn'd the break of morn,
The light that must to him no more return!
All arm'd he chose to enter in the field,
To keep from each his looks, his mien conceal'd:
No steed he rode, nor pointed spear would shake,
Nor, save his sword, would arms offensive take:
No lance he took, yet fear'd he not the power
Of that which fram'd of gold Argalia bore,
Which, next Astolpho, now the virgin held,
Which every warrior from his seat compell'd;
Yet none were conscious what the spear could do;
And none, whose hand the weapon wielded, knew
Its magic virtue, save the king alone,
Who made, and gave the weapon to his son.
Astolpho and the virgin, since decreed
To bear the lance in many a martial deed,
Both form'd, alike in jousts their native might,
Bore off the palm from every other knight;
That every javelin, in their grasp, would gain,
Like this, the conquest of the listed plain.

Such fight Rogero now resolv'd to shun:
He fear'd Frontino in the tilt to run;
Him had the damsel seen, full well he knew,
Her heedful eyes might at a single view
That courser call to mind, which oft she rein'd,
Which long at Mount Albano she detain'd.
Rogero thus, whose every thought and care
Would keep his person secret from the fair,
Nor took his steed, nor aught that might reveal
By tokens what he labour'd to conceal.
Another sword he for the combat chose:
He knew for Balisarda's lightest blows,
Nor helm, nor shield, nor cuirass could avail,
Nor strongly temper'd plate, nor twisted mail.
And ere the falchion by his side he plac'd,
Its point he blunted, and its edge defac'd.
To seem like Leon, o'er his arms he wore
The regal scarf, by Leon worn before;
The golden eagle, with his double head,
He bore emblazon'd on a field of red.
Well might the knights each other's vesture take,
Alike their stature, and alike their make:
Th' exchange complete, one issu'd to the field,
While one within the tent remain'd conceal'd.
Thus arm'd amid the lists Rogero stood,
When with the dawn the bright horizon glow'd.
From his far different was the virgin's will:
Rogero, all in fear her blood to spill,
Retates his weapon's edge: the haughty maid,
Eager with his to bathe her beamy blade,
Adds sharpness to the steel; and hopes to view,
Through sever'd plates, the wound each stroke pursue;
With point or edge to reach the vital part,
And drive the falchion to her suitor's heart.
As the bold courser, nerv'd for rapid pace,
Impatient waits the signal for the race;
Now here, now there, he shifts his feet by turns,
He pricks his ears, each smoking nostril burns:
So the fierce dame, who little thought the knight
Her dear Rogero thus prepar'd for fight;
The trumpet waiting, seem'd through all her frame
To swell with ardour, and to glow with flame.
As often to the thunder's dreadful sound
Dire winds succeed, and from the dark profound
Upturn the waves; or from the desert land
In thickening volumes lift the heapy sand:
Wild beasts and swains, with flocks affrighted fly,
Bleak hail and rain come rattling from the sky:
So seem'd the virgin, when the trumpet blew,
So, with drawn sword against Rogero flew.
Not less some ancient oak, or stone-built tower
Of deep foundation, yields to Boreas' power;
Not less some solid rock's resisting height
To angry billows, dash'd by day and night,
Than good Rogero (in his fated arms[10]
Which Hector wore, secur'd by Vulcan's charms)

* The reader will, it is hoped, indulge the translator with a general observation on the circumstances attending this duel between Rogero and Bradamant, that the romantic turn of the fiction is more than compensated for by the many fine strokes of nature introduced in the narrative; particularly when he tells us, that while Rogero with the tenderness of a lover blunts his weapon, through fear to wound her, she, with the sentiments suiting her situation, adds sharpness to hers: these are certainly the touches of a master.

[10] It appears here, that Rogero fought this duel with Bradamant in the enchanted armour, which he won from Mandricardo, which was impenetrable; over which he wore the regal vest of Leon: and yet in the next Book, when he is brought back by Leon to the court of Charlemain, he is said to have the same arms which he wore in the list with Bradamant, and which are described to be hacked and battered in the combat: the poet's words are,

Con le medesme insegne, e sopra veste,
Che cone l'armi nella pugna fiero.
Eran tagliate ancor forate e peste.
Lib. xlvi. st. 52.

Yields to the tempest, that with rage address'd,
Pours on his bosom, side, his shield and crest.
Now at full length the maid her weapon drove;
Now endlong thrust, while all intent she strove
Between the jointed plates immers'd to view
Her lover's blood the smoking steel imbrue.
Before, behind, now shifting side to side,
Oft wheeling round her furious strokes she ply'd;
And inward rav'd, upprest with high disdain,
To find that every stroke was aim'd in vain.
As one, that to some town strong siege applies,
Whose circling walls in solid bulwarks rise,
Oft gives th' assault; now seeks the gates to break,
Now fill the fosse, and now the ramparts shake:
He seeks his falling ranks with slaughter thin,
And vainly hopes his entrance soon to win.
So toil'd the dame—but nothing could avail
Her wonted force to shatter plate or mail.
Now from his cuirass, now his helmet high,
Now from his shield she makes the sparkles fly:
Thick, and more thick, as on the rustic shed
The pattering hail, her rapid blows she sped.
Rogero stood collected, to attend
With skill his safety, nor the maid offend.
He lifts his shield, and parries with his steel
The strokes he sees the adverse weapon deal:
Seldom he strikes, or strikes with fondest care,
In doubt to hurt the lov'd yet cruel fair.
Meanwhile the virgin burns, as fading light
The sky forsaking, warn'd to end the fight.
And now she call'd to mind the terms propos'd,
Her danger pressing as the evening clos'd;
For should she fail in one day's course to slay,
Or take her suitor, she becomes his prey.
Now where the flood Alcides' pillars laves,
Phœbus prepar'd to plunge beneath the waves
His golden head, when first a doubt prevail'd
Of her own strength, and hope of conquest fail'd.
As sunk her hope, the more her fury grew,
And thick and heavier round her weapon flew,
To break that armour, which, essay'd in vain,
Could all the day her force unhurt sustain.
As one, who to his task his hand applies,
And sees the night th' unfinish'd work surprise,
In vain with double toil would time retrieve,
Till strength and day-light lost his views deceive.
O wretched damsel!! wert thou given to know
The knight at whom thou aim'st the mortal blow;
Didst thou Rogero see, the youth on whom
Hang all thy wishes, all thy joys to come!
Far rather wouldst thou die than see his death,
On whose dear life depends thy fleeting breath;
And should thy own Rogero stand avow'd, [stow'd!
How wouldst thou mourn each stroke thy arm be-

——All those arms that in the list he bore,
With every mark of that day's fight confest,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd crest.
Ver. 413.

Ariosto appears to forget that these arms were enchanted.

"Spenser has a passage similar to this, where Arthegal and Britomart fight together unknown to each other; and Arthegal, pressing her with great fury, the poet breaks out into this exclamation,

Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel heart,
That work'st such wreck on her to whom thou dearest art!
Fairy Queen, b. iv. c. vi. st. 16.

King Charles, and all th' assembled peers, who thought
That Leon thus, and not Rogero, fought,
Beholding how so match'd in equal field,
He stood with Bradamant his arms to wield;
How with such skill he could himself defend,
And yet the safety of the dame attend, [breast,
With wonder gaz'd—while breath'd from breast to
Each to his fellow thus his thoughts express'd:
"Sure Heaven has aptly form'd this noble pair,
She merits well the knight, and he the fair!"
When Phœbus in the seas had quench'd his light,
Imperial Charles commands to stay the fight:
And dooms the maid no more delay to make,
But for her spouse victorious Leon take.
Rogero would not here his helm unlace,
Nor from his limbs the weighty mail unbrace,
But on a palfrey mounting, swiftly went
Where Leon waited in the regal tent:
His arms around the warrior Leon threw,
And like a brother to his bosom grew;
Then swift his helmet rais'd, his face reveal'd,
And with a cordial kiss each cheek he seal'd.
"My all is yours! dispose of all," he cried,
"Partake my treasures and my power divide:
Ne'er shall I rest till some return I make,
For friendship thus display'd for Leon's sake.
Yet what return!—how shall I e'er repay
The boundless gift of this auspicious day?
Not though the crown of our imperial race
I take from mine, and on thy temples place."
Thus he: Rogero, who in anguish burn'd,
Who loath'd his being, no reply return'd;
But to the prince restor'd his vest and shield,
So late his ensigns in the listed field:
His unicorn he took; and now, as prest
With heavy toil, and feigning want of rest,
He thence withdrew, and soon his tent regain'd,
Where when the night in middle silence reign'd,
Unseen of all, his limbs in arms he cas'd,
And on his generous steed the trappings plac'd;
Then press'd the seat, resolv'd alone to stray,
And his Frontino left to choose the way.
Frontino now direct, now devious past, [waste,
Now through the champaign, now the woodland
And all the remnant night his lord he bore,
Who ceas'd not once his fortune to deplore:
On death he call'd; from death invok'd relief;
To heal the anguish of a lover's grief:
Death, and death only, could a period give
For woes too exquisite to bear and live!
"Of whom, alas!" he cried, "shall I complain,
For all this suffering which I now sustain?
Ah! would I now revenge the pangs I feel,
On whom, alas! such vengeance shall I deal
But on myself?—To me my fate I owe,
From me alone my springs of sorrow flow.
It fits that on myself my rage I turn,
Myself the wretched cause of all I mourn!
But how, when on my Bradamant is brought
An equal woe, can I support the thought?
Though for myself I unreveng'd might groan,
Her pains that vengeance claim, deny'd my own.
Ye—I will die for thee—for thy dear sake
This willing life shall some atonement make:
I but regret such fate I fail'd to prove,
Ere I so far had injur'd her I love!
Why died I not, when, doom'd to cruel pains,
I lay in ruthless Theodora's chains?
Then had I hop'd to find the pitying tear
Of Bradamant bedew Rogero's bier:

But when she knows that Leon's bliss I hold
Above her own; that, not by force compell'd,
To him I sacrific'd a lover's flame,
How will she, dead or living, loath my name!"
While words like these his inward grief confess'd,
Sighs following sighs quick bursting from his breast,
Uprose the Sun, when gazing round he spy'd
Thick dreary wilds perplex'd on every side.
Fix'd in despair, and resolute to die,
Remote from man, where not a human eye
Might view his fate; this place appear'd design'd
To suit the dreadful purpose of his mind.
The wood he pierc'd, where deepest he survey'd
The meeting shade inwove with meeting shade;
But first from reins and bit Frontino freed,
Releas'd, and thus address'd his gallant steed:
"O my Frontino[19]! were it mine to give
What worth like thine should from thy lord receive,
Thou shouldst not envy him who now obtains
A starry seat on Heaven's ethereal plains:
Not Cyllarus and bold Arion claim
Superior praise, or ask a nobler fame:
Nor any steed, whose merits could engage
The Grecian or the Latian's story'd page;
Since thou mayst rank with these, with these that most
Excel their breed; not one of which can boast
What thee exalts o'er all thy generous race;
For she, the pride of beauty, valour's grace,
Oft with her hand supply'd the foodful grain,
Thy trappings girt, and fix'd thy curbing rein.
Dear wert thou to my dame—but wherefore mine!
My dame no more!—that title I resign!—
I yield her to another—trusty sword!
Now turn thy point against thy faithless lord."
While thus Rogero through the desert grove
Can birds and beasts to share his sorrows move,
For these alone his mournful plaints attend,
As down his breast the frequent tears descend;
Think not his faithful Bradamant remains
In Paris free from love's heart-rending pains:
No vain excuses more, no feign'd delay
With Leon can elude the nuptial day.
What would she do for her Rogero's sake,
Ere yield consent another lord to take?
Break every tie, the king, the court oppose,
Make parents, friends, and all the world her foes.
Should nothing yet avail, at least might death,
With sword or poison, end her hated breath:
And better far she deem'd to live no more,
Than living her Rogero's loss deplore.
"Ah! my Rogero, whither art thou fled?
Art thou so far remote," the mourner said,

"That ne'er to thee our challenge stood reveal'd,
From thee alone, of all mankind conceal'd?
O! could the news have reach'd thy faithful ear,
No speed like thine had met the summons here.
Ah! wretch—what other can my thoughts suggest,
Than that which, but surmising, rives my breast?
Why can't thou not to make my joys run o'er?
But ah! thou liv'st in bonds—or liv'st no more!
Too surely Constantine's detested heir
Has for thy life or freedom spread the snare;
By fraud thy timely coming to prevent,
Lest thy return should frustrate his intent.
From mighty Charles a sovereign grant I gain'd,
A grant, which, save myself, had none obtain'd;
In form belief, thou only in the list
Of single trial could'st my arms resist:
Thyself except—all others I defy'd——
Lo! God has punish'd such o'erweening pride;
And he, who never yet in arms had run
One glorious course, from me the palm has won.
But am I vanquish'd, that I fail'd to take
Proud Leon's life, or him the captive make?
Can this be just?—Were these the terms agreed?
Or this the doom by partial Charles decreed?
What once I proffer'd, if I now disclaim,
I know inconstancy must brand my name:
But am I then the first or last to show
That change most ever govern all below?
Yet call me lighter than the leaves that strew
The plains of autumn from the sapless bough:
Let but my truth to him I lov'd be prov'd,
Firm as a rock by surging tides unmov'd,
Surpassing every praise by woman told,
In modern story, or in times of old!"
These words and many more the virgin spoke,
While sighs incessant from her bosom broke:
And all the live-long night in tears she lay,
The night succeeding that ill-omen'd day:
But when in grottos of Cimmerian shade
Retreating night her weary limbs had laid:
Heaven brought her aid—whose all-directing mind
In her Rogero's future bride design'd:
By Heaven impell'd, at morn the fearless dame,
Marphisa, to the sovereign presence came;
And said, her soul in secret had disdain'd
The wrong Rogero in his wife sustain'd:
His was the bride—nor would a sister view
Another's claim usurp her brother's due;
And proffer'd to maintain in single fight
The hand of Bradamant Rogero's right;
But proffer'd chief before the destin'd bride
To prove the truth (if she such truth deny'd)
That in her presence she those words had heard
Of faith exchang'd, by all mankind rever'd;
Given to Rogero by the virgin fair
With every rite that binds th' affianc'd pair.
That each from each no second choice would prove,
Or to another e'er transfer their love.
Thus she; and Charles was mov'd at what she said,
And bade the virgin to his sight be led.
To her the king Marphisa's words declar'd,
And Amon present, in the converse shar'd;
While Bradamant with eyes cast downward stood,
Nor yet the truth deny'd, nor yet avow'd;
Yet seem'd her silent and modest blush to own,
What thus Marphisa's friendly zeal made known.
Rinaldo much, and much Atlantes' knight
Rejoic'd to hear Rogero's sacred right
So well maintain'd; the nuptials set aside,
And Leon baffled of his promis'd bride.

[19] These speeches to horses are frequent in the romance writers, and are not without example in the greater poets, for which we may refer the reader to the speeches of Achilles and Hector to their horses. Cervantes, not improbably with an eye to this passage of Ariosto, makes Don Quixote, before he enters upon his penance in the mountain of Sierra Morena, upon releasing Rosinante, to address him in the following manner: "O steed, as excellent in thy performances as unfortunate by thy fate, he gives thee liberty who wants it himself. Go whither thou wilt; for thou hast it written in thy forehead, that neither Astolpho's Hippogriff nor the famous Frontino could match thee in speed."
Jarvis's Don Quixote, vol. i. b. iii. c. xi.

Rogero one must Bradamant espouse,
They deem, nor Amon more control their vows;
And she, deliver'd from her sire's command,
To good Rogero give her willing hand.
If thus between the pair the contract stood,
Rinaldo and Orlando might conclude
Their promise well confirm'd: so strife might cease,
And all henceforth be union, love, and peace.
Impatient Amon then—"A shallow wile
Is this, contriv'd a parent to beguile.
But were that truth, which you in fraud pretend,
Believe not this my fix'd resolves to bend.
For let us grant (what yet I still deny)
My daughter could in some frail hour comply
To give her hand in marriage to the youth,
And he to her had pledg'd his future truth:
Yet, when or where was this exchange of heart;
The time, the place, each circumstance impart.
Such contract must have been (if e'er believ'd)
Before Rogero had her faith receiv'd.
But what imports a contract made before
Rogero had embrac'd the Christian lore?
Such vows can never with our laws agree,
When he a Pagan, a believer she.
For this has Leon risk'd his fame in vain
With Bradamant, on you contested plain?
And will our emp'ror, still for justice fam'd,
Reverse the sentence he so late proclaim'd?
These pleas of vain delay which each would bring
You should long since have urg'd, ere yet the king,
At her request, the martial challenge sped,
Which to the trial generous Leon led."
Thus Amon, who to part the lovers sought,
Against Rinaldo and Orlando brought
His specious charge—while Charles, to either side
Impartial, nor to this nor that reply'd.
As when some wood the north or south receives,
A murmuring noise is heard among the leaves;
Or Eolus his wrath on Neptune pours,
The loud waves dash, and reluctant beat the shores;
The rumour thus of deep dissension bred
Among the peers, through all the kingdom spread:
On this alone each ear attentive hung;
This was the theme of every eager tongue.
Some with Rogero, some with Leon join'd;
But most to good Rogero's cause inclin'd.
For one that favour'd Amon, ten preferr'd
The lover's claim: the emp'ror silent heard,
Refer'd the just decision to the laws,
And to the nation's council left the cause.
The nuptials thus defer'd, Marphisa came,
And new conditions thus began to frame.
[cried,
"Since, while my brother lives, none else," she
"Can with this dame in wedlock's bands be ty'd,
Let Leon (if he seeks the maid to wife)
First meet Rogero's arms in single strife,
And he, by whom his noble foe is slain,
Without a rival shall his bliss obtain."
Marphisa said: the trial thus propos'd,
Imperial Charles to Leon's cardisclos'd,
Who, while he saw auxiliar at his side
The champion of the unicorn shield,
Secure of conquest o'er Rogero stood,
And every enterprise undaunted view'd.
He heard unmov'd Marphisa's challenge given;
But little dreamt that grief his friend had driven
To savage wilds, abandon'd and forlorn;
And vainly long expected his return.
And now he fear'd too boldly he presag'd
Success, and rashly had his name engag'd.
One day, another came, nor yet appear'd
The absent knight, nor tidings yet were heard.
By proof too well assur'd he knew his hand
Could ne'er in combat with Rogero stand;
And hence alarm'd, he sought with anxious mind
The warrior of the unicorn to find,
Through cities, towns, and villages he sent,
Afar and near his trusty envoys went:
Nor thus content, in person next he press'd
His steed, and to the search himself address'd:
He sought amidst th' unnumber'd Christian train;
But vain his search, inquiry all was vain,
Till sage Melissa came; what aid from her
He met, I to th' ensuing book defer.

BOOK XLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Leon goes in search of Rogero, and is met by Melissa, who conducts him to the wood where Rogero had retired with a resolution to end his life. Meeting of the two friends. Rogero discovers himself to Leon. Generosity of Leon. Rogero returns with them to the court of Charles. His reception there. The Bulgarian ambassadors invite him to take possession of the crown of Bulgaria. Amon and Beatrice consent to give him Bradamant to wife, and the marriage is celebrated with great pomp. Particular description of the nuptial tent and bed provided by Melissa. On the last day of the festival a knight appears before the assembly, and challenges Rogero to single combat. The knight proves to be Rodomont. Rogero accepts the challenge; and, after a dreadful combat, Rodomont is slain; with whose death the poem concludes.

Now, if my chart be true[1], these longing eyes
Will soon perceive the port in prospect rise,

[1] The very poetical opening of this last Book, with the metaphor drawn from a ship, appears to be imitated by Spenser in the first book of his Fairy Queen, canto xii.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary course to bend,
Vere the main sheet and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kend'd, &c. St. 1.

Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come into a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load,

Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she, repaired, have her tackles spent,
And wants supply'd——And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent,
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent.
St. xlii.

And Dante, in the beginning of his second,

Per correr miglior acqua alza le vele
Homai la navicella del mio ingegno,
Che lascia dietro a se mar sì crudele.

Now let my Muse's vessel court the wind
With spreading sails, securer seas to find,
And leave the cruel stormy main behind.

Berni has borrowed the two first lines of Dante,

Where to that power I hope my vows to pay,
Who safely led me such a length of way;
When late I fear'd a wandering course to keep,
Or scarce return, escaping from the deep,
With shrouds and tackle torn—But now behold
Th' approaching bay its welcome arms unfold!
Hark! how the sounds of transport rend the sky!
Hark! how the thunders o'er the billows fly!
I hear the clang of bells, and trumpets loud,
Mix'd with the tumults of the shouting crowd!
All seem rejoic'd to hail me near the shore,
My voyage finish'd, and my perils o'er!
Oh! with what fair and prudent dames around!
Oh! with what knights I see the harbour crown'd!
See Mamma [1] and Geneura [2] grace the coast.
Lo! there the damsel train, Correggio's boast [3].
See these Veronica of Gambera [4] join,
So dear to Phœbus and th' Idalian Nine!
Sprung from the first, again Geneura view;
Behold a Julia [5] near her steps pursue!
I see Hippolita, of Sforza nam'd [6],
Triulzia, from the holy cavern fam'd [7].
Emilia Pia [8], hail! and hail with thee
Fair Margarita: Gratiosa see!
Angela Borgia, deck'd with every grace:
Richarda [9], born of Este's generous race.
Lo! where Bianca and Diana stand [10],
With all the sisterhood (a lovely band!)
Lo! beauteous Barbara [11] and Laura [12] there,
Both wise and virtuous prov'd beyond compare:

and placed them at the beginning of his second book of the Innamorato.

And, Pope,

Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?

Essay on Man, ep. i.

[1] He mentions Geneura three times, but it does not clearly appear whether they are all different persons. Mamma is no where else mentioned in the work.

[2] A general praise of the females of the family of Correggio. See Book xlii. Note to ver. 668.

[4] Signora Veronica de Gambera, countess of Correggio, and sister to the cardinal of Gambera, composed many verses, that show great marks of genius, in close imitation of Bembo. Fornari.

[5] Another Julia is mentioned, ver. 54, and particularly characterized; but it is uncertain whether they are different persons.

[6] Supposed to be one of the family of Ludovico Sforza, so often mentioned.

[7] Triulzia, a virgin of Milan, who at fourteen years of age gave surprising marks of genius; she was learned in the Latin and Greek languages, and from her excellence in poetry is said by the poet to have been led in the cave of Apollo, where the Sibyls delivered their oracles in verse.

Fornari.

[8] Emilia Pia is spoken of in the Cortegiano of Castiglione with great praise. Fornari.

[9] See Note on Book xiii. ver. 466.

[10] This Diana is supposed here to be the same person that is celebrated in the xliii Book, ver. 652.

[11] He is here supposed to mean Barbara Torea, daughter of the duke of Brandenburgh, married to Ludovico Gonzaga II. marquis of Mantua; for his courage surnamed the Turk, and by her compa-

The Sun from India's clime to Afric's coast
Surveys not two that nobler praise can boast.
Behold Geneura! one whose virtues shine
With richest gems in Malatesta's line [13];
That never regal or imperial name
Receiv'd from any more exalted fame.
Oh! had she liv'd what time with mighty hand
Cæsar of old subdu'd the Gallic land;
When flush'd with conquest, if to pass the flood
And Rome defy, in awful pause he stood [14];
Sure low on earth his vaunted banners thrown,
And every trophy as his battles won,
He to her will had bow'd his haughty crest,
Nor e'er his country's liberty oppress.
Next of my Bendo [15], in order told,
Wife, mother, sister, all his kin behold.
With Bentivoglio's [16] soy Torelli's stand,
With Pallavigini's [17], Visconti's band:
These peerless dames the praise from all shall gain,
From new or old, from Greek or Roman strain.
For beauty, grace, where'er her foot she moves,
Julia Gonzaga [18] every heart approves:
Where'er she darts around her radiant eyes,
She looks a goddess lighted from the skies.
See next her one, who, close in blood ally'd [19],
With faith unsully'd, Fortune's frowns defy'd.
See Ann of Aragon [20], by Heaven so grac'd,
Fair, courteous, gentle, faithful, wise, and chaste.
Her sister view [21], before whose beauty's blaze
All beauty fades, and every charm decays!

nion Laura, the third wife of Alphonso, who, though of mean extraction, was a woman of excellent parts. Fornari.

[12] Geneura Malatesta, wife to one of the Obizzi in Ferrara, worthily celebrated by Tasso, and to whom he dedicated his first poems. There was another Geneura wife of the marquis Nicholo of Este, and sister to duke Hercules, who married Malatesta duke of Arimino, which may perhaps be the Geneura first mentioned by the poet. Ver. 17.

[13] Julius Cæsar having conquered Gaul, marched with his victorious army towards Rome in order to demand the consulship, but halted on the banks of the Rubicon, it being a decree among the Romans, that whoever passed that river in arms was an enemy to the state. Cæsar, having debated some time with himself, 'tis said that a man of a gigantic stature suddenly appeared, who, snatching a trumpet from one of the soldiers, sounded a charge, on which Cæsar exclaimed aloud, "Let us go—the die is cast!" and immediately crossed the river with all his army.

[14] Frederico Gonzaga, surnamed of Bozolo, from a castle on the river Oglio, was a valiant commander celebrated in the wars of France. Fornari.

[15] He here celebrates all the noble ladies of Bologna and Milan, of Ferrara, Urbino, and Mantua. Fornari.

[16] This is that noble lady mentioned by Jovius in his history, who being made captive by Barbarossa, with great difficulty, by means of a swift horse, escaped in the night, half naked, from the hands of Barbarossa, who had designed her for a present to Solyman. Lavezzola.

[17] Isabella della Colonna, kinswoman to Julia Gonzaga, and wife of Luigi Gazolo. Fornari.

[18] Marchioness of Vasto, the illustrious wife of Alphonso Davalo, daughter to Fernando of Aragon.

[19] Signora Giovanna, wife to Ascanio of Colonna.

Lo! there the dame [89] who takes from Styx's shore
(A great example now beheld no more)
Spite of the Parcæ, and in Death's despite,
Her glorious spouse to shine in heavenly light.
See where my patrons of Ferrara stand;
With these I see Urbino's courtly band.
Mantuans I see!—what dames, what damsels fair
From Lombardy and Tuscany repair!
Unless their beauties blind my dazzled sight,
Lo! Unico appears [91], a noble knight,
And Aretine [92], his age's glorious light!
Now Benedict I see [93], his kinsman, drest
In cowl of purple, and in purple vest;
With Mantua's cardinal [94]; and he whose fame,
The conclave graces with Campeius' name [95].
All these (or much I err) in looks and sign
Such friendly joy for my return declare,
That all my power can scarce suffice to show
The grateful thanks I to their goodness owe.
With these Lactantius [96], and Trissino see,
With Paulo Panza, Claudius Ptolemy [97],
The Roman Juvenal [98] methinks is near,
Sasso and Molza [99], and to me so dear
The Capilupi [100]; and, of equal fame,
Florian Montano comes my praise to claim,
Then he who led us to th' Assyrian shore [101]
In nearer paths, by feet untrod before,

Julio Camillo; while it seems I view
Sanga and Berna [102] midst the gentle crew:
Flaminio [103] next; with these in fair accord,
Lo! Alexander, my Farnesian lord [104]:
What learned throng he leads on either hand!
Phædro, Capello, Portia swell the band [105].
Bologna's Philip, Maddalena here [106],
And Blosio and Pierio [107] next appear,
With Volterranus [108]: Vida [109], ever fam'd
For elocution, of Cremona nam'd.
Lascari and Musuro [110] (generous pair!)
And Novagero [111], whom his deeds declare

[89] Marchioness of Pescara, spoken of in the xxxvith Book. See Note to ver. 193.

[91] The Cortegiano of Castiglione is full of the excellent qualities of this Unico. Aretine is spoken of largely in the note to ver. 207 of this Book.

[92] Cardinal of Ravenna, who died at Ferrara. Fornari.

[93] Hercules, son of Francisco Gonzaga, a man of singular virtues, the last of the marquises of Mantua, and brother to Frederic the first duke, was by Clement VII. made a cardinal of Mantua. Lorenzo Campegio of Bologna, a learned churchman and civilian, he composed many treatises: he was likewise made a cardinal by Clement VII.

[96] Lactantius and Claudius Ptolemy were of the same family, and bore the name of Ptolemy. Claudius was an excellent poet. Trissino, of Venice, was well read in Greek literature; he published many works in prose and verse, and was author of the epic poem entitled *Italia Liberata*. Paulo Panza was a Genoese, and wrote elegant Latin verses. Fornari.

[98] By the Roman Juvenal is meant Cortegiano, famous in the time of Leo X. and Clement. Fornari.

[99] Pamphilo Sasso, of Modena, wrote many verses, and composed in Latin. For Maria Molza, see Note to Book xxxvii. ver. 700.

[100] Lelio Capilupi, of Mantua, wrote sonnets and Latin verses; the poet says Capilupi in the plural number, meaning likewise the brother, called Hippolito, and perhaps the other three, they being five in all. Fornari.

[101] Julio Camillo, a Latin poet, who published many treatises, among which was The Theatre of Knowledge, by which he professed to shorten the road to learning, in allusion to the fiction of Hesiod, of suddenly becoming a poet by dreaming of Parnassus, and drinking of the water of Helicon. Fornari.

[102] Sanga was a skilful arithmetician, and for that quality much valued by Clement. Francesco Berna was a canon of the cathedral church of Florence: he composed many elegant poems full of wit and satire. Fornari.

[103] Marco Antonio Flaminio da Imola was a writer on sacred and philosophical subjects, and likewise an excellent Latin poet. Fornari.

[104] This Alexander being raised to the pontificate, assumed the name of Paul III. and being himself a scholar, he was a patron of genius and learning. Fornari.

[105] Phædro de Volterra was of the household of cardinal Pompeo della Colonna, together with Camillo Portia. For Capello, see Note to Book xxxvii. ver. 57.

[106] By the first, the poet is thought to have meant Philip, surnamed Beroaldo of Bologna, who was entertained by Leo X. and made librarian of the Vatican, in which post he died. Maddalena, famous at the Roman court, composed two ingenious epigrams upon Echo, which passed some time for ancient, and were much applauded. Fornari.

[107] Blosio Palladio was secretary to Clement VII. and well deserved to be mentioned by Ariosto among the worthies of the age. Pierio was a gentleman of Cividal, a writer in prose and verse: he published the various readings of Virgil, and a treatise on the Sphere, and wrote also a book on Egyptian learning. Fornari.

[108] Rafaello Volterrano, a man of deep learning. M. Girolamo Vida, of Cremona, wrote on sacred subjects in Latin verse. Fornari.

[110] Giovanni Lascari was the noblest and most learned of all the Greeks that took shelter in Italy from the Ottoman arms. He was well received by Lorenzo of Medicis, and sent by him into Greece, to bring away the ancient Greek books: he lived in splendour, though he was supported by the liberality of others; and died at Rome. M. Musuro was born in Crete; an elegant poet: he came to Rome, was liberally patronized by Leo X. and made archbishop of Ragusa; and, before he died, arrived at the dignity of cardinal. Fornari.

[111] Andrea Novagero, a Venetian gentleman, was under the discipline of M. Antonio Sabellico, while he publicly read lectures in the Greek and Latin. He wrote witty epigrams, free from all licentiousness, and was a great enemy to Martial. He likewise followed, at one time, the profession of arms. He died of a fever, brought on by violent fatigue, in the forty-seventh year of his age, the king of France lamenting his death, and paying him funeral honours. Fornari.

In virtue first: Andrea Marosi[38] view:
See Monaco Severo[39] those pursue.
Two Alexanders[40] more in yonder band:
There Orologi and Guarino stand[41]:
Lo! Marius of Olveto[42]! lo! where shine
The gifts of Pietro Aretine[43] divine,
The scourge of power and all the tyrant line.

Next two Jeronimos[44], and next I spy
Leoniceno and Mainardo[45] nigh: 110
Celio and Panizzate, Theocrine[46];
Bernardo Capel here[47]; and there is seen
Pietro Bembo[48], whose example taught,
And to its purity our idiom brought.

[38] Andrea Maroni was a great favourite of pope Leo, by whom he was crowned poet, for his talent of composing Latin verses extempore. Monaco Severo is said by some to be a monk of the monastery of Angels of Florence, and an intimate friend of Ariosto. He was author of many excellent compositions in prose and verse. Fornari.

[39] By one of these he means Alexander Orologi, a nobleman of Padua; and by the other Alexander Guarino. Fornari.

[40] Mario Equicola, called of Olveto, from his country in the kingdom of Naples. He lived a long time in the court of the marquis Frederico of Mantua. He wrote a book entitled, The Nature of Love; and many treatises in history and antiquity. Fornari.

[41] Pietro Aretine, a native of Arezzo, in Tuscany, born about the year 1490; a man of mean birth, but wonderful genius. He composed many satires and criticisms on the works of the learned, and disquisitions on the actions of the great. His writings were held in universal repute: retiring to Venice, he turned the force of his satire against kings, and obtained thereby the title of The Scourge of Princes. King Francis I. the emperor Charles V. the princes of Italy, several cardinals, and other great lords, purchased his friendship by considerable presents, either in fear of the poignancy of his wit, or in admiration of his talents. Hence the insolence of Aretine increased so far that he caused a medal to be struck, representing himself on one side with these words, IL DIVINO ARETINO; and on the reverse he appeared seated on a throne, receiving presents from the ambassadors of princes, with this inscription, I PRINCIPI TRIBUTATI DA POPULI TRIBUTANO IL SERVITOR LORO. *Princes who receive tribute from the people, pay tribute to their servant.*

At last the growing reputation of Nicolo Franco, his rival, and some blows which he received in chastisement from some Italian noblemen, greatly humbled him. He at times debased his genius by the grossest impurity and licentiousness, and the reading of many of his works was prohibited by the church, particularly his Dialogues, Letters, Discourses, and Twenty Sonnets on impure subjects, designed by Julio Romano, which were engraved by Marc Antonio, for which the engraver was thrown into prison by Clement VII. Towards the end of his life he composed a Paraphrase on the Psalms, under the title of *Arretino Penitente*; or, as others say, of *Partenio Etico*, being the anagram of his own name. He wrote likewise The Lives of the Blessed Virgin of St. Catharine, Thomas Aquinas, and others. He died at Venice about the year 1556, in the 65th year of his age, and was buried in the church of St. Luke; a melancholy instance, in many respects, of the perversion of great and extraordinary talents, while the following epitaphs, which were written on him, must be an eternal stain to his memory:—

Condit Aretini cineres lapis iste sepultos,
Mortales atro qui sale perfricuit.
Intactus Deus est illi, carumque negatus,
Hanc dedit: ille, inquit, non mihi notus erat.

This marble covers Aretine's remains,
Whose venom'd gall on all mankind was thrown;
He touch'd not God in his unhallow'd strains,
This cause assign'd—God was to me unknown.

Qui giace l' Aretin amaro tosco
Del' ems humana, la cui lingua trafisse
E vivi e morti; d' Iddio mal non disse,
E si scuso co'l dir, I no'l conosco.

Here Aretine, man's bitter poison, lies,
Whose tongue the living and the dead could blot:
Of God alone so ill could he devise,
And thus excus'd his pen—I know him not.

An Italian writer, speaking of Aretine, says, "Se sarebbe affatto cancellata la memoria se l' Ariosto burlandosi dell titolo ch' egli si haveva preso indebitamente non avesse detto nel Furioso.

Ecco il flagello
De principi, il divin Pietro Aretino."

"He would probably have been forgotten if Ariosto, in the derision of the title which he had so unwarrantably assumed, had not said in his Furioso,

Behold the scourge
Of princes, the divine Petro Aretine."

But surely there can be no reason to think that Ariosto meant to fix any stigma upon his name, when he introduces him among so many whom he evidently extols for some virtue or great quality. It is much more to be believed that the poet joins the general suffrage of mankind in extolling one, then probably in the zenith of his reputation.

See Fornari, Bayle, &c.

[44] Girolamo (Jeronimo) Verita, a gentleman of Verona, and a poet.

[45] Nicolo Leoniceno, an able physician, was the first who translated Galen from the Greek into the Italian tongue: he was a great philosopher, and continent and abstemious in the highest degree. He was in great favour with Hercules II. duke of Ferrara, and with his son Alphonso. He translated some of Lucian's Dialogues, and the History of Dion; and by the sobriety of his life attained, with health, the ninetieth year of his age. Mainardo was a physician of Ferrara, who wrote Medical Epistles, and gave many illustrations of the principles of physic, not before known. Fornari.

[46] Celio Calcagnino of Ferrara, and long time a tutor to youth, and patronized by the duke. His genius was fertile, but most approved in his elegiac compositions, his prose being esteemed rather dry and inelegant. Fornari.

[47] Bernardo Capello, a Venetian gentleman, and an esteemed Tuscan poet. Fornari.

[48] Cardinal Bembo, often before mentioned, was the first who, since the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, had revived the Tuscan Muse. Fornari.

See Guaspero Obizo [47] next in place,
Who joys the fruits of Bembo's pen to trace.
With Fracastoro [48], Bevazzano [49] here
I see, and Trifon Grabriele [50] near:
See Tasso [51] distant from the noble crew:
Now Nichols Tiepoli [52] I view:
With him see Nichols Amanio [53] bend
On me his eyes; Fulgoso see attend [54]
My prosperous course; and joy with wonder show
To view me near the land the billows plough.
Lo! my Valerio [55] from the female train
Steps forth, and seems a converse to maintain
With Barignan [56], attending at his side,
How best defence in future to provide
Against the flames with which he still has burn'd
For that soft sex that ill his love return'd.
See grac'd with gifts, all human gifts above,
Pico and Pio [57], join'd by blood and love.
With these I one behold, by none excell'd,
Whom yet these longing eyes have ne'er beheld,

Great Sanazarius [58], who the Muses' train
From mountains led to dwell beside the main.
Behold Pistophilo [59], unblemish'd found,
For learning and for industry renown'd.
Th' Acciavoli and Anghiari here [60],
No more my safety on the ocean fear.
Annibal Malaguzzi next I see [61],
(My kinsman lov'd); then equal in degree
Good Adoardo; these, in future days,
I trust, the honour of my house shall raise [62],
And bear from Calpe's heights to Ind our fame
praise.
Victorius Faustus [63], Tancred, hundreds more,
With welcome hail my glad approach to shore.
Dames, knights, and nobles of the gallant crew,
Seem all with joy my safe return to view;
Then let us speed the bark with every sail,
Since short the remnant course, and fair the gale.

Now turn we to Melissa, and relate
Her friendly aid t' avert Ruggiero's fate:
That wise Melissa, whose benign intent,
To Bradamant and her Ruggero bent,
Had ever watch'd, with fond maternal care,
What good or ill befel the faithful pair.
She, who in every wish and act conspir'd
To see that union which her soul desir'd,
Commanded now her spirits to and fro,
By magic art on her behests to go;

[47] A gentleman of Padua, chiefly known by the friendship of Bembo. Fornari.

[48] Girolamo Fracastoro, a physician of Verona, a poet, and writer on astrology in prose. Bevazzano, a Venetian courtier, well known in the time of Leo X. and Clement: he afterwards led a retired life. Fornari.

[49] A Venetian, a man of deep penetration, who lived to a great age: he was esteemed another Socrates, and was frequently referred to in the literary disputes of that time. Fornari.

[50] Bernardo Tasso, the father of the great Torquato Tasso, a poet much esteemed, and author of Amadigi, a poem taken from the famous romance of Amadis de Gaule: he was secretary to the prince of Salerno; and his native place was Bergamo. The poet says, he is at a distance, or standing beyond the crowd of noble Venetians whom he first mentions. Fornari.

[51] A noble Venetian senator of great authority, one of the first reformers of Paduan studies. Fornari.

[52] A gentleman of Cremona, and a doctor; he composed many verses. Fornari.

[53] It is imagined that the poet means Antonio Fulgoso, a Genoese, who had the command of four of his country galleys. Fornari.

[54] Gian Francesco Valerio, a Venetian gentleman, the same spoken of in the xviiith Book. See Note on ver. 1011. He is said before to have been a bitter enemy to the women, and by this passage appears to have been slighted by them.

[55] Piero Barignano, of Pesaro, a courtier at Rome in the time of Leo X. he wrote elegant verses, and was a member of the Roman academy. Fornari.

[56] Giovan Francesco Pico, count of Mirandola, justly entitled the Phœnix, for the splendour of his birth and his rare endowments of body and mind. His works were well known. He died young, in the xxxth year of his age, in 1491, ten years before Ariosto began his poem. Alberto Pio was born of an ancient and honourable family; he was a man of letters, and skilled in the profession of arms; he died at Paris, not much advanced in years, at the time that Charles V. and Solyman met near Vienna. Pico and Pio were related by a common descent from Manfredi. Fornari.

[57] Jacobo Sannazario, a Neapolitan, was born and bred at Naples, received into the familiarity of Frederico of Aragon, and followed that prince in his misfortunes. He composed many things in Latin and in the Tuscan language. He wrote piscatory eclogues, and a serious poem, entitled, De partu Virginis. He died by a disease, brought on by vexation at seeing Margellina, his favourite village, laid waste by Philiberto Anrenio, one of the emperor's generals, and was buried in this place, in a church dedicated by him to the Virgin Mary. Fornari.

[58] M. Buonaventura Pistophilo was secretary to the duke of Ferrara, to whom Ariosto dedicates his seventh satire. Fornari.

[59] The three Acciavoli, of Florentine original, were at the court of Ferrara in Ariosto's time, when the edition of 1532 was published (for no mention is made in that of 1515). The elder was named Pietro Antonio, the son Giacobo, and the nephew Archelao. All three are recorded as excellent poets by Lilio Gregorio Giraldi, in his second dialogue, *De poëtis suorum temporum.* Fornari.

[60] He calls this Annibal his kinsman, because the poet's mother was of the house of Malaguzzi. Fornari.

[61] Rheggio, where the poet was born.

[62] Victorio Fausto read Greek in Venice, with a provision of five hundred crowns, and two hundred more for superintending the galleys of the arsenal. Fornari.

For the rest of the illustrious persons, of both sexes, here immortalized by the poet, Fornari, the Italian commentator, from whom the foregoing Notes are taken, declares, that he had not been able to come to the knowledge of them; yet Fornari's Commentary was written only sixteen years after Ariosto's death. He observes, that probably some of these were private friends, whose names were never handed down but in the records of the poet.

And still as one went forth, another came
With tidings gather'd for his anxious dame.
By these she learnt that good Rogero lay
In desert wilds, to pining grief a prey,
With dire resolve t' abstain from all repast
Of strengthening food, and waste with cruel fast
His wretched life: but soon Melissa gave
Her pitying aid the love-lorn knight to save.
To seek him out her dwelling she forsook,
And took, by chance, the path that Leon took:
The prince she met, who late had sent before
His envoy every region to explore;
And now in person went with anxious mind
The champion of the unicorn to find.
The sage enchantress, who a demon rein'd,
That day, in likeness of a steed, constrain'd
The saddle and the curbing bit to bear,
Thus met with Constantine's imperial heir.
"If in your soul such courteous thoughts reside,
As your fair bride's mien bespeaks, she cried,
Vouchsafe your aid and comfort to a knight,
First of this age in virtue as in might,
Who, if some power afford not swift relief,
Draws near the period of his life and grief.
The bravest knight that ever at his side
The sword has girt, or to his breast apply'd
The cuirass bright, that ever yet could wield
The beamy spear, or lift the fencing shield;
The greatest, comeliest youth the world has known
In ancient times, or boasted in our own;
For one unheard of act, in friendship's cause,
Without some aid to life's sad period draws.
Then drive, O prince! to view his wretched state,
And prove if aught can yet avert his fate."
She cras'd: and Leon, who in thought divin'd
That this was he, the knight he wish'd to find,
Pursu'd, without delay, the path she led,
To snatch so brave a warrior from the dead;
And ere they far had pierc'd the desert way,
They came where near to death Rogero lay:
They found him weak and spent, so nearly past
All human help, with three days cruel fast,
That scarce was vigour left him from the plain
To rear his bulk, but all his strength in vain
Had prov'd his trembling members to sustain.
Out-stretch'd he lay, with armour cover'd o'er,
His head the casque, his side the falchion bore;
His pillow rude the famous targe he made,
Whose field the snow-white unicorn display'd:
There, while he griev'd how ill his deed return'd
The faithful love with which his mistress burn'd,
He sigh'd—he rav'd—he call'd himself ingrate,
That gave the bitterest dregs of cruel fate
To her he lov'd; while tears his face o'erflow'd,
While every look and frantic gesture show'd
His fix'd despair, and, lost to all beside,
Nor Leon nor Melissa he descry'd;
Nor, at their sight, his tears or plaints suppress'd,
Nor stopt the sighs deep bursting from his breast.
Leon attentive stood his speech to hear,
Then left his steed, and now advancing near,
He found that love had pierc'd his bleeding heart,
But knew not her whose love had wing'd the dart:
For while Rogero's lips his sorrows show'd,
They nam'd not her from whom his sorrows flow'd.
Near and more near the prince advancing drew,
Till face to face he stood in open view;
Then with a brother's warmth the youth address'd,
Lay at his side, and clasp'd him to his breast.
Yet much I doubt the brave despairing knight
Rejoic'd but little at his Leon's sight,
From whose known zeal he well might fear to find
A purpose to prevent his death design'd.
With gentlest words that friendship could impart
To soothe the anguish of a wounded heart,
Thus Leon spoke—"Refuse not to disclose
The secret cause from which thy sorrow rose:
Few are the pangs which human kind endure,
But knowledge of the wound may point the cure:
Tell me thy grief—while yet of life possest,
Ah! let us ne'er of hope our souls divest.
It grieves me sore, what touch'd thy woe or weal,
Thou shouldst from me thy truest friend conceal:
Not only now by friendship firmly tv'd,
No time henceforth our union shall divide;
For from that moment, when thy victor sword
Seem'd every cause of hatred to afford,
Thou still wert mine, and mightst from me receive
Whate'er my wealth, my friends, my life could give!
Decline not then t' impart thy secret grief,
And leave a friend to work a friend's relief.
Should all my help be fruitless to remove
The soul's distress—the last sad refuge prove
Of welcome death—but ah! such thoughts refrain,
Till every human aid is try'd in vain."
He said; and with such friendly warmth address'd
His soothing speech, and urg'd the dear request,
That sad Rogero's heart, not fram'd of steel
Or harden'd adamant, but made to feel
Fair friendship's power, refus'd not to comply
With what he deem'd discourteous to deny.
Yet thrice he strove to speak, while on his tongue,
With open lips, the faltering accents hung.
At length he spoke—"When I, O prince! proclaim
(As soon I shall) my unexpected name;
Trust me, thou wilt no more oppose my fate,
But rather wish this object of thy hate
A speedier death—In me Rogero view!
Whose rage so lately could thy life pursue;
Who for this cause the Christian court forsook,
And to thy camp his hostile journey took,
Lest Bradamant, obtain'd from me, should fill
Thy happier arms; well known that Amon's will
Favour'd thy suit—but since man's erring kind
Oft plans what God has other far design'd,
Thy matchless courtesy, O prince! repress'd
The vengeful purpose of my jealous breast.
Not only former hatred I resign'd,
But to thy welfare all my thoughts inclin'd.
Thou pray'dst me (little conscious that thy prayer
Rogero urg'd) to win the peerless fair—
To win for thee!—and, ah! thou mightst as well
From this sad heart the vital flame expel:
Yet ah! too sure the dear event has shown,
If thy desires I priz'd beyond my own.
Lo! Bradamant is thine!—secure with her
Thy happiness, which I to mine prefer:
But know to me she's lost—will thou deny
My woes the only privilege to die?
What can this breast of wretched life deprive,
If I the loss of Bradamant survive?
Yet more—thou canst not, while I live, address
A lawful plea the virgin to possess:
Oft have our names been join'd in nuptial vows,
Nor can she link with me a second spouse."
When Leon, in his friend, Rogero view'd,
Awhile amaz'd in silent gaze he stood:

Fix'd as a sculptur'd form memorial stands,
In some fair temple rais'd by pious hands.
He deem'd an act so courteous must excel
Whate'er the past or present times can tell.
When sudden thus Rogero stood confess'd,
No less affection warm'd his generous breast;
No less he for Rogero's sufferings bore,
Than once for him Rogero felt before:
And hence, to prove him worthy of his line,
Th' imperial heir of royal Constantine,
He will'd, howe'er in prowess left behind,
To emulate Rogero's courteous mind.

Then thus—"If on that memorable day
When to thy valiant arm my camp gave way,
Thy hated name to me had stood reveal'd,
(Thy name, Rogero, till this hour conceal'd,)
Still had thy worth no less my favour won,
Than when I view'd thy deeds, thyself unknown:
The love I bear thee now, alike confest
E'en then had banish'd hatred from my breast.
Rogero's name I hath'd before I knew
That to thyself this hated name was due.
Thus far I own—but think not what before
My hatred rais'd can raise my hatred more.
For had I known (when doom'd to racking pains
I set thee free from Theodora's chains)
What since I know—my soul had still pursu'd
As now, whate'er might work thy future good.
If from my hand such friendship couldst thou prove,
Not bound by sacred ties of grateful love;
Should I not now thy dearest wish pursue,
Oh! I were basest of th' ungrateful crew.
Self-robb'd of every bliss, thy bosom ow'd
To Heaven and love—on me thou hast bestow'd
Th' invalu'd gift—but, lo! to thee I give
Th' invalu'd gift again, and bid thee live.
Happier in this, thy anguish to relieve,
Than from thy hand the virgin to receive.
No claim have I—to thee belongs her heart:
What though I love her for her high desert,
Should she another wed, my secret grief,
Not fix'd as thine, might find from time relief.
Ah! can I wish that death should loose the bands
That hold, in nuptial league, your plighted hands,
And give me, rais'd of every rival stride,
To take the virgin for my lawful wife?—
Not her alone—but all the world can give
I here abjure——O let me cease to live,
Rather than men shall say, one thought distress'd,
Through me, the peace of such a champion's breast!
Yet let me here thy double ardour prove,
That thou, who like thy own my soul canst move,
Whose will is mine, shouldst sooner choose to die
Than on my friendly zeal for help rely."

These words, and many more, which, long to tell,
From Leon's lips in soft persuasion fell,
With reasons justly weigh'd, at length subdu'd
Rogero's purpose, who no more pursu'd
His dire resolve——"I yield, I yield!" he said,
"Nor longer seek to mingle with the dead.
But what to thee is due, whose saving breath
Has twice redeem'd me from the stroke of death?"

Then costly wines, and meats of flavorous taste,
Melissa's care before Rogero plac'd,
And with kind words consol'd the gentle knight,
Whose fainting spirit stood prepar'd for fight.

Meantime Frontino, who the neighing herd
Of kindred coursers, from the woods appear'd:
Him Leon bade th' attending squires receive,
And rein'd and saddled to his master give,
Who, led by Leon, scarce, with trembling feet
And sinking knees, could mount his wonted seat.
So was that strength decay'd, that strength which late
Had, 'midst an army, scatter'd death like fate,
When dress with cuirass, helm, and shield unknown,
The Greeks by him beheld their camp o'erthrown.

Now from the wood these three their way pursue,
And soon an abbey's friendly walls they view,
Whose kind retreat receives each welcome guest:
That day, and two succeeding days they rest,
Till, by the slumbering couch and genial board
The champion of the unicorn reste'd
To pristine vigour, with th' eucharistic dame,
And Leon, to th' imperial city came.

Here chosen envoys were receiv'd but late
On solemn business, from Bulgaria's state;
The grateful state that to their regal throne
Rogero chose, and deem'd in France alone
To find their prince, and thither sent to bring,
From royal Charles, their new elected king.
That each to him might pay a subject's vows,
And with the diadem enwreath his brows.

With these ambassadors the squire appear'd,
From whom the tidings of his lord were heard;
How near Belgrado's walls Rogero fought,
What deeds his valour for Bulgaria wrought,
When Leon and his sire his arm o'erthrew,
And all th' imperial host digers'd or slew:
For which the victors vow'd to him their crown,
Rejecting every ruler of their own;
And how, in Novengrado's walls betray'd,
The youth by stern Ugguardo was convey'd
To Theodora's hands; when soon was spread
The certain rumour of the keeper dead,
The prison open'd, and the prisoner fled.
But none by tidings or surmise could tell
What fortune since the noble knight befel.

Now umbarr'd, with vestments not his own,
Rogero enter'd Charles' imperial town
Through private ways; and at the morning light
With Leon came, before the emp'ror's sight.
Rogero held, with double branching head,
The golden eagle on a field of red;
And, as agreed, the Grecian habit wore,
And all those arms which in the list he bore;
With every mark of that day's fight confest,
With riven plate, pierc'd mail, and batter'd crest;
That each believ'd in him the knight they view'd[93],
Who Bradamant in equal fight subdu'd.
With him, unarm'd, came Leon at his side,
Array'd in costly robes with regal pride;
And all around the prince was seen to wait
A train that well beseem'd his lofty state.
To Charles he bow'd, who from his sovereign seat
Already saw the noble pair to meet.
Good Leon by the hand Rogero led,
On whom all eyes were fix'd, and thus he said:
"Lo! here the knight, who late sustain'd the fray
From morning's early dawn till close of day.
Since Bradamant nor male him prisoner yield,
Nor slew, nor drove him, vanquish'd, from the field,
If rightly he conceives your high decree,
He asks, O king! the meed of victory.
The virgin won—and comes from thee to take
That hand, which valour thus his own could make.

[93] For a remark on this passage, see Book xlv. ver. 567.

Though, from thy late disposal, none shall dare
Contend with him to wed the matchless fair;
Yet say, if courage may deserve the dame,
What other knight shall urge a nobler claim?
If he must win, who holds her most above
Her lovely sex, what heart like his can love?
And here he stands, prepar'd in single fight,
With arms unlaunted to defend his right."
Imperial Charles, and all his court, amaz'd,
When this they heard, awhile in silence gaz'd;
Each deem'd that Leon had the combat won,
And not this knight, who seem'd to all unknown.
Marphisa, who, with many a noble peer,
Stood silent by, scarce gave a patient ear
Till Leon ceas'd; but with disdain inflam'd,
Swift forth, and thus in hasty words exclaim'd:
"Stop short, bence, Rogero is deny'd
T' assert his title to the plighted bride,
Lest, wanting friends to yield a generous aid,
Another undisputed should invade
His sacred rights—Lo! I, his sister, dare
The boldest he, who rashly shall declare
For Bradamant a lover's boasted name,
Or vie presumptuous with Rogero's claim."
Sternly she spoke; and from her eyes appear'd
Such fiery glances, that th' assistants fear'd,
Lest, not awaiting lists by Charles prepar'd,
Her hand had then some deed of vengeance dar'd.
Leon no more Rogero now conceal'd,
But, lifting up his helm [84], his face reveal'd:
Then to Marphisa turn'd—"Behold," he cried,
"Himself appears the contest to decide!"
As old Egeus gaz'd [85], with ghastly hue,
When at the direful board his son he knew,
To whom he, by his impious wife compell'd,
In rueful sort the deadly poison held;
Who, had not then the monarch's eyes descry'd
The fatal sword, had for his father died:
So look'd Marphisa, when, by Leon shown,
She found Rogero in the knight unknown:
Sudden around his much-lov'd neck she clung
With eager grasp, and at his bosom hung.
Orlando then, Rinaldo then express'd
Their love; but first imperial Charles address'd
The noble youth: "Not Oliviero bold,
Not gallant Ivo, nor Sobrino old,
Could from his wish'd embrace their arms withhold,
Knights, barons, Paladins, alike enjoy'd
The happy change, that every thought employ'd.
Leon, whose lips in speaking could excel,
At length, these greetings done, began to tell
Before the king and nobles of the state
(Who stood to hear the prince his tale relate)
How brave Rogero's matchless strength in arms,
Though prov'd to his and to his people's harms,
Could at Belgrade more excite his love,
Than all his realm endur'd his hatred move:
That, when to torture doom'd by her whose hands
Detain'd the noble knight in cruel bands,
He, mindless of the ties of blood, reliev'd
The wretched captive, and from death repriev'd;
Then how Rogero, from his prison freed,
Repaid the service with a generous deed,
That past nor future ages could exceed.
He told, how inly stung with deep despair,
When for his friend he won the martial fair,
The knight resolv'd to die, and verg'd on death,
When timely aid probing'd his fleeting breath:
And in such moving phrase the tale he dress,
That not an eye the feeling tear suppress'd.
He ended here; and then persuasive woo'd
Relentless Amon, till his words subdu'd
Tenacious age, not only from his thought
Drove his first purpose, but so far he wrought,
Amon refus'd not at Rogero's hand
To plead excuse, and urge the nuptial band;
Beseeching now the youth to crown his vows,
T' accept in him his sire, in Bradamant his spouse.
Soon to the virgin, where retir'd she sate,
And mourn'd the turns of her disastrous fate,
With gladsome accents many a tongue convey'd
The happy news, which, when the love-lorn maid
At first perceiv'd, the blood around her heart
By grief collected, from that vital part
So sudden flew, as near with joy had left
Her chilly frame of life itself bereft:
All-trembling and unnerv'd her feet in vain,
With strength exhausted, would her weight sustain,
Though such her courage and her force made known
In many a fight, as oft the Muse has shown.
Not greater joy the wretch condemn'd can feel,
When sentenc'd by the gibbet, axe, or wheel,
To shameful death; or when the hangman's hand
Has folded o'er his sight the fatal band;
If chance his ears th' unhop'd-for sound receive
Of that blest voice which brings his life's reprieve.
With transport Clermont and Megrana view'd
Between each house what union fair ensu'd:
Not less Anselmo old and Gano [86] mourn'd:
Nor less Gismni, Gui, Falcon burn'd
With envious rage, while each, with outward smiles,
Conceal'd a bosom fraught with serpent guiles,
To plan, in future time, the murderous snare:
As lurks the crafty fox to seize the hare.
Of these had numbers (a degenerate train)
Fall'n by Orlando and Rinaldo slain.
Though oft the prudent king th' effects suppress'd,
Of what each treacherous mind might else suggest,
And still'd their plaints; yet Bertolagi kill'd,
With Pinabel, their breasts with fury fill'd,

[84] The whole of this episode of Leon and Rogero is admirably supposed, and few discoveries can be imagined more interesting than this of Rogero.

[85] Egeus, king of Athens, being on his travels entertained at the house of Pittæus, in Trœzene, had an intrigue with Æthra his daughter, and when he departed left with her his sandals and sword, charging her, if she should be brought to bed of a boy, to send him to Athens with these tokens. She was afterwards delivered of Theseus; who being grown up, took the sword and sandals, deposited with Æthra by his father, and went to Athens, where he found all the city in confusion by the machinations of Medea, who, at the arrival of Theseus, made him suspected by Egeus, and persuaded the king to destroy him at a banquet by poison: but fortunately, as the youth reached out his hand to receive the cup, Egeus perceived his sword, and, embracing him, acknowledged him for his son.

[86] Ancient enemies to the houses of Charlemain, Orlando and Rinaldo, so often mentioned by Boyardo, and other romance writers.

While what they knew, as half unknown they feign'd,
And deep conceal'd their rancorous thoughts restrain'd.
Th' ambassadors, that from Bulgaria sent,
(As late I told) to Charles impatient went,
In hopes that valiant knight, their king design'd,
The champion of the unicorn to find;
When him they met, they blest the happy hour
That to their wish could him they sought restore;
Their chief below'd! and him on bending knee
Implor'd with them Bulgaria's realms to see,
And visit Adrianople's regal town
That kept for him the sceptre and the crown.
Their hopes on him they plac'd, with conquering arms
To guard their threaten'd state in new alarms:
For Constantine in person, with a force
More numerous, thither bent his threaten'd course:
Eig with their king Rogero's presence blest,
They hop'd from Greece th' imperial sway to wrest.
Won by their gratitude, and loyal prayer,
Rogero gave consent the crown to wear;
And vow, if nought his purpose should withstand,
In three short months to reach Bulgaria's land.
Leon Augustus, at the converse nigh,
Here bade Rogero on a prince rely;
That since his hand Bulgaria's sceptre sway'd,
With them and Constantine the peace was made;
Nor need he hasten his departure thence
To head the legions for the realm's defence;
But pledg'd his honour (in his father's name)
Of all his conquests to renounce the claim.
No virtue that Rogero's soul possess'd,
Could move so far th' ambitious mother's breast,
Or to her love her promis'd son endear,
As join'd with his the name of king to bear.
The nuptials were perform'd with splendid pride,
As suited royal Charles, whose hand supply'd
The princely sums, and every honour from'd,
As if from him a daughter's blood she claim'd.
Such was the virgin's worth, (nor need we join
To hers the worth of all her noble line),
The generous prince had scarcely deem'd it lost,
Though half his realm were wasted in the cost.
He bade, by sound of trumpet, wide proclaim
An open court, where each unquestion'd came;
And granted, till the ninth revolving day,
Free lists for all to meet in martial play.
Amid the plain he rear'd delightful bowers
Of twining branches, wreath'd with odorous flowers,
Where silk and gold display'd such blended light,
No eye had e'er beheld so fair a sight:
For not the walls of Paris could contain,
From various nations, such a countless train.
There rich and poor; there all degrees on Earth,
Of Grecian, Latian, and Barbarian birth, [late
Throughout the world: that tongue can scarce re-
The lords and envoys sent from every state;
All lodg'd at ease, in various shelters spread,
From rich pavilions, to the humble shed.
The night before, the sage divining dame
Had bent her care the nuptial couch to frame,
And nuptial tent, for that great day design'd:
That day for ever present to her mind.
Long had she wish'd to see this pair unite
Their plighted hands in Hymen's holy rite;
Since, from their stock, she knew what race must prove
The happy fruit of their connubial love.
And now, the genial bed Melissa plac'd
Amidst a wide pavilion, richly grac'd
With every art, beyond the proudest cost
That peace can furnish, or that war can boast.
This work of skill on Thracia's distant shore
From Constantine the wise enchantress bore,
With Leon's fair consent—but more to raise
The prince's wonder, and the court's amaze;
To show her matchless power, that could retain
Th' infernal dragon[67] in her curbing chain
Of him, as suited her design, dispose;
And all the band of God's rebellious foes;
From vast Constantinople's regal towers
To Paris walls, by help of Stygian powers,
This rich pavilion at the noon of day,
From Constantine who held imperial sway,
Through air she brought, and in the field she spread,
A sumptuous lodgment for Rogero's bed.
The feast complete, again the nuptial tent
To Constantine by miracle she sent.
Two thousand years had circled since a dame,
Of Ilion's race, employ'd her hand to frame
The wondrous work: her Heaven-instructed mind
Here great events of future days design'd.
Cassandra[68] was her name: this tent she gave
Her brother Hector, bravest of the brave:
In texture fair of blended silks and gold,
She here had pictur'd, beauteous to behold,
The gentlest knight, that from his noblest race
Through rolling years a distant age should grace.
This Hector, as her gift, rejoic'd to take,
For the gift's value, and the giver's sake,
And priz'd till death: but when, by treason slain[69],
He fell, and Greeks subdu'd the Trojan train;
When Sinon to his friends the gates unbarr'd,
And worse ensu'd than words have yet declar'd,
This tent, by lot, was Menelaus' share:
This tent he chanc'd in Egypt's realm to bear,
There for his wife, of whom he stood bereft
By Proteus' hand[70], with him the gift he left:

[67] *Gran verme infernal*, the devil.—Dante calls Cerberus the great worm (gran vermo), and Lucifer, the dreadful worm (verme rio):—our Milton has like expression.

O Eve, in evil hour didst thou give ear
To that false worm———
Paradise Lost.

[68] Daughter to Priam.

[69] Ariosto, with the romantic writers in general, whenever the siege of Troy is alluded to in his poem, gives the story a partial turn in favour of the Trojans, from whose great hero Rogero is said to derive his origin. In the xxxivth Book, he makes St. John impute the account given by Homer of the Grecian heroes and heroines to the venality of the poet. He always speaks of the death of Hector as brought about by treachery. To this we may observe, that our great countryman, Shakespeare, whose materials are often drawn from popular stories, particularly from an old story book of the siege of Troy, has, in his Troilus and Cressida, represented the characters of the Trojans superior to the Greeks, and has made Achilles kill Hector at an unfair advantage.

[70] Ariosto here alludes to a story of Helen told by Herodotus, that Paris, returning with Helen from Troy, was received by Proteus king of Egypt, who afterwards sending away Paris, detained

Helen her name, the loveliest of her kind,
For whom to Proteus he the gift resign'd.
Then to the Ptolemies in due descent
It fell; and next to Cleopatra went;
Till in the seas of dread Leucadia lost,
It swell'd the plunder of Agrippa's host;
And by Augustus and Tiberius gain'd,
Preserv'd at Rome till Constantine remain'd:
That Constantine, for whom, while Heaven shall
turn
Around the pole, Italia's sons will mourn,
When Constantine remov'd from Tiber's shore,
The precious tent he to Byzantium bore:
This from another Constantine, the maid
In magic skill'd, to distant France convey'd.
Rich cords of gold the fair pavilion strain'd,
An ivory pole the canopy sustain'd:
There comelier forms embroider'd rose to view,
Than e'er Apelles' wondrous pencil drew.
There gaily clad, in shining robes, are seen
The Graces three, ministrant to a queen
In matron throes[70], of whom a child is born
To bless his age, and all mankind adorn.
See near him Jove, and speech-fam'd Hermes
stand,
And Mars and Venus: with unsparing hand
Each sheds the tribute of ethereal flowers,
And roseate unguents in celestial showers!
The infant swathes in letter'd gold proclaim
Hippolito—a future glorious name!
In riper years him Fortune shall convey
Through every deed, and Virtue lead the way.
The figur'd work a foreign train express'd,
With length of hair and long descending vest;
These envoys from Corvino[71] to require
The growing infant of his tender sire:
His parting duty Hercules receives:
His mother Leonora next he leaves:
The Danube now he gains, where round him pour
The thronging tribes, and as a God adore.
Hungaria's prudent king with wonder hears
Such ripening knowledge in such early years;
To his young merits every honour pays,
And o'er his tarous gives him sovereign praise.
In sign of trust he to his infant hand
Consigns the sceptre of Strigonia's land:

Still at his side the youth his place maintains,
Or in the palace, or the tented plains.
Where'er the monarch takes his glorious stand
Against the German or the Turkish band,
Hippolito is near to catch the flame
Of early virtue from his patron's fame.
See Fusco near[72] attends with counsel sage,
To point the sense of learning's ancient page:
"Wouldst thou the meed of glory keep in view,
This path reject, and that with zeal pursue,"
He seem'd to say—so well the figures wrought
By matchless art express'd the maker's thought.
Soon in the Vatican beheld him plac'd
A stripling cardinal—while grandeur, grac'd
With soft persuasion, from his lip distils,
And with surprise the hallow'd conclave fills.
What shall he prove when riper age he bears?
(Thus each to each, in wonder rapt, declares)
"Oh! should he e'er be cloth'd in Peter's vest,
What rule so hallow'd, and what time so blest!
Lo! there are games and sports depictur'd view'd,
The pastimes by th' illustrious youth pursu'd;
Who now on Alpine heights the woodland bears,
And now wild boars in fen and valley dares.
Borne on a courser that outstrips the wind,
He holds in chase the goat or fleeter hind;
Till these o'ertaken crown his rustic toils,
The bleeding victims of his forest spoils!
Behold him there amid the learned band
Of sage philosophers and poets stand:
One sets to view the planetary tribes,
While one the Heavens, and one the Earth describes!
These mournful elegy or joyous verse;
These epic strains or sprightly odes rehearse.
Music he hears in dulcet notes, that roll
To lull the passions, or to fire the soul!
Thus lively painted in the tints of truth
Was seen the childhood of the godlike youth.
Cassandra there his virtues gave to see;
His prudence, justice, valour, modesty;
And that fifth virtue[73], which with these combines,
Through which each other more exalted shines.
Lo! there the youth, who late companion stands
With him who hapless[74] rules th' Insubrian lands,
With him in peace he sits, and counsel holds;
With him in war the banner'd snakes unfolds.
With him he seems one equal task to share
In days of triumph, and in days of care;
In flight he follows, comforts him in grief,
And yields in danger aid; in pain, relief.
See! where he sees each anxious thought to wake,
For good Alphonso and Ferrara's sake,
He meditates, with every art, to find
The treason lurking in the traitor's mind,
And to his noble brother shall declare
What guile the nearest of his kin prepare.
For which he to that title builds a claim,
Which Rome of old annex'd to Tully's name[75].

Helen, with all her treasure, at his court; and Ariosto here relates, that she was ransomed by Menelaus for this tent, which he gave to Proteus.
Eugenius. Pomarchi.

[71] Leonora of Aragon, daughter of Ferdinando king of Naples, to whom the poet here gives the title of queen, married to duke Hercules I. by whom she had Hippolito of Este, Ariosto's patron, whose birth is here celebrated.

[72] Beatrice, sister of Leonora, and wife of the great Matteo Corvino king of Hungary, being without children, sent for young Hippolito from his parents; who arriving in Hungary, was received by the king with every mark of esteem and affection, and afterwards made archbishop of Strigonia, before he had arrived at eighteen years of age. Ludovico Sforza, called Il Moro, the duke of Milan, who had married Beatrice, the sister of Hippolito, hearing of his great virtues, procured for him the bishopric of Milan; after which, being very young, he was created cardinal, and taken to assist him in the government.

[73] Tommaso Fusco, first tutor to Hippolito, and afterwards his private secretary. Celio Calcagnino dedicated to him his translation of Lucian.

[74] What the poet means by the fifth virtue is uncertain. Perhaps charity may be said to ennoble all the other virtues.

[75] Ludovico Sforza, duke of Milan, deposed by Lewis XII.

[76] Cicero was called father of his country, for

In other parts, with shining arms array'd,
He flies to give the threaten'd church his aid,
And with a few undisciplin'd oppose
A numerous host of well-appointed foes:
Alone his presence can suffice to cheer
The holy brethren, and relieve their fear,
And he whose hand so soon the flame repell'd,
May justly boast—I came—I saw—and quell'd[77]!
Behold, where near his own paternal shore
He meets in arms the strongest naval power,
That ever yet from Venice' sea-girt race
Was sent the Turks or Argive force to face.
Be this sublime, and to his brother's hand
Each captive gives, with all the spoils obtain'd,
And only to himself reserves that fame
He ne'er can grab upon another's name.
The knights and dames behold with eyes intent,
But knew not what the mystic figures meant[78]; 770
Since none so learn'd was present to relate
These shadow'd emblems of succeeding fate:
Yet all with pleasure gaz'd, their sight amus'd
With each fair form, and all the scrolls perus'd.
But Bradamant alone the story knew,
Which she from sage Melissa's converse drew.
Rogero, though his mind was here untaught,
Compar'd with Bradamant, yet he to thought
Recall'd, how midst his future race enroll'd,
Of this Hippolito Atlantes told, 780
And oft was wont his honours to unfold.
What verse the courteous praises can report
Of royal Charles, and all his splendid court?
Pleasures still new the festive hours afford,
And plenteous viands crown the smiling board.
Each hardy knight his hardy deeds essays,
Each day a thousand shiver'd spears displays:
By foot, by horse, are various battles wag'd,
Some pair'd, and some in mingled rout engag'd.
But o'er the rest Rogero bears the fame, 790
And wins the palm from every rival name;
In wrestling and the dance, in every kind
Of youthful feats he leaves the rest behind.
The last great day, ere games and tilting ceas'd,
The nobles seated at the solemn feast,
Where Charles upon his left Rogero plac'd,
And lordly Bradamant his right hand grac'd;
Lo! pacing o'er the plain, appear'd in view
A knight all-arm'd, who near th' assembly drew;
Himself, his steed with sable cover'd o'er, 800
His stature large, and semblance proud he bore:
This knight was Sarza's king, who smit with shame
What time the virgin at the bridge o'ercame

having delivered the republic from the conspiracy of Catiline.

[77] Julius Cæsar having obtained a victory over Pharnaces king of Pontus, wrote to his friends in Rome this laconic account of his success, *Veni, vidi, vici!* Tasso has, like Ariosto, made a familiar use of these words in the xviith book of the Jerusalem, where the soldan of Egypt commissions Emerines to lead his army to the assistance of Aladine against the Christians.

[78] In the old poem of Aspramonte, is a description of the bridal bed of Rogero and Galliccella, the father and mother of our Rogero, from which, possibly, Ariosto might take his hint for the partition and bed here described.

See Aspramonte, c. 2.

His boasted might, had sworn thenceforth to quit
His sword and arms, nor rein the foaming bit;
But like a hermit, in some lonely cell,
A year a month and day[79] in penance dwell:
So punish'd on himself each ancient knight
His honour tarnish'd by successless fight:
Though yet of Charles he heard loud rumour tell,
And what events the king his lord befel: 811
True to his oath, no more his sword he drew,
Than if nor Charles nor Agramant he knew.
But when at length, complete the time requir'd,
He saw the year the month and day expir'd,
With other armour, steed, and sword, and lance,
He reach'd with eager speed the court of France.
His courser's seat he kept unmov'd, nor bow'd
His haughty head, nor sign of reverence show'd;
As if he scorn'd king Charles and all the state 829
Of those high peers that there assembled sate.
Each one his wonder in his looks express'd,
To see this bold, this self-intruding guest;
And all forgot their food and talk, intent
To hear the knight, and what his coming meant.
When now full opposite to Charles he stood,
Where by his side the noble youth he view'd,
With fiery glance the silence first he broke,
And thus aloud in threatening accents spoke:
"The prince of Sarza, Rodomont am I, 839
And thee Rogero to the list defy!
And ere the night extends her raven wing,
Will prove thee here disloyal to thy king!
That thou, whose name a traitor's deeds disgrace,
Deserv'st not midst these peers an honour'd place:
Though well to all thy falsehood must be known,
Nor thou, a Christian, canst the charge disown:
And now to fix on thee a traitor's stain,
I come to call thee to th' embattled plain.
Or, is there one will offer, for thy sake, 849
To meet my arm—his offer here I take;
Or if ye, singly, shrink the course to try—
Come more—your arms united I defy—
Whate'er the odds, this sword you knight shall prove
A recreant to his lord and country's love."
He ceas'd: Rogero from the emp'ror's side
Arose, and thus, with leave of Charles, reply'd:
That he, or any tongue that dare defame
His deeds, and brand him with a traitor's name,
Most foully ly'd—that to his sovereign just, 859
None rightly could arraign his breach of trust:
And that he stood prepar'd his truth to prove
In loyal duty and a subject's love:
Nor needed others here his cause befriend,
His own right hand suffic'd him to defend
His name traduc'd, and well he deem'd it such,
The foe perchance might find that one too much.

[79] It was the common practice of the knights of chivalry to punish themselves for any defeat in battle, attended with humiliating circumstances, by a voluntary abjuration of the profession of arms for a certain stated time. Cervantes seems to allude to this custom, when he introduces the Knight of the Moon's making it one of the conditions of his duel with Don Quixote, that the knight of La Mancha, if vanquished, shall relinquish knight-errantry for the space of one year.

Up started then Rinaldo, Beava's knight[80],
The marquis[81], with the brethren[82], black and white;
Marphisa, Dudon,—these whom friendship draws
T' engage the Pagan in Rogero's cause.
These seven united plead, that he whose hand
So late was knit in Hymen's holy band,
Should at his nuptial feast from quarrels cease,
Nor stain with sanguine war the rites of peace.
"No more—no more—" Rogero thus replies,
"Think not such reasons can for me suffice."
Then swift those arms are brought, which late in fight
He conquer'd from the stern Tartarian[83] knight.
Charles girds his trusty falchion to his side;
By great Orlando's hand his spurs are ty'd:
Marphisa and his Bradamant invest
With plate and mail his limbs and manly breast:
Astolpho brings his horse of generous breed:
The Dane's brave son[84] beside the ready steed
His stirrup holds: Rinaldo, and the care
Of Namus, for the knights the field prepare:
With these the marquis Oliviero join'd:
Now here, now there, they drive the vulgar kind
From the proud lists for deeds of arms assign'd.
The dames and damsels, struck with panic fear,
With features pale, like frighted doves appear,
That, driv'n by threaten'd tempest from the plain,
Quit for their dear-lov'd nests the springing grain,
When hollow winds are heard, when lightnings fly,
When thunders rumble from the darkening sky,
Presaging on the deluge fields to pour
From low-hung clouds the hail or rattling shower.
Each female for Rogero felt alarms,
Oppos'd to such a dreadful foe in arms.
So fear the vulgar herd—while many a knight,
And many a baron seem'd to doubt the fight:
Those deeds were present yet to every thought,
Deeds which in Paris' walls the Pagan wrought,
When he, with single arm, by sword and fire
Such ruin spread, and made whole hosts retire.
Ruin that lasted still, that long remain'd,
And such as greater never realm sustain'd.
The heart of Bradamant, above the rest,
With all love's terrours brav'd her gentle breast:
Not that she deem'd, howe'er for prowess held,
The Saracen Rogero's force excell'd,
Or thought that Rodomont must surely claim
The meed that crowns in arms the victor's name.
Yet could she not her busy doubts remove,
Such doubts as ever spring in those that love.
Oh! with what rapture had she pour'd her might
In all the dangers of this untry'd fight!
Though more than certain fate had there design'd
Her life's sad period—her unconquer'd mind
Had dar'd for one a thousand deaths to face,
(Could death so oft be met by human race,)
Rather than see the lord of all her vows
A life far dearer than her own expose.
But since she knew no prayer would bend her knight
To yield to her the perils of the fight,
A sad spectatress, with dejected look,
She sate, while frequent sighs her bosom shook.
Meanwhile Rogero there, the Pagan here,
Against each other rush with rested spear:
Like brittle ice the spears in fragments fly,
Like birds the fragments mount into the sky!
Without effect, though faithful to its aim,
The Pagan lance against the buckler came.
So temper'd was its orb which Vulcan fram'd
For Hector's use:—his point Rogero aim'd
With better force, that, midst the hostile shield,
Through steel and bone its furious passage held.
That thrust had to the fight a period given,
But short the weapon broke, and swift to Heaven
The splinters flew; while stagger'd with the force
Back on his crupper fell each warrior-horse.
Full soon with spur and rein each fearless knight
His steed recover'd to pursue the fight.
Their useless spears dismist, their swords they drew,
And wheel'd their steeds, while round their heads they threw
The flashing steel, and now with pointed blade
On plate and mail the weakest part essay'd.
No serpent skin then arm'd the Pagan's breast,
That hide which once the hostile stroke repress'd:
Nor Nimrod's dreadful sword that day he wore,
Nor on his brows the wonted helmet bore:
For when along the bridge the tilt was run,
And Bradamant from him the conquest won;
His arms against the sacred shrine he plac'd,
A mournful trophy of his deeds disgrac'd.
Strong arms he wore, yet not in proof compar'd
With those that once were wont his limbs to guard;
But every temper must in vain oppose
The dreadful force of Balisarda's blows,
Which never metal forg'd by mortal hand,
Nor all the charms of magic could withstand.
So well to aim his point Rogero knew,
That oft he pierc'd the Pagan's armour through:
When Rodomont in many a part had view'd
His own bright mail with purple gore bedew'd,
And scarce could ward a stroke which swiftly sent
To reach the flesh through shield and corselet went;
He rag'd—he fum'd—not with such fury raves
The stormy sea, when black with wintry waves:
His buckler cast aside, his sword he drove,
With either hand, resistless from above,
On good Rogero's crest—so from the sky
Some ponderous weight, by heavens rais'd on high,
Falls thundering down—with every nerve the foe
Full on Rogero dealt the staggering blow.
Here well th' enchanted helm avail'd to save,
Else that dire blow the king of Algiers gave
Had sever'd horse and man—Rogero low
His head twice bending to the saddle bow,
Spread wide his arms, and, senseless with the pain,
Appear'd just falling headlong to the plain:
And ere his scatter'd sense the youth recalls,
From the stern foe the stroke repeated falls;
A third succeeds—but soon the blade unfit,
With such fierce strokes, the temper'd casque to meet,
In shivers breaks, its master's aim deceives,
And in his grasp the broken weapon leaves.
Still Rodomont, with fury unrestrain'd,
Rogero prest'd, who senseless still remain'd; 980
So sore the blows had batter'd round his head,
Such mists of darkness o'er his sight were spread;

[80] Orlando.
[81] Oliviero.
[82] Gryphon and Aquilant.
[83] Mandricardo. [84] Dudon.

Him soon the Saracen from sleep awoke,
With nervous arms he clasp'd his neck, and shook
The gallant youth, till from his seat he drew
And to the ground the struggling warrior threw:
Scarce had he fall'n, when swift from earth he sprung
With anger deep, with shame yet deeper stung.
For, as on Eradamant he cast his eyes,
He saw pale terrours o'er her features rise:
She view'd, and trembling view'd, her dearest knight
Hurl'd from his seat, and, sickening at the sight,
Her tender heart seem'd ready wing'd for flight.
Rogero, who to heal his shame prepar'd,
His falchion brandish'd, and the Pagan dar'd
To new assault;—the Pagan spurs his steed
T' o'erwhelm the knight; the knight with skilful heed
Eludes the shock, and in his hand restrains
The hostile courser by the straiten'd reins.
He whirls him round, and stands with point address
To pierce the mailed side or plated breast:
With two deep wounds he galls his thigh and side;
And fast from either flows the crimson tide.
Stern Rodomont, who in his hold retain'd
The hilt and broken blade that yet remain'd,
With these a dreadful stroke, in fell intent,
At utmost strength on good Rogero sent.
Rogero, who his fair advantage knew,
Had seiz'd his arm, and now with force he drew
The furious king, and bending to and fro,
Compell'd at length his saddle to forgo.
He fell—but whether by his force or skill,
So fell, he seem'd Rogero's equal still,
Alighting on his feet—but all the field
That saw Rogero yet his weapon wield,
High hopes conceiv'd—meanwhile, with every sleight,
The youth essay'd to keep the Pagan knight
At distant bay, nor close too near with one
Of such huge limb, strong nerve, and giant bone.
He view'd the Pagan's gaping wounds, he view'd
His side and thigh with purple streams imbru'd,
And hop'd, with ebbing strength, he soon must yield
To him the glory of the well-fought field.
Still in his grasp the furious Pagan held
The broken weapon; this, with force impell'd,
He threw—the weapon sent with certain aim
Against Rogero's helm and shoulder came.
So dreadful was the stroke, the gentle knight
Reel'd here and there, and scarce his utmost might
Suffic'd to keep his tottering helk upright.
To close in nearer strife the Pagan try'd;
His wounded thigh his hasty step deny'd;
And while he urg'd his feeble nerves in vain,
One knee, beneath him bending, touch'd the plain.
His time Rogero took, he press'd his foe,
He whirl'd his falchion round, with blow on blow,
And laid once more the haughty Pagan low.
Again more fierce he rose; and now they join'd;
They grasp'd, with arms around each other twin'd.
His wounded side and thigh that vigour drain'd,
Which Rodomont so oft in fight sustain'd.
Rogero well his pliant limbs could wield,
And long had practis'd in the wrestlers' field.
His 'vantage now he saw, and close purso'd,
And where the Pagan's deepest wounds he view'd,
Where most he saw the purple current flow,
Close and more close he press'd th' enfeebled foe.
But Rodomont, with rage and shame impell'd,
By turns Rogero's neck and shoulders held,
Now forward drew, now backward thrust, and press'd
The youthful hero to his cruel breast,
And lifted high—now here, now there, he strain'd
The dauntless knight, and still his hold retain'd.
While every means he tries on earth to throw
The Christian youth; nor less his gallant foe,
Collected in himself, his art and might
Employs to disappoint the Pagan knight,
And keep him still beneath; oft wheeling round,
Rogero shifts his hold, and shifts his ground.
At length fierce Rodomont his waist enclos'd
With fiercest grasp—now, breast to breast oppos'd,
They toil—they pant—Rogero chief apply'd
His art against the Pagan's wounded side:
Athwart his bending knee one foot he thrust,
And, lifting, hurl'd him prostrate on the dust
Headlong.—When thus the furious Pagan fell
On the hard earth, the blood, as from a well,
Stream'd from each wound, and deep on every side
The fatal plain with gory crimson dy'd.
Rogero now, with Fortune's favour crown'd,
To keep the Pagan prisoner on the ground,
One hand the dagger to his sight address'd,
One hand with fearful grasp his throat compreis'd,
While either knee his heaving bosom press'd.
As in Pannonian or Iberian[84] gloom
Where wretched miners cheerless days consume
For shining ore, if fate above impends,
And sudden ruin on their head descends,
Crush'd up and bruis'd, their spirits scarcely find
A vent to leave their mortal part behind.
So lay the Sarzan prince, so, press'd beneath
The victor, struggled in the jaws of death.
The dagger, now unsheath'd, Rogero shook,
And at his vizor seem'd to aim the stroke:
He bade him yield, as vanquish'd in the stride,
With plighted faith to spare his forfeit life:
But he, whom thought of death far less dismay'd
Than aught that signs of dastard fear betray'd,
Still bent and twin'd; while all in vain he prov'd
Against the knight, who kept his place unmov'd.
As when the mastiff, panting on the plain,
Whose throat the nimble greyhound's[85] fangs constrain
With deadly gripe, in fruitless fury lies,
With jaws dire foaming, and with fiery eyes:
Not all his force the victor can elude,
By skill and vigour not by rage subdu'd;
So Rodomont essay'd each art, to make
The conquering youth his powerful hold forsake.
He strove to rise; but still the wary knight
Press'd him to earth with unabated might.
Now, writhing here and there, the Pagan strain'd
Each nerve, and freed at length his better hand,
That in its grasp th' insidious poniard bore;
(The poniard from the sheath releas'd before)

[84] He alludes to the metallic mines of Hungary and Spain, the latter so named from the river Hebrus.

[85] Alano, the name of a peculiar kind of dog of great strength and agility.

With this he sought to aim the murderous wound
Beneath Rogero's reins—the youth renown'd
The danger saw, should still his generous heart
Defer the Pagan's death, his just desert.
Then at full stretch he rais'd his arm above
The prostrate king, and thrice the weapon drove
Deep in his horrid front—so ends the strife,
And leaves secur'd Rogero's fame and life!
Where Acheron's infernal waters spread[88],
Freed from her icy limbs, blaspheming fled
Th' indignant soul, that here, with impious pride,
All human faith, and Heaven's own laws defy'd.

[88] Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
(Virgil. Æn. lib. xii. lin. ult.

The reader cannot but observe, with what judgment and spirit Ariosto, in imitation of Virgil, concludes his work with the death of Rodomont, having so fully completed his story, which, with an infinity of episodes and adventures, had delighted the imagination, and fascinated the attention, through forty-six books; in all which it will, I believe, be readily allowed that the interest has not only been powerfully kept up, but that the last book is entered upon with as pleasing and anxious a curiosity as any part of the poem.

POSTSCRIPT.

HAVING brought this long work to a conclusion, I cannot close the volume without some acknowledgment for kindnesses received, and without expressing a hope that a perusal of my translation will not wholly disappoint those expectations which may have been raised by my preface, or entertained from a knowledge of that admiration which the Italians universally testify for their favourite poet.

It will be sufficiently flattering to me, should the English reader experience but a small part of that pleasure which has recompensed me for the hours of anxiety and application that must attend such an undertaking; but whatever support I may have found from that degree of enthusiasm which every translator, who has the least pretence to taste or genius, will imbibe from such a poet as Ariosto, I must likewise declare, that no little encouragement has been afforded me by the countenance of those friends, who, if I may be allowed to make use of the beautiful figure of my author, at the opening of his last book, "will, I trust, stand on the beach to welcome my return from so hazardous a voyage." To this I must add, that the favour shown by the public, in the reception of the first volume of my Orlando, would of itself, without any other consideration, have effectually determined me to persevere in making an entire version of this wonderful poem; a design which I had conceived and entered upon many years before I engaged in the translation of Tasso, but which the avocations of a life devoted to business long prevented me from pursuing.

In my preface, life, and notes, I have endeavoured to insert whatever might gratify curiosity, or give every necessary elucidation, on which occasion I must return my thanks to those gentlemen who have smoothed the way in this part of my labours, by giving me information and assistance; and here let me declare my sense of the kindness of one who was ever ready to patronize any apparent work of genius. My first obligations are due to the late Mr. Garrick, who gave me free access to the books in his collection: he saw the beginning of my translation, but did not live to see the completion of a work, in the success of which he once seemed kindly to interest himself. It never will be thought superfluous that I pay this regard to the memory of him, whose death I sincerely lamented, and who, however soon forgotten by many in the dissipation of the day, has, in the words of one of his most respectable friends, "left that gap in society which will not easily be filled up."

In the late Dr. Hawkesworth I have found reason to regret the loss of one, whose taste and friendship I had formerly experienced in my version of Tasso, and which would have been sensibly felt in the present publication: he saw the first part of the foregoing translation, and gave me every encouragement, declaring himself more struck with the wild beauties of the Orlando, than with the more classical merits of the Jerusalem.

I must here make my grateful acknowledgements to the friendship and politeness of Mr. Barnard of St. James's, for being honoured with the indulgence of consulting the royal library. To this gentleman's particular kindness, and general liberality of sentiment, every return is due for favours shown to the man, and to the translator.

Nor can I pass over unnoticed the very flattering manner in which, without any previous recommendation, I was permitted to make use of the library of the late reverend Mr. Crofts, a resource the more grateful to me, as this collection has been allowed to exceed any other in the number of Italian books, amongst which are many early writers of the greatest rarity and estimation.

I must likewise confess the assistance which I have derived from the friendship of Mr. Sastres, of whose taste and knowledge in Italian literature I was happy to avail myself in any difficulty.

I owe my thanks to all my subscribers; but my first thanks are due for the great honour that has been conferred on me in the permission of introducing Ariosto to my countrymen with becoming dignity, by an insertion of such august names at the head of my encouragers.

I must not forget my obligations to the governor-general of Bengal, and to the rest of the gentlemen in the East-India company's service at that settlement, for their very generous patronage of my pro-

pouals: at the same time let me discharge a melancholy duty to the memory of a deceased friend, who showed his early attention to my attempt of giving an English Orlando, and whose disposition, as a friend, a scholar, and a patron of genius, led him in the most cordial manner to continue that countenance in India, which he had given to the work in England: with the name of major Pearson, whose loss I have every reason to regret, let me join the name of Mr. Clement Francis, now of Calcutta, who, with the ardour of unfeigned friendship, has done every thing to promote my subscription in that part of the world.

To Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, whose pencil needs no praise from me, I am beholden for the elegant design to the first volume, which she was pleased, in the most polite manner, to contribute towards the embellishment of my book.

To other friends am I indebted for acts of kindness. To Dr. Warton of Winchester, for his warm encouragement in the progress of my labour; to his brother Mr. Thomas Warton; to my friend Dr. Burney; all zealous admirers of our poet; and to the worthy and elegant author of Leonidas, the great lover and judge of the works of imagination, by whom I was very early stimulated to so arduous an undertaking.

Among those whose good wishes have always gone along with the translator, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I can insert the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson; and I am happy in this opportunity of giving a public testimony of my sincere and respectful affection for him, whose friendship I consider as one of the most grateful circumstances of my life, since the value of his character can only be known by those who live with him in the habit of intimacy; but, alas! such knowledge leads us continually to lament the condition of mankind, in which, at a certain period, every warning of mortality makes us dread a dissolution of the dearest connections, while we are tempted to regret, that some of the apparently superfluous years allotted to the profligate or the useless, cannot be added to those whose lives are an honour to human nature.

15th May, 1783.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

AN

HEROIC POEM.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

TORQUATO TASSO,

BY

JOHN HOOLE.

Whither he went, and why he cours'd so well,
On what design, th' ensuing book shall tell;
If, as you still were wont, with favouring ear
You seem intent the pleasing tale to hear.

BOOK XXXV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Discourse of Saint John with Astolpho. Allegory of Time. Eulogium on writers. Bradamant meets with Flordelis, and undertakes to deliver Brandimart from the hands of Rodomont. Her joust with the Pagan on the bridge. Bradamant arrives with Flordelis at the walls of Arli, and sends Flordelis with a challenge to Rogero. She unhorses, at three several encounters, Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau.

Ah! who, my fair, will wing his flight so high
To fetch my wandering wits from yonder sky;
My wits, still wasting, since the fatal dart
Came from those lovely eyes to pierce my heart?
Nor will I yet of banish'd sense complain,
Let me the little I've preserv'd retain:
But thus decreasing still, when all is flown
I in Orlando's fate may paint my own.
Yet, to retrieve my loss, I need not soar
So far from Earth, or Paradise explore;
Or to the circle of the Moon repair;
My waning wits are never treasur'd there.
No—in your eyes, your lovely face they stray,
Your ivory neck, your bosom's milky way;
Then let these lips your favouring grace obtain
To search those charms till I grow wise again.

When now the knight had seen the fatal wheel
Its scanty thread to wretched mortals deal,
From room to room through all the dome he stray'd,
And every future life unspun survey'd.
Amidst the rest a beauteous fleece he view'd;
Not radiant gold such beamy lustre shew'd,
Nor gems, if drawn to threads by wondrous art,
Could reach in dazzling light its thousandth part.
This fleece, that midst a countless store excell'd,
With rapture'd gaze the wondering duke beheld;
And much he long'd to know what age should claim
This valu'd life, and whose the happy name.

To him the great evangelist replies:
"This glorious star shall to your world arise,
Ere yet, by twenty years[1], is mark'd on Earth
With M and D the woman's incarnate birth.
As though the mystic store, this fleece so fair
Am'd so many shines beyond compare,
So shall the life, that issues thence, bestow
Unequall'd blessings on mankind below.
Since every grace of genius and of art,
That nature gives, or learning can impart,
Shall there unite to crown with boundless fame
This happy mortal's unexampled claim.
'Twixt either horn, where rolls through marshy lands
The king of floods, a humble village stands;
Before it flows the Po; behind, a lake
Turbid and deep collected waters make:
This, now obscure, in future I foretel
Shall every town in Italy excel,
For walls, and stately domes, for every grace
Of polish'd life, exalting human race:
For thus has Heaven ordain'd the seat to raise
Worthy his birth whose name employs my praise.
So where the hind engrafts the tender fruit,
He tends the plant that feeds the leafy shoot;
The skilful artist so the gold refines,
In whose bright round a sparkling jewel shines.
No other soul[2] in your terrestrial reign
A mortal body shall like this obtain;
How rarely from innumerous spirits here
So fair a spirit quits this upper sphere,
As that which Heaven's all-comprehensive mind
Has for the great Hippolito design'd!
Hippolito of Este is he nam'd,
By God's decree for countless virtues fam'd,
Such virtues, as diffus'd, might well adorn
Full many a mortal in your region born.
Goodness by him, by him each studious art
Shall find support; but would I here impart
His high deservings in as copious strain,
Orlando might expect his wits in vain."

Where roll'd with mingled sand the troubled flood
The hallow'd sage and noble warrior stood,
To view that aged man who to the shore
The sculptur'd names within his mantle bore.
I know not if you still in memory hold
What late of this mysterious sire I told,
Of mien decrepid, but whose rapid pace
Excell'd the fleetest of the stags in chase.
With ceaseless labour from the heap he took
The various names, and from his vesture shook,
As oft as to the water's brink he came,
Th' oblivious waters known by Lethe's name[3].
What tablets sinking there, to rise no more,
The rapid eddies to the bottom bore!
Beside and o'er the stream a feather'd crew
Of crows, of choughs, and ravenous vultures flew,
And many a different bird that hover'd nigh
With clattering pinions and discordant cry.
These, as they saw the wayward sire display
His treasure, hasten'd to partake the prey:
One with his crooked talons, one with beak
A tablet seiz'd, but found his strength too weak

[1] The poet means the year 1460, in which Hippolito was born, twenty years before the year 1500, marked by the Roman numerals M.D. This conceit will appear strange in English versification, but it was thought right to preserve it. The idea of this expression seems from Dante, Paradiso, cant. xix. ver. 109.

Vedrassi al Cielo di Gerusalemme
Segnata con la sua bontate;
Quando 'l contrario segnera un esame.

[2] Ruscelli, the Italian commentator, here attempts to apologize for the liberty taken by Ariosto of introducing Saint John to give so hyperbolical a praise of Hippolito. But surely it is altogether unnecessary to observe, that not only with respect to the sentiment here put in the mouth of the apostle, but in many other passages of this most extraordinary poem, to attempt a serious defence of them, must be esteemed an extravagance little less than the fictions of the poet; nor can our wonder be raised at this speech of Saint John, after the prophecy delivered in the sixth Book at the death of Isabella.

[3] Ariosto has feigned Lethe to be in the Moon, and Dante places it in Purgatory.

To bear it far, and when in air he try'd
His daring flight, the weight his flight deny'd.
So Lethe to eternal night must give
These honour'd names that well deserv'd to live.
Amidst the winged tribe two swans appear'd,
White as the banners[6] by my patron rear'd,
That each recover'd from the stream at will
Some sinking medal in his sacred bill;
And spite of him who with such fell intent
Innumerous titles from his mantle rent,
The pious birds a chosen few reprieve'd:
Oblivion's whelming gulf the rest receiv'd.
Along the tide now swam the snow-white pair,
Now soar'd on fluttering wings through yielding air,
Till near the borders of the fatal flood
They reach'd a hill, on whose high summit stood
A temple built to never-dying Fame,
Whence, down the steep, a beauteous virgin came,
Of each fair cygnet on the banks to take
The names redeem'd from Lethe's silent lake.
These round the statue that sublimely plac'd
Upon a column's height the centre grac'd,
She hung aloft in honour of the fame,
And bade them there unchang'd for ages remain.
What hoary sire was this, and why he gave
The names engraven to the greedy wave;
Much of the swans to know, the duke desired;
Of that fair virgin and her hill inquir'd;
And much he long'd to hear the sense reveal'd,
Beneath these visionary forms conceal'd.
All this to learn, he ask'd his gracious guide,
And thus the holy man of God reply'd.
"Know first, that not a leaf on Earth can move
But bears its correspondent type above.
On Earth and here the same effects we find,
In semblance differing, but alike in kind:
The sire, whose beard adown his bosom flows,
Whose wondrous speed no mortal equal knows,
Here works the same effect in mystic show,
That time performs on changing things below.
When here the fatal thread of man is spun,
Of human life below the course is run.
While Fame is there, lo! here her semblant sign,
And both alike were deathless, both divine;
But that yon sire here makes the names his prey,
And time below wastes all with slow decay:
This, as thou seest, consigns to whelming tides,
And that far ever in oblivion hides.
Crows, vultures, choughs, and all the feather'd train,
Here strive to bear the sinking names in vain:
These are on Earth the servile band and base,
Flatterers and parasites that courts disgrace;
Buffoons and slaves, with every vice indu'd,
But priz'd too oft above the wise and good.
All these are courtiers call'd, of sordid mind,
(Like the vile ass or swine's detested kind)
Who broil in feasts to waste the glutton hour
With greedy taste the savoury cates devour;
Who when the Parcæ end their master's days,
When Bacchus or intemperate Venus slays,
Bear in their mouths awhile each patron theme,
Then drop the burthen in oblivion's stream.
But as the swans with soft melodious strain
Convey the medals safe to yonder fane;
So virtue's deeds the poet's tuneful breath
Extends to latest times beyond the stroke of death.

O happy princes! train'd in learning's lore,
Who tread the path by Cæsar[5] trod before,
And while you list each writer to your side,
Fear not th' absorbing waves of Lethe's tide.
Rare as these swans, so rare the poet's name,
Such poets as the Muses' honours claim:
For Heaven bestows but with a sparing hand
Illustrious men to grace a favour'd land;
And oft the churlish lord without regard
Leaves godlike genius pining for reward.
The bad must smile; the good oppression find;
And noble arts are banish'd from mankind.
Sure Heaven deprives the great of inward light,
To quench their souls in intellectual night,
And makes them scorn the bard's mellifluous lays,
That death may blot their name to future days.
Would these but make one tuneful Muse their friend,
(Whate'er their crimes) their memory might extend
In Time's fair page, and savours sweet dispense
As costly myrrh or odorous frankincense.
Æneas' self was not so place found,
Nor Hector nor Achilles so renown'd
For deeds of arms, but numbers might we tell
Whose martial glories could those chiefs excel.
The favour, by their rich descendents show'd,
The princely gifts, the palaces bestow'd,
Exalt their actions to the highest praise,
That fiction paints or history can raise.
Deem not Augustus' life[8] so free from blame,
As Virgil's trump delivers him to fame;
His skill in verse and love to bards display'd,
The dire proscription veils in friendly shade.
Not one might now on Nero's guilt exclaim;
Nor infamy perchance attend a name
By gods and men abhorr'd, had he ensur'd
The pen of writers and the Muse secur'd.
On Agamemnon Homer wreaths bestows[7],
And paints the Trojans vanquish'd by their foes;
Tells how Penelope amidst the train
Of lawless suitors could her faith maintain:
But would you see the truth no more conceal'd,
Who knows but thus the tale might stand reveal'd,
That Greece was routed, Troy the conquest gain'd,
And that Penelope her nuptials stain'd?

[6] The standard of the house of Este was a white swan.

[5] Augustus Cæsar.

[8] The Triumvir and Proscriber had descended to us in a more hideous form than they now appear, if the emperor had not taken care to make friends of him (Virgil) and Horace. Ariosto has put these words into the mouth of an evangelist, but whether they will pass for gospel now I cannot tell.

Non fu sì santo, ni benigno Augusto
Come la tuba di Virgilio suona,
L'haver avuto in poesia buon gusto,
La proscrittione iniqua li perdona.
Dryden, Preface to Æneid.

[7] Mr. Warton in his History of Poetry tells us, that Lydgate blames Homer, "notwithstanding all his rhetoric and sugred eloquence, as a prejudiced writer who favours the Greeks;" a censure which flowed from the favourite and prevailing notion held by the western nations, of their descent from the Trojans. Dion of Prusa, an historian, took great pains to show that Homer had falsified the truth, and that Achilles was slain by Hector, and the Greeks vanquished.

TO THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

To approach the high and the illustrious has been, in all ages, the privilege of poets; and though translators cannot justly claim the same honour, yet they naturally follow their authors as attendants; and I hope that, in return for having enabled Tasso to diffuse his fame through the British dominions, I may be introduced by him to the presence of your majesty.

Tasso has a peculiar claim to your majesty's favour, as a follower and panegyrist of the house of Este, which has one common ancestor with the house of Hanover: and in reviewing his life, it is not easy to forbear a wish that he had lived in a happier time, when he might, among the descendants of that illustrious family, have found a more liberal and potent patronage.

I cannot but observe, madam, how unequally reward is proportioned to merit, when I reflect that the happiness, which was withheld from Tasso, is reserved for me; and that the poem, which once hardly procured to its author the countenance of the princes of Ferrara, has attracted to its translator the favourable notice of a British queen.

Had this been the fate of Tasso, he would have been able to have celebrated the condescension of your majesty in nobler language, but could not have felt it with more ardent gratitude, than,

madam,

your Majesty's

most faithful and

devoted servant,

JOHN HOOLE.*

* This dedication was written by Dr. Johnson. *C.*

ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE TRANSLATOR,

TO

THE FIFTH EDITION.

HAVING completed a translation of the Orlando Furioso of Ariosto, with explanatory notes, and the favourable attention that has been paid to my version of Tasso making it necessary to give a new edition of the Jerusalem, I thought it expedient to revise the work; and, in order not only to render it more worthy of the public favour, but to give an uniformity to the two publications, I have added to the present edition such notes as might be useful for explaining the historical allusions, and some few other passages: but as the Jerusalem is in itself complete, and wholly independent of every other poem, in which respect it has the advantage of the Orlando, and of the three great poems of antiquity; and as the historical allusions are rare, compared to those of Ariosto, the bulk of the notes will be inconsiderable. It may possibly at first be thought, by some, that I have not dwelt sufficiently on the imitations and striking parts of this admirable poem; but the truth is, I was unwilling to swell the pages with an unprofitable display of criticism; and I hope I may add, without the imputation of vanity, that little commentary was required to an author with whom my countrymen are now acquainted. But it appeared to me that much was to be said, on the introduction of such a poem as Ariosto's, to open fully a poetical character so new and uncommon to the English reader.

May 23, 1783.

PREFACE

TO

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

Of all authors, so familiarly known by name to the generality of English readers as Tasso, perhaps there is none whose works have been so little read; and the few who have read them, have seldom estimated them by their own judgment. As some authors owe much of their reputation to the implicit acquiescence of the many in the encomiums bestowed upon them by some person with whom, for whatever reason, it has been thought honourable to acquiesce; so others have been rated much below their merit, merely because some fashionable critic has decried their performances: and thus it has happened to Tasso.

M. Boileau, in one of his satires, had ridiculed the absurdity of "preferring the tinsel of Tasso to the gold of Virgil:" this sentiment was hastily catched up by Mr. Addison, whose polite and elegant writings are an honour to our nation, but whose greatest excellence was not, perhaps, either poetry or criticism; and he has zealously declared, in one of his Spectators, that "he entirely agrees with M. Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the tinsel of Tasso." These declarations, indeed, amount to no more than that gold is better than tinsel, and true wit than false; a discovery which does no great honour to the author: but those, who are accustomed to take things in the gross, and to adopt the judgment of others because they will not venture to judge for themselves, have inferred, that all Virgil is gold, and that all Tasso is tinsel; than which nothing can be more absurd, whether M. Boileau and Mr. Addison intended the implication or not: it is as true, that the gold of Tasso is better than his tinsel, as that the gold of Virgil is better; and though a verse of Virgil is better than all Tasso's tinsel, it does not follow that it is also better than Tasso's gold. That Tasso has gold, no man, who wishes to be thought qualified to judge of poetry, will choose to deny. It will also be readily admitted, that he has tinsel; but it will be easy to show, not only that the gold preponderates, but that the tinsel, mingled with it, is not in a greater proportion than in many other compositions, which have received the applause of successive ages, and been preserved in the wreck of nations, when almost every other possession has been abandoned.

By tinsel is meant false thought, and, perhaps, incredible fiction; and whoever is acquainted with the writings of Ovid knows, that he abounds with false thoughts, that he is continually playing upon words, and that his fictions are in the highest degree incredible; yet his Metamorphoses have ever been held in great estimation by all judges of poetical merit.

But if Tasso's merit is to be decided by authority, may not that of M. Voltaire be opposed with great propriety to the pedantry of M. Boileau, and the echo of Mr. Addison? "There is," says he, in his Essay on Epic Poetry, "no monument of antiquity in Italy that more deserves the attention of a traveller, than the Jerusalem of Tasso. Time, which subverts the reputation of common performances, as it were by sap, has rendered that of the Jerusalem more stable and permanent: this poem is now sung in many parts of Italy, as the Iliad was in Greece; and Tasso is placed, without scruple, by the side of Homer and Virgil, notwithstanding his defects, and the criticisms of Despreaux. The Jerusalem appears, in some respects, to be an imitation of the Iliad; but if Rinaldo is drawn after Achilles, and Godfrey after Agamemnon, I will venture to say, that Tasso's copy is much superior to the original: in his battles he has as much fire as Homer, with greater variety; his heroes, like those of the Iliad, are distinguished

by a difference of character; but the characters of Tasso are more skilfully introduced, more strongly marked, and infinitely better sustained; for there is scarce one in the Iliad that is not inconsistent with itself, and not one in the Jerusalem that is not uniform throughout. Tasso has painted what Homer only sketched; he has attained the art of varying his tints by different shades of the same colour, and has distinguished, into different modes, many virtues, vices, and passions, which others have thought to be the same. Thus the characteristic, both of Godfrey and Aladine, is sagacity, but the modes are finely varied; in Godfrey it is a calm circumspective prudence, in Aladine a cruel policy. Courage is predominant both in Tancred and Argantes; but in Tancred it is a generous contempt of danger, in Argantes a brutal fury: so love in Armida is a mixture of levity and desire; in Erminia it is a soft and amiable tenderness. There is, indeed, no figure in the picture that does not discover the hand of a master, not even Peter the hermit, who is finely contrasted with the enchanter Ismeno; two characters, which are surely very much superior to the Calchas and Talthybius of Homer. Rinaldo is, indeed, imitated from Achilles, but his faults are more excusable, his character is more amiable, and his leisure is better employed; Achilles dazzles us, but we are interested for Rinaldo.

"I am in doubt whether Homer has done right or wrong in making Priam so much the object of our pity, but it was certainly a master-stroke in Tasso to render Aladine odious; for the reader would otherwise have been necessarily interested for the Mahometans against the Christians, whom he would have been tempted to consider as a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe, in order to desolate a country they had no right to, and massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince, more than fourscore years old, and his whole people, against whom they had no pretence of complaint." M. Voltaire then observes, that this is indeed the true character of the crusades: but "Tasso," continues he, "has, with great judgment, represented them very differently; for, in his Jerusalem, they appear to be an army of heroes marching under a chief of exalted virtue, to rescue, from the tyranny of infidels, a country which had been consecrated by the birth and death of a God. The subject of his poem, considered in this view, is the most sublime that can be imagined; and he has treated it with all the dignity of which it is worthy, and has even rendered it not less interesting than elevated. The action is well conducted, and the incidents artfully interwoven; he strikes out his adventures with spirit, and distributes his light and shade with the judgment of a master: he transports his reader from the tumults of war to the sweet solitudes of love, and from scenes exquisitely voluptuous he again transports him to the field of battle: he touches all the springs of passion in a swift but regular succession, and gradually rises above himself as he proceeds from book to book: his style is in all parts equally clear and elegant; and when his subject requires elevation, it is astonishing to see how he impresses a new character upon the softness of the Italian language, how he sublimes it into majesty, and compresses it into strength. It must, indeed, be confessed, that in the whole poem there are about two hundred verses in which the author has indulged himself in puerile conceits, and a mere play upon words; but this is nothing more than a kind of tribute which his genius paid to the taste of the age he lived in, which had a fondness for points and turns that has since rather increased than diminished."

Such is the merit of Tasso's Jerusalem in the opinion of M. Voltaire: he has, indeed, pointed out with great judgment many defects in particular parts of the work, which he so much admires upon the whole; but this gives his testimony in behalf of Tasso, so far as it goes, new force; and if Tasso can be justified in some places where M. Voltaire has condemned him, it follows, that his general merit is still greater than M. Voltaire has allowed.

Having remarked some fanciful excesses in the account of the expedition of Ubald and his companion, to discover and bring back Rinaldo, who was much wanted by the whole army, M. Voltaire asks, "What was the great exploit which was reserved for this hero, and which rendered his presence of so much importance, that he was transported from the Pic of Teneriffe to Jerusalem? Why he was," says M. Voltaire, "destined by Providence to cut down some old trees, that stood in a forest which was haunted by hobgoblins." M. Voltaire, by this ludicrous description of Rinaldo's adventure in the enchanted wood, insinuates, that the service he performed was inadequate to the pomp with which he was introduced, and unworthy of the miracles which contributed to his return: but the enchantment of the forest being once admitted, this exploit of Rinaldo will be found greatly to heighten his character, and to remove an obstacle to the siege, which would otherwise have been insuperable, and would consequently have defeated the whole enterprise of the crusade: it was impossible to carry on the siege without machines constructed of timber; no timber was to be had but in this forest; and in this forest the principal heroes of the Christian army had attempted to cut timber in vain.

To this it may be added, that M. Voltaire has not dealt fairly, by supposing that Rinaldo was re-

called to the camp for no other intent than to cut down the wood: the critic seems to have forgotten the necessity of this hero's presence to the general affairs of the Christians: it was he who was destined to kill Solyman, whose death was, perhaps, of equal consequence to the Christians, as that of Hector to the Grecians: the Danish messenger had been miraculously preserved, and sent to deliver Sweno's sword to Rinaldo, with a particular injunction for him to revenge the death of that prince on the soldan: we see further the importance of Rinaldo in the last battle, where he kills almost all the principal leaders of the enemy, and is the great cause of the entire defeat of the Egyptian army.

M. Voltaire's general censure of this incident, therefore, appears to be ill-founded. "But certain demons," says he, "having taken an infinite variety of shapes to terrify those who came to fell the trees, Tancred finds his Clorinda shut up in a pine, and wounded by a stroke which he had given to the trunk of the tree; and Armida issues from the bark of a myrtle, while she is many leagues distant in the Egyptian army."

Upon a review of this last passage, the first sentence will certainly be found to confute the censure implied in the second. In the first sentence we are told, "that the forms which prevented the Christian heroes from cutting down the trees were devils:" in the second it is insinuated, that the voice of Clorinda, and the form of Armida, were no illusions, but in reality what they seemed to be: for where is the absurdity that a demon should assume the voice of Clorinda, or the figure of Armida, in this forest, though Clorinda herself was dead, and Armida in another place? Tasso, therefore, is acquitted of the charge of making Armida in two places at one time, even by the very passage in which the charge is brought.

To the authority of M. Voltaire, who, at the same time that he supposes Tasso to have more faults than he has, thinks his excellencies sufficient to place him among the first poets in the world, may be added that of Mr. Dryden, who, in the preface to the translation of Virgil, has declared the Jerusalem Delivered to be the next heroic poem to the Iliad and Æneid.

Mr. Dryden was too great a master in poetical composition, and had a knowledge too extensive, and a judgment too accurate, to suppose the merit of the Jerusalem to be subverted by improbabilities, which are more numerous and more gross in the works of Homer and Virgil. It is very likely that magic and enchantment were as generally and firmly believed, when Tasso wrote his Jerusalem, as the visible agency of the Pagan deities at the writing of the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Æneid: and it is certain, that the events, which Tasso supposes to have been brought about by enchantment, were more congruous to such a cause than many fictions of the Greek and Roman poets to the Pagan theology; at least that a theology, which could admit them, was more absurd than the existence and operation of any powers of magic and enchantment. If we do not, therefore, reject the poems of Homer and Virgil as not worth reading, because they contain extravagant fables, we have no right to make that a pretence for rejecting the Jerusalem of Tasso; especially if the Gothic machines were more adapted to the great ends of epic poetry than the system of antiquity, as an ingenious author has endeavoured to show: his words are, "The current popular tales of elves and fairies were even fitter to take the credulous mind, and charm it into a willing admiration of the *specious miracles*, which wayward fancy delights in, than those of the old traditionary rabble of Pagan divinities. And then, for the more solemn fancies of witchcraft and incantation, the horrours of the Gothic were above measure striking and terrible. The mummeries of the Pagan priests were childish; but the Gothic enchanters shook and alarmed all nature. We feel this difference very sensibly in reading the ancient and modern poets. You would not compare the Canidia of Horace with the witches of Macbeth: and what are Virgil's myrtles dropping blood, to Tasso's enchanted forest?" Letters on Chivalry and Romance, p. 48, 49.

As I think it is now evident that a reader may be pleased with Tasso, and not disgrace his judgment, I may, without impropriety, offer a translation of him to those who cannot read him in his original language. I may be told, indeed, that there is an English translation of him already, and therefore that an apology is necessary for a new one. To this I answer, that the only complete translation is that of Fairfax, which is in stanzas that cannot be read with pleasure by the generality of those who have a taste for English poetry; of which no other proof is necessary than that it appears scarcely to have been read at all: it is not only unpleasant, but irksome, in such a degree, as to surmount curiosity; and more than counterbalance all the beauty of expression, and sentiment, which is to be found in that work. I do not flatter myself that I have excelled Fairfax, except in my measure and versification, and even of these the principal recommendation is, that they are more modern, and better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times, when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments.

That a translation of Tasso into modern English verse has been generally thought necessary, appears by several essays that have been made towards it, particularly those of Mr. Brooke, Mr. Hooke, and Mr. Layng: if any of these gentlemen had completed their undertaking, it would effectually have precluded mine. Mr. Brooke's, in particular, is at once so harmonious, and so spirited, that I think an entire translation of Tasso by him would not only have rendered my task unnecessary, but have discouraged those from the attempt, whose poetical abilities are much superior to mine; and yet Mr. Brooke's performance is rather an animated paraphrase than a translation. My endeavour has been to render the sense of my author as nearly as possible, which could never be done merely by translating his words; how I have succeeded, the world must determine: an author is but an ill judge of his own performances: and the opinion of friends is not always to be trusted; for there is a kind of benevolent partiality which inclines us to think favourably of the works of those whom we esteem. I am, however, happy in the good opinion of some gentlemen whose judgment, in this case, could err only by such partiality; and as I am not less ambitious to engage esteem as a man, than to merit praise as an author, I am not anxiously solicitous to know whether they have been mistaken or not.

As many passages in the original of this work are very closely imitated from the Greek and Roman classics, I may perhaps, inadvertently, have inserted a line or two from the English versions of those authors; but as Mr. Pope, in his translation of Homer, has taken several verses from Mr. Dryden, and Mr. Pitt, in his translation of the Æneid, several both from Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, I flatter myself I shall incur no censure on that account.

I have incorporated some few verses both of Mr. Brooke's and Mr. Layng's version of Tasso with my own; but as I have not arrogated the merit of what I have borrowed to myself, I cannot justly be accused of plagiarism. These obligations I acknowledge, that I may do justice to others; but there are some which I shall mention to gratify myself. Mr. Samuel Johnson, whose judgment I am happy in being authorised to make use of on this occasion, has given me leave to publish it as his opinion, that a modern translation of the Jerusalem Delivered is a work that may very justly merit the attention of the English reader, and I owe many remarks to the friendship and candour of Dr. Hawkesworth, from which my performance has received considerable advantages.

Before I conclude this preface, it is necessary the English reader should be acquainted that the Italian poets, when they speak of infidels of any denomination, generally use the word Pagans: the word Pagan, therefore, in the translation, is often used for Mahometan; and Spenser has used the word Paynim in the same sense.

As the public is not at all concerned about the qualifications of an author, any further than they appear in his works, it is to little purpose that writers have endeavoured to prevent their writings from being considered as the standard of their abilities, by alleging the short time, or the disadvantageous circumstances, in which they were produced. If their performances are too bad to obtain a favourable reception for themselves, it is not likely that the world will regard them with more indulgence for being told why they are no better. If I did not hope, therefore, that the translation now offered, though begun and finished in the midst of employments of a very different kind, might something more than atone for its own defects, I would not have obtruded it on the public. All I request of my readers is, to judge for themselves; and if they find any entertainment, not to think the worse of it for being the performance of one, who has never before appeared a candidate for their suffrages as an author.

THE

LIFE OF TASSO.

TORQUATO TASSO[1] was descended from the illustrious house of the Torregiani, lords of Bergamo, Milan, and several other towns in Lombardy. The Torregiani, being expelled by the Visconti, settled between Bergamo and Como, in the most advantageous posts of the mountain of Tasso, from which they took their name. This family supported itself by alliances till the time of Bernardo Tasso, whose mother was of the house of Cornaro. The estate of Bernardo, the father of our poet, was no ways equal to his birth; but this deficiency, in point of fortune, was in some measure compensated by the gifts of understanding. His works in verse and prose are recorded as monuments of his genius; and his fidelity to Ferrante of Sanseverino, prince of Salerno, to whom he was entirely devoted, entitled him to the esteem of every man of honour. This prince had made him his secretary, and taken him with him to Naples, where he settled, and married Portia di Rossi, daughter of Lucrezia di Gambacorti, of one of the most illustrious families in that city.

Portia was six months gone with child, when she was invited by her sister Hyppolyta to Sorrento, to pay her a visit. Bernardo accompanied her thither: and in this place Portia was delivered of a son, on the 11th day of March 1544, at noon. The infant was baptized a few days after, in the metropolitan church of Sorrento, by the name of Torquato. Bernardo and Portia returned soon after to Naples, with little Tasso, whose birth, like Homer's, was afterwards disputed by several cities that claimed the honour of it: but it seems undeniably proved that he was born at Sorrento.

Historians relate incredible things of his early and promising genius: they tell us, that, at six months old, he not only spoke and pronounced his words clearly and distinctly, but that he thought, reasoned, expressed his wants, and answered questions; that there was nothing childish in his words, but the tone of his voice; that he seldom laughed or cried; and that, even then, he gave certain tokens of that equality of temper which supported him so well in his future misfortunes.

Towards the end of his third year, Bernardo his father was obliged to follow the prince of Salerno into Germany, which journey proved the source of all the sufferings of Tasso and his family. The occasion was this. Don Pedro of Toledo, viceroy of Naples for the emperor Charles V. had formed a design to establish the Inquisition in that city. The Neapolitans, alarmed at this, resolved to send a deputation to the emperor, and, for that purpose, made choice of the prince of Salerno, who seemed most able, by his authority and riches, to make head against the viceroy. The prince undertook the affair; and Bernardo Tasso accompanied him into Germany.

Before his departure, Bernardo committed the care of his son to Angelazzo, a man of learning; for it was his opinion, that a boy could not be put too soon under the tuition of men. At three years of age, they tell us, little Tasso began to study grammar; and, at four, was sent to the college of the Jesuits, where he made so rapid a progress, that at seven he was pretty well acquainted with the Latin and Greek tongues: at the same age he made public orations, and composed some pieces of poetry, of

[1] All the principal incidents in this Life are taken from the account given by Giovanni Battista Manso, a Neapolitan, lord of Bisaccio and Pianca. This nobleman was Tasso's intimate friend; he had many of our author's papers in his possession, and being himself witness to several particulars which he relates, his authority seems unexceptionable.

which the style is said to have retained nothing of puerility. The following lines he addressed to his mother when he left Naples to follow his father's fortune, being then only nine years of age:

Ma dal sen de la madre empia Fortuna
Pargoletto divelse, ah di' que' baci
Ch' ella bagnò di lagrime dolenti
Con sospir mi rimembra, e de gli ardenti
Preghi che sen portar l'aure fugaci,
Che i' non dovea giunger più volto à volto
Fra quelle braccia accolto
Con nodi così stretti, e sì tenaci,
Lasso, e seguìj con mal sicure piante
Qual' Ascanio, o Camilla il padre errante.

Relentless Fortune in my early years
Removes me from a mother's tender breast:
With sighs I call to mind the farewel tears
That bath'd her kisses when my lips she prest!
I hear her pray'rs with ardour breath'd to Heaven,
Aside now wafted by the devious wind;
No more to her unhappy son 'tis given
Th' endearments of maternal love to find!
No more her fondling arms shall round me spread,
Far from her sight reluctant I retire,
Like young Camilla or Ascanius, led
To trace the footsteps of my wandering sire!

The success the prince of Salerno met with in his embassy greatly increased his credit amongst the Neapolitans, but entirely ruined him with the viceroy, who left nothing unturned to make the emperor jealous of the great deference the people showed Ferrante, from which he inferred the most dangerous consequences. He so much exasperated the emperor against the prince of Salerno, that Ferrante, finding there was no longer any security for him at Naples, and having in vain applied to gain an audience of the emperor, retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to Charles V.

Bernardo Tasso would not abandon his patron in his ill fortune; neither would he leave his son in a country where he himself was soon to be declared an enemy; and foreseeing he should never be able to return thither, he took young Torquato with him to Rome.

As soon as the departure of the prince of Salerno was known, he, and all his adherents, were declared rebels to the state; and, what may seem very extraordinary, Torquato Tasso, though but nine years of age, was included by name in that sentence. Bernardo, following the prince of Salerno into France, committed his son to the care of his friend and relation Mauritio Cataneo, a person of great ability, who assiduously cultivated the early disposition of his pupil to polite literature. After the death of Sanseverino, which happened in three or four years, Bernardo returned to Italy, and engaged in the service of Guglielmo Gonzaga, duke of Mantua, who had given him a pressing invitation. It was not long before he received the melancholy news of the decease of his wife Portia: this event determined him to send for his son, that they might be a mutual support to each other in their affliction. He had left him at Rome, because his residence in that city was highly agreeable to his mother; but that reason now ceasing, he was resolved to be no longer deprived of the society of the only child he had left; for his wife, before her death, had married his daughter to Mario Sersale, a gentleman of Sorrento.

Bernard was greatly surprised, on his son's arrival, to see the vast progress he had made in his studies. He was now twelve years of age, and had, according to the testimony of the writers of his Life, entirely completed his knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues: he was well acquainted with the rules of rhetoric and poetry, and completely versed in Aristotle's ethics; but he particularly studied the precepts of Mauritio Cataneo, whom he ever afterwards reverenced as a second father. Bernardo soon determined to send him to the university of Padua, to study the laws, in company with the young Scipio Gonzaga, afterwards cardinal, nearly of the same age as himself. With this nobleman Tasso, then seventeen years of age, contracted a friendship that never ended but with his life.

He prosecuted his studies at Padua with great diligence and success: at the same time employing

his leisure hours upon philosophy and poetry, he soon gave a public proof of his talents, by his poem of Rinaldo, which he published in the eighteenth year of his age.

This poem, which is of the romance kind, is divided into twelve books in ottava rima, and contains the adventures of Rinaldo, the famous Paladin of the court of Charlemain, who makes so principal a figure in Ariosto's work, and the first achievements of that knight for the love of the fair Clarice, whom he afterwards marries. The action of this poem precedes that of the Orlando Furioso. It was composed in ten months, as the author himself informs us in the preface, and was first printed at Venice in the year 1562. Paolo Beni speaks very highly of this performance, which undoubtedly is not unworthy the early efforts of that genius which afterwards produced the Jerusalem.

Tasso's father saw with regret the success of his son's poem: he was apprehensive, and not without reason, that the charms of poetry would detach him from those more solid studies, which he judged were most likely to raise him in the world: he knew very well, by his own experience, that the greatest skill in poetry will not advance a man's private fortune. He was not deceived in his conjecture; Torquato, insensibly carried away by his predominant passion, followed the examples of Petrarch, Boccace, Ariosto, and others, who, contrary to the remonstrances of their friends, quitted the severer studies of the law for the more pleasing entertainment of poetical compositions. In short, he entirely gave himself up to the study of poetry and philosophy. His first poem extended his reputation through all Italy; but his father was so displeased with his conduct, that he went to Padua on purpose to reprimand him. Though he spoke with great vehemence, and made use of several harsh expressions, Torquato heard him without interrupting him, and his composure contributed not a little to increase his father's displeasure. "Tell me," said Bernardo, "of what use is that vain philosophy, upon which you pride yourself so much?" "It has enabled me," said Tasso modestly, "to endure the harshness of your reproofs."

The resolution Tasso had taken to devote himself to the Muses was known all over Italy; the principal persons of the city and college of Bologna invited him thither by means of Pietro Donato Cesi, then vice-legate, and afterwards legate. But Tasso had not long resided there, when he was pressed by Scipio Gonzaga, elected prince of the academy established at Padua, under the name of Eterei, to return to that city. He could not withstand this solicitation; and Bologna being at that time the scene of civil commotion, he was the more willing to seek elsewhere for the repose he loved. He was received with extreme joy by all the academy, and being incorporated into that society, at the age of twenty years, took upon himself the name of Pentito, by which he seemed to show that he repented of all the time which he had employed in the study of the law.

In this retreat he applied himself afresh to philosophy and poetry, and soon became a perfect master of both: it was this happy mixture of his studies that made him an enemy to all kinds of licentiousness. An oration was made one day in the academy upon the nature of love; the orator treated his subject in a very masterly manner, but with too little regard to decency in the opinion of Tasso, who, being asked what he thought of the discourse, replied, "that it was a pleasing poison."

Here Tasso formed the design of his celebrated poem, Jerusalem Delivered: he invented the fable, disposed the different parts, and determined to dedicate this work to the glory of the house of Este. He was greatly esteemed by Alphonso II. the last duke of Ferrara, that great patron of learning and learned men, and by his brother, cardinal Luigi. There was a sort of contest between these two brothers, in relation to the poem: the cardinal imagined that he had a right to be the Mæcenas of all Tasso's works, as Rinaldo, his first piece, had been dedicated to him: the duke, on the other hand, thought that, as his brother had already received his share of honour, he ought not to be offended at seeing the name of Alphonso at the head of the Jerusalem Delivered. Tasso for three or four years suspended his determination; at length, being earnestly pressed by both the brothers to take up his residence in Ferrara, he suffered himself to be prevailed upon. The duke gave him an apartment in his palace, where he lived in peace and affluence, and pursued his design of completing his Jerusalem[1], which he now resolved to dedicate to Alphonso. The duke, who was desirous of fixing Tasso near him, had thoughts of marrying him advantageously, but he always evaded any proposal of that kind: though he appeared peculiarly devoted to Alphonso, yet he neglected not to pay his court to the cardinal.

The name of Tasso now became famous through all Europe: and the caresses he received from Charles IX. in a journey he made to France[2] with cardinal Luigi, who went thither in quality of legate, show that his reputation was not confined to his own country.

[1] Ann. æt. 22. [2] Ann. æt. 27.

We cannot perhaps give a more striking instance of the regard that monarch had for him, than in the following story. A man of letters, and a poet of some repute, had unfortunately been guilty of some enormous crime, for which he was condemned to suffer death. Tasso, touched with compassion, was resolved to petition the king for his pardon. He went to the palace, where he heard that orders had just been given to put the sentence immediately into execution. This did not discourage Tasso, who, presenting himself before the king, said: "I come to entreat your majesty that you would put to death a wretch, who has brought Philosophy to shame, by showing that she can make no stand against human depravity." The king, touched with the justness of this reflection, granted the criminal his life.

The king asked him one day, whom he judged superior to all others in happiness: he answered, "God." The king then desired to know his opinion, by what men resemble God in his happiness, whether by sovereign power, or by their capacity of doing good to others. A man more interested than Tasso might have said, that kings show their greatness by dispensing their benefactions to others: but he eluded the discourse, and replied, "that men could resemble God only by their virtue."

Another time, in a conversation held before the king by several learned men, it was disputed what condition in life was the most unfortunate. "In my opinion," said Tasso, "the most unfortunate condition is that of an impatient old man depressed with poverty: for," added he, "the state of that person is doubtless very deplorable, who has neither the gifts of fortune to preserve him from want, nor the principles of philosophy to support himself under affliction."

The cardinal's legation being finished, Tasso returned to Ferrara[4], where he applied himself to finish his Jerusalem, and in the mean time published his Aminta, a pastoral comedy[5], which was received with universal applause. This performance was looked upon as a master-piece in its kind, and is the original of the Pastor Fido and Filli di Scira.

It was not easy to imagine that Tasso could so well paint the effects of love, without having himself felt that passion: it began to be suspected that, like another Ovid, he had raised his desires too high, and it was thought that in many of his verses he gave hints of that kind; particularly in the following sonnet:

Se d' Icaro leggesti, e di Fetonte
Ben sai come ha'n cadde in questo fiume
Quando portar de l' Oriente il lume
Volle, e di rai de sol cinger la fronte:
E l'altro in mar, che troppo ardite, e gionte
A volo alzo le sue errate piume,
E così va chi di tentar presume
Strade nel ciel per fama a pena conte.
Ma, chi dee paventare in alta impresa,
S'avvien, ch'amor l'affide? e che non puote
Amor, che non catena il cielo unisce?
Egli giù trahe de le celesti rote
Di terrena belta Diana accesa
E d'Ida il bel fanciullo al ciel rapisce.

Oft have we heard, in Po's imperial tide
How hapless Phaëton was headlong thrown,
Who durst aspire the Sun's bright steeds to guide,
And wreathe his brows with splendours not his own!
Oft have we heard, how 'midst th' Icarian main
Fell the rash youth who tried too bold a flight;
Thus shall it fare with him, who seeks in vain
On mortal wings to reach th' empyreal height.
But who, inspir'd by love, can dangers fear?
What cannot love, that guides the rolling sphere;
Whose powerful magic Earth and Heaven controls?
Love brought Diana from the starry sky,
Smit with the beauties of a mortal eye:
Love snatch'd the boy of Ida to the poles.

[4] Ann. æt. 28. [5] Ann. æt. 29.

There were at the duke's court three Leonoras, equally witty and beautiful, though of different quality. The first was Leonora of Este, sister to the duke, who having refused the most advantageous matches, lived unmarried with Lauretta, duchess of Urbino, her elder sister, who was separated from her husband, and resided at her brother's court. Tasso had a great attachment to this lady, who, on her side, honoured him with her esteem and protection. She was wise, generous, and not only well read in elegant literature, but even versed in the more abstruse sciences. All these perfections were undoubtedly observed by Tasso, who was one of the most assiduous of her courtiers: and it appearing by his verses that he was touched with the charms of a Leonora, they tell us that we need not seek any further for the object of his passion.

The second Leonora that was given him for a mistress was the countess of San Vitale, daughter of the count of Sala, who lived at that time at the court of Ferrara, and passed for one of the most accomplished persons in Italy. Those who imagined that Tasso would not presume to lift his eyes to his master's sister, supposed that he loved this lady. It is certain that he had frequent opportunities of discoursing with her, and that she had frequently been the subject of his verses.

The third Leonora was a lady in the service of the princess Leonora of Este. This person was thought by some to be the most proper object of the poet's gallantry. Tasso, several times, employed his Muse in her service: in one of his pieces he confesses that, considering the princess as too high for his hope, he had fixed his affection upon her, as of a condition more suitable to his own. But if any thing can be justly drawn from this particular, it seems rather to strengthen the opinion, that his desires, at least at one time, had aspired to a greater height. The verses referred to above are as follow:

O con le Gratie elletta, e con gli Amori,
Fanciulla avventurosa:
A servir a colei, che Dia somiglia:
Poi che' l mio sguardo in lei mira, e non osa,
I' raggi e gli splendori,
E' l bel seren de gli occhi, e de le ciglia,
Nè l' alta meraviglia,
Che se discopre il lampeggiar del riso;
Nè quanto ha de celeste il petto, e'l volto;
Io gli occhi a te rivolto,
E nel tuo vezzosetto, e lieto viso
Dolcemente m' affiso.
Bruna sei tu, ma bella,
Qual virginc viola: e del tuo vago
Sembiante io fi m'appago,
Che non disdegno Signoria d' Ancella.

O! by the Graces, by the Loves design'd,
In happy hour I' enjoy an envy'd place:
Attendant on the fairest of her kind,
Whose charms excel the charms of human race!

Fain would I view—but dare not lift my sight
To mark the splendour of her piercing eyes;
Her heavenly smiles, her bosom's dazzling white,
Her nameless graces that the soul surprise.

To thee I then direct my humbler gaze;
To thee unreserv'd may my hopes aspire:
Less awful are the sweets thy look displays;
I view, and, kindling as I view, desire.

Though brown thy hue, yet lovely is thy frame;
(So blooms some violet, the virgin's care!)
I burn—yet blush not to confess my flame,
Nor scorn the empire of a menial fair.

However, it appears difficult to determine with certainty in relation to Tasso's passion; especially

when we consider the privilege allowed to poets: though M. Mirabaud[6] makes no scruple to mention it as a circumstance almost certain, and fixes it without hesitation on the princess Leonora, Tasso himself, in several of his poems, seems to endeavour to throw an obscurity over his passion, as in the following lines:

Tre gran donne vid' io, ch'in esser belle
Mostran disparità, ma somiglianti
Si che ne gli atti, e'n ogni lor sembiante
Scriver Natura par'; Noi siam sorelle.
Ben ciascun' io lodai, pur una delle
Mi piacque si, ch'io ne divenni Amante,
Et ancor fia, ch'io ne sospiri, e canti,
E'l mio foco, e'l suo nome alzi à le stelle
Lei sol vagheggio; e sempur l'altre io miro,
Guardo nel vago altrui quel, ch'è in lei vago,
E ne gl' Idoli suoi vivo ch'io l'adoro:
Ma contanto somiglia al ver l'imago
Ch'erro, e dolc' è l'error; pur ne sospiro,
Come d'ingiusta idolatria d'Amore.

SONNET.

Three courtly dames before my presence stood;
All lovely form'd, though differing in their grace:
Yet each resembled each; for Nature show'd
A sister's air in every mien and face.

Each maid I prais'd; but one above the rest,
Soon kindled in my heart the lover's fire:
For her these sighs still issue from my breast;
Her name, her beauties, still my song inspire.

Yet though to her alone my thoughts are due,
Reflected in the rest her charms I view,
And in her semblance still the nymph adore.

Delusion sweet! from this to that I rove;
But, while I wander, sigh, and fear to prove
A traitor thus to Love's almighty power!

In the meanwhile Tasso proceeded with his Jerusalem, which he completed in the thirtieth year of his age: but this poem was not published by his own authority; it was printed against his will, as soon as he had finished the last book, and before he had time to give the revisals and corrections that a work of such a nature required. The public had already seen several parts, which had been sent into the world by the authority of his patrons. The success of this work was prodigious: it was translated into the Latin, French, Spanish, and even the Oriental languages, almost as soon as it appeared; and it may be said, that no such performance ever before raised its reputation to such a height in so small a space of time.

But the satisfaction which Tasso must feel, in spite of all his philosophy, at the applause of the public, was soon disturbed by a melancholy event[7]. Bernardo Tasso, who spent his old age in tranquillity at Ostia upon the Po, the government of which place had been given him by the duke of Mantua, fell sick. As soon as this news reached his son, he immediately went to him, attended him with the most filial regard, and scarce ever stirred from his bedside during the whole time of his illness: but all these cares were ineffectual; Bernardo, oppressed with age, and overcome by the violence of his distemper, paid the unavoidable tribute to nature, to the great affliction of Torquato. The duke of Mantua, who had a sincere esteem for Bernardo, caused him to be interred, with much pomp, in the church of St. Egidius at Mantua, with this simple inscription on his tomb:

OSSA BERNARDI TASSI.

This death seemed to forebode other misfortunes to Tasso; for the remainder of his life proved almost one continued series of vexation and affliction. About this time a swarm of critics began to attack

[6] Abregé de la Vie du Tasse. [7] Ann. æt. 31.

his Jerusalem, and the academy of Crusca, in particular, published a criticism of his poem, in which they scrupled not to prefer the rhapsodies of Pulci and Boyardo to the Jerusalem Delivered.

During Tasso's residence in the duke's court, he had contracted an intimacy with a gentleman of Ferrara[8], and having intrusted him with some transactions of a very delicate nature, this person was so treacherous as to speak of them again. Tasso reproached his friend with his indiscretion, who received his expostulation in such a manner, that Tasso was so far exasperated as to strike him: a challenge immediately ensued: the two opponents met at St. Leonard's gate; but, while they were engaged, three brothers of Tasso's antagonist came in and basely fell all at once upon Tasso, who defended himself so gallantly that he wounded two of them, and kept his ground against the others, till some people came in and separated them. This affair made a great noise at Ferrara: nothing was talked of but the valour of Tasso; and it became a sort of proverb, "That Tasso with his pen and his sword was superior to all men[9]."

The duke, being informed of the quarrel, expressed great resentment against the four brothers, banished them from his dominions, and confiscated their estates; at the same time he caused Tasso to be put under arrest, declaring he did it to screen him from any future designs of his enemies. Tasso was extremely mortified to see himself thus confined; he imputed his detention to a very different cause from what was pretended, and feared an ill use might be made of what had passed, to ruin him in the duke's opinion.

Though writers have left us very much in the dark with regard to the real motives that induced the duke to keep Tasso in confinement, yet, every thing being weighed, it seems highly probable that the affair of a delicate nature, said to have been divulged by his friend, must have related to the princess Leonora, the duke's sister: and indeed it will be extremely difficult, from any other consideration, to account for the harsh treatment he received from a prince, who had before shown him such peculiar marks of esteem and friendship. However, Tasso himself had undoubtedly secret apprehensions that increased upon him every day, while the continual attacks which were made upon his credit as an author, not a little contributed to heighten his melancholy. At length he resolved to take the first opportunity to fly from his prison, for so he esteemed it, which after about a year's detention he effected, and retired to Turin, where he endeavoured to remain concealed; but notwithstanding all his precautions, he was soon known, and recommended to the duke of Savoy, who received him into his palace, and showed him every mark of esteem and affection. But Tasso's apprehensions still continued; he thought that the duke of Savoy would not refuse to give him up to the duke of Ferrara, or sacrifice the friendship of that prince to the safety of a private person. Full of these imaginations he set out for Rome[10], alone and unprovided with necessaries for such a journey. At his arrival there he went directly to his old friend Maurizio Catanео, who received him in such a manner as entirely to obliterate for some time the remembrance of the fatigue and uneasiness he had undergone. He was not only welcomed by Catanео, but the whole city of Rome seemed to rejoice at the presence of so extraordinary a person. He was visited by princes, cardinals, prelates, and by all the learned in general. But the desire of revisiting his native country, and seeing his sister Cornelia, soon made him uneasy in this situation. He left his friend Maurizio Catanео one evening, without giving him notice; and, beginning his journey on foot, arrived by night at the mountains of Veletri, where he took up his lodging with some shepherds: the next morning, disguising himself in the habit of one of these people, he continued his way, and in four days time reached Gaieta, almost spent with fatigue: here he embarked on board a vessel bound for Sorrento, at which place he arrived in safety the next day. He entered the city and went directly to his sister's house: she was a widow, and the two sons she had by her husband being at that time absent, Tasso found her with only some of her female attendants. He advanced towards her, without discovering himself, and pretending he came with news from her brother, gave her a letter which he had prepared for that purpose. This letter informed her that her brother's life was in great danger, and that he begged her to make use of all the interest her tenderness might suggest to her, in order to procure letters of recommendation from some powerful person, to avert the threatened misfortune. For further particulars of the affair, she was referred to the messenger who brought her this intelligence. The lady, terrified at the news, earnestly entreated him to give her a detail of her bro-

[8] Ann. æt. 33.

[9] Con la penna e con la spada
Nessun val quanto Torquato.

[10] Ann. æt. 34.

ther's misfortune. The feigned messenger then gave her so interesting an account of the pretended story, that, unable to contain her affliction, she fainted away. Tasso was sensibly touched at this convincing proof of his sister's affection, and repented that he had gone so far: he began to comfort her, and, removing her fears by little and little, at last discovered himself to her. Her joy at seeing a brother whom she tenderly loved was inexpressible: after the first salutations were over, she was very desirous to know the occasion of his disguising himself in that manner. Tasso acquainted her with his reasons, and, at the same time, giving her to understand, that he would willingly remain with her unknown to the world, Cornelia, who desired nothing further than to acquiesce in his pleasure, sent for her children and some of her nearest relations, who she thought might be intrusted with the secret. They agreed that Tasso should pass for a relation of theirs, who came from Bergamo to Naples upon his private business, and from thence had come to Sorrento to pay them a visit. After this precaution, Tasso took up his residence at his sister's house, where he lived for some time in tranquillity, entertaining himself with his two nephews Antonio and Alessandro Sersale, children of great hopes. He continued not long in this repose before he received repeated letters from the princess Leonora of Este, who was acquainted with the place of his retreat, to return to Ferrara: he resolved to obey the summons, and took leave of his sister, telling her he was going to return a voluntary prisoner. In his way he passed through Rome; where having been detained some time with a dangerous fever, he repaired from thence to Ferrara, in company with Gualingo, ambassador from the duke to the pope.

Concerning the motive of Tasso's return to Ferrara, authors do not altogether agree: some declare that, soon wearied of living in obscurity, and growing impatient to retrieve the duke's favour, he had resolved, of his own accord, to throw himself on that prince's generosity: this opinion seems indeed drawn from Tasso's own words, in a letter written by him to the duke of Urbino, in which he declares "that he had endeavoured to make his peace with the duke, and had for that purpose written severally to him, the duchess of Ferrara, the duchess of Urbino, and the princess Leonora; yet never received any answer but from the last, who assured him it was not in her power to render him any service." We see here that Tasso acknowledges himself the receipt of a letter from the princess; and in regard to what he says to be the purport of it, it is highly reasonable to suppose, that he would be very cautious of divulging the real contents to the duke of Urbino, when his affairs with that lady were so delicately circumstanced. This apparent care to conceal the nature of his correspondence with her, seems to corroborate the former suppositions of his uncommon attachment to her; and when all circumstances are considered, we believe it will appear more than probable that he returned to Ferrara at the particular injunction of Leonora.

The duke received Tasso with great seeming satisfaction, and gave him fresh marks of his esteem: but this was not all that Tasso expected; his great desire was to be master of his own works, and he was very earnest that his writings might be restored to him, which were in the duke's possession; but this was what he could by no means obtain: his enemies had gained such an ascendancy over the mind of Alphonso, that they made him believe, or pretend to believe, that the poet had let all his fire, and that in his present situation he was incapable of producing any thing new, or of correcting his poems: he therefore exhorted him to think only of leading a quiet and easy life for the future: but Tasso was sensibly vexed at this proceeding, and believed the duke wanted him entirely to relinquish his studies, and pass the remainder of his days in idleness and obscurity. "He would endeavour," says he, in his letter to the duke of Urbino, "to make me a shameful deserter of Parnassus for the gardens of Epicurus, for scenes of pleasures unknown to Virgil, Catullus, Horace, and even Lucretius himself."

Tasso reiterated his entreaties to have his writings restored to him; but the duke continued inflexible, and, to complete our poet's vexation, all access to the princesses was denied him: fatigued at length with useless remonstrances, he once more quitted Ferrara, and fled (as he expresses it himself) like another Ilus, leaving behind him even his books and manuscripts.

He then went to Mantua, where he found duke Guglielmo in a decrepit age, and little disposed to protect him against the duke of Ferrara: the prince Vincentio Gonzaga received him indeed with great caresses, but was too young to take him under his protection. From thence he went to Padua and Venice; but carrying with him in every part his fears of the duke of Ferrara, he at last had recourse to the duke of Urbino [11], who showed him great kindness, but perhaps was very little inclined to embroil himself with his brother-in-law, on such an account: he advised Tasso rather to return to Ferrara; which counsel he took, resolving once more to try his fortune with the duke.

[11] Ann. æt. 55.

Alphonso, it may be, exasperated at Tasso's flight, and pretending to believe that application to study had entirely disordered his understanding, and that a strict regimen was necessary to restore him to his former state, caused him to be strictly confined in the hospital of St. Anne. Tasso tried every method to soften the duke and obtain his liberty; but the duke coldly answered those who applied to him, "that instead of concerning themselves with the complaints of a person in his condition, who was very little capable of judging for his own good, they ought rather to exhort him patiently to submit to such remedies as were judged proper for his circumstances."

This confinement threw Tasso into the deepest despair; he abandoned himself to his misfortunes, and the methods that were made use of for the cure of his pretended madness had nearly thrown him into an absolute delirium. His imagination was so disturbed that he believed the cause of his distemper was not natural; he sometimes fancied himself haunted by a spirit, that continually disordered his books and papers; and these strange notions were perhaps strengthened by the tricks that were played him by his keeper. While Tasso continued in this melancholy situation, he is said to have written the following elegant, simple, and affecting lines, which cannot well be translated into English verse:

Tu che ne vai in Pindo
Ivi pende mia cetra ad un cipresso,
Salutala in mio nome, e dille poi
Ch'io son dagli anni e da fortuna oppresso [11].

This second confinement of Tasso was much longer than the first. He applied in vain to the pope, the emperor, and all the powers of Italy, to obtain his liberty: till, at last, after seven years imprisonment, he gained what he so ardently wished for, in the following manner.

Cæsar of Este having brought his new spouse, Virginia of Medicis, to Ferrara, all the relations of that illustrious house assembled together on this occasion, and nothing was seen in the whole city but festivals and rejoicings. Vincento Gonzaga, prince of Mantua, particularly distinguished himself among the great personages then at the duke's court. This nobleman interceded so earnestly with Alphonso for Tasso's liberty, that he at last obtained it [12], and carried him with him to Mantua, where he lived with him, some time after the death of duke Guglielmo, highly favoured.

It is said that the young prince, who was naturally gay, being desirous to autherize his pleasures by the example of a philosopher, introduced one day into Tasso's company three sisters, to sing and play upon instruments; these ladies were all very handsome, but not of the most rigid virtue. After some short discourse, he told Tasso, that he should take two of them away, and would leave one behind, and bade him take his choice. Tasso answered, "that it cost Paris very dear to give the preference to one of the goddesses, and therefore, with his permission, he designed to retain the three." The prince took him at his word, and departed; when Tasso, after a little conversation, dismissed them all handsomely with presents.

At last, weary of living in a continual state of dependence, he resolved to retire to Naples, and endeavour to recover his mother's jointure, which had been seized upon by her relations when he went into exile with his father Bernardo. This appeared the only means to place him in the condition of life he so much desired. He applied to his friends, and, having procured favourable letters to the viceroy, he took leave of the duke of Mantua and repaired to Bergamo [13], where he stayed some time, and from thence went to Naples [14].

While Tasso continued at Naples, dividing his time between his studies and the prosecution of his law-suit, the young count of Palena, by whom he was highly esteemed, persuaded him to take up his residence with him for some time: but in this affair he had not consulted the prince of Conca, his father, who, though he had a value for Tasso, yet could not approve of his son's receiving into his house the only person that remained of a family once devoted to the prince of Salerno. A contention being likely to ensue, on this account, betwixt the father and son, Tasso, with his usual goodness of disposition, to remove all occasion of dispute, withdrew from Naples, and retired to Bisaccio [15], with his friend Manso, in whose company he lived some time with great tranquillity.

In this place Manso had an opportunity to examine the singular effects of Tasso's melancholy; and often disputed with him concerning a familiar spirit, which he pretended to converse with. Manso endeavoured in vain to persuade his friend that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination: but

[11] Thou that goest to Pindus, where my harp hangs on a cypress, salute it in my name, and say that I am oppressed with years and misfortunes.

[12] Ann. æt. 49. [13] Ann. æt. 45. [14] Ann. æt. 44. [15] Ann. æt. 45.

the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted; and, to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of those mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to meet him the next day, and, while they were engaged in discourse, on a sudden he observed that Tasso kept his eyes fixed upon a window, and remained in a manner immoveable: he called him by his name several times, but received no answer: at last Tasso cried out, "There is the friendly spirit who is come to converse with me: look, and you will be convinced of the truth of all that I have said." Manso heard him with surprise: he looked, but saw nothing except the sun-beams darting through the window: he cast his eyes all over the room, but could perceive nothing, and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, and sometimes giving answers, delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and with such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last this uncommon conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's words: who, turning towards Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waved any further conversation on the subject.

At the approach of winter they returned to Naples, when the prince of Palena again pressed Tasso to reside with him; but Tasso, who judged it highly unadviseable to comply with his request, resolved to retire to Rome, and wait there the issue of his law-suit. He lived in that city about a year in high esteem with pope Sextus V; when, being invited to Florence by Ferdinando, grand duke of Tuscany, who had been cardinal at Rome when Tasso first resided there, and who now employed the pope's interest to procure a visit from him, he could not withstand such solicitations, but went to Florence, where he met with a most gracious reception[16]. Yet not all the caresses he received at the duke's court, nor all the promises of that prince, could overcome his love for his native country, or lessen the ardent desire he had to lead a retired and independent life. He therefore took his leave of the grand duke, who would have loaded him with presents; but Tasso, as usual, could be prevailed upon to accept of no more than was necessary for his present occasions. He returned to Naples by the way of Rome[17], and the old prince of Conca dying about this time, the young count of Palena prevailed upon Tasso, by the mediation of Manso, to accept of an apartment in his palace. Here he applied himself to a correction of his Jerusalem, or rather to compose a new work entitled Jerusalem Conquered, which he had begun during his first residence at Naples. The prince of Conca, being jealous lest any one should deprive him of the poet and poem, caused him to be so narrowly watched that Tasso observed it, and being displeased at such a proceeding, left the prince's palace, and retired to his friend Manso's, where he lived master of himself and his actions; yet he still continued upon good terms with the prince of Conca.

In a short time after he published his Jerusalem Conquered, which poem, as a French writer observes[18], "is a sufficient proof of the injustice of the criticisms that have been passed upon his Jerusalem Delivered; since the Jerusalem Conquered, in which he endeavoured to conform himself to the taste of his critics, was not received with the same approbation as the former poem, where he had entirely given himself up to the enthusiasm of his genius." He had likewise designed a third correction of the same poem, which, as we are informed, was to have been partly compounded of the Jerusalem Delivered and Conquered; but this work was never completed. The above-cited author remarks, "that, in all probability, this last performance would not have equalled the first:" and indeed our poet seems to owe his fame to the Jerusalem Delivered, the second poem upon that subject being little known.

Manso's garden commanded a full prospect of the sea. Tasso and his friend being one day in a summer-house with Scipio Belprato, Manso's brother-in-law, observing the waves agitated with a furious storm, Belprato said, "that he was astonished at the rashness and folly of men who would expose themselves to the rage of so merciless an element, where such numbers had suffered shipwreck." "And yet," said Tasso, "we every night go without fear to bed, where so many die every hour. Believe me, death will find us in all parts, and those places that appear the least exposed are not always the most secure from his attacks."

While Tasso lived with his friend Manso, cardinal Hippolito Aldobrandini succeeded to the papacy by the name of Clement VIII. His two nephews, Cynthio and Pietro Aldobrandini, were created cardinals: the first, afterwards called the cardinal of St. George, was the eldest, a great patron of science, and a favourer of learned men: he had known Tasso when he resided last at Rome, and had the greatest esteem for him; and now so earnestly invited him to Rome, that he could not refuse, but once more abandoned his peaceful retreat at Naples.

The confines of the ecclesiastical state being infested with banditti, travellers, for security, go to-

[16] Ann. æt. 46. [17] Ann. æt. 47. [18] Vie du Tasse, à Amsterdam, 1693.

gether in large companies. Tasso joined himself to one of these; but when they came within sight of Mola, a little town near Gaieta, they received intelligence that Sciarra, a famous captain of robbers, was near at hand with a great body of men. Tasso was of opinion that they should continue their journey, and endeavour to defend themselves, if attacked: however, this advice was over-ruled, and they threw themselves for safety into Mola, in which place they remained for some time in a manner blocked up by Sciarra. But this outlaw, hearing that Tasso was one of the company, sent a message to assure him that he might pass in safety, and offered himself to conduct him wherever he pleased. Tasso returned him thanks, but declined accepting the offer, not choosing, perhaps, to rely on the word of a person of such character. Sciarra, upon this, sent a second message, by which he informed Tasso, that, upon his account, he would withdraw his men, and leave the ways open. He accordingly did so; and Tasso, continuing his journey, arrived without any accident at Rome, where he was most graciously welcomed by the two cardinals and the pope himself. Tasso applied himself in a particular manner to cardinal Cynthio, who had been the means of his coming to Rome; yet he neglected not to make his court to cardinal Aldobrandini, and he very frequently conversed with both of them. One day the two cardinals held an assembly of several prelates, to consult, among other things, of some method to put a stop to the license of the Pasquinades. One proposed that Pasquin's statue should be broken to pieces and cast into the river. But Tasso's opinion being asked, he said, "it would be much more prudent to let it remain where it was, for otherwise from the fragments of the statue would be bred an infinite number of frogs on the banks of the Tyber, that would never cease to croak day and night." The pope, to whom cardinal Aldobrandini related what had passed, interrogated Tasso upon the subject. "It is true, holy father," said he, "such was my opinion; and I shall add moreover, that if your holiness would silence Pasquin, the only way is to put such people into employments as may give no occasion to any libels or disaffected discourse."

At last, being again disgusted with the life of a courtier, he obtained permission to retire to Naples to prosecute his law-suit[39]. At his arrival there he took up his lodging in the convent of St. Severin, with the fathers of St. Benedict.

Thus was Tasso once more in a state of tranquillity and retirement, so highly agreeable to his disposition, when cardinal Cynthio again found means to recall him, by prevailing on the pope to give him the honour of being solemnly crowned with laurel in the capitol. Though Tasso himself was not in the least desirous of such pomp, yet he yielded to the persuasions of others, particularly of his dear friend Manso, to whom he protested that he went merely at his earnest desire, not with any expectation of the promised triumph, which he had a secret presage would never be. He was greatly affected at parting from Manso, and took his leave of him as of one he should never see again.

In his way he passed by Mount Cassino, to pay his devotion to the relics of St. Benedict, for whom he had a particular veneration. He spent the festival of Christmas in that monastery, and from thence repaired to Rome, where he arrived in the beginning of the year 1595[40]. He was met at the entrance of that city by many prelates and persons of distinction, and was afterwards introduced, by the two cardinals Cynthio and Pietro, to the presence of the pope, who was pleased to tell him, "that his merit would add as much honour to the laurel he was going to receive, as that crown had formerly given to those on whom it had hitherto been bestowed."

Nothing was now thought of but the approaching solemnity: orders were given to decorate not only the pope's palace and the capitol, but all the principal streets through which the procession was to pass. Yet Tasso appeared little moved with these preparations, which he said would be in vain: and being shown a sonnet composed upon the occasion by his relation, Hercole Tasso, he answered by the following verse of Seneca:

Magnifica verba mors propè admota exercit.

His presages were but too true; for, while they waited for fair weather to celebrate the solemnity, cardinal Cynthio fell ill, and continued for some time indisposed; and, as soon as the cardinal began to recover, Tasso himself was seized with his last sickness.

Though he had only completed his fifty-first year, his studies and misfortunes had brought on a premature old age. Being persuaded that his end was approaching, he resolved to spend the few days he had yet to live in the monastery of St. Onuphrius. He was carried thither in cardinal Cynthio's coach, and received with the utmost tenderness by the prior and brethren of that order. His distemper was now so far increased, and his strength so exhausted, that all kind of medicine proved ineffectual. On the tenth of April he was taken with a violent fever, occasioned perhaps by having eaten some milk,

[39] Ann. æt. 50. [40] Ann. æt. 51.

a kind of ailment he was particularly fond of. His life now seemed in imminent danger: the most famous physicians in Rome tried all their art, but in vain, to relieve him: he grew worse and worse every day. Rinaldini, the pope's physician and Tasso's intimate friend, having informed him that his last hour was near at hand, Tasso embraced him tenderly, and with a composed countenance returned him thanks for his tidings; then looking up to Heaven, he "acknowledged the goodness of God, who was at last pleased to bring him safe into port after so long a storm." From that time his mind seemed entirely disentangled from earthly affairs: he received the sacrament in the chapel of the monastery, being conducted thither by the brethren. When he was brought back to his chamber, he was asked where he wished to be interred; he answered, In the church of St. Onuphrius; and being desired to leave some memorial of his will in writing, and to dictate himself the epitaph that should be engraven on his tomb; he smiled and said, "that in regard to the first, he had little worldly goods to leave, and as to the second, a plain stone would suffice to cover him." He left cardinal Cynthio his heir, and desired that his own picture might be given to Giovanni Baptista Manso, which had been drawn by his direction. At length having attained the fourteenth day of his illness, he received the extreme unction. Cardinal Cynthio hearing that he was at the last extremity, came to visit him, and brought him the pope's benediction, a grace never conferred in this manner but on cardinals and persons of the first distinction. Tasso acknowledged this honour with great devotion and humility, and said, "that this was the crown he came to receive at Rome." The cardinal having asked him "if he had any thing further to desire," he replied, "the only favour he had now to beg of him, was, that he would collect together the copies of all his works (particularly his Jerusalem Delivered, which he esteemed most imperfect) and commit them to the flames: this task, he confessed, might be found something difficult, as those pieces were dispersed abroad in so many different places, but yet he trusted it would not be found altogether impracticable." He was so earnest in his request, that the cardinal, unwilling to discompose him by a refusal, gave him such a doubtful answer as led him to believe that his desire would be complied with. Tasso then requesting to be left alone, the cardinal took his farewel of him with tears in his eyes, leaving with him his confessor and some of the brethren of the monastery. In this condition he continued all night, and till the middle of the next day, the 25th of April, being the festival of St. Mark; when finding himself fainting, he embraced his crucifix, uttering these words: *In manus tuas, Domine*—but expired before he could finish the sentence.

Tasso was tall and well-shaped, his complexion fair, but rather pale through sickness and study; the hair of his head was of a chestnut colour, but that of his beard somewhat lighter, thick and bushy; his forehead square and high, his head large, and the fore part of it, towards the end of his life, altogether bald; his eye-brows were dark; his eyes full, piercing, and of a clear blue; his nose large, his lips thin, his teeth well set and white; his neck well proportioned; his breast full; his shoulders broad, and all his limbs more sinewy than fleshy. His voice was strong, clear, and solemn; he spoke with deliberation, and generally reiterated his last words: he seldom laughed, and never to excess. He was very expert in the exercises of the body. In his oratory, he used little action, and rather pleased by the beauty and force of his expressions, than by the graces of gesture and utterance, that compose so great a part of elocution. Such was the exterior of Tasso: as to his mental qualities, he appears to have been a great genius, and a soul elevated above the common rank of mankind. It is said of him, that there never was a scholar more humble, a wit more devout, or a man more amiable in society. Never satisfied with his works, even when they rendered his name famous throughout the world; always satisfied with his condition, even when he wanted every thing; entirely relying on Providence and his friends; without malevolence towards his greatest enemies; only wishing for riches that he might be serviceable to others, and making a scruple to receive or keep any thing himself that was not absolutely necessary. So blameless and regular a life could not but be ended by a peaceable death, which carried him off anno 1595, in the fifty-second year of his age.

He was buried the same evening, without pomp, according to his desire, in the church of St. Onuphrius, and his body was covered with a plain stone. Cardinal Cynthio had purposed to erect a magnificent monument to his memory; but the design was so long prevented by sickness and other accidents, that, ten years after, Manso coming to Rome, went to visit his friend's remains, and would have taken on himself the care of building a tomb to him; but this cardinal Cynthio would by no means permit, having determined himself to pay that duty to Tasso. However, Manso prevailed so far as to have the following words engraven on the stone:

HIC IACET TORQVATVS TASSVS.

Cardinal Cynthio dying without putting his design in execution, cardinal Bonifacio Bevilacqua, of an illustrious family of Ferrara, caused a stately sepulchre to be erected, in the church of St. Onuphrius, over the remains of a man whose works had made all other monuments superfluous.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED,

TRANSLATED BY HOOLE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Christians, having assembled a vast army under different leaders for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens, after various successes encamped in the plains of Tortosa. At this time the action of the poem begins: God sends his angel to the camp, and commands Godfrey to summon a council of the chiefs. The assembly meets. Godfrey, with universal consent, is elected commander in chief of all the Christian forces. He reviews the army. The different nations described. The names and qualities of the leaders. The army begins its march towards Jerusalem. Aladine, king of Jerusalem, alarmed at the progress of the Christians, makes preparations for the defence of the city.

ARMS, and the chief I sing, whose righteous hands
Redeem'd the tomb of Christ from impious bands;
Who much in council, much in field sustain'd,
Till just success his glorious labours gain'd:
In vain the powers of Hell oppos'd his course,
And Asia's arms, and Libya's mingled force;
Heaven bless'd his standards, and beneath his care
Reduc'd his wandering partners of the war.
O sacred Muse[1]! who ne'er, in Ida's shade,
With fading laurels deck'st thy radiant head;
But sitt'st enthron'd, with stars immortal crown'd,
Where blissful choirs their hallow'd strains resound;
Do thou inflame me with celestial fire,
Assist my labours, and my song inspire:
Forgive me, if with truth I fiction join,
And grace the verse with other charms than thine.
Thou know'st the world with eager transport throng
Where sweet Parnassus breathes the tuneful song;
That truth can oft, in pleasing strains convey'd,
Allure the fancy, and the mind persuade.
Thus the sick infant's taste[2] disguis'd to meet,
We tinge the vessel's brim with juices sweet;
The bitter draught his willing lip receives;
He drinks deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd he lives. [power
Thou, great Alphonso[3]! who from Fortune's
Hast safely brought me to the peaceful shore;
When, like a wand'rer, o'er the seas I pass'd
Amid the threatening rocks and watery waste;
Vouchsafe, with smiles, my labours to survey;
These votive lines to thee the Muses pay.
Some future time may teach my loftier lays
To sing thy actions and record thy praise:
If e'er the Christian powers their strife forbear,
And join their forces for a nobler war;
With steeds and vessels pass to distant Thrace,
To gain their conquests from a barbarous race;
To thee the sway of earth they must resign,
Or, if thou rather choose, the sea be thine:
Meanwhile, to rival Godfrey's glorious name
Attend, and rouse thy soul to martial fame.
Five times the Sun his annual circuit ran,
Since first the Christian powers the war began:

[1] Some Italian commentators suppose the poet intends the Virgin Mary; thus likewise mentioned by Petrarch, *Coronata di stelle*,—but it probably means no more than a general appeal to some celestial being, in opposition to the Pagan theology. Thus Milton:

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above th' Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st——
Paradise Lost, book vii. ver. 1.

[2] This admired simile is imitated from Lucretius:

Sed veluti pueris absynthia tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt dulci mellis, flavoque liquore, &c.
Lib. iv.

[3] Alphonso of Este, duke of Ferrara.

By fierce assault, already Nice[4] they held;
And made, by stratagem, proud Antioch[5] yield;
There, with undaunted hearts, maintain'd their post
Against the numbers of the Persian host.
Tortosa won, the wintry months appear,
And close the conquests of the glorious year.
The season that oppos'd the victor's force
Began to yield to spring's benignant course;
When now th' Eternal, from his awful height,
Enthron'd in purest rays of heavenly light,
(As far remov'd above the starry spheres
As Hell's foundations from the distant stars)
Cast on the subject world his piercing eyes,
And view'd at once the seas, the earth, and skies:
He turn'd his looks intent on Syria's lands,
And mark'd the leaders of the Christian bands;
No secret from his searching eye conceal'd,
But all their bosoms to his view reveal'd.
Godfrey he sees, who burns with zeal to chase
From Sion's wall the Pagans' impious race;
And, while religious fires his breast inflame,
Despises worldly empire, wealth, and fame.
Far other schemes in Baldwin next he views,
Whose restless heart ambition's track pursues.
Tancred he sees his life no longer prize,
The insensate victim of a woman's eyes!
Boemond he marks, intent to fix his reign
In Antioch's town, his new-acquir'd domain;
With laws and arts the people to improve,
And teach the worship of the powers above:
And while these thoughts alone his soul divide,
The prince is lost to every care beside.
He then beholds in young Rinaldo's breast
A warlike mind, that scorn'd ignoble rest:
Nor hopes of gold or power the youth inflame,
But sacred thirst of never-dying fame;
From Guelpho's lips, with kindling warmth, he hears
The ancients' glory, and their deeds revers.
When now the Sovereign of the world had seen
The cares and aims below of mortal men,
He call'd on Gabriel from th' angelic race,
Who held in glorious rank the second place[6];
A faithful nuncius from the throne above,
Divine interpreter of heavenly love!
He bears the mandate from the realms of light,
And wafts our prayers before the Almighty's sight.
To him th' Eternal: "Speed thy rapid way,
And thus to Godfrey's ear our words convey:
'Why this neglect?—Why linger thus the bands
To free Jerusalem from impious hands?'
Let him to council bid the chiefs repair,
There rouse the tardy to pursue the war:
The power supreme on him they shall bestow,
I here elect him for my chief below:
The rest shall to his sway submissive yield,
Companions once, now subjects in the field."

[4] The city where Solyman, king of the Turks, a principal character in the poem, once held his seat of empire.

[5] This city, having been besieged eight months by the Christians, was at last taken by stratagem, by means of one Pyrrhus, who delivered a fort into the hands of Boemond.

[6] "That is, amongst the seven spirits that are said to stand before the throne of God, Michael, Gabriel, Lamael, Raphael, Zachariel, Anael, and Oriphiel." Gonstavini.

He said; and straight, with zealous ardour prest,
Gabriel prepares to obey his Lord's behest.
He clothes his heavenly form with ether light,
And makes it visible to human sight;
In shape and limbs like one of earthly race,
But brightly shining with celestial grace:
A youth he seem'd, in manhood's ripening years,
On the smooth cheek when first the down appears;
Refulgent rays his beauteous locks enfold;
White are his nimble wings, and edg'd with gold:
With these through winds and clouds he cuts his way,
Flies o'er the land, and skims along the sea.
Thus stood th' angelic power, prepar'd for flight,
Then instant darted from th' empyreal height,
Direct to Lebanon his course he bent,
There clos'd his plumes, and made his first descent;
Thence with new speed, his airy wings he steer'd,
Till now in sight Tortosa's plains appear'd.
The cheerful Sun his ruddy progress held,
Part rais'd above the waves, and part conceal'd:
Now Godfrey, as accustom'd, rose to pay
His pure devotions with the dawning ray:
When the bright form appearing from the east,
More fair than opening morn, the chief address'd:
"Again return'd the vernal season view,
That bids the host their martial toils renew:
What, Godfrey, now withholds the Christian bands
To free Jerusalem from impious hands?
Go, to the council every chief invite,
And to the pious task their souls incite.
Heaven makes thee general of his host below,
The rest submissive to thy rule shall bow.
Dispatch'd from God's eternal throne, I came
To bring these tidings in his awful name:
O think what zeal, what glory now demands
From such a host committed to thy hands!"
He cries'd, and, ceasing, vanish'd from his sight
To the pure regions of his native light;
While, with his words and radiant looks amaz'd,
The pious Godfrey long in silence gaz'd.
But when, his first surprise and wonder fled,
He ponder'd all the heavenly vision said;
What ardour then possess'd his swelling mind
To end the war, his glorious task assign'd!
Yet no ambitious thoughts his breast inflame,
(Though singled thus from ev'ry earthly name)
But with his own, his Maker's will conspires,
And adds new fuel to his native fires.
Then straight the heralds round with speed he sends
To call the council of his warlike friends;
Each word employs the sleeping zeal to raise,
And wake the soul to deeds of martial praise.
So well his reasons and his prayers were join'd,
As pleas'd at once and won the vanquish'd mind.
The leaders came, the subject troops obey'd,
And Boemond only from the summons stay'd.
Part wait without encamp'd (a numerous band),
While part Tortosa in her walls detain'd.
And now the mighty chiefs in council sate
(A glorious synod!) at the grand debate;
When, rising in the midst, with awful look,
And pleasing voice, the pious Godfrey spoke:
"Ye sacred warriors! whom th' Almighty Power
Selects his pure religion to restore,
And safe has led, by his preserving hand,
Through storms at sea, and hostile wiles by land;
What rapid course our conquering arms have run!
What rebel lands to his subjection won!

How o'er the vanquish'd nations spread the fame
Of his dread ensigns, and his holy name!
Yet, not for this we left our natal seats,
And the dear pledges of domestic sweets;
On treacherous seas the rage of storms to dare,
And all the perils of a foreign war:
For this, an end unequal to your arms,
Nor bleeds the combat, nor the conquest charms:
Nor such reward your matchless labours claim,
Barbarian kingdoms, and ignoble fame!
Far other prize our pious toils must crown;
We fight to conquer Sion's hallow'd town;
To free from servile yoke the Christian train
Oppress'd so long in slavery's galling chain;
To found in Palestine a regal seat,
Where piety may find a safe retreat;
Where none the pilgrim's zeal shall more oppose
T' adore the tomb, and pay his grateful vows!
Full many dangerous trials have we known,
But little honour all our toils have won:
Our purpose lost, while indolent we stay,
Or turn the force of arms a different way.
Why gathers Europe such a host from far,
And kindles Asia with the flames of war?
Lo! all th' event our mighty deeds have shown—
Not kingdoms rais'd, but kingdoms overthrown!
Who thinks an empire midst his foes to found,
With countless infidels encompass'd round;
Where prudence little hopes from Grecian lands,
And distant lie remov'd the western bands,
Incensate surely plans his future doom,
And rashly builds his own untimely tomb.
The Turks and Persians routed, Antioch won,
Are gallant acts, and challenge due renown. [hand
These were not ours, but wrought by him whose
With such success has crown'd our favour'd band.
But if, forgetful of that aid divine,
We turn these blessings from the first design;
Th' Almighty giver may forsake our cause,
And nations round revile our former fame.
Forbid it, Heaven! such favour should be lost,
And vainly lavish'd on a thankless host!
All great designs to one great period tend,
And every part alike respects its end.
Th' auspicious season bids the war proceed;
The country open, and the passes freed:
Why march we not with speed to reach the town,
The prize decreed our conquering arms to crown?
To what I now protest, ye chiefs! give ear,
[The present times, the future age shall hear;
The host of saints he witness from above)
The time is ripe the glorious task to prove.
The longer pause we make our hopes are less,
Delays may change our now assur'd success.
My mind foretels, if long our march is staid,
Sion will gain from Egypt powerful aid."
He ceas'd, a murmur at his words ensu'd:
When from his seat the hermit Peter[7] stood;
Who sate with princes their debates to share—
The holy author of this pious war.
"What Godfrey speaks, with ardour I approve,
Such glorious truths must every bosom move;
'T is yours, O chiefs! to own its genuine power;
But let me add to his one counsel more.
When now, revolving in my careful mind,
I view our actions past, by strife disjoin'd;
Our jarring wills; our disunited force,
And many plans obstructed in their course;
Methinks my judgment to their spring can trace
The troubled motions that our cause disgrace.
'T is in that power, in many leaders join'd,
Of various tempers, and discordant mind.
If o'er the rest no sovereign chief preside,
To allot the several posts, the tasks divide;
To scourge th' offender, or rewards bestow;
What riot and misrule the state o'erflow!
Then in one body join our social band,
And trust the rule to one important hand;
To him resign the sceptre and the sway,
And him their king th' united host obey."
Here ceas'd the reverend sage. O zeal divine!
What bosoms can withstand a power like thine?
Thy sacred breath the hermit's words inspir'd,
And with his words the listening heroes fir'd;
Dispell'd their doubts, their passions lull'd to rest,
And vain ambition chas'd from every breast.
Then Guelpho first and William (chiefs of fame)
Saluted Godfrey with a general's name,
Their chief elect: the rest approv'd the choice,
And gave the rule to him with public voice:
His equals once to his dominion yield,
Supreme in council, and supreme in field!
Th' assembly ruled, swift-wing'd Rumour fled,
And round from man to man the tidings spread.
Meantime before the soldiers Godfrey came,
Who hail'd him as their chief with loud acclaim:
Sedate he heard th' applause on every side,
And mildly to their dutrous zeal reply'd;
Then on the morrow bade the troops prepare
To pass before his sight in form of war.
Now, to the east return'd, with purer ray
The glorious Sun reveal'd the golden day;
When, early rising with the morning light,
Appear'd each warrior sheath'd in armour bright;
Beneath their standards rang'd, the warlike train,
A goodly sight! were marshall'd on the plain;
While on a height the pious Godfrey stood,
And horse and foot at once distinctly view'd.
Say, Muse! from whom no time can truth conceal,
Who canst thy knowledge to mankind reveal,
Oblivion's foe! thy poet's breast inflame,
Teach him to tell each gallant leader's name:
Disclose their ancient glories now to light,
Which rolling years have long obscur'd in night:
Let eloquence like thine assist my tongue,
And future times attend my deathless song!
First in the field the Franks their numbers bring,
Once led by Hugo[8], brother to the king:

[7] Peter commonly called the Hermit, was a native of Amiens, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and, being affected with the dangers to which the pilgrims were exposed since the infidels had gained possession of the Holy Land, first entertained the bold, and to all appearance impracticable, idea, of establishing the Christians in Jerusalem. He went from province to province, with a crucifix in his hand, exciting the princes and people to the holy war; and we have the incredible account from contemporary authors, that six millions of persons assumed the cross, which was affixed in their right shoulder, and was the badge that distinguished such as devoted themselves to this holy warfare.
See Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. i. and Hume's History of England, vol. i.

[8] Hugo, or Hugh, count of Vermand is, brother of Philip I. king of France.

From France they came, with verdant beauty crown'd,
Whose fertile soil four running streams surround;
When Death's relentless stroke their chief subdu'd,
Still the same cause the valiant band pursu'd:
Beneath the brave Clotharius' care they came,
Who vaunts no honour of a regal name:
A thousand, heavy arm'd, compos'd the train,
An equal number follow'd on the plain;
And like the first their semblance and their mien,
Alike their arms and discipline were seen:
These brought from Normandy, by Robert led [9],
A rightful prince amid their nation bred.
William and Ademare [10] to these succeed,
(The people's pastors) and their squadrons lead:
Far different once their task by Heaven assign'd,
Religious ministers t' instruct mankind!
But now the helmet on their heads they bear,
And learn the deathful business of his war.
This brings from Orange and the neighbouring land
Four hundred chosen warriors in his band;
And that conducts from Poggio to the field
An equal troop, no less in battle skill'd.
Great Baldwin next o'er Bologn's force presides,
And, with his own, his brother's people guides,
Who to his conduct now resigns the post,
Himself the chief of chiefs, and lord of all the host.
Then came Carnuti's earl [11], not less renown'd
For martial prowess than for counsel sound;
Four hundred in his train: but Baldwin leads
Full thrice the number arm'd on generous steeds.
Near these, the plain the noble Guelpho [12] press'd,
By fortune equal to his merits bless'd;
A chief, who by his Roman sire could trace
A long descent from Este's princely race;
But German by dominion and by name,
To Guelpho's praise he join'd his lineal fame:
He rul'd Corynthia, and the lands possess'd
By Suevus and Rhetians once, his sway confess'd:
O'er these the chief, by right maternal, reign'd;
To these his valour many conquests gain'd:
From thence he brings his troop, a hardy race,
Still ready death in fighting fields to face;
Beneath their roofs secur'd from wintry skies,
The genial feast each joyful day supplies;
Five thousand once; now scarce a third remain'd,
Since Persia's fight, of all the numerous band.
Next those, whose lands [13] the Franks and Germans bound,
Where Rhine and Maes o'erflow the fruitful ground,
For countless herds and plenteous crops renown'd.
With these their aid the neighbouring isles supply'd,
Whose banks defend them from th' encroaching tide:
All these a thousand form'd, (a warlike band,)
O'er whom another Robert held command.
More numerous was the British squadron shown,
By William led, the monarch's youngest son [14].
The English in the bow and shafts are skill'd:
With them a northern nation seeks the field,
Whom Ireland, from our world divided far,
From savage woods and mountains, sends to war.
Tancred was next [15], than whom no greater name
(Except Rinaldo) fill'd the list of fame;
Of gentler manners, comelier to the sight,
Or more intrepid in the day of fight:
If aught of blame could such a soul reprove,
Or soil his glorious deeds, the fault was love:
A sudden love, that, born amidst alarms,
Was nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.
'Tis said, that, on that great and glorious day,
When to the Franks the Persian host give way,
Victorious Tancred, eager to pursue
The scatter'd remnants of the flying crew,
O'erspent with labour, sought some kind retreat,
To quench his thirst and cool his burning heat;
When, to his wish, a crystal stream he found,
With bowery shade and verdant herbage crown'd:
There sudden rush'd before his wondering sight
A Pagan damsel sheath'd in armour bright:
Her helm unlac'd, her visage bare display'd,
And tir'd with fight, she sought the cooling shade.
Struck with her looks, he view'd the beauteous dame,
Admir'd her charms, and kindled at the flame.
O wondrous force of Love's resistless dart,
That pierc'd at once and rooted in his heart!
Her helm she clos'd, prepar'd to assault the knight,
But numbers drawing nigh constrain'd her flight;
The lofty virgin fled, but left behind
Her lovely form deep imag'd in his mind;
Still, in his thought, he views the conscious grove
Eternal fuel to the flames of love!
Prostrate he comes, his looks his soul declare,
With eyes cast downward and dejected air:
Eight hundred horse from fertile seats he leads,
From hills of Tyrrhene and Campania's meads.
Two hundred Grecians born, were next to see,
Active in field, from weighty armour free;
Their crooked sabres at their side they wear;
Their backs the sounding bows and quivers bear:

[9] "Robert, duke of Normandy, had early enlisted himself in the crusade; but being unprovided with money, he resolved to mortgage, or rather sell his dominions, and offered them to his brother (William Rufus, king of England,) for ten thousand marks. The bargain was concluded, and Robert set out for the Holy Land."
See Hume's History of England, vol. 1.

[10] "William, archbishop of Orange, and Ademaro, archbishop of Puggio. These, according to Paolo Emilio, were the first that on their knees besought pope Urban, at the council of Clairmont, to be sent on the crusade." Gualtavian.

[11] Stephano, earl of Carnuti, called afterwards earl of Chartres and Blois.

"There is extant a letter from Stephen, the earl of Chartres and Blois, to Adela his wife, in which he gives her an account of the progress of the crusaders. He describes the crusaders as the chosen army of Christ, as the servants and soldiers of God, as men who marched under the immediate protection of the Almighty, being conducted by his hand to victory and conquest. He speaks of the Turks as accursed, sacrilegious, and devoted by Heaven to destruction; and when he mentions the soldiers in the Christian army which had died, or were killed, he is confident that their souls were admitted directly into the joys of Paradise."
See Robertson's History of Charles V. vol. i.

[12] Son of Actius the fourth, marquis of Este, and of Cunigunda.

[13] The Flemings.

[14] William Rufus was then king, but he had no legitimate offspring.

[15] Son of a sister of Bemond and of Rogero, duke of Calabria: she married a marquis Guglielmo. Bemond and Rogero were born of Robert Guiscardo, of the Norman race.

With matchless swiftness were their steeds endu'd,
Inur'd to toil, and sparing in their food:
Swift in attack they rush, and swift in flight,
In troops retreating and dispers'd they fight:
Tatinus [16] led their force, the only band
That join'd the Latian arms from Grecian land:
Yet near the seat of war, (O lasting shame!
O foul dishonour to the Grecian name!)
Thou, Greece, canst hear unmov'd the loud alarms,
A tame spectator of the deeds of arms!
If foreign power oppress thy servile reign,
Thou well deserv'st to wear the victor's chain.
A squadron now, the last in order, came,
In order last, but first in martial fame;
Adventurers call'd, and heroes fam'd afar,
Terrours of Asia, thunderbolts of war!
Cease, Argo, cease to boast thy warriors' might;
And, Arthur, cease to vaunt each fabled knight;
These all th' exploits of ancient times exceed!
What chief is worthy such a band to lead?
By joint consent to Dudon's sway they yield,
Of prudent age, experienc'd in the field;
Who youthful vigour joins with hoary hairs,
His bosom mark'd with many manly scars.
Here stood Eustatius with the first in fame,
But more ennobled by his brother's [17] name.
Gernando here, the king of Norway's son,
Who vaunts his sceptred race and regal crown;
There Engerlan, and there Rogero shin'd;
Two Gerrards with Rambaldo's dauntless mind;
With gallant Ubald and Gentonio join'd.
Rosmondo with the bold must honour claim:
Nor must oblivion hide Obizo's name:
Nor Lombard's brethren three be left untold,
Achilles, Sforza, Palamedes bold:
Nor Otho fierce, whose valour won the shield [18]
That bears a child and serpent on its field.
Nor Guasco, nor Rodolphus I forget,
Nor either Guido, both in combat great:
Nor must I Gernier pass, nor Everard,
To rob their virtue of its due regard.
But why neglects my Muse a wedded pair,
The gallant Edward and Gildippe [19] fair?
O partners still in every battle try'd,
Not death your gentle union shall divide!
The school of love, which e'en the fearful warms,
The dame instructed in the trade of arms:
Still by his side her watchful steps attend;
Still on one fortune both their lives depend:
No wound in fight can either singly bear,
For both alike in every anguish share;
And oft one faints to view the other's wound,
This shedding blood, and that in sorrow drown'd!

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest,
The young Rinaldo [20] tower'd above the rest:
With martial grace his looks around he cast,
And gazing crowds admir'd him as he pass'd.
Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
As, mix'd with blossoms, grows the bodding fruit.
When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move;
His face disclos'd, he looks the god of love [21]!
This youth on Adige's fair winding shore,
To great Bertoldo fair Sophia bore.
The infant from the breast Matilda [22] rears,
(The watchful guardian of his tender years)
And, while beneath her care the youth remains,
His ripening age to regal virtue trains:
Till the loud trumpet, from the distant east,
With early thirst of glory fir'd his breast.
Then (fifteen springs scarce changing o'er his head)
Guideless, untaught, through ways unknown he fled;
Th' Egean sea he cross'd and Grecian lands,
And reach'd, in climes remote, the Christian bands.
Three years the warrior in the camp had seen,
Yet scarce the down began to shade his chin.
Now all the horse were past: in order led,
Next came the foot, and Raymond [23] at their head:
Thoulouse he governs, and collects his train
Between the Pyrenæans and the main:
Four thousand arm'd in proof, well us'd to bear
Th' inclement seasons, and the toils of war:
A band approv'd in every battle try'd;
Nor could the band an abler leader guide.
Next Stephen of Amboise conducts his power:
From Tours and Blois he brings five thousand more:
No hardy nation this, inur'd to fight,
Though fenc'd in shining steel, a martial sight!
Soft is their soil, and of a gentle kind,
And, like their soil, th' inhabitants inclin'd:
Impetuous first they run to meet the foe,
But soon, repuls'd, their forces languid grow.
Alcastus was the third, with threatening mien;
(So Capaneus of old at Thebes was seen)
Six thousand warriors, in Helvetia bred,
Plebeians fierce, from Alpine heights he led:
Their rural tools, that wont the earth to tear,
They turn'd to nobler instruments of war;
And with those hands, accustom'd herds to guide,
They boldly now the might of kings defy'd.
Lo! rais'd in air the standard proudly shown,
In which appear the keys and papal crown:
Seven thousand foot there good Camillus leads,
In heavy arms that gleam across the meads:

[16] Tatinus was sent with a squadron of horse, by the emperor Alexis, from Constantinople, to join the Christians in their expedition.

[17] Godfrey.

[18] At the time of the crusade, Otho of the Visconti overcame one Volucine, a leader of the Saracens, who had defied the Christians to single combat, and wore for his crest a serpent and child, which device was ever after worn by this Otho: this circumstance is mentioned by Ariosto.

[19] Tasso, in one of his letters, writes, that Edward was an English baron, and that his wife, by whom he was tenderly beloved, accompanied him in this expedition, where they both perished.

[20] The poet, by a poetical anachronism, feigns this Rinaldo to have been at the siege of Jerusalem; for Rinaldo of Este, son of Bertoldo, was not born till the year 1173, and Jerusalem was taken in 1099.

[21] Rinaldo, in many respects, is after the Achilles of Homer, who is represented not only the bravest, but the handsomest, of all the Greeks, except Nireus, thus mentioned in the catalogue of the forces:

Nireus in faultless shape and blooming grace,
The loveliest youth of all the Grecian race,
Peleides only match'd his early charms.——
Pope's Il. ii. 817.

[22] See the notes to Book xvii. for an account of this extraordinary woman, here feigned to have presided over the education of Rinaldo.

[23] Raymond, count of Thoulouse, a name well known in the history of those times.

O'erjoy'd he seems, decreed his name to grace,
And add new honours to his ancient race;
Whate'er the Latian discipline may claim,
In glorious deeds to boast an equal fame.
Now every squadron rang'd in order due,
Had pass'd before the chief in fair review;
When Godfrey straight the peers assembled holds,
And thus the purport of his mind unfolds.
"Soon as the morning lifts her early head,
Let all the forces from the camp be led,
With speedy course to reach the sacred town,
Ere yet their purpose or their march is known.
Prepare then for the way, for fight prepare,
Nor doubt, my friends, of conquest in the war!"
These words, from such a chieftain's lips, inspire
Each kindling breast, and wake the slumbering fire:
Already for th' expected fight they burn,
And pant impatient for the day's return.
Yet still some fears their careful chief oppress'd,
But these he smother'd in his thoughtful breast:
By certain tidings brought, he lately heard,
That Egypt's king his course for Gaza steer'd:
(A frontier town that all the realm commands,
And a strong barrier to the Syrian lands)
Full well he knows the monarch's restless mind,
Nor doubts in him a cruel foe to find.
Aside the pious leader Henry took,
And thus his faithful messenger bespoke:
"Attend my words, some speedy bark ascend,
And to the Grecian shore thy voyage bend:
A youth will there arrive of regal name[84],
Who comes to share our arms and share our fame;
Prince of the Danes, who brings from distant lands,
Beneath the frozen pole, his valiant bands:
The Grecian monarch, vers'd in fraud, may try
His arts on him, and every means employ
To stop the youthful warrior in his course,
And rob our hopes of this auxiliar force.
My faithful nuncius then, the Dane invite,
With every thought the gallant prince excite,
Both for his fame and mine, to speed his way,
Nor taint his glory with ill-tim'd delay.
Then with the sovereign of the Greeks remain,
To claim the succours promis'd oft in vain."
He said: and having thus reveal'd his mind,
And due credentials to his charge consign'd,
The trusty messenger his vessel sought,
And Godfrey calm'd awhile his troubled thought.
Soon as the rising morn, with splendour dress'd,
Unlocks the portals of the roseate east,
The noise of drums and trumpets fills the air,
And bids the warriors for their march prepare.
Not half so grateful to the longing swain
The lowering thunder that pre-ages rain,
As to these eager bands the shrill alarms
Of martial clangours and the sound of arms.
At once they rose with generous ardour press'd,
At once their limbs in radiant armour dress'd,
And rang'd in martial pomp (a dreadful band)
Beneath their numerous chiefs in order stand.
Now man to man, the thick battalions join'd,
Unfurl their banners to the sportive wind;
And, in th' imperial standard rais'd on high,
The cross triumphant blazes to the sky.
Meantime the Sun above the horizon gains
The rising circuit of the ethereal plains:
The polish'd steel reflects the dazzling light,
And strikes with flashing rays the aching sight.
Thick and more thick the sparkling gleams aspire,
Till all the campaign seems to glow with fire;
While mingled clamours echo through the meads,
The clash of arms, the neigh of trampling steeds!
A chosen troop of horse, dispatch'd before,
In armour light, the country round explore,
Lest foes in ambush should their march prevent;
While other bands the cautious leader sent
The dikes to level, clear the rugged way,
And free each pass that might their speed delay.
No troops of Pagans could withstand their force;
No walls of strength could stop their rapid course:
In vain oppos'd the craggy mountain stood,
The rapid torrent and perplexing wood.
So when the king of floods in angry pride
With added waters swells his foamy tide,
With dreadful ruin o'er the banks he flows,
And nought appears that can his rage oppose.
The king of Tripoly had power alone,
(Well-furnish'd, in a strongly-guarded town,
With arms and men) to check the troops' advance,
But durst not meet in fight the host of France.
To appease the Christian chief, the heralds bring
Pacific presents from the Pagan king;
Who such conditions for the peace receives,
As pious Godfrey in his wisdom gives.
There from mount Seir, that near to eastward
stands,
And from above the subject town commands,
The faithful pour in numbers to the plain;
(Each sex and every age, a various train!)
Their gifts before the Christian leader bear;
With joy they view him, and with transport hear;
Gaze on the foreign garb with wondering eye,
And with unfailing guides the host supply.
Now Godfrey with the camp pursues his way
Along the borders of the neighbouring sea:
For station'd there his friendly vessels ride[85],
From which the army's wants are well supply'd;
For him alone each Grecian isle is till'd,
For him their vintage Crete and Scios yield.
The numerous ships the shaded ocean hide,
Loud groans beneath the weight the burthen'd tide.
The vessels thus their watchful post maintain,
And guard from Saracens the neidland main.
Besides the ships with ready numbers mann'd
From wealthy Venice and Liguria's strand,
England and Holland send a naval power,
And fertile Sicily, and Gallia's shore.
These, all united, brought from every coast
Provisions needful for the landed host;
While on their march impatient they proceed,
(From all defence the hostile frontiers freed)
And urge their haste the hallow'd soil to gain
Where Christ endur'd the stings of mortal pain.
But Fame with winged speed before them flies;
(Alike the messenger of truth and lies)
She points the camp in one united band,
Beneath one leader, moving o'er the land,
By none oppos'd: their nations, numbers tells;
The name and actions of each chief reveals;
Displays their purpose, sets the war to view,
And terrifies with doubts th' usurping crew.

[84] Sweno, son to the king of Denmark. See note to Book viii.

[85] The poet means the Genoese, who had supplied a great number of armed galleys, under the direction of William Embriaco.

More dreadful to their anxious mind appears
The distant prospect, and augments their fears;
To every light report their ears they lend,
Watch every rumour, every tale attend;
From man to man the murmurs, swelling still,
The country round and mournful city fill;
Their aged monarch, thus with danger prest,
Revolves dire fancies in his doubtful breast:
His name was Aladine[16]; who scarce maintain'd
(With fears beset) his seat so lately gain'd:
By nature still to cruel deeds inclin'd,
Though years had something chang'd his savage mind.
When now he saw the Latian troops prepare
Against his city-walls to turn the war;
Suspicions, join'd with former fears, arose;
Alike he fear'd his subjects and his foes;
Together in one town he saw reside
Two people, whom their different faiths divide:
While part the purer laws of Christ believe,
More numerous those who Macon's laws receive.
When first the monarch conquer'd Sion's town,
And sought securely there to fix his throne,
He freed his Pagans from the tax of state,
But on the Christians laid the heavier weight.
These thoughts inflam'd and rous'd his native rage
(Now chill'd and tardy with the frost of age):
So turns, in summer's heat, the venom'd snake,
That slept the winter harmless in the brake:
So the tame lion, urg'd to wrath again,
Resumes his fury, and erects his mane.
Then to himself: "On every face I view
The marks of joy in that perfidious crew:
In general grief their jovial days they keep,
And laugh and revel when the public weep:
Even now, perhaps, the dreadful scheme is plann'd
Against our life to lift a murderous hand;
Or to their monarch's foes betray the state,
And to their Christian friends unbar the gate.
But soon our justice will their crimes prevent,
And swift-wing'd vengeance on their heads besent;
Example dreadful! death shall seize on all:
Their infants at the mothers' breast shall fall:
The flames shall o'er their domes and temples spread;
Such be the funeral piles to grace their dead!
But midst their votive gifts, to sate our ire,
The priests shall first upon the tomb expire."
So threats the tyrant; but his threats are vain;
Though pity moves not, coward fears restrain;
Rage prompts his soul their guiltless blood to spill,
But trembling doubts oppose his savage will.
He fears the Christians, shrinks at future harms,
Nor dares provoke too far the victor's arms.
This purpose curb'd, to other parts he turns
The rage that in his restless bosom burns:
With fire he wastes the fertile country round,
And lays the houses level with the ground:
He leaves no place entire, that may receive
The Christian army, or their march relieve;
Pollutes the springs and rivers in their beds,
And poison in the wholesome water sheds;
Cautious with cruelty! meantime his care
Had reinforc'd Jerusalem for war.
Three parts for siege were strongly fortify'd,
Though less securely fenc'd the northern side.
But there, when first the threaten'd storm was heard,
New ramparts, for defence, in haste he rear'd;
Collecting in the town, from different lands,
Auxiliar forces to his subject bands.

[16] Tasso, with the license of a poet, has made a king of Jerusalem; but the city, at that time, was in reality under the dominion of the caliph of Egypt, taken by him some time before from the Turks.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Aladine transports an image of the Virgin from the temple of the Christians into the mosque, by the advice of Ismeno, who proposes thereby to form a spell to secure the city. In the night the image is secretly stolen away. The king, unable to discover the author of the theft, and incensed against the Christians, prepares for a general massacre. Sophronia, a Christian virgin, accuses herself to the king. Olindo, her lover, takes the fact upon himself. Aladine, in a rage, orders both to be burned. Clorinda arrives, intercedes for them, and obtains their pardon. In the mean time Godfrey, with his army, reaches Emmaus. He receives Argantes and Alethes, ambassadors from Egypt. The latter, in an artful speech, endeavours to dissuade Godfrey from attacking Jerusalem. His proposals are rejected, and Argantes declares war in the name of the king of Egypt.

While thus the Pagan king prepar'd for fight,
The fam'd Ismeno came before his sight;
Ismeno, he whose power the tomb invades,
And calls again to life departed shades;
Whose magic verse can pierce the world beneath,
And startle Pluto in the realms of death;
The subject demons at his will restrain,
And fasten bind or loose their servile chain.
Ismeno once the Christian faith avow'd,
But now at Macon's impious worship bow'd;
Yet still his former rites the wretch retain'd,
And oft, with Pagan mix'd, their use profan'd.
Now from the caverns, where, retir'd alone
From vulgar eyes, he studied arts unknown,
He came assistance to his lord to bring:
An ill adviser to a tyrant king!
Then thus he spoke: "O king! behold at hand
That conquering host, the terrour of the land!
But let us act as fits the noble mind:
The bold from Earth and Heaven will succour find.
As king and leader well thy cares preside,
And with foreseeing thought for all provide,
If all, like thee, their several parts dispose,
This land will prove the burial of thy foes.
Lo! here I come with thee the toils to bear,
T' assist thy labours, and thy dangers share.
Accept the counsel cautious years impart,
And join to this the powers of magic art:
Those angels, exil'd from th' ethereal plains,
My potent charms shall force to share our pains.
Attend the scheme, revolving in my breast,
The first enchantment that my thoughts suggest.
An altar by the Christians stands immur'd
Deep under ground, from vulgar eyes secur'd.
The statue of their goddess there is stow'd,
The mother of their human, buried God!

Before the image burns continual light;
A flowing veil conceals her from the sight.
On every side are tables there display'd,
And votive gifts by superstition paid.
Haste! snatch their idol from that impious race,
And in thy mosque the honour'd figure place.
Then will I raise such spells of wondrous power,
This fated pledge (while there detain'd secure)
Shall prove the guardian of thy city's gate[1];
And walls of adamant shall fence thy state."
He said, and ceas'd: his words persuasion wrought,
And swift the king the hidden temple sought:
Furious he drove the trembling priests away,
And seiz'd with daring hands the hallow'd prey:
Then to the mosque in haste the prize he bore;
(Where rites profane offend th' Almighty Power)
There, o'er the sacred form, with impious zeal,
The fool magician mutter'd many a spell.
But soon as morning streak'd the east of Heaven,
The watch, to whom the temple's guard was given,
No longer in its place the image found,
And search'd with fruitless care the dome around.
Then to the king the strange report he bears;
The king, inflam'd with wrath, the tidings hears:
His thoughts suggest some Christian's secret hand
Has thence purloin'd the guardian of the land:
But whether Christian zeal had thence convey'd
The hallow'd form; or Heaven its power display'd,
To snatch from impious eyes and roofs unclean
The glorious semblance of their virgin-queen,
Doubtful the fame; nor can we dare assign
The deed to human art or hands divine.
The king each temple sought and secret place,
And vow'd with costly gifts the man to grace,
Who brought the image, or the thief reveal'd;
But threaten'd those whose lips the deed conceal'd.
The wily sorcerer every art apply'd
To explore the truth: in vain his arts he try'd:
For whether wrought by Heaven, or Earth alone,
Heaven kept it, spite of all his charms, unknown.
But when the king perceiv'd his search was vain
To find th' offender of the Christian train:
On all at once his fierce resentment turn'd;
On all at once his savage fury burn'd:
No bounds, no laws, his purpose could control,
But blood alone could sate his vengeful soul.
"Our wrath shall not be lost," aloud he cries,
"The thief amidst the general slaughter dies.
Guilty and innocent, they perish all!
Let the just perish, so the guilty fall.—
Yet wherefore just? when none our pity claim;
Not one but hates our rites, and hates our name.
Rise, rise, my friends! the fire and sword employ,
Lay waste their dwellings, and their race destroy."
So spoke the tyrant to the listening crew;
Among the faithful soon the tidings flew.
With horrour chill'd, the dismal sound they heard,
While ghastly death on every face appear'd.
None think of fight, or for defence prepare,
Or seek to deprecate their fate with prayer:
But lo! when least they hope, the timorous bands
Their safety owe to unexpected hands.
A maid there was among the Christian kind,
In prime of years, and of exalted mind:
Beauteous her form, but beauty she despis'd,
Or beauty grac'd with virtue only prais'd.
From flattering tongues the modest fair withdrew,
And liv'd secluded from the public view:
But vain her cares to hide her beauty prov'd,
Her beauty worthy to be seen and lov'd.
Nor Love consents, but soon reveals her charms,
And with their power a youthful lover warms:
That Love who now conceals his piercing eyes,
And now, like Argus, every thing descries;
Who brings to view each grace that shuns the light,
And midst a thousand guards directs the lover's sight!
Sophronia she, Olindo was his name;
The same their city, and their faith the same.
The youth as modest as the maid was fair,
But little hop'd, nor durst his love declare:
He knew not how, or fear'd to tell his pain,
She saw it not, or view'd it with disdain:
Thus to this hour in silent grief he mourn'd,
His thoughts unnoted, or his passion scorn'd.
Meantime the tidings spread from place to place,
Of death impending o'er the Christian race:
Soon in Sophronia's noble mind arose
A generous plan to avert her people's woes:
Zeal first inspir'd, but bashful shame mov'd,
And modesty awhile the thought withstood:
Yet soon her fortitude each doubt suppress'd,
And arm'd with confidence her tender breast;
Through gazing throngs alone the virgin goes,
Nor strives to hide her beauties, nor disclose:
O'er her fair face a decent veil is seen,
Her eyes declin'd with modest graceful mien:
An artless negligence compos'd her dress,
And nature's genuine grace her charms confess.
Admir'd by all, regardless went the dame,
Till to the presence of the king she came:
While yet he rav'd, she dar'd to meet his view,
Nor from his threatening looks her steps withdrew.
"O king!" she thus began, "awhile contain
Thy anger, and thy people's rage restrain:
I come to show, and to your vengeance yield
Th' offender from your fruitless search conceal'd."
She said, and ceas'd: the king in wonder gaz'd,
(Struck with her courage, with her looks amaz'd)
Her sudden charms at once his soul engage,
He calms his passion, and forgets his rage.
If milder she, or he of softer frame,
His heart had felt the power of beauty's flame:
But haughty charms can ne'er the haughty move;
For smiles and graces are the food of love.
Though love could not affect his savage mind,
He yet appear'd to gentle thoughts inclin'd.
"Disclose the truth at large," he thus reply'd,
"No harm shall to thy Christian friends betide."
Then she: "Before thy sight the guilty stands:
The theft, O king! committed by these hands.
In me the thief who stole the image view;
To me the punishment decreed is due."
Thus, fill'd with public zeal, the generous dame
A victim for her people's ransom came.
O great deceit! O lie divinely fair!
What truth with such a falsehood can compare?
In deep suspense her words the tyrant heard,
No wonted fury in his looks appear'd.
"Declare," thus mildly to the maid he spoke,
"Who gave thee counsel and the deed partook."
"The deed alone was mine," reply'd the fair:
"I suffer'd none with me the fame to share;
Mine was the counsel, mine the first design,
And the last acting of the deed was mine."

[1] This passage is evidently borrowed from the ancient Palladium, by which the city of Troy was to be defended.

"Then only thou," he cry'd, "must bear the pain
Our anger now and just revenge ordain."
"'Tis just, since all the glory mine," she cried,
"That none with me the punishment divide."
With kindling ire the Pagan thus replies:
"Say, where conceal'd the Christian image lies."
"'Tis not conceal'd," rejoin'd the dauntless dame,
"I gave the hallow'd statue to the flame;
So could no impious hands again profane
The sacred image, and her beauty stain.
Then seek no more what never can be thine,
But lo! the thief I to thy hands resign;
If theft it may be call'd to seize our right,
Unjustly torn away by lawless might."
At this the king in threatening words return'd;
With wrath engovern'd all his bosom burn'd:
"Ah! hope no more thy pardon here to find,
O glorious virgin! O exalted mind!
In vain, against the tyrant's fury held,
Love for defence opposes beauty's shield."
Now doom'd to death, and seated to the flame,
With cruel hands they seize the beauteous dame.
Her veil and mantle rent bestrew the ground,
With rugged cords her tender arms are bound.
Silent she stands, no marks of fear express'd,
Yet soft commotions gently heave her breast;
Her modest cheeks a transient blush disclose,
Where lilies soon succeed the fading rose.
Meanwhile the people throng, (the rumour spread)
And with the rest Olindo there was led:
The tale he knew, but not the victim's name,
Till near the tragic scene of fate he came:
Soon as the youth the prisoner's face survey'd,
And saw, condemn'd to death, his lovely maid;
While the stern guards their cruel task pursue,
Through the thick press with headlong speed he flew.
"She's guiltless!" to the king aloud he cries,
"She's guiltless of th' offence for which she dies!
She could not—durst not—such a work demands
Far other than a woman's feeble hands:—
What arts to lull the keeper could she prove?
And how the sacred image thence remove?
She fondly boasts the deed, unthinking maid!
'Twas I the statue from the mosque convey'd:
Where the high dome receives the air and light,
I found a passage, favour'd by the night:
The glory mine, the death for me remains,
Nor let her thus usurp my rightful pains:
The punishment be mine; her chains I claim;
Mine is the pile prepar'd, and mine the kindled flame!"
At this her head Sophronia gently rais'd,
And on the youth with looks of pity gaz'd.
"Unhappy man! what brings thee guiltless here?
What phrensy guides thee, or what rash despair?
Say, cannot I, without thy aid, engage
The utmost threatening of a mortal's rage?
This breast undaunted can resign its breath,
Nor asks a partner in the hour of death."
She spoke; but wrought not on her lover's mind,
Who, firm, retain'd his purpose first design'd.
O glorious struggle for a fatal prize!
When love with fortitude for conquest vies,
Where death is the reward the victor bears,
And safety is the ill the vanquish'd fears!
While thus they both contend the deed to claim,
The monarch's fury burns with fiercer flame:
He rag'd to find his power so lightly priz'd,
And all the torments he prepar'd despis'd.
"Let both," he cried, "their wish'd design obtain,
And both enjoy the prize they seek to gain."
The tyrant said, and straight the signal made
To bind the youth: the ready guards obey'd.
With face averted to one stake confin'd,
With cruel cords the hapless pair they bind.
Now round their limbs they place the rising pyre;
And now with breath awake the slumbering fire;
When thus the lover, in a moving strain,
Bespeaks the lov'd companion of his pain:
"Are these the bands with which I hop'd to join,
In happier times, my future days to thine?
And are we doom'd, alas! this fire to prove,
Instead of kindly flames of mutual love?
Love promis'd gentler flames and softer ties;
But cruel fate far other now supplies!
Too long from thee I mourn'd my life disjoin'd,
And now in death a hapless meeting find!
Yet am I blest, since thou the pains must bear,
If not thy bed, at least thy pile to share.
Thy death I mourn, but not my own lament,
Since dying by thy side I die content.
Could yet my prayer one further bliss obtain,
How sweet, how envy'd then were every pain!
O could I press my faithful breast to thine,
And on thy lips my fleeting soul resign!
So might we, fainting in the pangs of death,
Together mix our sighs and parting breath!"
In words like these unblest Olindo moura'd;
To him her counsel thus the maid return'd:
"O youth! far other thoughts, and pure desires,
Far other sorrows now the time requires!
Dost thou forget thy sins? nor call to mind
What God has for the righteous souls assign'd?
Endure for him, and sweet the pains will prove;
Aspire with joy to happier seats above;
You glittering skies and golden Sun survey,
That call us hence to realms of endless day."
Here, mov'd with pity, loud the Pagans groan:
But more conceal'd the Christians vent their moan.
The king himself, with thoughts unusual press'd,
Felt his fierce heart suspended in his breast:
But, scorning to relent, he turn'd his view
From the dire prospect, and in haste withdrew.
Yet thou, Sophronia, bear'st the general woe,
And, wept by all, thy tears disdain to flow!
While thus they stand, behold a knight is seen,
(For such he seem'd) of fierce and noble mien!
Whose foreign arms and strange attire proclaim
An alien from a distant land he came.
The sculptur'd tigress on his helmet high
(A well-known crest!) attracts each gazer's eye.
This sign Clorinda in the field display'd,
All see and own by this the warrior-maid.
She, from a child*, beheld with scornful eyes
Her sex's arts, despising female toys:

* With respect to the character of a female warrior, however repugnant it may appear to our present ideas, the example of Virgil, and the tradition of the Amazons, may be sufficient authority for Tasso to introduce the beautiful variety in his poem, arising from the characters of Clorinda and Gildippe. There is a singular passage in one of Petrarch's letters, describing particularly an Amazonian woman, which it may not be here unpleasing to lay before the reader, from the Life of Petrarch, published in 1776.

"Of all the wonders I saw in my little journey,

Arachne's labours ne'er her hours divide,
Her noble hands nor loom nor spindle guide;
From ease inglorious and from sloth she fled,
And, mix'd in camps, a life unsully'd led:
With rigour pleas'd, her lovely face she arm'd
With haughty looks, yet even in fierceness charm'd:
In early years her tender hand restrain'd
The fiery courser, and his courage rein'd:
She pois'd the spear and sword: her growing force
She try'd in wrestling and the dusty course;
Then through the mountain paths and lonely wood
The bear and shaggy lion's tracks pursu'd:
In war, the dread of men the virgin shin'd:
In woods, the terrour of the savage kind!
From Persia, jealous of the Christian fame,
To oppose the victor-host Clorinda came:

nothing surprised me more than the prodigious strength and extraordinary courage of a young woman called Mary, whom we saw at Puzzoli. She passed her life among soldiers, and it was a common opinion that she was so much feared, no one dared attack her honour. No warrior but envied her prowess and skill. From the flower of her age she lived in camps, and adopted the military rules and dress. Her body is that of a hardy soldier, rather than a woman, and seamed all over with the scars of honour. She is always at war with her neighbours; sometimes she attacks them with a little troop, sometimes alone; and several have died by her hand. She is perfect in all the stratagems of the military art; and suffers, with incredible patience, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and fatigue. In fine, she lies on the bare ground; her shield serves for her pillow, and she sleeps armed in the open air.

"I had seen her in my first voyage to Naples, about three years ago; but as she was very much altered, I did not know her again. She came forward to salute me; I returned it as to a person I was not acquainted with. But by her laugh, and the gesture of those about me, I suspected something; and observing her with more attention, I found under the helmet the face of this formidable virgin. Was I to inform you of half the things they relate of her, you would take them for fables. I will therefore confine myself to a few facts, to which I was witness. By accident several strangers who came to Puzzoli to see this wonder, were all assembled at the citadel, to make trial of her strength. We found her alone, walking before the portico of the church, and not surprised at the concourse of the people. We begged she would give us a proof of her strength. She excused herself at first, on having a wound in her arm; but afterwards she took up an enormous block of stone, and a piece of wood loaded with iron. Upon these, said she, you may try your strength if you will. After every one had attempted to move them, with more or less success, she took and threw them with so much ease over our heads, that we remained confounded, and could hardly believe our eyes. At first some deceit was suspected, but there could be none. This has rendered credible what the ancients relate of the Amazons, and Virgil of the heroines of Italy, who were headed by Camilla."

See Life of Petrarch, vol. i. p. 350.

And, oft before, in fight her daring hand
Had fatten'd with their blood the thirsty land.
When near the fatal place the virgin drew,
And the dire scene appear'd before her view;
She spurr'd her steed to observe the victims nigh,
And learn th' unhappy cause for which they die.
The yielding crowd gave way: the curious maid
With steadfast eyes the pair in bonds survey'd.
One mourn'd aloud, and one in silence stood;
The weaker sex the greater firmness show'd:
Yet seem'd Olindo like a man to moan
Who wept another's sufferings, not his own;
While silent she, and fixed on Heaven her eyes,
Already seem'd to claim her kindred skies.
Clorinda view'd their state with tender woe,
And down her cheeks the tears began to flow:
Yet most she grieved for her who grief disdain'd;
And silence, more than plaints, her pity gain'd;
Then to an aged sire who stood beside;
"Say, who are those to death devote," she cried;
"Declare what brought them to this woful state,
Some secret crime, or blind decree of fate?"
Thus she. The reverend sire in brief display'd
Their mournful story to the listening maid:
She heard, surpris'd such matchless worth to find,
And both acquitted in her equal mind.
Already now resolv'd, by force or prayer,
To save from threaten'd death th' unhappy pair,
She ran, she stopp'd the flame with eager haste,
(Already kindling) and the guards address'd:
"None in this cruel office dare to move,
Till to the monarch I my suit approve;
My power, believe me, shall protect your stay,
Nor shall your sovereign chide your short delay."
She said: th' attendants at her word obey'd,
Mov'd with the presence of the royal maid:
Then, turning swift, she met the king, who came
To welcome to his court the warrior dame.
To whom she thus: "Behold Clorinda here!
Clorinda's name, perchance, has reach'd your ear.
I come, O monarch! thus in arms, prepar'd
Thy kingdom and our common faith to guard:
Command me now what task I must sustain,
Nor high attempts I fear, nor low disdain:
Or let my force in open field be shown;
Or here detain me to defend the town."
To whom the king: "What land so distant lies
From where the Sun enlightens Asia's skies,
O glorious virgin! but resounds thy name,
Whose actions fill the sounding trump of Fame?
Now to my aid thy conquering sword is join'd,
I give my fears and scruples to the wind:
Nor could I greater hopes of conquest boast,
Though join'd by numbers, succour'd by a host!
Methinks I seem to chide the lingering for,
And Godfrey, to my wish, appears too slow.
Thou ask'st what labours thy arm decree;
I deem the greatest only worthy thee:
To thee the rule of all our warrior-band
I here submit; be thine the high command."
Thus said the king. The maid, with grateful look,
Her thanks return'd, and thus again she spoke:
"'T is sure, O prince! a thing unusual heard,
Before the service done, to claim reward:
Yet (by thy goodness bold) I make my prayer,
And beg thy mercy you condemn'd to spare;
Grant it for all my deeds in future time;
'T is hard to suffer for a doubtful crime:
But this I waive, nor here the reasons plead
That speak them guiltless of th' imputed deed,

'T is said some Christian hand the theft has wrought;
But here I differ from the public thought:
The spell Ismeno fram'd to aid our cause
I deem an outrage on our sacred laws:
Nor fits it idols in our fanes to place,
Much less the idols of this impious race.
Methinks with joy the hand of Heaven I view,
To Macon's power the miracle is due;
Who thus forbids his hallow'd rites to stain
With new religions in his awful fane.
Ismeno leave to spells and magic charms,
Since these to him supply the place of arms;
While warriors, we, our foes in battle face;
Our swords our arts, in these our hopes we place."
She cease'd; and, though the king could scarcely bend
His haughty soul, or ears to pity lend,
He yields his fury to the gentle maid;
Her reasons move him, and her words persuade.
"Let both have life and freedom," he reply'd
"To such a pleader nothing is deny'd.
If innocent, by justice let them live:
If criminal, I here their crime forgive."
Thus were they freed; and lo! what blissful fate,
What turns of fortune on Olindo wait!
His virtuous love at length awakes a flame
In the soft bosom of the generous dame.
Straight from the pile to Hymen's rites he goes,
Made, of a wretch condemn'd, a joyful spouse:
Since death with her he sought, the grateful fair
Consents with him the gift of life to share.
The Pagan monarch, whose suspicious mind
Beheld with fear such wondrous virtue join'd,
Sent both in exile, by severe command,
Beyond the limits of Judea's land.
Then many others (as his fury sway'd)
Were banish'd thence, or deep in dungeons laid.
But the fierce tyrant those remov'd alone,
For strength approv'd, and daring spirits known:
The tender sex and children he retain'd,
With helpless age, as pledges in his hand.
Thus, wretched wanderers, some were doom'd to roam
From parents, children, wives, and native home:
Part rove from land to land with doubtful course;
And part against him turn their vengeful force:
These to the band of Franks unite their fate,
And meet their army encir'ling Emmaüs' gate.
The town of Emmaüs near to Sion lay,
Not half the journey of an easy day.
The pleasing thought each Christian soul inspires,
And adds new ardour to their zealous fires.
But since the Sun had past his middle race,
The leader there commands the tents to place.
The host were now encamp'd; the setting Sun
With milder lustre from the ocean shone;
When, drawing near, two mighty chiefs were seen,
In garb unknown, and of a foreign mien;
Their acts pacific, and their looks proclaim
That to the Christian chief as friends they came:
From Egypt's king dispatch'd, their way they bend,
And menial servants on their steps attend.
Alethes one: his birth obscure he ow'd
To the base refuse of th' ignoble crowd;
Rais'd to the highest state the realm affords,
By plausive speech, and eloquence of words:
His subtle genius every taste could meet;
In fiction prompt, and skilful in deceit:
Master of calumny such various ways,
He most accuses when he seems to praise.
The other chief from fair Circassia came
To Egypt's court, Argantes was his name:
Exalted midst the princes of the land,
And first in rank of all the martial band:
Impatient, fiery, and of rage unquell'd,
In arms unconquer'd, matchless in the field;
Whose impious soul contempt of Heaven avow'd,
His sword his law, his own right hand his God!
Now these an audience of the leader sought,
And now to Godfrey's awful sight were brought.
There lowly seated, with his peers around,
In modest garb the glorious chief they found.
True valour, unadorn'd, attracts the sight,
And shines conspicuous by its native light.
To him a slight respect Argantes paid,
As one who little place or honours weigh'd.
But low Alethes bow'd in thought profound,
And fix'd his humble eyes upon the ground;
His better hand his pensive bosom press'd,
With all the adoration of the east:
And while attention on his accents hung,
These words, like honey, melted from his tongue:
"O worthy thou alone! to whose command
Submit the heroes of this glorious band!
To thee their laurels and their crowns they owe,
Thy conduct brings them victors from the foe.
Nor stops thy fame within Alcides' bounds,
To distant Egypt Godfrey's name resounds!
Fame through our spacious realm thy glory bears,
And speaks thy valour to our listening ears.
But on thy deeds our sovereign chiefly dwells,
With pleasure hears them, and with pleasure tells:
In thee, what others fear or hate, he loves;
Thy virtue fires him, and thy valour moves:
Fain would he join with thee in friendly bands,
And mutual peace and amity demands.
Since different faiths their sanction here deny,
Let mutual virtue knit the sacred tie.
But as he hears thy troops their marches bend
To expel from Sion's walls his ancient friend;
He now (to avoid those evils yet behind)
By us unfolds the counsels of his mind.
Then thus he says: Thy first design forbear,
Content with what thou now hast gain'd in war:
Nor on Judea's realm thy forces bring,
Nor vex the lands protected by our king:
So will he, join'd with thee, thy power ensure,
And fix thy yet uncertain state secure;
United both; their conquest to regain,
The Turks and Persians shall attempt in vain.
Much hast thou done, O chief! in little space,
Which length of ages never can deface.
What cities won! what armies overthrown!
What dangerous marches, and what ways unknown!
The neighbouring states with terrour own thy fame;
And distant regions tremble at thy name.
Your glory at the height, with heedful care
Avoid the chances of a doubtful war:
Increase of realm your further toils may crown,
But conquest ne'er can heighten your renown:
And should your arms be now in battle cross'd,
Lost is your empire, and your glory lost!
Insensate he who risks a certain state
For distant prospects of uncertain fate:
Yet our advice perchance will lightly weigh,
And urge thy purpose, nor thy march delay;
While uncontrol'd success the soul inspires,
While glows thy bosom with ambition's fires:
That glorious frailty of the noble mind,
To conquer nations and subdue mankind!

For this you fly from proffer'd peace afar,
With more distaste than others shun the war:
These motives bid thee still the path pursue,
Which fate has open'd largely to thy view:
Nor in the sheath return that dreaded sword,
(Of every conquest in the field assur'd)
Till in oblivion Macon's laws are laid,
And Asia, by thy arms, a desert made!
Alluring sounds, and grateful to the ear;
But O what dangers lurk beneath the snare!
Then, if no cloud of passion dim thy sight,
And cast a veil before thy reason's light;
Well mayst thou see what little hopes appear,
From every prospect of the lengthen'd war.
Reflect how soon the gifts of fortune turn;
Those who rejoice to day, to morrow mourn:
And he who soars an unexpected flight,
Oft falls as sudden from his towering height.
Say, to thy harm, should Egypt take the field
In arms, in treasure rich, in council skill'd;
And add to these (the war again begun)
The Turks, the Persians, and Cassano's son[1];
What forces couldst thou to their power oppose;
And how escape from such a host of foes?
Or dost thou in the Grecian king confide;
By sacred union to thy cause ally'd?
To whom is not the Grecian faith display'd?
What snares for thee the guileful race have laid!
Will those, who once your common march withstood,
Now risk for you their lives in fields of blood?
But thou perhaps (secure amidst thy foes)
Dost in these squadrons all thy hopes repose;
And deem'st the scatter'd bands thy force o'erthrew
As easy, when united, to subdue;
Though toilsome marches have your troops annoy'd,
Your strength enfeebled, and your men destroy'd,
Though unexpected nations should combine,
And Egypt with the Turks and Persians join.
Yet grant that fate so strongly arms thy hand,
No sword can conquer, and no foe withstand:
Lo! Famine comes, with all her ghastly train;
What further subterfuge, what hopes remain?
Then draw the falchion, and the javelin wield;
Then dream of conquest in the boasted field.
Behold th' inhabitants have wasted wide
The fertile country, and the fields destroy'd;
And safely lodg'd in towers their ripen'd grain:
What hopes are left thy numbers to sustain?
Thy ships, thou say'st, will due provision send:
Does then thy safety on the winds depend?
Perhaps thy fortune can the winds restrain;
Thy voice appease the roaring of the main.
Yet think: should once our nation rise in fight,
And with the Persians and the Turks unite,
Could we not then oppose a numerous fleet,
On equal terms, thy naval power to meet?
If here, O chief! thou seek'st to gain renown,
A double conquest must thy labours crown:
One loss may sully every former deed;
One loss may unexpected dangers breed:
Before our vessels should thy navy fly,
Thy forces here, oppress by famine, die:
Or shouldst thou lose the battle here, in vain
Thy fleet would ride victorious on the main.
Then if thy soul reject the peace we bring,
And scorn the friendship of th' Egyptian king;

This conduct (undisguis'd the truth I tell)
Nor suits thy virtue, nor thy wisdom well.
But if thy purpose seem to war inclin'd,
Heaven change, to gentle peace, thy better mind!
So Asia may at length from trouble cease,
And thou enjoy thy conquer'd lands in peace.
And you, ye leaders, who his dangers share,
Fellows in arms, and partners of the war!
Ah! let not fortune's smiles your souls excite,
To tempt again the doubtful chance of fight!
But as the pilot, 'scap'd the treacherous deep,
Rests in the welcome port his weary ship;
Now furl your sails with pleasure near the shore,
And trust the perils of the sea no more."
Here ceas'd Alethes; and the heroes round,
With looks displeas'd, return'd a murmuring sound;
With deep disdain the terms propos'd they heard,
While discontent in every face appear'd.
Then Jbrice the chief his eyes around him threw,
And cast on every one his piercing view;
Next to Alethes turn'd his careful look,
Who waited his reply, and thus he spoke.
"Ambassador! with threats and praises join'd,
Full wisely hast thou told thy sovereign's mind:
If he esteem us, and our worth approve,
With grateful pleasure we receive his love.
But where thy words a threaten'd storm disclose
Of Pagan armies, and confederate foes;
To this I speak; to this my answer bear;
An open purpose cloth'd in words sincere.
Know first the cause for which we have sustain'd
Such various hazards both by sea and land;
By day and night such pains and toils have known:—
To free the passage to yon hallow'd town;
To merit favour from the King of Heaven,
By freedom to the suffering Christians given.
Nor shall we fear, for such a glorious end,
Our kingdom, lives, and worldly fame to spend.
No thirst of riches has our bosoms fir'd;
No lust of empire our attempt inspir'd:
If any thoughts like these our souls infest,
Th' Eternal drive such poison from the breast!
Still may his mercy o'er our steps preside,
His hand defend us, and his wisdom guide!
His breath inspir'd; his power has brought us far
Through every danger of the various war:
By this are mountains past, and rivers cross'd;
This tempers summer's heat, and winter's frost:
This can the rage of furious tempests bind,
And loosen or restrain th' obedient wind:
Hence lofty walls are burnt and tumbled down;
Hence mortal bands are slain and overthrown:
Hence springs the hope and confidence we boast;
Not from the forces of a mortal host:
Not from our vessels; nor from Grecian leads
With numbers swarming; nor the Gallic bands;
And if we still th' Almighty's care partake,
Let nations, at their will, our cause forsake!
Who knows the succour of his powerful hands,
No other aid, in time of need, demands.
But should he, for our sins, his help withdraw,
(As who can fathom Heaven's eternal law!)
Lives there a man who would not find his tomb,
Where hallow'd earth did once his God inhume?
So shall we die, nor envy those who live;
Nor unrevenged shall we our death receive;
Nor Asia shall rejoice to view our state;
Nor we submit with sorrow to our fate.
Yet think not that our wayward minds prefer
To gentle peace, the horrid scenes of war;

[1] The son of the king of Antioch.

Nor think we ill your monarch's love return,
Or with contempt his friendly union scorn.
But wherefore do his cares on Sion bend?
And wherefore thus another's realms defend?—
Then let him not require our arms to cease;
So may he rule his native lands in peace!"

Thus answer'd Godfrey; and with fury swell'd
The fierce Argantes, nor his wrath repell'd:
The boiling passion from his bosom broke;
Before the chief he stood, and thus he spoke:

"Let him who will not proffer'd peace receive
Be sated with the plagues that war can give!
And well thy hatred of the peace is known,
If now thy soul reject our friendship shown."

This said, his mantle in his hand he took[4],
And folding round before th' assembly shook,
Then thus again with threatening accent spoke:

"O thou! who every peril wouldst despise,
Lo! peace or war within this mantle lies!
See here th' election offer'd to thy voice;
No more delay—but now declare thy choice."

His speech and haughty mien each leader fir'd,
And with a noble rage their souls inspir'd.
"War! war!" aloud with general voice they cried;
Nor waited till their god-like chief replied.
At this the Pagan shook his vest in air—
"Then take defiance, death, and mortal war!"
So fierce he spoke, he seem'd to burst the gates
Of Janus' temple, and disclose the fates;
While from his mantle, which aside he threw,
Insensate rage and horrid discord flew:
Alecto's torch supply'd her hellish flame,
And from his eyes the flashing sparkles came.
So look'd the chief of old[5], whose impious pride,
With mortal works, the King of Heaven defy'd;
So stood, when Babel rear'd her front on high,
To threaten battle 'gainst the starry sky.

Then Godfrey:—"To thy king the tidings bear,
And tell him we accept the threaten'd war;
Go, bid him hasten here to prove our might,
Or on the bank of Nile expect the fight."

This said; the leader honour'd either guest,
And due respect, by different gifts, express'd.
Alethes first he gave a helm of price,
A prize among the spoils of conquer'd Nice.
A costly sword Argantes next obtain'd,
Well wrought and fashion'd by the workman's hand:
Matchless the work, and glorious to behold,
The hilt with jewels blaz'd, and flam'd with gold.
With joy the Pagan chief the gift survey'd,
Admir'd the rich design and temper'd blade:
Then thus to Godfrey: "When we meet in field,
Behold how well our hands thy present wield!"

Now, parting from the camp, their leave they took,
And thus Argantes to Alethes spoke:

"Lo! to Jerusalem my course I take;
To Egypt thou thy purpos'd journey make:
Thou with the early rays of morning light;
But I impatient with the friendly night.
Well may th' Egyptian court my presence spare;
Suffice that thou the Christian's answer bear:
Be mine to mingle in the lov'd alarms
Of noble conflict, and the sound of arms."

Thus he, ambassador of peace who came,
Departs a foe in action and in name:
Nor heeds the warrior[6], in his haughty mind,
The ancient laws of nations and mankind:
Nor for Alethes' answer deign'd to stay,
But through surrounding shades pursu'd his way,
And sought the town, impatient of delay.

Now had the night her drowsy pinions spread;
The winds were hush'd, the weary waves were dead:
The fish repos'd in seas and crystal floods;
The beasts retir'd in covert of the woods;
The painted birds in grateful silence slept;
And o'er the world a sweet oblivion crept.
But not the faithful host, with thought oppress,
Nor could their leader taste the gift of rest;
Such ardent wishes in their bosoms burn;
So eager were they for the day's return,
To lead their forces to the hallow'd town,
The soldier's triumph, and the victor's crown!
With longing eyes they wait the morning light,
To chase with early beams the dusk of night.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Christian army arrives before Jerusalem. The alarm is given to the Saracens, who prepare for the reception of the enemy. Clorinda makes the first sally; she encounters and kills Gardo; she meets and engages with Tancred; a short interview ensues between them. In the mean time, Argantes, falling on the Christians with a great slaughter, the action becomes more general. Erminia, from the walls, shows and describes to the king the several commanders of the Christian army. Rinaldo and Tancred perform great actions. Dudon, having signalized himself, is killed by Argantes. The Pagans, being closely pressed, are at last compelled to retreat to the city. Godfrey causes Dudon to be interred with funeral honours; and sends his workmen to fell timber for making engines to carry on the siege.

Now from the golden east the Zephyrs borne,
Proclaim'd with balmy gales th' approach of morn;
And fair Aurora deck'd her radiant head
With roses crept in Eden's flowery bed;
When from the sounding camp was heard afar
The noise of troops preparing for the war:
To this succeed the trumpet's loud alarms,
And rouse, with shriller notes, the host to arms.
The sage commanders o'er their zeal presides,
And with a gentle rein their ardour guides;
Yet eager seem'd it, near Charybdis' caves
To stay the current of the boiling waves;
Or stop the south, that shakes the mountain's brow,
And whelms the vessels in the seas below.

[4] Thus Livy relates of the Roman ambassador before the Carthaginian senate: 'Tum Romanus, sinu ex toga facto, "Hic," inquit, "vobis bellum et pacem portamus; utrum placet, sumite." Sub hanc vocem haud minùs ferociter, "quod, utrum vellet," succlamatum est. Et cum is, sinu iterum effuso, "bellum dare" dixisset: "accipere se," omnes responderunt, &c. Lib. xxi. 18.

[5] Nimrod, who built the tower of Babel.

[6] By the law of nations, no person exercising the office of messenger or ambassador should take an active or hostile part till his office is completely expired.

He rules their order, marshals every band:
Rapid they move, but rapid with command.
With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the Sun ascends th' ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray,
Behold Jerusalem[1] in prospect lies!
Behold Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim.
To sailors thus, who, wandering o'er the main,
Have long explor'd some distant coast in vain,
In seas unknown and foreign regions lost,
By stormy winds and faithless billows tost,
If chance at length th' expected land appear,
With joyful shouts they hail it from afar;
They point, with rapture, to the wish'd-for shore,
And dream of former toils and fears no more.
At first, transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glow'd with full delight;
But deep contrition soon their joy suppress'd,
And holy sorrow sadden'd every breast:
Scarce dare their eyes the city walls survey,
Where, cloth'd in flesh, their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave he rose!
Each faltering tongue imperfect speech supplies,
Each labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs;
At once their mingled joys and griefs appear,
And undistinguish'd murmurs fill the air.
So when the grove the fanning wind receives,
A whispering noise is heard among the leaves:
So, near the craggy rocks or winding shore,
In hollow sounds the broken billows roar.
Each took th' example as their chieftains led,
With naked feet[2] the hallow'd soil they tread:
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
The crested helmets, with their plumy pride;
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend:
Yet each, as if his breast no sorrow mov'd,
In words like these his tardy grief reprov'd:
"Here, where thy wounds, O Lord! distill'd a flood,
And dy'd the hallow'd soil with streaming blood,
Shall not these eyes their grateful tribute shower,
In sad memorial of that awful hour?
Ah! wherefore frozen thus my heart appears,
Nor melts in fountains of perpetual tears?
Why does my harden'd heart this temper keep?
Now mourn thy sins, thy Saviour's sufferings weep!"
Meantime the watch that in the city stood,
And from a lofty tower the country view'd,
Saw midst the fields a rising dust appear,
That like a thickening cloud obscur'd the air;
From which, by fits, a flashing splendour came,
And sudden gleams of momentary flame:
Refulgent arms and armour next were seen,
And steeds distinguish'd, and embattled men:
Then thus aloud—"What mist obscures the sky?
What splendours in yon dusty whirlwind play?
Rise, rise, ye citizens! your gates defend:
Haste, snatch your weapons, and the walls ascend!
Behold the foe at hand!"—he said, and ceas'd:
The Pagans heard, and snatch'd their arms in haste.
The helpless children, and the female train,
With feeble age that could not arms sustain,
Pale and affrighted to the mosques repair,
And humbly supplicate the powers with prayer.
But those of limbs robust, and firm of soul,
Already arm'd, impatient of control,
Part line the gates, and part ascend the wall:
The king with care provides, and orders all:
From place to place he marshall'd every crew,
Then to the summit of a tower withdrew,
For hence in prospect lay the subject-lands,
For hence he could with ease direct the bands.
And there Erminia by his side he plac'd,
The fair Erminia, who his palace grac'd,
Since Antioch fell before the Christian host,
And her dear sire the hapless virgin lost.
Now had Clorinda with impatient speed,
To attack the Franks, a chosen squadron led;
But, in a different part, Circassia's knight[3]
Stood at a secret gate prepar'd for fight.
The generous maid with looks intrepid fir'd
Her brave companions, and with words inspir'd:
"'Tis ours to found the glorious work," she cries,
"The hope of Asia in our courage lies!"
While thus she speaks, she sees a Christian band
With rural spoils advancing o'er the land;
Who sent, as scout, to forage round the plain,
Now seek with flocks and herds the camp again.
Sudden on these she turn'd: their chief beheld
Her threatening force, and met her in the field;
Gardo his name, a man approv'd in fight,
But weak his strength to oppose Clorinda's might.
Slain in the dreadful shock, on earth he lies,
O'erthrown before the Franks' and Syrians' eyes.
Loud, at the sight, exclaim the Pagan train,
And hail this omen,—but their hopes were vain!
Fierce on the rest the warlike virgin flew,
And pierc'd their battle, and their ranks o'erthrew;
And, where her slaughtering sword a passage hew'd,
Her following troops the glorious path pursu'd.
Soon from the spoilers' hands their spoil they take.
The Franks, by slow degrees, the field forsake:
At length the summit of a hill they gain,
And, aided by the height, the foes sustain.
Now, like a whirlwind rushing from the skies,
Or swift as lightning through the ether flies,
At Godfrey's signal, noble Tancred near
His squadron moves, and shakes his beamy spear.
So firm his hands the ponderous javelin wield,
So fierce the youthful warrior scours the field,
The king, who view'd him from his towery height,
Esteem'd him sure some chief renown'd in fight:
Then to the maid beside him thus he spoke,
(Whose gentle soul with soft emotions shook)
"Thou canst, by use, each Christian's name reveal,
Though here disguis'd, and cas'd in shining steel:

[1] The emphatical repetition of the name Jerusalem is adopted from Virgil, and has a fine effect in this book, which opens with wonderful solemnity:

Italiam, Italiam! primus conclamat Achates,
Æn. iii.

[2] This circumstance is recorded in the history of the crusaders.

[3] Argantes.

[4] The following passages, where Erminia describes the leaders of the Christian army, are closely copied from Homer; where Helen, in like manner, shows the Grecian commanders to Priam from the walls of Troy. Iliad iii.

Say, who is he, so fierce in combat seen,
Of dauntless semblance, and erected mien?"
At this the virgin heav'd a tender sigh,
The silent drops stood trembling in her eye;
But, all she could, the fair her tears suppress'd,
And stopp'd the murmurs of her troubled breast:
Yet on her cheeks the trickling dews appear'd,
And from her lips a broken sigh was heard.
Then artful to the king she thus reply'd:
(And strove with angry words her thoughts to hide)
"Ah me! I know him sure, have cause too well,
Among a thousand, that dire chief to tell:
Oft have I seen him strow the purple plain,
And glut his fury with my people slain!
Alas! how sure his blows! the wounds they give
Nor herbs can heal, nor magic arts relieve:
Tancred his name—O! grant some happier hour
May yield him, living, prisoner to my power!
So might my soul some secret comfort feel,
And sweet revenge appease my restless mind!"
She said, and ceas'd. The king the damsel heard,
But to a different sense her speech referr'd;
While, mingled with these artful words she spoke,
A sigh spontaneous from her bosom broke.
Meanwhile, her lance in rest, the warrior-dame
With eager haste to encounter Tancred came.
Their vizors struck, the spears in shivers flew;
The virgin's face was left expos'd to view;
The thongs that held her helmet burst in twain;
Hurl'd from her head, it bounded on the plain:
Loose in the wind her golden tresses flow'd,
And now a maid confess'd to all she stood;
Keen flash her eyes, her look with fury glows;
Yet e'en in rage each feature lovely shows:
What charms must then her winning smiles disclose?
What thoughts, O Tancred! have thy bosom mov'd?
Dost thou not see and know that face behov'd?
Lo! there the face that caus'd thy amorous pains;
Ask thy fond heart, for there her form remains:
Behold the features of the lovely dame
Who for refreshment to the fountain came[8].
The knight, who mark'd not first her crest and shield,
Astonish'd now her well known face beheld.
She o'er her head disarm'd the buckler threw,
And on her senseless foe with fury flew:
The foe retir'd; on other parts he turn'd
His vengeful steel: yet still her anger burn'd;
And with a threatening voice aloud she cried;
And with a two-fold death[6] the chief defy'd.
Th' enamour'd warrior ne'er returns a blow,
Nor heeds the weapon of his lovely foe;
But views, with eager gaze, her charming eyes,
From which the shaft of love unerring flies:
Then to himself—"In vain the stroke descends;
In vain her angry sword the wound intends;
While from her face unarm'd she seeks the dart,
That rives with surer aim my bleeding heart!"
At length resolv'd, though hopeless of relief,
No more in silence to suppress his grief,
And that the dame might know her rage pursu'd
A suppliant captive by her charms subdu'd;
"O thou!" he cried, "whose hostile fury glows
On me alone amid this host of foes,
Together let us from the field remove,
And, hand to hand, our mutual valour prove."
The maid his challenge heard; and, void of fear,
With head unarm'd rush'd furious to the war:
Her trembling lover's steps in haste pursu'd,
And now, prepar'd, in act of combat stood,
Already aim'd a stroke; when loud he cried:
"First make conditions ere the strife be tried."
Awhile her lifted arm the virgin stay'd,
And thus the youth, by love emboldened, said:
"Ah! since on terms of peace thou wilt not join,
Transfix this heart, this heart no longer mine:
For thee with pleasure I resign my breath;
Receive my life, and triumph in my death.
See, unresisting in thy sight I stand;
Then say what cause withholds thy lingering hand?
Or shall I from my breast the corselet tear,
And to the stroke my naked bosom bare?"
Thus wretched Tancred spoke; and more had said
To unfold his sorrows to the wondering maid,
But sudden now his troops appear'd at hand,
Who closely press'd the Pagan's yielding band:
Or fear or art impell'd the Syrian race;
One seem'd to fly, while t' other held the chase.
When lo! a soldier, who his foes pursu'd,
And, past espied, the fair Clorinda view'd,
Aim'd, as he pass'd behind th' unwary maid,
A sudden stroke at her defenceless head.
Tancred, who sees, exclaims with eager cries,
And with his sword to meet the weapon flies.
Yet not in vain was urg'd the hostile steel,
On her fair neck[7], beneath her head, it fell:
Slight was the wound; the crimson drops appear,
And tinge the ringlets of her golden hair.
So shines the gold, which skilful artists frame,
And, mix'd with rubies, darts a ruddy flame.
Fir'd at the deed, the prince in anger burn'd,
And, with his falchion, on the offender turn'd.
This flies, and that pursues with vengeful mind,
Swift as an arrow on the wings of wind!
The musing virgin view'd their course from far,
Then join'd her flying partners of the war.
By turns she flies; by turns she makes a stand;
And boldly oft attacks the Christian band.
So fares a bull, with mighty strength indu'd,
In some wide field by troops of dogs pursu'd;
Oft as he shows his horns, the fearful train
Stop short, but follow when he flies again.
And still Clorinda, as she fled the field,
Her head defended with her lifted shield.
Now these the battle fly, and those pursue,
Till near the lofty walls appear in view;
When, with a dreadful shout that fills the air,
The Pagans, turning swift, renew the war:
Around the plain in circuit wide they bend,
And flank the Christians, and their rear offend.
Then bold Argantes, from the city's height,
Pours with his squadron on the front of fight.

[8] See Book i. p. 408, where the first account is given of Tancred's love to Clorinda, and the adventure here referred to.

[6] *Con doppia morte*—The Italian commentator explains this to mean, a natural death, and the death of love, una AMOROSA ALTRA CHIAMATA.

[7] This circumstance, of Clorinda being wounded, is very similar to the passage in Boyardo, adopted by Ariosto, where Bradamant is in like manner wounded in the head by a Pagan, while she is parleying with Rogero.

Impatient of delay, before his crew,
With furious haste, the fierce Circassian flew.
The first he met his thundering javelin found,
And horse and horseman tumbled to the ground:
And ere the trusty spear in shivers broke,
What numbers more an equal fate partook!
His falchion next he drew, and every blow
Or slays, or wounds, or overturns the foe.
Clorinda saw, and kindled at the view,
And old Ardelius, fierce in battle, slew:
Robust in age! Two sons their father guard;
But sought can now the deadly weapon ward.
Alcander, eldest born, her fury found,
His sire deserting with a ghastly wound;
And Poliphernes, next his place in fight,
Scarce sav'd his life from brave Clorinda's might.
But Tancred, wearied with the fruitless chase
Of him whose courser fled with swifter pace,
Now turn'd his eyes, and saw his troops from far
Engag'd too boldly in unequal war:
He view'd them by surrounding Pagans press'd,
And spurr'd his courser to their aid in haste.
Nor he alone, but to their rescue came
The band, the first in dangers as in fame;
The band by Dudon led, the heroes' boast,
The strength and bulwark of the Christian host.
Rinaldo, bravest of the brave confess'd,
Like flashing lightning shone before the rest!
Erminia soon the gallant prince beheld,
Known by the eagle[8] in an azure field.
Then to the king, who thither turn'd his eyes:
"Behold a chief unmatch'd in arms!" she cries,
"No sword like his in yonder camp is seen,
Yet scarce appears the down to shade his chin.
Six champions more, his equals in the field,
Had made already conquer'd Syria yield:
The farthest regions had confess'd their sway,
The distant realms beneath the rising day!
And even the Nile, perhaps, his head unknown
Had vainly then conceal'd, the yoke to shun.
Such is the youth! his name Rinaldo call,
Whose hand with terrour shakes the threaten'd wall!
Now turn your eyes, and yonder chief behold,
Array'd in verdant arms and shining gold:
Dudon his name, (the gallant band he leads,
Adventurers call'd, and first in martial deeds,)
Of noble lineage, with experience crown'd,
In age superior, as in worth renown'd,
See where you leader clad in sable stands,
(Whose brother holds the rule of Norway's lands,)
Gernando fierce, of no unwarlike name,
But with his pride he sullies all his fame.
The friendly couple, who, in vesture white,
So close together share the task of fight,
Are Edward and Gildippe, (blameless pair!)
In love unequall'd, and renown'd in war!"
While thus she spoke, upon the plain below
They saw more deep the dreadful carnage grow:
There Tancred and Rinaldo's furious hands
Pierc'd the thick ranks, and broke the opposing bands.
Next, with his squadron, Dudon rush'd along,
And pour'd impetuous on the hostile throng.

[8] The white eagle in the azure field was the ensign of the house of Este: much is said of this device by Ariosto, who gives it to Mandricardo and Rogero, and feigns it to have been borne by Hector of Troy.

E'en fierce Argantes, tumbled to the ground
By brave Rinaldo, scarce his safety found;
Nor had the haughty chief escap'd so well,
But, lo! Rinaldo's horse that instant fell,
And chancing on his master's foot to light,
Detain'd awhile the champion from the fight.
The routed Pagans, now oppress'd with dread,
Forsook their ranks, and to the city fled.
Alone Clorinda and Argantes bear
The raging storm that thunders on the rear.
Intrepid these maintain their dangerous post,
And break the fury of the conquering host:
Their daring hands the foremost battle meet,
Bid slaughter pause, and cover the retreat.
Impetuous Dudon chas'd the flying crew,
And fierce Tigranes, with a shock, o'erthrew;
Then through his neck the sword a passage found,
And left the carcase headless on the ground.
In vain his cuirass stred'd Algazir wore;
Corbano's temper'd casque avail'd no more!
This through the nape and face the weapon press'd;
That, through the back, and issu'd at his breast.
Then Amurath and Mahomet he slew;
Their souls reluctant from their bodies flew.
The stern Almanzor next his valour prov'd;
And scarce secure the great Circassian mov'd.
Argantes rav'd, his breast with fury burn'd,
And oft, retreating, on the foe he turn'd;
Till with a sudden stroke the chief he found,
And in his flank impress'd a mortal wound.
Prone falls the leader, stretch'd on earth he lies,
An iron sleep invades his swimming eyes:
And thrice he strives to view the light in vain,
And on his arm his sinking bulk sustain;
Thrice backward falls, and sickens at the sight,
And shuts at length his eyes in endless night:
A chilly sweat o'er all his body streams,
A mortal coldness numbs his stiffening limbs.
The fierce Argantes stay'd not o'er the dead,
But, turning to the Franks, aloud he said—
"Warriors, attend! survey this bloody sword,
But yester's Sun the present of your lord!
Mark how this hand has tried its use to day:
Haste! to his ears the glad report convey:
What secret pleasure must your leader feel,
To find his glorious gift approv'd so well!
Bid him, to nobler purpose soon address'd,
Expect this weapon buried in his breast;
And should he long delay our force to meet,
This hand shall tear him from his dark retreat."
Boastful he spoke; enrag'd the Christians hear,
And furious round him drive the thickening war:
But he already, with the flying crew,
Safe in the shelter of the town withdrew.
Now from the wall the close defenders pour
Their stones, like storms of hail, a missile shower:
Unnumber'd quivers shafts for bows supply,
And clouds of arrows from the ramparts fly!
Awhile they force th' advancing Franks to stand,
Till in the gates retreat the Pagan band;
When lo! Rinaldo came, (who now had freed
His foot encumber'd by his fallen steed,)
Eager he rush'd, on proud Argantes' head
To take revenge for hapless Dudon dead:
Through all the ranks, inspiring rage, he flies:
"Why stand we lingering here?" the warrior cries:
"Lost is that chief who rul'd our band of late,
Why haste we not to avenge the leader's fate?

When such a cause our vengeful force demands,
Shall these weak ramparts stop our conquering hands?
Did walls of triple steel the town enclose,
Or adamantine bulwarks guard the foes,
Yet vainly there should hope to lurk secure
The fierce Argantes from your wrathful power—
Haste! let us storm the gates"—He said, and flew
With foremost speed before the warring crew:
Dauntless he goes, nor falling stones he fears,
Nor storms of arrows, hissing round his ears:
So fierce he nods his crest, so towers on high,
Such lightning flashes from his angry eye:
The Pagans on the walls, with doubts oppress'd,
Feel sudden terrours rise in every breast.
While thus Rinaldo to the battle moves,
And these encourages, and those reproves;
Behold, dispatch'd by Godfrey's high commands,
The good Sigero stopp'd the advancing bands:
He, in the leader's name, repress'd their heat,
And bade the Christians from the field retreat.
"Return, ye warriors!" thus aloud he cried,
"Till fitter season lay your arms aside:
This Godfrey wills, and he his will obey'd."—
He said: Rinaldo then his ardour stay'd,
And stern obedience to the summons paid.
He turn'd; but his disdainful looks reveal'd
The fury in his breast but ill conceal'd.
Now from the walls the unwilling squadrons go,
Retiring, unmolested by the foe;
Yet leave not Dudon's corse, in battle slain,
Depriv'd of rites, neglected on the plain:
Supported in their arms, with pious care,
His faithful friends their honour'd burthen bear.
Meantime aloft their leader Godfrey stood,
And from a rising ground the city view'd.
On two unequal hills[9] the city stands,
A vale between divides the higher lands.
Three sides without impervious to the foes:
The northern side an easy passage shows,
With smooth ascent; but well they guard the part
With lofty walls, and labour'd works of art.
The city lakes and living springs contains,
And cisterns to receive the falling rains:
But bare of herbage is the country round,
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head;
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread;
Save where two leagues remote a wood appears,
Embrown'd with noxious shade, the growth of years.
Where morning gilds the city's eastern side,
The sacred Jordan pours its gentle tide:
Extended lie, against the setting day,
The sandy borders of the midland sea:
Samaria to the north, and Bethel's wood,
Where to the golden calf the altar stood:
And on the rainy south, the hallow'd earth
Of Bethl'em, where the Lord receiv'd his birth.
While Godfrey thus, above the subject field,
The lofty walls and Sion's strength beheld;
And ponder'd where t' encamp his martial powers,
And where he best might storm the hostile towers;
Full on the chief Erminia cast a look,
Then show'd him to the king, and thus she spoke:

"There Godfrey stands, in purple vesture seen
Of regal presence and exalted mien.
He seems by nature born to kingly sway,
Vers'd in each art to make mankind obey:
Well skill'd alike in every task of fight;
In whom the soldier and the chief unite:
Nor can the troops of yonder numerous host
A wiser head or steadier courage boast.
Raymond alone with him the praise can share
Of wisdom in the cool debates of war;
Tancred alone and great Rinaldo claim
An equal glory in the field of fame."
"All tongues," reply'd the king, "his worth report;
I saw and knew him at the Gallic court,
When Egypt sent me envoy into France;
Oft in the lists I saw him wield the lance,
A stripling then, for scarce the down began
To clothe his cheeks, the promise of a man!
Yet did his words and early deeds presage,
Too sure, alas! his fame in riper age!"
Sighing he spoke, and hung his pensive head,
Then rais'd his eyes again, and thus he said:
"Say, what is he who stands by Godfrey's side,
His upper garments with vermilion dy'd?
How near his air, his looks how much the same,
Though short his stature, less erect his frame!"
"'T is Baldwin, brother to the prince," she cried,
"In feature like, but more by deeds ally'd.
Now turn thy eyes where with a reverend mien,
In act to counsel, yonder chief is seen:
Raymond is he, in every conduct sage,
Mature in wisdom of experienc'd age:
None better warlike stratagems can frame,
Of all the Gallic or the Latian name.
Beyond, the British monarch's son behold,
The noble William, with the casque of gold.
Next Guelpho, whom his birth and actions raise
Among the foremost names to equal praise:
Full well I know the chief, to sight confest,
By his broad shoulders and his ample chest.
But still, amidst yon numerous troops below,
My eyes explore in vain their deadliest foe;
Dermond, whose fury all my race pursued,
The stern destroyer of my royal blood!"
Thus commune they; while from the hill descends
The Christian chief, and joins his warlike friends.
The city view'd, he deems the attempt were vain,
O'er craggy rocks the steepy pass to gain.
Then on the ground, that rose with smooth ascent,
Against the northern gate he pitch'd his tent;
And thence proceeding to the corner tower,
Encamp'd in length the remnant of his power;
But could not half the city's wall enclose,
So wide around the spacious bulwarks rose.
But Godfrey well secures each several way
That might assistance to the town convey;
To seize on every pass his care he lends,
And round with trenches deep the camp defends.
These works perform'd, his steps the hero turn'd
Where lay the breathless corse of Dudon mourn'd:
Arriv'd, the lifeless leader prone he found,
With many weeping friends encompass'd round.
High on a stately bier the dead was plac'd,
With funeral pomp and friendly honours grac'd.
When Godfrey enter'd [10], soon the mournful crowd
Indulg'd their secret woes, and wept aloud;

[9] Ariosto, in like manner, particularly describes the situation of the city of Paris, before the attack made by the Pagan army.
Orlando Furioso, book xiv. ver. 772.

[10] The following passage is taken from Virgil's account of the behaviour of Æneas at the death of Pallas, Æn. xi. and from Ariosto's funeral of Brau-

While, with a face compos'd, the pious chief
Beheld in silence, and suppress'd his grief;
Till, having view'd awhile the warrior dead,
With thoughtful looks intent, at length he said—
"Nor plaints nor sorrow to thy death we owe,
Though call'd so sudden from our world below:
In Heaven thou liv'st again; thy mortal name
Has left behind thee glorious tracks of fame.
Well hast thou kept on Earth the Christian laws;
Well hast thou died a warrior in their cause!
Now, happy shade! enjoy thy Maker's sight,
Unfading laurels now thy toils requite!
Hail and be bless'd! we mourn not here thy fate,
But weep the chance of our deserted state.
With thee, so bravely parting from our host,
How strong a sinew of the camp is lost!
But though the fate which snatch'd thee from our eyes
Thy earthly succour to our cause denies,
Thy soul can yet celestial aids obtain,
Elected one of Heaven's immortal train.
Oft have we seen thee in th' embattled field,
A mortal then, thy mortal weapons wield;
So hope we still to see thee wield in fight
The fatal arms of Heaven's resistless might.
O hear our prayers; our pious vows receive;
With pity all our earthly toils relieve:
Procure us conquest, and our host shall pay
Their thanks to thee on that triumphant day!"
Thus spoke the chief; and now the sable night
Had banish'd every beam of cheerful light;
And, with oblivion sweet of irksome care,
Impos'd a truce on mortal plaints and tears.
But sleepless Godfrey lay, who saw 't were vain
To attempt, without machines, the walls to gain:
What forest might the ample planks provide,
And how to frame the piles, his thoughts employ'd.
Up with the Sun he rose, and left his bed
To attend the funeral rites of Dudon dead.
Near to the camp, beneath a hillock, stood
The stately tomb, compos'd of cypress-wood;
Above, a palm-tree spread its verdant shade:
To this the mourning troop the corse convey'd.
With these the holy priests (a reverend train!)
A requiem chanted to the warrior slain.
High on the boughs were hung, display'd to sight,
The various arms and ensigns won in fight;
In happier times the trophies of his hands,
Gain'd from the Syrian and the Persian bands.
The mighty trunk his shining cuirass bore,
And all those arms which once the hero wore.
Then on the sculptur'd tomb these words appear:
"Here Dudon lies!—the glorious chief revere!"
Soon as the prince these pious rites had paid,
(The last sad office to the worthy dead!)
He sent his workmen to the woods, prepar'd,
And well supported with a numerous guard,
Conceal'd in lowly vales[11] the forest stands;
A Syrian show'd it to the Christian bands.
To this they march to hew the timbers down,
To shake the ramparts of the hallow'd town.
To fell the trees each other they provoke;
The insulted forest groans at every stroke.
Cut by the biting steel, on earth are laid
The pliant ash, the beech's spreading shade.
The sacred palm, the funeral cypress fall;
The broad-leav'd sycamore, the plantain tall.
The married elm his nodding head declines,
Around whose trunk the vine her tendril twines.
Some fell'd the pine; the oak while others hew'd,
Whose leaves a thousand changing springs renew'd;
Whose stately bulk a thousand winters stood,
And scorn'd the winds that rend the lofty wood.
Some on the creaking wheels with labour stow'd
The unctuous fir, and cedar's fragrant load.
Scar'd at the sounding axe and cries of men,
Birds quit the nest, and beasts forsake the den!

dimart, book xiii. where Orlando is introduced making a noble and pathetic oration over his deceased friend.

[11] This forest was six miles distant from the city, and, agreeably to what the poet here says, was first pointed out to them by a Syrian.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pluto calls a council of the infernal powers. His speech to urge them to employ their machinations against the Christians. Hidraotes, king of Damascus, incited by a demon, sends his niece Armida to the Christian camp. She is introduced to Godfrey; and endeavours by a feigned story of her misfortunes to raise his compassion. Many of the chiefs, touched with her pretended sorrows, and inflamed with her beauty, are very pressing with Godfrey to permit them to engage in her cause. He at length yields to their request. Armida, during her residence in the camp, captivates, by her arts, almost all the principal commanders.

While these intent their vast machines prepare
To assail the city with decisive war;
The foe of man, whose malice ever burns,
His livid eyes upon the Christians turns:
He sees what mighty works their care engage,
And grinds his teeth, and foams with inward rage;
And, like a wounded bull with pain oppress'd,
Deep groans rebellow from his hideous breast.
Then bending every thought new schemes to frame,
For swift destruction on their hated name,
He summon'd in his court, to deep debate,
A horrid council of th' infernal state:
Insensate wretch! as if th' attempt were light
To oppose Jehovah's will, and dare his might:—
Ah! too forgetful how the vengeful hand
Of Heaven's Eternal hurls the forky brand!
The trumpet now, with hoarse-resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death:
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;
The air re-echoes to the noise around!
Not louder terrours shake the distant pole,
When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;
Not greater tremours heave the labouring Earth,
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth!
The gods of Hell the awful signal heard [1],
And, thronging round the lofty gates, appear'd

[1] There can be little doubt but Milton made use of this passage in his account of the fallen angels, and in particular of the speech which Tasso here puts into the mouth of Pluto (as he injudiciously calls him), which is very characteristic of his infernal disposition. The poet has, with singular judgment, made him use a phrase only suitable to the Supreme Being, "Let what I will be fate!"

In various shapes, tremendous to the view! [threw!
What terror from their threatening eyes they
Some cloven feet with human faces wear,
And curling snakes compose their dreadful hair;
And from behind is seen, in circles cast,
A serpent's tail voluminous and vast!
A thousand Harpies foul and Centaurs here,
And Gorgons pale, and Sphinxes dire, appear;
Unnumber'd Scyllas barking rend the air;
Unnumber'd Pythons hiss, and Hydras glare!
Chimeras here are found ejecting flame,
Huge Polypheme, and Geryon's triple frame;
And many more of mingled kind were seen,
All monstrous forms, unknown to mortal men!
In order seated now, th' infernal band
Enclos'd their grisly king on either hand.
Full in the midst imperial Pluto sate,
His arm sustain'd the massy sceptre's weight.
Nor rock nor mountain lifts its head so high;
Even towering Atlas, that supports the sky,
A hillock, if compar'd with him, appears,
When his large front and ample horns he rears!
A horrid majesty his looks express'd,
Which scatter'd terror, and his pride increas'd;
His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,
And, like a comet, cast a dismal glare;
A length of beard, descending o'er his breast
In rugged curls, conceals his hairy chest;
And, like a whirlpool in the roaring flood,
Wide gapes his mouth obscene with clotted blood!
As smoky fires from burning Ætna rise,
And stunning sulphur, that infects the skies,
So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came,
With pestilential breath and ruddy flame:
And, while he spoke, fierce Cerberus forbore
His triple bark, and Hydra ceas'd to roar;
Cocytus stay'd his course; th' abysses shook;—
When from his lips these thundering accents broke:
"Tartarean powers! more worthy of a place
Above the Sun, whence sprung your glorious race!
Who lost with me, in one disastrous fight,
You blissful seats, and realms of endless light!
Too well our former injuries are known,
Our bold attempt against th' Almighty's throne:
See now he rules at will the crystal sphere,
And we the name of rebel angels bear;
And (sad reverse!) exil'd from cloudless days,
The golden Sun above, and starry rays.
He shuts us here in dreary glooms immur'd,
Our purpose thwarted, and our fame obscur'd;
And now elects (a thought that stings me more
Than all the pains I e'er endur'd before),
To fill our station, man of abject birth,
A creature fashion'd of the dust of earth!
Nor this suffic'd; his only Son he gave
(To oppress us more) a victim to the grave;
Who came, and burst th' infernal gates in twain,
And boldly enter'd Pluto's fated reign;
And thence releas'd the souls, by lot our due,
And with his spoils to Heaven victorious flew:
Triumphant there, our dire disgrace to tell,
He spreads the banners wide of conquer'd Hell!
But wherefore should I thus renew our woe?
And who are those but must our sufferings know?
Was there a time that e'er our foe we saw
The purpose, which his wrath purs'd, withdraw?
Then cast each thought of former wrongs behind,
And let the present outrage fill the mind.
See now what arts he practises to gain
The nations round to worship in his fane!
And shall we lie neglectful of our name,
Nor just revenge our kindling breasts inflame?
And tamely thus behold, in Asia's lands,
New vigour added to his faithful bands?
Beneath his yoke shall Sion's city bend,
And further still his envied fame extend?
Shall other tongues be taught to sound his praise?
For him shall others tune their grateful lays?
Shall other monuments his laws proclaim?
New sculptur'd brass and marble bear his name?
Our broken idols cast to earth, and scorn'd?
Our altars to his hated worship turn'd?
To him shall gifts of myrrh and gold be made?
To him alone be vows and incense paid?
Where every temple once aloe'd our power,
Their gates be open to our arts no more?
Such numerous souls no longer tribute pay,
And Pluto here an empty kingdom sway?
Ah! no—our former courage still we boast,
That dauntless spirit which inspir'd our host,
When, girt with flames and steel, in dire alarms
We durst oppose the King of Heaven in arms!
'Tis true we lost the day, (so Fate ordain'd,)
But still the glory of th' attempt remain'd:
To him was given the conquest of the field;
To us, superior minds that scorn'd to yield.—
But wherefore thus your well-known zeal detain?
Go, faithful peers and partners of my reign,
My pride and strength! our hated foes oppress,
And crush their empire ere its power increase:
Haste (ere dire ruction end Judea's name),
And quench the fury of this growing flame;
Mix in their councils, fraud and force employ,
With every art industrious to destroy:
Let what I will be fate!—let some be slain,
Some wander exiles from their social train;
Some, sunk the slaves of love's lascivious power,
An amorous eye or dimpled smile adore,
Against its master turn th' insensate steel,
And teach discordant legions to rebel.
Perish the camp, in final ruin lost,
And perish all remembrance of the host!"
Scarce had the tyrant cear'd, when sudden rose
The raging band of God's rebellious foes;
And, eager to review the cheerful light,
They rush'd impatient from the shades of night.
As sounding tempests with impetuous force
Burst from their native caves, with furious course,
To blot the lustre of the gladsome day,
And pour their vengeance on the land and sea;
So these from realm to realm their pinions spread,
And o'er the world their baneful venom shed;
And all their hellish arts and frauds applied,
In various shapes and forms before untried.
Say, Muse! from whence, and how the fiends began
To vent their fury on the Christian train;
For well to thee each secret work is known,
Which Fame to us transmits but faintly down.
O'er wide Damascus and the neighbouring land,
A fam'd magician, Hidraotes, reign'd;
Who from his youth his early studies bent
To explore the seeds of every dark event:
But, fruitless still! not all his arts declare
The secret issue of the dubious war:

But how infinitely superior is our great countryman in his first and second books of Paradise Lost, without any mixture of the Italian's puerile and disgusting imagery!

Nor fix'd her wandering stars by aspects tell,
Nor truth he finds from oracles of Hell.
And yet (O knowledge of presuming man,
Of thought fallacious and of judgment vain!)
He deem'd that Heaven would sure destruction shower
To crush the Christians' still unconquer'd power;
His fancy view'd at length their army lost,
And palms and laurels for th' Egyptian host:
Hence sprung a wish his subject-bands might share,
With these, the spoils and glory of the war:
But, since the valour of the Franks was known,
He fear'd the conquest would be dearly won.
Now various plans his wily thoughts employ'd
To sow dissention, and their force divide:
So might his troops, with Egypt's numbers join'd,
An easier field against the Christians find.
While thus he thought, th' apostate angel came,
And added fuel to his impious flame;
And sudden with infernal counsels fir'd
His restless bosom, and his soul inspir'd.
A damsel for his niece the monarch own'd,
Whose matchless charms were through the East renown'd;
To her was every art of magic known,
And all the wiles of womankind her own.
To her the king th' important task assign'd,
And thus reveal'd the purpose of his mind:
"O thou, my best beloved! whose youthful charms
(Sweet smiles and graces, Love's resistless arms!)
A manly mind and thoughts mature conceal;
Whose arts in magic e'en my own excel;
Great schemes I frame: nor shall those schemes be vain,
Assist but thou the labours of my brain.
Then heed my counsel, in the task engage,
And execute the plan of cautious age.
Go seek the hostile camp; and there improve
Each female artifice that kindles love:
With speaking sorrows bathe thy powerful eyes,
And mix thy tender plaints with broken sighs;
For beauty, by misfortune's hand oppress,
Can fashion to her will the hardest breast.
With bashful mien relate the plausive tale;
With show of truth the secret falsehood veil.
Use every art of words and winning smiles
To allure the leader Godfrey to thy toils:
That thus, a slave to love and beauty won,
His soul may loathe his enterprise begun.
But if the Fates this snare shall render vain,
Inflame the boldest of the warrior train;
And lead them distant from the camp afar,
Ne'er to return and mingle in the war.
All ways are just to guard religion's laws,
All means are lawful in our country's cause."

The great attempt Armida's bosom warms,
(Proud of her bloom and more than mortal charms:)
She thence, at evening's close, departs alone
Through solitary paths and ways unknown;
And trusts, in female vests and beauty bright,
To conquer armies unsubdu'd in fight.
But various rumours of her flight, diffus'd
With purpos'd art, the vulgar-crowd amus'd.

Few days were past, when near the damsel drew
To where the Christian tents appear'd in view:
Her matchless charms the wondering bands surprise,
Provoke their whispers, and attract their eyes.
So mortals, through the midnight fields of air,
Observe the blaze of some unusual star.
Sudden they throng to view th' approaching dame,
Eager to learn her message and her name.

Not Argos, Cyprus, or the Delian coast
Could e'er a form or mien so lovely boast.
Now through her snowy veil, half hid from sight
Her golden locks diffuse a doubtful light;
And now, unveil'd, in open view they flow'd:
So Phœbus glimmers through a fleecy cloud,
So from the cloud again redeems his ray,
And sheds fresh glory on the face of day.
In wavy ringlets falls her beauteous hair,
That catch new graces from the sportive air:
Declin'd on earth, her modest look denies
To show the starry lustre of her eyes:
O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is spread,
And stains her ivory skin with lovely red:
Soft-breathing sweets her opening lips disclose;
The native odours of the budding rose!
Her bosom bare displays its snowy charms,
Where Cupid frames and points his fiery arms:
Her smooth and swelling breasts are part reveal'd,
And part beneath her envious vest conceal'd;
Her robes oppose the curious sight in vain,
No robes oppos'd can amorous thoughts restrain:
The gazer, fir'd with charms already shown,
Explores the wonders of the charms unknown.
As through the limpid stream, or crystal bright,
The rays of Phœbus dart their piercing light:
So through her vest can daring fancy glide;
And view what modesty attempts to hide:
Thence paints a thousand loves and soft desires,
And adds fresh fuel to the lover's fires!

Thus pass'd Armida through th' admiring crowd,
(With secret joy her heart exulting glow'd)
She read their thoughts, and various wiles design'd,
And schemes of future conquest fill'd her mind.
While in suspense her cautious eyes explor'd
Some guide to lead her to the Christian lord,
Before her sight the young Eustatius stands,
Great Godfrey's brother, who the host commands:
Her beauty's blaze the warrior's breast alarms,
He stays, and, wondering, gazes on her charms:
At once the flames of love his soul inspire,
As o'er the stubble runs the blazing fire. [press'd,
Then hold through youth, by amorous passion
He thus, with courtly words, the dame address'd:
"Say, damsel! (if thou bear'st a mortal name,
For sure thou seem'st not of terrestrial frame!
Since Heaven ne'er gave to one of Adam's race
So large a portion of celestial grace!)
What fortune bids thee to our camp repair?
What fortune sends to us a form so fair?
What art thou? If of heavenly lineage say,
So let me, prostrate, rightful homage pay."
"Too far thy praise extends," she made reply,
"My merits ne'er attain'd a flight so high:
Thy eyes, O chief! a mortal wretch survey,
To pleasure dead, to grief a living prey!
Unhappy fate my footsteps hither led,
A fugitive forlorn, a wandering maid!
Godfrey I seek, on him my hopes depend,
Oppression's scourge, and injur'd Virtue's friend!
Then, generous as thou seem'st, indulge my grief,
And grant me audience of thy godlike chief."

Then he: "A brother sure may gain his ear,
May lead thee to him, and thy suit prefer:
Thou hast not chosen ill, O lovely dame!
Some interest in the leader's breast I claim:
Use as thou wilt (nor deem in vain my word)
His powerful sceptre and his brother's sword."

He ceas'd; and brought her where, retir'd in state,
Encircled by his chiefs, the hero sate.

With awful reverence at his sight she bow'd,
Then seem'd abash'd with shame, and silent stood.
With gentle words the leader strove to cheer
Her drooping spirits, and dispel her fear:
Till thus she fram'd her tale with fraudful art,
In accents sweet, that won the yielding heart:
"Unconquer'd prince! whose far-resounding name
With every virtue fills the mouth of fame!
Whom kings themselves, subdu'd, with pride obey,
While vanquish'd nations glory in thy sway!
Known is thy valour, and thy worth approv'd,
By all esteem'd, and by thy foes belov'd!
E'en those confide in him they fear'd before,
And, when distress'd, thy saving hand implore.
I, who a different faith from thine profess;
A faith obnoxious, which thy arms oppress;
Yet hope, by thee, to ascend my rightful throne,
Where once my sires in regal lustre shone.
If, from their kindred, others aid demand,
To oppose the fury of a foreign hand,
I, since my friends no ties of pity feel,
Against my blood invoke the hostile steel.
On thee I call; in thee my hopes I place:
'Tis thine alone my abject state to raise.
No less a glory shall thy labours crown,
To exalt the low, than pull the mighty down:
An equal praise the name of mercy yields
With routed squadrons in triumphant fields.
Oft hast thou snatch'd from kings the sovereign power;
Win now a like renown, and mine restore.
O may thy pitying grace my cause sustain,
Nor let me on thy help rely in vain!
Witness that power, to all an equal God!
Thy aid was ne'er in juster cause bestow'd.
But hear me first my hapless fortune show,
And speak the treachery of a kindred-foe.
"In me the child of Arbilan survey,
Who o'er Damascus once maintain'd the sway:
He, sprung of humbler race, in marriage gain'd
Fair Charoëa, and the crown obtain'd:
But she, who rais'd him to the sovereign state,
Ere I was born, receiv'd the stroke of fate.
One fatal day my mother match'd from Earth;
The same, alas! beheld my hapless birth!
Five annual Suns had scarce their influence shed,
Since from the world my dearest parent fled,
When, yielding to the fate of all mankind,
My sire in Heaven his faithful consort join'd.
The monarch to a brother's guardian care
Consign'd his sceptre and his infant-heir;
In whom he deem'd he justly might confide,
If ever virtue did in man reside.
The kingdom's rule he seiz'd, but still he show'd
A zeal for me, and for my country's good;
While all his actions seem'd th' effects to prove
Of faith untainted and paternal love.
But thus, perchance, with shows of anxious zeal,
He sought his traitorous purpose to conceal:
Or else, sincere, to effect his deep design,
My hand in marriage with his son to join.
I grew in years, and with me grew his son;
In whom no knightly virtues ever shone:
Rude was his aspect, ruder was his soul,
Rapacious, proud, impatient of control:
Such was the man my guardian had decreed
To share my kingdom and my nuptial bed.
In vain to win me to his will he try'd;
I heard in silence, or his suit deny'd.
One day he left me, when his looks confess'd
Some fatal treason lurking in his breast;
Alas! methought I then could clearly trace
My future fortune in the tyrant's face:
From thence what visions did my soul affright,
Distract my sleep, and skim before my sight!
O'er all my spirits hung a mournful gloom,
A sure presage of every woe to come!
Oft to my view appear'd my mother's ghost,
A bloodless form, in tears and sorrows lost!
Ah me! far distant from her former look!
'Fly, fly, my daughter!' thus the phantom spoke,
'For thee the murderous steel the tyrant bears;
For thee his rage th' envenom'd bowl prepares!'
"But what avail'd these bodings of my mind?
Why was I warn'd to shun the ills design'd?
Could I, a helpless maid, resolve to roam,
A willing exile from my native home?
A milder choice it seem'd to close my sight
In that dear place where first I saw the light.
Yet death I fear'd, and fear'd from death to fly;
Nor knew on whom for counsel to rely.
To none I durst my secret thoughts relate,
But liv'd in dread suspense, uncertain of my fate!
Like one, who every moment thinks to feel
On his defenceless head th' impending steel.
But (whether fortune now was kinder grown,
Or Heaven reserv'd me yet for woes unknown)
A faithful courtier, who, with anxious cares,
Had bred my father from his infant years,
Touch'd with compassion for my death decreed,
Reveal'd the tyrant's meditated deed;
And own'd himself th' elected minister
That day the poison to my hand to bear.
He bade me fly, if still I wish'd to live,
And proffer'd every aid his power could give:
With soothing words against my fears he wrought;
And soon confirm'd my undetermin'd thought:
With him I then resolv'd at parting light
To fly, and trust my safety to my flight.
"'T was now the hour that silence reign'd around,
And welcome darkness brooded on the ground;
When, unperceiv'd, I pass'd the palace-gate;
(Two faithful maids companions of my fate)
Yet, with a tearful eye, and heavy mind,
I left my dear paternal seat behind;
While, as my tardy feet their course pursu'd,
With longing looks, my lov'd, lost home I view'd.
So seems a ship by sudden tempests tost,
And torn, unwilling, from its friendly coast.
All night, and all th' ensuing day, we pass'd
Through pathless deserts, and a dreary waste:
Till, seated on the borders of the land,
A castle's safe retreat at length we gain'd.
Here dwelt Aronte, who, with pious truth,
Preserv'd my life, the guardian of my youth.
"But when the traitor saw his treason vain,
And found me thus escap'd his deathful train,
He, with inveterate rage and fraudful mind,
Accus'd us of a crime himself design'd.
My bribes, he said, had false Aronte wrought
To mingle deadly poison in his draught;
That, when he could no more my will restrain,
To loose desires my soul might give the rein.
Ah! first let lightning on my head descend,
Ere, sacred Virtue! I thy laws offend!
With grief my tyrant on the throne I view'd,
And saw him thirsting still to shed my blood;
But, more than all, I mourn'd my virgin-name
Traduc'd, dishonour'd, made the sport of fame!

The wretch, who fear'd the vulgar herd enrag'd,
With plausive tales the public ear engag'd;
That dubious of the truth, in deep suspense,
The city rose not in their queen's defence.
Thus, while he feigns a zeal to efface the shame
My crimes have brought upon the regal name,
He seeks my ruin, which he knows alone
Can fix the basis of his tottering throne.
And, ah! the wretch too sure success will find
In the dire purpose of his ruthless mind! [rage,
Since tears are vain, my blood must quench his
Unless thy mercy in my cause engage.
To thee, O mighty chief! I fly for aid,
An ill-starr'd orphan, and a helpless maid!
O let these tears, that have thy feet bedew'd,
Prevent the effusion of my guiltless blood!
Oh! by those feet that tread the proud in dust!
By that right hand that ever helps the just!
By all the laurels that thy arms have won!
By every temple in you hallow'd town;
In pity grant what thou alone canst give;
Restore my crown, in safety bid me live!—
But what from pity can I hope to prove,
If piety and justice fail to move?
Thou, to whom Heaven and Fate decreed to will
Whate'er is just, and what thou willst, fulfil;
O stretch thy hand, my threaten'd life retrieve,
And, in return, my kingdom's crown receive.
Among the numbers that thy arms attend,
Let ten selected chiefs my cause befriend;
These, with my people and paternal train,
May well suffice my ancient seat to gain:
For he, to whom is given the portal's care,
Will, at my word, by night the gates unbar:
By his advice to implore thy aid I came;
Thy least of succours will his hopes inflame;
So much his soul reveres thy arms and name."
She said; and ceasing, waited his reply
With silent eloquence and downcast eye.
But various thoughts revolv'd in Godfrey's mind,
Now here, now there, his dubious heart inclin'd:
He fear'd the hostile guiles; for well he knew
How little trust to Pagan faith was due:
But tender pity still his soul confess'd,
Pity, that sleeps not in a noble breast:
Nor this alone within his bosom wrought;
The common good employ'd his careful thought:
He saw th' advantage that his arms might gain,
Should fair Armida o'er Damascus reign:
Who thence, her state dependent on his hands,
Might furnish every aid the time demands,
Against th' Egyptians and auxiliar bands.
While thus he pans'd, the dame attentive stood,
Dwelt on his face, and every gesture view'd;
But when she found his speech so long delay'd,
Her frequent sighs her doubts and fears betray'd.
At length the leader her request denies;
Yet thus with mild and gracious words replies:
"If God, who e holy service arms our hand,
Did not, even now, our pious swords demand;
Well might thy hopes expect the wish'd success,
Nor find our pity only, but redress.
But, while you city-walls and chosen flock
We seek to free from proud oppression's yoke,
It ill befits to turn aside our force,
And stop our conquests in the middle course.
Yet here to thee my solemn faith I give,
And in that pledge do thou securely live;
If e'er indulgent to our arms, 't is given
To free those holy walls, belov'd of Heaven!
Then will we place thee in thy native lands,
As justice bids, and piety commands:
But piety, like this, must impious show,
If first we pay not what to God we owe."
At this unwelcome speech the damsel turn'd
Her eyes awhile to earth, and silent mourn'd;
Then rais'd them slow, with pearly drops bedew'd,
And thus, with pleading looks, her plaint renew'd:
"Ah, wretch! did ever Heaven on one bestow
A life so fix'd in never-ending woe;
That others even their nature shall forget,
Ere I subdue the rigour of my fate!
Why should I weep, since hopes no more remain,
And prayers assail the human breast in vain?
Or will my savage foe his ears incline
To griefs, that fail to move a mind like thine?
Yet think not that my words thy heart accuse,
Whose firm resolves so small an aid refuse:
Heaven I accuse; from thence my sorrows flow:
Heaven steels thy heart against a virgin's woe!
Not thou, O chief! but Fate this aid denies;
Then let me view no more the hated skies.
Suffic'd it not (by unrelenting doom)
To lose my parents in their early bloom!
But, exil'd, quest I lead a wandering life,
Or fall a victim to the murderer's knife?
Since the chaste laws, by which our sex is ty'd,
Amidst your camp forbid me to reside,
Where shall I fly? what friendly powers engage?
How save my person from the tyrant's rage?
No forts but open to his fury lie——
Then wherefore hesitates my soul to die?
And, since 't is vain with fortune to contend,
This hand at once my life and woes shall end."
She cens'd; and turn'd aside with regal grace,
A generous anger kindling in her face:
Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,
While from her eyes the copious tears descend,
And, trickling, down her lovely visage run,
Like lucid pearls transparent to the Sun!
O'er her fair cheeks the crystal moisture flows,
Where lilies mingle with the neighbouring rose.
So, wet with dew, the flowers, at dawning day,
To balmy gales their opening sweets display:
Aurora views, and gathers from the mead
A vary'd garland for her radiant head.
Thus sweet in woe appears the weeping dame,
Her falling tears a thousand hearts inflame.
O wondrous force of Love's mysterious fire,
That lights in tears the flames of soft desire!
Almighty Love the world in triumph leads,
But now, by her inspir'd, himself exceeds!
Her seeming grief bids real sorrows flow,
And melts the heart with sympathetic woe;
While each apart, with indignation cries:
"If Godfrey still his pitying ear denies,
His infant years some hungry tigress fed,
Some horrid rock on Alpine mountains bred;
Or waves produc'd him 'midst the howling main,
Who sees such beauty mourn, and mourn in vain!"
But young Eustatius, by his zeal inspir'd,
Whom most the torch of love and pity fir'd,
(When others murmur'd or their words repress'd)
Stood forth, and boldly thus the chief address'd:
"O prince and brother! whose unshaken mind
Too firmly holds its purpose first design'd,
If still unpitying thou refuse to hear
The sense of all, their universal prayer.
I ask not that the chiefs whose care presides
O'er subject kingdoms, and their actions guides,

Should from the hallow'd city's walls recede,
Neglectful of their task, by Heaven decreed;
But from our band, that independent came,
Adventurous warriors to the field of fame,
Ten champions yield, selected from the rest,
To cherish virtue and relieve th' oppress:
Nor does the man forsake the cause of Heaven,
Whose succour to a helpless maid is given:
For sure I deem a tyrant's death must prove
A grateful tribute to the powers above.
And should I wave th' advantage here in view,
That must undoubted to our cause ensue;
Yet duty would alone my arms excite;
By knighthood sworn to guard a virgin's right.
Forbid it Heaven! that ever France should hear,
Or any land where courteous acts are dear,
That dangers or fatigues our souls dismay'd,
When piety and justice claim'd our aid!
No longer let me then this helmet wear,
No longer wield the sword, or corselet bear;
No more in steel, or glittering arms, delight;
No more usurp the honour'd name of knight!"

Thus spoke the youth[a]: his brave companions,
To open murmurs, all his words approv'd; [mov'd
With earnest suit around their leader press'd,
And urg'd the justness of the knight's request.

Then Godfrey thus: "Be what ye ask fulfill'd:
To such united prayers my will I yield:
Her aid requested let the dame receive;
Whom not my counsels, but your own relieve.
Yet, if my words can such desires control,
Subdue these warm emotions of the soul."

No more he said: nor needed more reply.
All heard his grant, and heard with eager joy.
What cannot beauty, join'd with sorrow, move,
And tender accents from the lips of love?
Each rosy mouth supplies a golden chain
To bind the fancy, and the heart constrain.

Eustatius, then, the weeping fair address'd:
"O lovely maid! be now thy grief suppress'd:
Soon shalt thou find the succour from our hands,
Such as thy merit, or thy fear, demands."

At this Armida clears her clouded brow;
With rising joy her blooming features glow;
While, with her veil, she wipes the tears away,
And adds new lustre to the face of day.

Then thus—"For what your pitying grace be-
Accept the thanks a grateful virgin owes; [stows,
The world due honour to your worth shall give,
And in my heart your names shall ever live!"

She said; and what it seem'd her tongue deny'd,
Her looks with softer eloquence supply'd;
While outward smiles conceal'd, with fraudful art,
The mighty mischief lurking in her heart.

Soon as she saw how far her power had woo,
And fortune favouring thus her wiles begun,
She seiz'd th' occasion, and her schemes revolv'd,
To finish all her impious thoughts resolv'd,
With female beauty every breast to quell,
And Circe or Medea's charms excel;
And, like a Syren, with her soothing strain,
To lull the firmest of the warrior-train.

Each varied art to win the soul she tries:
To this, to that, a different mien applies;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rolls them with a wanton glance:
She these repels, and those incites to love,
As various passions various bosoms move.
And when some youth appears, who doubts to name
His hidden thoughts, or struggles with his flame;
Soon on his face a cheering smile she beads,
And from her eyes melting sweetness sends;
Revives his hopes, inflames his slow desire,
And thaws the frost of fear with amorous fire.
From him, who urg'd by fiercer passion roves
Beyond the bound that modesty approves,
The wily fair her gentle look withdraws,
And with rebukes and frowns his rashness awes:
Yet, 'midst the anger rising in her face,
A ray of pity blends the softening grace:
The lover, while he fears, pursues the dame,
And in her pride finds fuel to his flame.

With arts like these a thousand souls she gains,
From every eye the tender tear constrains:
In pity's flame she tempers Cupid's dart,
To pierce the warrior's unresisting heart.

Ah! cruel Love! thou bane of every joy,
Whose pains or sweets alike our peace destroy:
Still equal woes from thee mankind endure,
Fatal thy wounds, and fatal is the cure!

While thus she gives alternate heat and flies,
And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
With cruel pleasure she their state surveys,
Exulting in those ills her power could raise.
Oft when some lover trembling woos the fair,
She seems to lend an unexperienc'd ear:
Or, while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
With coyness feign'd, she downward bends her eyes,
While shame and wrath with mingled grace adorn
Her glowing cheeks, like beams of early morn!
But when she sees a youth prepare to tell
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell;
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies,
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs;
Thus holds from noon till eve his heart in play,
Then slips, delusive, from his hope away;
And leaves him like a hunter in the chase,
When night conceals the beast's uncertain trace.

With arms like these she made a thousand yield,
A thousand chiefs unconquer'd in the field.
What wonder, then, if love Achilles mov'd;
His power if Hercules or Theseus prov'd;
When those, who drew their sword in Jesus' cause,
Submissive bent beneath his impious laws?

[a] In this episode of Armida, Tasso seems to have had his eye upon a passage in the beginning of Boyardo's poem, where Angelica is sent by her father Galaphron to the camp of Charlemain, on a like design with Armida, and captivates all the Christian commanders.

See Orlando Innamorato, B. i. c. i.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Gernando, aspiring to the command of the adventurers, is jealous lest Rinaldo should succeed to that honour. By his calumnies, he draws on himself the indignation of that hero, who kills him in the face of the whole army. Godfrey, incensed at this action of Rinaldo, resolves to bring him to a public trial: the latter, disdaining to submit to this, quits the camp, and goes into voluntary exile. Armida presses Godfrey for the promised succours: ten warriors are chosen by lot, with whom she leaves the camp. In the night, many others depart by stealth to accompany her. Godfrey receives ill advices from the fleet.

While thus her snares the false Armida spread,
And in the guileful toils the warriors led;
Nor hop'd alone the promis'd aid to gain,
But other chiefs, by further arts, obtain;
The careful Godfrey ponder'd in his mind,
To whom the doubtful charge should be consign'd:
The worth and number of the adventurer-band,
Their various hopes his wavering thoughts detain'd.
At length, by caution urg'd, the chief decreed
Themselves should fix on one their band to lead,
Whose merit well might Dudon's loss supply;
On whom th' election of the ten should lie:
Thus, while to them he left th' important choice,
No knight, displeas'd, could blame his partial voice.
The warriors then he call'd, and thus address'd:
"Full well ye know the counsels of my breast:
I would not succours to the dame deny;
But at a fitter time our aid supply.
What once I spoke, I now propose anew:
Still may your better thoughts th' advice pursue:
For here, in this unstable world, we find
We oft must change our purpose first design'd.
Yet if your souls, with generous ardour prest,
Disdain the judgment of a cooler breast;
I would not here unwilling arms detain,
Nor, what I gave so lately, render vain.
Still let me mildly rule each faithful hand,
And sway the sceptre with a gentle hand.
Then go, or stay; no longer I contend;
And on your pleasure let the choice depend.
But first elect, amid your martial train,
A chief who may succeed to Dudon slain:
To name the damsel's champions be his care:
Ten warriors only shall the adventure share:
In this the sovereign power I still retain;
In this alone his conduct I restrain."
Thus Godfrey spoke: nor long his brother stay'd,
But, with his friends' consent, this answer made:
"With thee, full well, O prudent chief! agrees
The cooler thought that each event foresees:
But strength of hand, and hearts of martial fire,
Are due from us, and what our years require:
And that which bears in others wisdom's name,
In us were baseness and reproachful shame.
Then since so light the risk we may sustain,
When justly weigh'd against th' expected gain;
Th' elected ten shall go (by thee dismist)
And in this righteous cause a helpless maid assist."
He said; and thus, with show of public zeal,
His words th' emotions of his heart conceal;
While all profess in honour's name to move,
And with that specious title veil their love.
But young Eustatius, by his passion sway'd,
With jealous eye Sophia's son survey'd;
His envious mind those virtues could not bear
That shone more brightly in a form so fair.
He fear'd with him Rinaldo should be join'd,
And 'gainst his fears a cautious scheme design'd.
The rival warrior then aside he took,
And plausive thus with wily words bespoke:
"O thou, still greater than thy glorious sire,
Whom, yet a youth in arms, the world admire!
Say, who shall now our valiant squadron lead?
Who next to slaughter'd Dudon can succeed?
I scarcely could that hero's rule obey,
And to his years alone resign'd the sway.
Who now o'er Godfrey's brother shall command?
Thou, thou alone of all our martial band:
Thy glorious race can match the noblest line;
Thy warlike deeds superior far to mine.
Even Godfrey's self would own inferior might,
And yield to thee in arduous fields of fight: —
Thee, mighty warrior! thee our chief I claim,
Whose soul disdains to attend the Syrian dame[1];
And slights the trivial honour which proceeds
From dark achievements and insidious deeds.
Here will thy valour find an ampler field;
This camp to thee a nobler prospect yield.
Accept, brave youth! to guide th' adventurer band;
Myself will frame their minds to thy command.
Thou, in return, attend my sole request;
(Since doubtful thoughts as yet divide my breast)
Whate'er I purpose, let my will be free,
To assist Armida, or remain with thee."
He ceas'd; and as these artful words he said,
A sudden blush his conscious cheeks o'erspread.
Rinaldo, smiling, saw, with heedful eyes,
His secret passion through the thin disguise.
But he, whom less the darts of love had found,
Whose bosom scarcely felt the gentle wound,
With unconcern regards a rival's name,
Nor frames a wish to attend the Pagan dame.
On Dudon's hapless fate his thoughts were turn'd;
For Dudon's death the generous hero mourn'd.
He deem'd his former glories would be lost
If long Argantes liv'd the deed to boast:
With pleasure yet Eustatius' words he heard,
That to the rank deserv'd his youth preferr'd:
His conscious heart exulted in the praise;
Pleas'd with the tribute truth to virtue pays.
"Far rather would I choose," he thus replies,
"To merit honours, than to honours rise.
Let virtuous actions dignify my name,
I envy not the great, nor sceptres claim.
Yet if thou think'st so far my merits weigh,
I shall not then reject the proffer'd sway;
But prize (with gratitude and pleasure mov'd)
So fair a token of my worth approv'd.
I seek not, nor refuse, the chief command;
But should the power be yielded to my hand,
Thou shalt be one amongst th' elected band."
Thus he. Eustatius speeds his peers to find,
And fashion to his will each warrior's mind.
But that pre-eminence Gernando claims;
And though at him her darts Armida aims,
Yet not the power of beauty can control
The thirst of honour in his haughty soul.
From Norway's powerful kings this chief descends,
Whose rule o'er many a province wide extends:
The crowns and sceptres which his fathers held
From ancient times, with pride his bosom swell'd.
Rinaldo in himself his glory plac'd,
More than in distant deeds of ages past;
Though long his sires with every fame were crown'd,
In war illustrious, and in peace renown'd.
The barbarous prince[2], whose pride no worth allows,
Save what from riches or dominion flows;
And every virtue deems an empty name,
Unless ennobled by a regal claim;
Indignant sees a private warrior dare
With him in merit and in praise compare:
No bound, no law, his fiery temper knows;
With rage he kindles, and with shame he glows.
The fiend of Hell, who sees his tortur'd mind
Expos'd to all his subtle arts design'd,
Unseen through all his troubled bosom glides,
There rules at will, o'er every thought presides;

[1] Armida. [2] Gernando.

His hate increases, and inflames his ire,
And rouses in his heart infernal fire;
While every moment, from within, he hears
This hollow voice resounding in his ears:
"Shall thus, oppos'd to thee, Rinaldo dare
His boasted ancestors with thine compare?
First let him count, whose pride thy equal stands,
His subject realms and tributary lands;
His sceptres show, and (whence his glory springs)
Mate his dead heroes with thy living kings.
Shall such a chief exalt his worthless head,
A servile warrior in Italia bred?
To him let fortune loss or gain decree,
He gains a conquest who contends with thee;
The world shall say (and great the fame will prove)
'Lo! this is he, who with Gernando strove.'
The place that once experienc'd Dudon fill'd,
New honours to thy former state may yield:
But he no less with thee in glory vies,
Who boldly dares demand so vast a prize.
If human passions touch the blest above,
What holy wrath must aged Dudon move, [knight
When, from his Heaven, he sees this haughty
(A stripling-warrior in the field of fight)
Aspire so high; while some his counsels join,
And (shame eternal!) second his design.
If Godfrey such injustice tamely view,
And suffer him to usurp thy honours due;
It rests on thee to assert thy rightful claim,
Declare thy power, and vindicate thy name."

Fir'd at these words, more fell his fury grows,
Within his heart the torch of discord glows:
His raging passion, now to madness stung,
Flames in his eye, and points his haughty tongue.
Whate'er his envious speech can turn to blame,
He boldly charges on Rinaldo's fame:
And every virtue that the youth adorns,
To foul reproach, with artful malice, turns:
He paints him proud and turbulent of mind,
And calls his valour headstrong, rash, and blind.
He scatters falsehood in the public ears,
Till even the rival knight the rumour hears.
But still th' insensate wretch pursues his hate,
Nor curbs the rage that burnieson his fate:
While the dire demon all his soul possess'd,
Rav'd from his lips, and madden'd in his breast.

Amid the camp appear'd a level space;
And warriors oft resorted to the place,
In tournaments, in wrestling, and the course,
Their limbs to supple, and improve their force.
Here, midst the throng (for so his doom requir'd)
He vented all his vengeful spleen inspir'd;
And 'gainst Rinaldo turn'd his impious tongue,
On which the venom of Avernus hung.
His contumelious speech Rinaldo hears,
And now no more his dreadful wrath forbears;
At once the base insulter he defies,
Unsheaths his falchion, and to vengeance flies;
His voice like thunder echoes from afar,
His threat'ning steel like lightning gleams in air.
Gernando sees, nor hopes to 'scape by flight,
For instant death appears before his sight.
Meanwhile, to all the wondering army's view,
A show of valour o'er his fears he threw:
He grasps his sword, he waits his mighty foe;
And stands prepar'd to meet the coming blow.

Now sudden, drawn from many warriors' thighs,
A thousand weapons flash against the skies.
In throngs around the gathering people press;
The tumult thickens, and the crowds increase:
Discordant murmurs rise, and echo round,
And mingled clamours to the clouds resound.
So, near the ocean on the rocky shore,
With broken noise the wind and billows roar.

But not their cries nor murmurs could detain
Th' offended warrior, or his wrath restrain:
He scorns the force that dares his fury stay;
He whirls his sword with unresisted sway:
The throng divides; alone his arm prevails,
And, midst a thousand friends, the prince assails.
Then from his hand, that well his rage obey'd,
A thousand blows th' astonish'd foe invade.
Now here, now there, the rapid weapon flies,
Confounds his senses, and distracts his eyes:
At length, the cruel steel, with strength impress,
Rinaldo buries in his panting breast.

Prone fell the wretch, and sinking on the ground,
His blood and spirit issu'd through the wound.
The victor o'er the dead no longer stay'd,
But in the sheath return'd the reeking blade:
And, thence departing, to his tent retir'd,
His vengeance sated, and his wrath expir'd.

Now near the tumult pious Godfrey drew,
When the dire scene was open to his view.
Gernando pale with lifeless looks appear'd,
His hair and vest with sordid blood besmear'd.
He saw the tears his friends in pity shed,
And heard their plaints and sorrows o'er the dead:
Surpris'd, he ask'd what hand had wrought the deed,
And whence could such destructive rage proceed?

Arnaldo, dearest to the slaughter'd prince,
The tale relates, and aggravates the offence;
That, urg'd by slender cause to impious strife,
Rinaldo's hand had robb'd the chief of life;
And turn'd that weapon, which for Christ he bore,
Against the champions of the Christian power;
And show'd how little he his leader priz'd,
How much his mandates and his sway despis'd:
That public justice to th' offence was due,
And death the bold offender should pursue.
Such acts must hateful be at every time;
But doubly here, the place enhanc'd the crime;
That should be pass abodr'd, the fatal deed
A dire example through the host might spread;
And all that own'd the murder'd warrior's side
Would take that vengeance which the law deny'd:
From which might contest spring and mutual rage,
As would the camp in civil broils engage.
He call'd to mind the merits of the slain,
All that could waken wrath, or pity gain.

To acquit his friend the noble Tancred tries,
And fearless for the knight accus'd replies:
While Godfrey hears, and with a brow severe,
But little gives to hope, and much to fear.

Then Tancred thus: "O prudent leader! view
What to Rinaldo and his worth is due:
Think from himself what honours he may claim,
What from his glorious race and Guelpho's name.
Not those who rule exalted o'er mankind
Should equal punishment for errours find;
In different stations crimes are different found,
By vulgar laws the great can ne'er be bound."

To him the leader thus: "In every state,
The vulgar learn obedience from the great:
Ill, Tancred, dost thou judge, and ill conceive,
That we the mighty should unpunish'd leave:
What is our empire and our vain command,
If only ruler o'er the ignoble band?
If such my sceptre and imperfect reign,
I here resign the worthless gift again.

But freely, from your choice, the power I hold,
Nor shall the privilege be now control'd:
And well I know to vary from my hand
Rewards and punishments, as times demand;
And when, preserving all in equal state,
To include alike the vulgar and the great."
  Thus Godfrey said; and Tancred nought reply'd,
But, struck with awe, stood silent at his side.
  Raymond, a lover of the laws severe
Of ancient times, exults his speech to hear.
"While thus," he cries, "a ruler holds the sway,
With reverence due the subjects will obey.
In government what discipline is found,
Where pardons more than punishments abound?
E'en clemency destructive must appear,
And kingdoms fall, unless maintain'd by fear."
  Thus they, while Tancred every sentence weigh'd,
Then, swift departing, seiz'd his rapid steed,
And with impatience to Rinaldo fled:
Him in his tent he finds, and there relates
The words of Godfrey, and the past debates;
Then thus pursues: "Though outward looks we find
Uncertain tokens of the secret mind,
Since far too deep, conceal'd from prying eyes,
Within the breast the thought of mortals lies;
Thus far methinks the chief's design I see;
(In this his speeches and his looks agree)
Thou must submit, and by the laws be try'd,
When public justice shall thy cause decide."
  At this a scornful smile Rinaldo show'd,
Where noble pride and indignation glow'd.
"Let those," he cried, "in bonds their treason main-
By nature slaves, and worthy of the chain: [tain,
Free was I born, in freedom will I live,
And sooner die than shameful bonds receive.
This hand is wont the glorious sword to wield,
To palms of conquest, and disdains to yield
To base constraint: if thus we meet regard,
If Godfrey thus our merits would reward;
And thinks to drag me hence, a wretch confin'd
To common prisons, like th' ignoble kind;
Then let him come—I here shall firm abide,
And arms and fate between us shall decide:
Soon shall our strife in sanguine torrents flow,
A prospect grateful to the gazing foe!"
  This said, he call'd for arms; and soon around
His manly limbs the temper'd harness bound:
Then to his arm the ponderous shield apply'd,
And hung the fatal falchion at his side:
Now sheath'd in polish'd mail (a martial sight)
He shone terrific in a blaze of light.
He seem'd like Mars, descending from his sphere,
When rage and terror by his side appear!
  Tancred, meanwhile, essays each soothing art
To calm the passions in his swelling heart.
"Unconquer'd youth!" he cries, "thy worth is known,
And victory in every field thy own: [known,
Secure from ill, thy godlike virtue goes
Through toils and dangers midst embattled foes:
But Heaven forbid that e'er thy friends should feel
The cruel fury of the vengeful steel!
What wouldst thou do? Say, what thy rage demands;
In civil war to stain thy glorious hands?
Thus, with the slaughter of the Christian name,
Transfixing Christ, in whom a part I claim.
Shall worldly glory (impotent and vain,
That fluctuates like the billows of the main!)
Shall this with more respect thy bosom move
Than zeal for crowns, that never fade above?
Avert it, Heaven! be here thy rage resign'd;
Religion claims this conquest o'er thy mind.
If early youth, like mine, may plead the right
To bring examples past before thy sight;
I once was injur'd, yet my wrath suppress'd,
Nor with the faithful would the cause contest.
My arms a conquest of Cilicia made[3],
And there the banner'd sign of Christ display'd;
When Baldwin came, and seiz'd, with covert wiles,
My rightful prize, and triumph'd in my spoils:
His seeming friendship won my artless mind,
Nor saw I what his greedy thoughts design'd.
Yet not with arms I strove my right to gain,
Though haply arms had not been try'd in vain,
But should thy soul disdain a prisoner's name,
And fear th' ignoble breath of vulgar fame;
Be mine the friendly care thy cause to plead:
To Antioch thou, and straight to Rosmond speed:
Thou must not now before the chief appear,
And the first impulse of his anger bear.
But should th' Egyptian arms our force oppose,
Or other squadrons of the Pagan foes,
Then will thy valour shine with double fame,
And absence add new lustre to thy name:
Th' united camp shall mourn thy virtues lost,
A mangled body and a lifeless host!"
Here Guelpho came, and, joining his request,
With speed to leave the camp Rinaldo press'd.
And now the noble youth his ear inclin'd,
And to their purpose bent his lofty mind.
A crowd of friends around the hero wait;
All seek alike to attend and share his fate:
Their zeal he thanks; and now his steed he takes,
And, with two faithful squires, the camp forsakes.
A thirst of virtuous fame his soul inspires,
That fills the noble heart with great desires:
He mighty actions in his mind revolves,
And deeds, unheard before, in thought resolves:
To assail the foe, and death or laurels gain,
While still his arms the Christian faith maintain;
Egypt to o'er-run; and bend his daring course
To where the Nile forsakes his hidden source.
  Rinaldo parting thence, without delay
To Godfrey's presence Guelpho took his way;
Him drawing near the pious chief espy'd:
"Thou com'st in happy time," aloud he cried;
"Even now the heralds through the camp I sent,
To seek, and bring thee, Guelpho, to our tent."
  Then having first dismiss'd th' attending train,
He thus, with low and awful words, began:
"Too far, O Guelpho, does thy nephew stray,
As passion o'er his heart usurps the sway:
And ill, I deem, his reason can suffice
To clear the stain that on his honour lies:
Yet happy shall I prove if this befall,
For Godfrey is an equal judge to all:
The right he will defend, and guard the laws,
And with impartial voice award the cause.
But if, as some allege, Rinaldo's hand,
Unwilling, err'd against our high command;
Then let the fiery youth, submissive, bend
To our decision, and the deed defend:

[3] History relates, that Tancred with his forces made a conquest of Cilicia, to which Baldwin claimed a right; and that Tancred having likewise fixed his standard at Tarsus, Baldwin claimed the victory in the same manner; in both which instances Tancred submitted.

Free let him come; no chains he shall receive;
(Lo! what I can I to his merits give)
But if his lofty spirit scorn to bow,
(As well his high unconquer'd pride we know)
The care be thine to teach him to obey,
Nor dare provoke too far our lenient sway;
And force our hand, with rigour, to maintain
Our slighted laws and violated reign."

Thus said the chief; and Guelpho made reply:
"A generous soul, disdaining infamy,
Can ne'er endure, without a brave return,
The lies of envy, and the taunts of scorn:
And should th' offender in his wrath be slain,
What man can just revenge in bounds restrain?
What mind so govern'd, while resentment glows,
To measure what th' offence to justice owes?
'Tis thy command the youth shall humbly come,
And yield himself beneath thy sovereign doom;
But this (with grief I speak) his flight denies:
A willing exile from the camp he flies.
Yet with this sword I offer to maintain,
'Gainst him who dares my nephew's honour stain,
That justly punish'd fierce Gernando died,
A victim due to calumny and pride.
In this alone (with sorrow I agree)
He rashly err'd, to break thy late decree."

Thus he; when Godfrey—"Let him wander far,
And strife and rage to other regions bear;
But vex not thou with new debates the peace;
Here end contention, here let anger cease."

Meantime Armida, midst the warrior-train,
Us'd all her power th' expected aid to gain:
In tears and moving prayers the day employ'd,
And every charm of wit and beauty try'd.
But when the night had spread her sable vest,
And clos'd the sinking day-light in the west,
Betwixt two knights and damsels, from public view,
The damsel to her lofty tent withdrew.

Though well the fair was vers'd in every art
By words and looks to steal th' unguarded heart;
Though in her form celestial beauty shin'd,
And left the fairest of her sex behind; [pell'd,
Though in her strong, yet pleasing, charms com-
The greatest heroes of the camp she held;
In vain she strove, with soft bewitching care,
To lure the pious Godfrey to her snare:
In vain she sought his zealous breast to move
With early pleasures, and delights of love:
For, sated with the world, his thoughts despise
These empty joys, and soar above the skies.
His steadfast soul, defended from her charms,
Confirms Love's weak essays, and all his feeble arms.
No mortal bait can turn his steps aside,
His sacred faith his guard, and God his guide.
A thousand forms the false Armida tries,
And proves, like Proteus, every new disguise.
Her looks and actions every heart might move,
And warm the coldest bosom to her love:
But here, so Heaven and grace divine ordain,
Her schemes, her labours, and her wiles were vain.

Not less impervious to her fraudful art,
The gallant Tancred kept his youthful heart:
His earlier passion every thought possess'd,
Nor gave another entrance to his breast.
As poison oft the force of poison quells,
So former love the second love repels.
Her charms these two alone beheld secure;
While others own'd resistless beauty's power.
Sore was she troubled in her guileful mind,
That all succeeded not her wiles design'd:
Yet, 'midst her grief, the dame, exulting, view'd
The numerous warriors whom her smiles subdu'd;
Now, with her prey, she purpos'd to depart,
Ere chance disclos'd her deep-designing art;
Far from the camp her captives to detain,
In other bonds than love's too gentle chain.

'Twas now the time appointed by the chief
To give th' afflicted damsel his relief:
Him she approach'd, and thus with lowly grace:
"The day prefix'd, O prince! has run its race;
And should the tyrant learn (by doubtful fame,
Or certain spies) that to the camp I came
To implore thy succour, his preventive care
Would all his forces for defence prepare.
But ere such tidings shall his ears attain,
O let my prayer some friendly succours gain!
If Heaven behold not with regardless eyes
The deeds of men, or hear the orphan's cries,
My realms I shall retrieve, whose subject-sway
To thee, in peace or war, shall tribute pay."

She said; the leader to her suit agreed;
(Nor could he from his former grant recede)
Yet since her swift departure thence she press'd,
He saw th' election on himself would rest:
While all, with emulative zeal, demand
To fill the number of th' elected band.

Th' insidious damsel fans the rivals' fires,
And envious fear and jealous doubt inspires,
To rouse the soul; for love, full well she knows,
Without these aids remiss and languid grows:
So runs the courser with a slacken'd pace,
When none contend, his partners in the race.
Now this, now that, the soothing fair beguiles
With gentle speech, soft looks, and winning smiles;
That each his fellow views with envious eyes,
Till mingled passions e'en to phrensy rise:
Around their chief they press, unaw'd by shame,
And Godfrey would in vain their rage reclaim.

The leader gladly, in his equal mind,
Would all content, alike to all inclin'd;
(Yet oft was fill'd with just disdain, to view
Th' ungovern'd rashness of the headlong crew)
At length his better thoughts the means supply'd,
To stay contention, and the strife decide.

"To chance," he cry'd, "your several names commend;
Let lots decide it, and the contest end."

Sudden the rival knights their names dispos'd,
And in a slender urn the lots enclos'd:
The vase then shaken; first to view, the name
Of Pembroke's earl, Artemidoro, came:
Then Gerrard; Vincilaus next was found,
An aged chief for counsel once renown'd,
A hoary lover now, in beauty's fetters bound!

These happy three with sudden joy were fill'd;
The rest, by signs, their anxious fears reveal'd,
And hung upon his lips, with fix'd regard,
Who, drawing forth the lots, the names declar'd.
The fourth was Guasco; then Ridolphus' name;
And next Ridolphus, Olderico came.
Rousillon then was read; and next appear'd
Henry the Frank; Bavarian Eberard:
Rambaldo last, who left the Christian laws
And girt his weapon in the Pagan cause:
So far the tyrant Love his vassal draws[6]!

[6] The history makes mention of a soldier who abjured Christianity and went over to the infidels, but his name was Rainaldo, not Rambaldo; he was a native of Holland.

But those, excluded from the list, exclaim
On fickle Fortune as a partial dame;
Love they accuse, who suffered her to guide
His sacred empire, and his laws decide;
Yet many purpos'd to pursue the maid,
When parting light should yield to sable shade;
In fortune's spite, her person to attend,
And, with their lives, from every chance defend.
With gentle sighs and speeches half disclos'd,
Their willing minds to this she more dispos'd:
To every knight alike she fram'd her art,
And seem'd to leave him with dejected heart.
Now, clad in shining arms, th' allotted band
Dismission from their prudent chief demand.
The hero then admonish'd each aside,
How ill they could in Pagan faith confide;
So frail a pledge enjoin'd 'em to beware,
And guard their souls from every hidden snare.
But all his words were lost in empty wind;
Love takes not counsel from a wholesome mind.
The knights dismiss'd, the dame no longer stay'd,
Nor till th' ensuing morn her course delay'd.
Elate with conquest, from the camp she pass'd,
The rival knights, like slaves, her triumph grac'd,
While rack'd with jealousy's tormenting pain,
She left the remnant of the suitor-train.
But soon as night with silent wings arose,
The minister of dreams and soft repose,
In secret many more her steps pursue:
But first Eustatius from the tents withdrew:
Scarce rose the friendly shade, when swift he fled,
Through darkness blind, by blind affection led.
He roves uncertain all the dewy night,
But soon as morning streaks the skies with light,
Armida's camp salutes his eager sight.
Fir'd at the view, th' impatient lover flies;
Him, by his arms, Rambaldo knows, and cries—
"What seek'st thou here, or whither dost thou bend?"
"I come," he said, "Armida to defend:
In me, no less than others, shall she find
A ready succour and a constant mind." [approve,
"Who dares," the knight replies, "that choice
And make such honour thine?" He answer'd—"Love.
From Fortune thou, from Love my right I claim:
Say, whose the greatest boast and noblest name?"
Rambaldo then—"Thy empty titles fail
Such fond delusive arts shall ne'er prevail.
Think not to join with us thy lawless aid,
With us the champions of the royal maid."
"Who shall oppose my will?" the youth reply'd,
"In me behold the man!" Rambaldo cried.
Swift at the word he rush'd; with equal rage
Eustatius sprung his rival to engage.
But here the lovely tyrant of their breast
Advanc'd between them, and their rage suppress'd.
"Ah! cease," to that she cried, "nor more complain,
That thou a partner, I a champion gain:
Canst thou my welfare or my safety prize,
Yet thus deprive me of my new allies?—
In happy time," to this began the dame,
"Thou com'st, defender of my life and fame:
Reason forbids, that e'er it shall be said,
Armida scorn'd so fair an offer'd aid."
Thus she; while some new champion every hour
Pursue'd her standard, and increas'd her power.
Some wandering here, some there, the damsel join'd,
Though each concealing what his thoughts design'd,
Now scowl'd with jealous looks his rivals there to find.
She seem'd on all to cast a gracious eye,
And every one receiv'd with equal joy.
Scarce had the day dispell'd the shades of night,
When heedful Godfrey knew his warriors' flight;
And while his mind revolv'd their shameful doom,
He seem'd to mourn some threaten'd ills to come.
As thus he mus'd, a messenger appear'd,
Breathless and pale, with dust and sweat besmear'd.
His brow was deep impress'd with careful thought,
And seem'd to speak th' unwelcome news he brought.
Then thus—"O chief! th' Egyptians soon will
Beneath their numerous fleet the briny tide: [hide
William, whose rule Liguria's ships obey,
By me dispatch'd these tidings from the sea.
To this he adds; that, sending from the shore
The due provisions for the landed power,
The steeds and camels, bending with their load,
Were intercepted in the midmost road;
Assail'd with dreadful rage on every hand,
Deep in a valley, by th' Arabian band:
Nor guards nor drivers could their posts maintain,
The stores were pillag'd, and the men were slain.
To such a height was grown the Arabs' force,
As ask'd some power to check their daring course;
To guard the coast, and keep the passage free,
Betwixt the Christian camp and Syrian sea."
At once from man to man the rumour fled,
And growing fears among the soldiers spread:
The threatening evils fill'd them with affright,
And ghastly famine rose before their sight.
The chief, who saw the terrours of the host,
Their former courage sunk, their firmness lost,
With looks serene and cheerful speeches strove
To raise their ardour and their fears remove.
"O friends! with me in various regions thrown,
Amidst a thousand woes and dangers known;
God's sacred champions! born to assert his cause,
And cleanse from stain the holy Christian laws!
Who wintry climes and stormy seas have view'd,
And Persian arms and Grecian frauds subdu'd?;
Who could the rage of thirst and hunger bear—
Will you resign your souls to abject fear?
Shall not th' Eternal Power (our sovereign guide,
And oft in more disastrous fortunes try'd)
Revive our hopes?—Deem not his favour lost,
Or pitying ear averted from our host:
A day will come with pleasure to disclose
These sorrows past, and pay to God your vows.
Endure and conquer then your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for happier fate."
He said; but yet a thousand cares, suppress,
The hero bury'd in his thoughtful breast:
What means to nourish such a numerous train,
And midst defeat or famine to sustain:
How on the seas to oppose th' Egyptian force,
And stop the plundering Arabs in their course.

? Alexas, emperor of Constantinople, though in the first book he appears to have sent a squadron of horse to the Christians, is said to have used many stratagems to frustrate the expedition; and had once made Hugo the Great prisoner, who was afterwards delivered by Godfrey.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes sends a challenge to the Christians. Tancred is chosen to oppose him; but while he is upon the point of entering the list, is detained by the appearance of Clorinda. Otho, in the mean time, meets Argantes, is vanquished, and made prisoner. Tancred and Argantes then engage: they are parted by the heralds. Erminia, distressed with her fears for Tancred, resolves to visit that hero. She disguises herself in Clorinda's armour, and leaves the city by night; but falling in with an advanced guard of the Christians, is assaulted, and flies.

But, in the town besieg'd, the Pagan crew,
With better thoughts their cheerful hopes renew:
Besides provisions which their roofs contain'd,
Supplies of various kind by night they gain'd:
They raise new fences for the northern side,
And warlike engines for the walls provide.
With strength increas'd the lofty bulwarks show,
And seem to scorn the battering-rams below.
Now here, now there, the king directs his powers,
The walls to thicken, or to raise the towers:
By day, or sable eve, the works they ply,
Or when the Moon enlightens all the sky.
Th' artificers, with sweat and ceaseless care,
New arms and armour for the field prepare:
Meanwhile, impatient of inglorious rest,
Argantes came, and thus the king address'd:
"How long, inactive, must we here remain,
Coop'd in these gates, a base and heartless train?
From anvils huge I hear the strokes rebound,
I hear the helm, the shield, the cuirass sound:
Say, to what use, while you rapacious bands
O'er-run the plains, and ravage all the lands?
And not a chief shall meet these haughty foes,
And not a trumpet break their soft repose?
In genial feasts the cheerful days they waste,
And undisturb'd enjoy each calm repast:
By day at ease, by night at rest they lie;
Alike securely all their moments fly.
But you at length, with pining want distress'd,
Must sink beneath the victor's force oppress'd;
Or basely fall to death an easy prey,
If Egypt should her succours long delay.
For me, no shameful fate shall end my days,
And with oblivion veil my former praise;
Nor shall the morning Sun, to sight expos'd,
Behold me longer in these walls enclos'd.
I stand prepar'd my lot unknown to prove,
Decreed already by the Fates above.
Ne'er be it said, the trusty sword unry'd,
Inglorious, unrevenge'd, Argantes dy'd.
Yet if the seeds of valour, once confest,
Are not extinguish'd in thy generous breast;
Not only hope in fight to fall with praise,
But your high thoughts to life and conquest raise.
Then rush we forth united from the gate,
Attack the foe, and prove our utmost fate!
Beset with dangers, and with toils opprest,
The boldest counsels oft are prov'd the best.
But if thy prudence now refuse to yield,
To hazard all thy force in open field;
At least procure two champions to decide
Th' important strife, in single combat try'd:
And that the leader of the Christian race
With readier mind our challenge may embrace,
Th' advantage all be his the arms to name,
And at his will the full conditions frame.
For were the foe endu'd with two fold might,
With heart undaunted in the day of fight,
Think no misfortune can thy cause attend,
Which I have sworn in combat to defend.
This better hand can fate itself supply;
This hand can give thee ample victory:
Behold I give it as a pledge secure;
In this confide, I here thy reign ensure."
He ceas'd: "Intrepid chief!" the king reply'd,
"Though creeping age has damp'd my youthful pride,
Deem not this hand so slow the sword to wield,
Nor deem this soul so basely fears the field,
That rather would I tamely yield my breath,
Than fall ennobled by a glorious death;
If aught I fear'd, if aught my thoughts foretold
Of want or famine which thy words unfold;
Forbid it, Heaven!—Then hear me now reveal
What from the rest, with caution, I conceal.
Lo! Solyman of Nice, whose restless mind
Has vengeance for his former wrongs design'd,
Collects, beneath his care, from different lands
The scatter'd numbers of Arabia's bands;
With these will soon by night the foes invade,
And hopes to give the town supplies and aid.
Then grieve not then to see our realms o'er-run,
Nor heed our plunder'd towns, and castles won,
While here the sceptre still remains my own,
While here I hold my state and regal throne.
But, thou, meantime, thy forward zeal assuage,
And calm awhile the heat of youthful rage;
With patience yet attend the hour of fate
Due to thy glory, and my injur'd state."
Now swell'd with high disdain Argantes' breast,
A rival long to Solyman profess'd;
Inly he griev'd, and saw with jealous eye
The king so firmly on his aid rely.
"'T is thine," he cried, "O monarch! to declare
(Thine is th' undoubted power) or peace or war:
I urge no more—here Solyman attend,
Let him, who lost his own, thy realm defend!
Let him, a welcome messenger from Heaven,
To free the Pagans from their fears be given:
I safety from myself alone require;
And freedom only from this arm desire.
Now, while these walls the rest in sloth detain,
Let me descend to combat on the plain:
Give me to dare the Franks to single fight,
Not as thy champion, but a private knight."
The king reply'd: "Though future times demand
Thy nobler courage and more needful hand,
Yet to thy wish I shall not this deny:
Then, at thy will, some hostile chief defy."
Thus he. Th' impatient youth no longer stay'd,
But, turning to the herald, thus he said:
"Haste to the leader of the Franks, and there,
Before th' united host, this message bear:
Say, that a champion, whose superior mind
Scorns in these narrow walls to be confin'd,
Desires to prove, in either army's sight,
With spear and shield his utmost force in fight;
And comes prepar'd his challenge to maintain,
Betwixt the tents and city, on the plain;
A gallant proof of arms! and now defies
The boldest Frank that on his strength relies.

Nor one alone amid the hostile band;
The boldest five that dare his force withstand,
Of noble lineage, or of vulgar race,
Unterrified he stands in field to face:
The vanquish'd to the victor's power shall yield,
So wills the law of arms and custom of the field."
Argantes thus. The herald straight withdrew,
His vary'd surcoat o'er his shoulders threw,
And thence to Godfrey's regal presence went,
By mighty chiefs surrounded in his tent.
"O prince!" he cried, "May here a herald dare,
Without offence, his embassy declare?"
To him the chief: "Without constraint or fear,
In freedom speak, what we as freely hear."
The herald then the challenge fierce disclos'd,
In boastful words and haughty terms compos'd.
Fir'd at his speech, the martial bands appear'd,
And with disdain the stern defiance heard.
Then thus in answer pious Godfrey speaks:
"A mighty task your warrior undertakes;
And well I trust, whate'er his boasted might,
One champion may suffice his arms in fight.
But let him come; I to his will agree;
I give him open field, and conduct free;
And swear some warrior, from our Christian band,
On equal terms, shall meet him hand to hand."
He ceas'd; the king-at-arms, without delay,
Impatient, measur'd back his former way;
From thence, with hasty steps, the city sought,
And to the Pagan knight their answer brought.
"Arm! valiant chief!" he cried, "for fight prepare,
The Christian powers accept thy proffer'd war:
Not only leaders fam'd demand the fight,
The meanest warriors burn to prove their might.
I saw a thousand threatening looks appear,
A thousand hands grasp'd the sword to rear:
The chief to thee a list secure will yield."
He ended: when, impatient for the field,
Argantes call'd for arms with furious haste,
And round his limbs the steely burthen cast.
The wary king Clorinda then enjoin'd:
"While he departs, remain not thou behind;
But, with a thousand arm'd, attend the knight;
Yet foremost let him march to equal fight;
The care be thine to keep thy troops in sight."
The monarch spake; and now the martial train
Forsook the walls and mov'd to the plain.
Advanc'd before the band, Argantes press'd
His foaming steed, in radiant armour dress'd.
Between the city and the camp was found
An ample space of level champaign ground,
That seem'd a list selected, by design,
For valiant chiefs in deeds of arms to join.
To this the bold Argantes nigbly goes,
And there, descending, stands before the foes;
Proud in his might, with giant-strength indu'd,
With threatening looks the distant camp he view'd:
So fierce Encelados in Phlegra show'd;
So in the vale the huge Philistine stood.
Yet many, void of fear, the knight beheld,
Nor knew how far his force in arms excell'd.
Still Godfrey doubted, midst his valiant host,
What knight should quell the Pagan's haughty boast.
To Tancred's arm (the bravest of the brave)
The great attempt the public favour gave.
With looks, with whispers, all declar'd their choice;
The chief, by signs, approv'd the general voice.
Each warrior now his rival claim withdrew,
When each the will of mighty Godfrey knew.
"The field is thine!" to Tancred then he cried;
"Go, meet yon Pagan, and chastise his pride!"
The glorious charge with joy the champion heard,
A dauntless ardour in his looks appear'd:
His shield and helmet from his squire he took,
And follow'd by a crowd, the vale forsook.
But ere he reach'd th' appointed list of fight,
The martial damsel [1] met his eager sight:
A flowing vest was o'er her armour spread,
White as the snows that veil the mountain's head:
Her beaver rear'd, her lovely face disclos'd;
And on a hill she stood at full expos'd.
No longer Tancred now the foe espies,
(Who rears his haughty visage to the skies)
But slowly moves his steed, and bends his sight
Where stands the virgin on a neighbouring height:
The lover to a lifeless statue turns;
With cold he freezes, and with heat he burns:
Fixt in a stupid gaze, unmov'd he stands,
And now no more the promis'd fight demands.
Meantime Argantes looks around in vain,
No chief appears the combat to maintain.
"Behold I come," he cried, "to prove my might;
Who dares approach, and meet my arms in fight?"
While Tancred lost in deepest thought appear'd,
Nor saw the Pagan, nor his challenge heard,
Impetuous Otho spurr'd his foaming horse,
And enter'd first the list with eager course.
This knight, before, by thirst of glory fir'd,
With other warriors to the fight aspir'd;
But yielding then to Tancred's nobler claim,
Mix'd with the throng that to attend him came:
Yet when he this th' enamour'd youth beheld
All motionless, neglectful of the field,
Eager he starts to attempt the glorious deed;
Less swift the tiger's or the panther's speed!
Against the mighty Saracen he press'd,
Who sudden plac'd his ponderous spear in rest.
But Tancred now, recovering from his trance,
Saw fearless Otho to the fight advance:
"Forbear! the field is mine!" aloud he cries—
In vain he calls, the knight regardless flies.
Th' indignant prince beheld, with rage and shame;
He blush'd another should defraud his name,
And reap th' expected harvest of his fame.
And now Argantes, from his valiant foe,
Full on his helm receiv'd the mighty blow.
With greater force the Pagan's javelin struck;
The pointed steel through shield and corselet broke:
Prone fell the Christian thundering on the sand;
Unmov'd the Saracen his seat maintain'd;
And from on high, inflam'd with lofty pride,
Thus to the prostrate knight insulting cried:
"Yield to my arms! suffice the glory thine
To dare with me in equal combat join."
"Not so," cried Otho, "are we fram'd to yield,
Nor is so easy the Christian courage quell'd:
Let others with excuses hide my shame,
'Tis mine to perish, or avenge my fame!"
Then like Alecto, terrible to view,
Or like Medusa, the Circassian grew,
While from his eyes the flashing lightning flew.
"Now prove our utmost force," enrag'd he cries,
"Since thus thou dar'st our offer'd grace despise."
This said; he spurr'd his steed, nor heeded more
Th' establish'd laws of arms and knightly lore.

[1] Clorinda.

The Frank, retiring, disappoints the foe,
And, as Argantes pass'd, directs a blow,
That, to the right descending, pierc'd his side;
The smoking steel returns with crimson dyed:
But what avails it, when the wound inspires
New force and fury to the Pagan's fires?
Argantes, wheeling round with sudden speed,
Direct on Otho urg'd his fiery steed:
Th' unguarded foe the dreadful shock receiv'd;
All pale he fell, at once of sense bereav'd:
Stretch'd on the earth his quivering limbs were spread,
And clouds of darkness hover'd o'er his head.
With brutal wrath the haughty victor glow'd,
And o'er the prostrate knight in triumph rode.
"Thus every insolent shall fall," he cries,
"As he who now beneath my courser lies!"
But Tancred, who with noble wrath survey'd
Th' unknightly cruel act, no longer stay'd;
Resolv'd to veil the vanquish'd warrior's shame,
And with his arms retrieve the Christian name:
He flew, and cried—"O thou of impious kind!
In conquest base, and infamous of mind!
From deeds like these what glory canst thou gain?
What praises from the courteous hearts obtain?
Thy manners sure were fram'd in barbarous lands,
Among th' Arabian thieves, or savage bands!
Hence! shun the light; to woods and wilds confin'd,
Among thy brethren of the brutal kind!"
He ceas'd. Impatience swell'd the Pagan's breast,
But eager rage his struggling words suppress'd;
He foam'd like beasts that haunt the gloomy wood:
At length, releas'd, his anger roar'd aloud,
Like thunder bursting from a distant cloud.
Now for the field th' impetuous chiefs prepare,
And wheel around their coursers for the war.
O sacred Muse! inflame my voice with fire,
And ardour equal to the fight inspire:
So may my verse be worthy of th' alarms,
And catch new vigour from the din of arms!
The warriors place their beamy spears in rest;
Each points his weapon at the adverse crest.
Less swiftly to the goal a racer flies;
Less swift a bird on pinions cleaves the skies.
No chiefs for fury could with these compare;
Here Tancred pour'd along, Argantes there!
The spears against the helms in shivers broke;
A thousand sparks flew diverse from the stroke.
The mighty conflict shook the solid ground,
The distant hills re-echo'd to the sound:
But firmly seated, moveless as a rock,
Each hardy champion bore the dreadful shock;
While either courser tumbled on the plain,
Nor from the field with speed arose again.
The warriors then unsheath'd their falchions bright,
And left their steeds, on foot to wage the fight.
Now every pass with wary hands they prove;
With watchful eyes and nimble fret they move.
In every form their pliant limbs they show;
Now wheel, now press, now seem to shun the foe:
Now here, now there, the glancing steel they bend,
And where they threaten least, the strokes descend.
Sometimes they offer some defenceless part,
Attempting thus to baffle art with art.
Tancred, unguarded by his sword or shield,
His naked side before the Pagan held:
To seize th' advantage swift Argantes clos'd,
And left himself to Tancred's sword expos'd:
The Christian dash'd the hostile steel aside,
And deep in Pagan gore his weapon dyed;
Then sudden on his guard collected stood.
The foe, who found his limbs bedew'd with blood,
Groan'd with unmounted rage, and rais'd on high
His weighty falchion, with a dreadful cry:
But, ere he strikes, another wound alights
Where to the shoulder-bone the arm unites.
As the wild boar that haunts the woods and hills,
When in his side the biting spear he feels,
To fury rous'd, against the hunter flies,
And every peril scorns, and death defies;
So fares the Saracen, with wrath on flame,
Wound follows wound, and shame succeeds to shame;
While, burning for revenge, without regard
He scorns his danger, and forgets to ward:
He raves, he rushes headlong on the foe,
With all his strength impelling every blow.
Scarce has the Christian time his sword to wield,
Or breathe awhile, or lift his fencing shield;
And all his art can scarce the knight secure
From the dire thunder of Argantes' power.
Tancred, who waits to see the tempest cease,
And the first fury of his foe decrease,
Now wards the blows, now circles o'er the plain;
But when he sees the Pagan's force remain
Unfir'd with toil, he gives his wrath the rein:
He whirls his falchion; art and judgment yield,
And now to rage alone resign the field.
No strokes, enforc'd from either champion, fail;
The weapons pierce or sever plate and mail.
With arms and blood the earth is cover'd o'er,
And streaming sweat is mixt with purple gore:
The swords, like lightning, dart quick flashes round,
And fall, like thunderbolts, with horrid sound.
On either hand the gazing people wait,
And watch the dreadful fight's uncertain fate:
No motion in th' attentive host appear'd;
No voice, no whisper, from the troops was heard:
'Twixt hope and fear they stand, and nicely weigh
The various turns and fortune of the day.
Thus stood the war: and now each weary knight
Had undetermin'd left the chance of fight;
When rising eve her sable veil display'd,
And wrapt each object in surrounding shade.
From either side a herald bent his way,
To part the warriors and suspend the fray.
The one a Frank, Aridens was his name;
Pindorus one, rever'd for wisdom's fame,
Who with the challenge to the Christians came.
Intrepid these before the chiefs appear'd,
And 'twixt the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
Secur'd by all the privilege they find
From ancient rights and customs of mankind.
"Ye gallant warriors!" thus Pindorus cried,
"Whose deeds of valour equal praise divide;
Here cease, nor with untimely strife profane
The sacred laws of night's all-peaceful reign.
The Sun our labour claims; with toil oppress,
Each creature gives the night to needful rest;
And generous souls disdain the conquests made
In sullen silence, and nocturnal shade."
To him Argantes: "With regret I yield
To quit th' unfinish'd contest of the field;
Yet would I choose the day our deeds might view:—
Then swear my foe the combat to renew."

To whom the Christian: "Thou thy promise plight
Here to return, and bring thy captive knight[a];
Else shall no cause induce me to delay
Our present conflict to a future day."
This said; they swore. The heralds then decreed
The day that should decide th' important deed;
And, time allow'd to heal each wounded knight,
Nam'd the sixth morning to renew the fight.
The dreadful combat long remain'd impress'd
In every Saracen and Christian breast:
Each tongue the skill of either warrior tells;
Each thought, with wonder, on their valour dwells.
Yet who the prize should gain, on either side
The vulgar vary, and in parts divide:
If fury shall from virtue win the field,
Or brutal rage to manly courage yield.
But fair Erminia, mov'd above the rest,
With growing fears torments her tender breast;
She sees the dearest object of her care
Expos'd to hazards of uncertain war.
Of princely lineage came this hapless maid,
From him who Antioch's powerful sceptre sway'd:
But, when her state by chance of war was lost,
She fell a captive to the Christian host.
Then gallant Tancred gave her woes relief,
And, 'midst her country's ruin, calm'd her grief:
He gave her freedom, gave her all the store
Of regal treasure she possess'd before,
And claim'd no tribute of a victor's power.
The grateful fair the hero's worth confess'd;
Love found admittance in her gentle breast:
His early virtues rais'd her first desire;
His manly beauty fann'd the blameless fire.
In vain her outward liberty she gain'd,
When, lost in servitude, her soul remain'd!
She quits her conqueror with a heavy mind,
And with regret her prison leaves behind.
But honour chides her stay, (for spotless fame
Is ever dear to every virtuous dame,)
And with her aged mother thence constrain'd
Her banish'd steps to seek a friendly land;
Till at Jerusalem her course she stay'd,
Where Aladine receiv'd the wandering maid.
Here, soon again by adverse fortune cross,
With tears the virgin mourn'd a mother lost.
Yet not the sorrow for her parent's fate,
Nor all the troubles of her exil'd state,
Could from her heart her amorous pains remove,
Or quench the smallest spark of mighty love:
She loves, and burns!—Alas, unhappy maid!
No soothing hopes afford her sufferings aid:
She bears within the flames of fond desire;
Vain fruitless wishes all her thoughts inspire; [fire.
And, while she strives to hide, she feeds the stifled
Now Tancred near the walls of Sion drew,
And, by his presence, rais'd her hopes anew.
The rest with terrour see the numerous train
Of foes encamp'd on the dusty plain;
She clears her brow, her dewy sorrow dries,
And views the warlike bands with cheerful eyes:
From rank to rank her looks incessant rove,
And oft she seeks in vain her warrior-love:
And oft, distinguish'd 'midst the field of fight,
She singles Tancred to her eager sight.
Join'd with the palace, to the ramparts nigh,
A stately castle rises in the sky,
Whose lofty head the prospect wide commands,
The plain, the mountain, and the Christian bands:
There, from the early beams of morning light,
Till deepening shades obscure the world in night,
She sits, and fixing on the camp her eyes, [sighs.
She communes with her thoughts, and vents her
'Twas thence she view'd the fight with beating heart,
And saw expos'd her soul's far dearer part;
Thence, fill'd with terrour and distracting care,
She watch'd the various progress of the war;
And, when the Pagan rais'd aloft his steel,
She seem'd herself the threatening stroke to feel.
When now the virgin heard some future day
Was destin'd to decide th' unfinish'd fray,
Cold fear in all her veins congeal'd the blood,
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with sorrow flow'd,
And o'er her face a pallid hue was spread,
While every sense was lost in anxious dread.
A thousand horrid thoughts her soul divin'd;
In sleep a thousand phantoms fill'd her mind:
Oft, in her dreams, the much-lov'd warrior lies
All gash'd and bleeding; oft, with feeble cries,
Invokes her aid; then, starting from her rest,
Tears bathe her cheeks, and trickle down her breast.
Nor fears alone of future evils fill
Her careful heart, she fears the present ill.
The wounds her Tancred late receiv'd in fight
Distract her mind with anguish and affright.
Fallacious rumours, that around are blown,
Increase with added lies the truth unknown.
Taught by her mother's skill, the virgin knew
The secret power of every herb that grew;
She knew the force of every mystic strain,
To close the wound, and ease the throbbing pain;
(In such repute the healing arts were held,
In these the daughters of the kings excell'd.)
Fain would she now her cares to Tancred show;
But fate condemns her to relieve his foe.
Now was she tempted noxious plants to choose,
And poison in Argantes' wounds infuse;
But soon her pious thoughts the deed disclaim,
And scorn with treachery to pollute her fame.
Yet oft she wish'd that every herb applied
Might lose its wonted power and virtue tried.
She fear'd not (by such various troubles tost)
Alone to travel through the adverse host;
Accustom'd wars and slaughter to survey,
And all the perils of the wanderer's way:
Thus use to daring had inur'd her mind
Beyond the nature of the softer kind;
But mighty love, superior to the rest,
Had quell'd each female terrour in her breast:
Thus arm'd, she durst the sands of Afric trace,
Amidst the fury of the savage race.
Though danger still and death her soul despis'd,
Her virtue and her better fame she prix'd.
And now her heart conflicting passions rend;
There Love and Honour (powerful foes!) contend.
Thus Honour seem'd to say: "O thou, whose mind
Has still been pure, within my laws confin'd;
Whom, when a captive 'midst yon hostile train,
I kept in thought and person clear from stain;
Wilt thou, now freed, the virgin boast forgo,
So well preserv'd when prisoner to the foe?
Ah! what can raise such fancies in thy breast?
Say what thy purpose, what thy hopes suggest,
Alone to wander 'midst a foreign race,
And with nocturnal love thy sex disgrace?

[a] Otho.

Justly the victor shall reproach thy name,
And deem thee lost to virtue, as to shame;
With scorn shall bid thee from his sight remove,
And bear to vulgar souls thy proffer'd love."
But gentler counsels, on a different part,
Thus seem'd to whisper to her wavering heart:
"Thou wert not surely of a savage born,
Nor from a mountain's frozen entrails torn;
No adamant and steel compose thy frame;
Despise not then Love's pleasing dart and flame,
And blush not to confess a lover's name.
Go, and obey the dictates of thy mind— [kind?
But wherefore shouldst thou feign thy knight unLike thine his sighs may heave, his tears may flow;
And wilt not thou thy tender aid bestow?
Lo! Tancred's life (ungrateful!) runs to waste,
While on another all thy cares are plac'd!
To cure Argantes then thy skill apply,
So by his arm may thy deliverer die!
Is this the service to his merits due?
And canst thou such a hateful task pursue?
O think what transports must thy bosom feel,
Thy Tancred's wounds, with lenient hand, to heal!
Think, when thy pious care his health retrieves,
Life's welcome gift from thee the youth receives!
Thou shalt with him in every virtue share,
With him divide his future fame in war;
Then shall he clasp thee to his grateful breast,
And nuptial ties shall make thee ever blest:
Thou shalt be shown to all, and happy nam'd,
Among the Latian wives and matrons fam'd;
In that fair land where martial valour reigns,
And where religion pure her seat maintains."
With hopes like these allur'd, th' unthinking maid
A flattering scene of future bliss had laid:
But still a thousand doubts perplexing rise,
What means for her departure to devise.
The guards, incessant, near the palace stand,
And watch the portals, and the walls command;
Nor dare, amid the hazards of the war,
Without some weighty cause the gates unbar.
Full oft Erminia, to beguile her cares,
The time in converse with Clorinda shares:
With her each western Sun beheld the maid,
Each rising morn the friendly pair survey'd;
And when in gloomy shade the day was clos'd,
Both in one bed their weary limbs repos'd.
One secret only, treasur'd in her breast,
The fond Erminia from her friend suppress'd;
With cautious fear her love she still conceal'd:
But when her plaints her inward pains reveal'd,
She to a different cause assign'd her woe,
And for her ruin'd state her sorrows seem'd to flow.
Through every chamber of the martial maid,
By friendship privileged, Erminia stray'd.
One day it chanc'd, intent on many a thought,
The royal fair her friend's apartment sought;
Clorinda absent, there her anxious mind
Revolv'd the means to effect her flight design'd.
While various doubts, by turns, the dame distress'd,
Aloft she mark'd Clorinda's arms and vest:
Then to herself, with heavy sighs, she said:
"How blest above her sex the warrior-maid!
How does her state, alas! my envy raise!
Yet not for female boast, or beauty's praise.
No length of sweeping vest her step restrains;
No envious cell her dauntless soul detains;
But, cloth'd in shining steel, at will she roves;
Nor fear withholds, nor conscious shame reproves.
Why did not Heaven with equal vigour frame
My softer limbs, and fire my heart to fame?
So might I turn the female robe and veil
To the bright helmet and the jointed mail:
My love would change of heat and cold despise,
And all the seasons of inclement skies,
In arms alone, or with my martial train,
By day or night to range on yonder plain.
Thy will, Argantes, then thou hadst not gain'd,
And with my lord the combat first maintain'd:
This hand had met, and ah! that happy hour
Perchance had made him prisoner to my power:
So from his loving foe he should sustain
A gentle servitude and easy chain:
So might my soul awhile forget to grieve,
And Tancred's bonds Erminia's bonds relieve.
Else had his hand this panting bosom gor'd,
And through my heart impell'd the ruthless sword;
Thus had my dearest foe my peace restor'd!
Then had these eyes in lasting sleep been laid,
While the dear victor o'er the senseless dead,
Perchance, with pitying tears, had mourn'd my doom,
And given these limbs the honours of a tomb!—
But ah! I wander, lost in fond desire,
And fruitless wishes fruitless thoughts inspire;—
Then shall I still reside with anguish here,
In abject state, the slave of female fear?
O no!—Confide, my soul, resolve and dare:
Can I not once the warrior's armour bear?
Yes—Love shall give the strength th' attempt requires;
Love, that the weakest with his force inspires;
That even to dare impels the timorous hind—
But 'tis no martial thought that fills my mind:
I seek, beneath Clorinda's arms conceal'd,
To pass the gates unquestion'd to the field.
O Love! the fraud thyself inspir'd, attend!
And Fortune with propitious smiles befriend!
'T is now the hour for flight—(what then detains?)
While with the king Clorinda still remains."
Thus fix'd in her resolves, th' impatient maid,
By amorous passion led, no longer stay'd;
But to her near apartment thence repairs,
And with her all the shining armour bears.
No prying eyes were there her deeds to view;
For when she came the menial train withdrew;
While night, that theft and love alike befriends,
To assist the deed her sable veil extends.
Soon as the virgin saw the stars arise,
That faintly glimmer'd through the dusky skies,
She call'd, in secret, her design to aid,
A squire of faith approv'd, and favour'd maid:
To these in part her purpose slit reveal'd,
But, with feign'd tales, the cause of flight conceal'd.
The trusty squire prepar'd, with ready care,
Whate'er was needful for the wandering fair.
Meantime Erminia had her robes unbound,
That, to her feet descending, swept the ground.
Now, in her vest, the lovely damsel shin'd
With charms superior to the female kind.
In stubborn steel her tender limbs she dress'd,
The massy helm her golden ringlets prest:
Next in her feeble hand she grasp'd the shield,
A weight too mighty for her strength to wield.
Thus, clad in arms, she darts a radiant light
With all the dire magnificence of sight!
Love, present, laugh'd, as when he view'd of old
The female weeds Alcides' bulk enfold.

Heavy and slow, she moves along with pain;
And scarce her feet th' unwonted load sustain.
The faithful damsel by her side attends,
And with assisting arm her step befriends.
But Love her spirits and her hopes renews,
And every trembling limb with strength indues:
Till, having reach'd the squire, without delay
They mount their ready steeds, and take their way.
Disguis'd they pass'd amid the gloomy night,
And sought the silent paths obscur'd from sight:
Yet scatter'd soldiers here and there they spy'd,
And saw the gleam of arms on every side.
But none attempt the virgin to molest;
All know her armour, e'en by night confest,
The snow-white mantle and the dreadful crest.
Erminia, though her doubts were partly eas'd,
Yet found not all her troubled thoughts appeas'd;
She fear'd discovery, but her fears suppress'd,
And reach'd the gates, and thus the guard address'd:
"Set wide the portal, nor my steps detain,
Commission'd by the king, I seek the plain."
Her martial garb deceiv'd the soldiers' eyes;
Her female accents favour'd the disguise.
The guards obey'd; and, through the gate, in haste,
The princess, with her two attendants, pass'd;
Thence from the city-walls, with caution, went
Obliquely winding down the hill's descent.
Now safe at distance in a lonely place,
Erminia check'd awhile her courser's pace.
Escap'd the former perils of the night,
No guards, no ramparts now to obstruct her flight;
With thought mature she ran her purpose o'er,
And weigh'd the dangers lightly weigh'd before.
More arduous far she saw th' attempt would prove
Than first appear'd to her desiring love:
To rush, it seem'd, amidst a warlike foe,
In search of peace, with hostile arms to go:
For still she purpos'd to conceal her name,
Till to the presence of her knight she came.
To him she wish'd to stand reveal'd alone,
A secret love, and a friend unknown! [mide,
Then stopp'd the fair, and now, more heedful
Thus to her squire, with better counsel, said:
"'Tis thou, my friend! who must, with speed and care,
To yonder tents my destin'd way prepare.
Go—let some guide direct thy doubtful eyes,
And bring thee where the wounded Tancred lies.
To him declare, there comes a friendly maid,
Who peace demands, and brings him healing aid;
Peace—(for the war of love now fills my mind)
Whence he may health, and I may comfort find.
Say, that with him, secure from scorn or shame,
A virgin to his faith commits her fame.
In secret this—If more the knight require,
Relate no farther, but with speed retire.
Here will I safely wait."—So spoke the maid;
Her messenger at once the charge obey'd;
He pour'd his courser, and the trenches gain'd,
And friendly entrance from the guard obtain'd:
Conducted then, the wounded chief he sought,
Who heard with joy the pleasing message brought.
The squire now leaves the knight to doubts resign'd,
(A thousand thoughts revolving in his mind)
To bring the welcome tidings to the fair,
That she, conceal'd, may to the camp repair.
Meanwhile the dame, impatient of his stay,
Whose eager wishes fear the least delay,
Counts every step, and measures oft in vain
The fancied distance 'twixt the camp and plain:
And oft her thoughts the messenger reprove,
Too slow for the desires of ardent love!
At length, advancing to a neighbouring height,
The foremost tents salute her longing sight.
Now was the night in starry lustre seen,
And not a cloud obscur'd the blue serene:
The rising Moon her silver beams display'd,
And deck'd with pearly dew the dusky glade.
With anxious soul, th' enamour'd virgin strays
From thought to thought, in love's perplexing maze;
And vents her tender plaints, and breathes her sighs
To all the silent fields and conscious skies.
Then, fondly gazing on the camp, she said:
"Ye Latian tents, by me with joy survey'd!
From you, methinks, the gales more gently blow,
And seem already to relieve my woe!
So may kind Heaven afford a milder state
To this unhappy life, the sport of Fate!
As 'tis from you I seek to assuage my care,
And hope alone for peace in scenes of war!
Receive me then!—and may my wishes find
That bliss which love has promis'd to my mind;
Which even my worst of fortune could afford,
When made the captive of my dearest lord.
I seek not now, inspir'd with fancies vain,
By you my regal honours to regain:
Ah no!—be this my happiness and pride,
Within your shelter humbly to reside!"
So spoke the hapless fair, who little knew
How near her sudden change of fortune drew;
For, pensive while she stood, the cloudless Moon
Full on th' unlucky maid with splendour shone;
Her snow-white vesture caught the silver beam;
Her polish'd arms return'd a trembling gleam;
And on her lofty crest, the tigress rais'd,
With all the terrours of Clorinda blaz'd.
When lo! as will'd her fate, a numerous band
Of Christian scouts were ambush'd near at hand,
Dispatch'd to impede the passage, o'er the plain,
Of sheep and oxen to the Pagan train.
Three Polypherites and Alcander guide,
Two Latian brethren, who the task divide.
Young Polypherites, who had seen his sire
Beneath Clorinda's thundering arm expire,
Soon as his eyes the dazzling vest survey'd,
Confess'd the semblance of the martial maid;
He fir'd his crew; and, heedless of control,
Gave loose to all the fury of his soul;
"Take this! and perish, by my weapon slain—"
He said; and hurl'd his lance, but hurl'd in vain.
As when a hind, oppress'd with toil and heat,
To some clear spring directs her weary feet;
If, as she thinks to ease her fainting limbs
In the cool shade, and drink the crystal streams,
The fatal hounds arrive, she takes her flight,
And all her thirst is lost in wild affright:
Thus she, who hop'd some kind relief to prove,
And sought to allay the burning thirst of love,
Soon as the warriors, clad in steel, appear,
Forgets her former thoughts in sudden fear:
She flies, nor dares th' approaching danger meet;
The plain re-echoes with her courser's feet.
With her th' attendants flies; the raging knight,
First of the band, pursues the virgin's flight.
Now from the tents the faithful squire repairs,
And to the dame his tardy tidings bears;
Struck with like fear, he gives his steed the rein,
And all are scatter'd diverse o'er the plain.

Alcander still, by cooler prudence sway'd,
Fix'd at his station, all the field survey'd:
A message to the camp he sent with speed,
That not the lowing ox, nor woolly breed,
Nor prey like these was seen; but, swift with fear,
That fierce Clorinda fled his brother's spear.
Nor could he think that she, no private knight,
But one who bore the chief command in fight,
At such a time would issue from the gate,
Without some public weighty cause of state:
But Godfrey's wisdom must th' adventure weigh,
And what he bade Alcander should obey.

Soon to the camp the flying tidings came,
But first the Latian tents receiv'd the fame.
Tancred, whose soul the former message mov'd,
Now felt new terrours for the maid he lov'd.
"To me," he cried, "she came, with pious care,
Alas! for me this danger threats the fair!"
Then of his heavy arms a part he takes,
He mounts his courser, and the tent forsakes
With silent haste; and, where the track he 'spies,
With furious course along the champaign flies.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Erminia, flying from the Christian guard, is received by a shepherd. Tancred, who pursued her, supposing her to be Clorinda, falls into Armida's snare, and is made prisoner in her castle. In the mean time Argantes, on the appointed day, enters the list to finish the combat with Tancred. Tancred being absent, none of the warriors have the courage to supply his place. Godfrey reproaches their pusillanimity, and resolves himself to meet Argantes. Raymond dissuades him. Many others then, filled with emulation, are desirous to engage. They cast lots; and the lot falls on Raymond. He enters the list, and, assisted by his guardian angel, has the advantage of Argantes; when Beelzebub incites Ormine to wound Raymond, and thus breaks off the combat. A general battle ensues. The Pagans are almost defeated; but the infernal powers raising a storm, the fortune of the day is changed. Godfrey, with his army, retires to his entrenchments.

Meanwhile the courser with Erminia stray'd[1]
Through the thick covert of a woodland shade:
Her trembling hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins a chilling terrour glides.
By winding paths her steed pursu'd his flight,
And bore at length the virgin far from sight.

As, after long and toilsome chase in vain,
The panting dogs unwilling quit the plain,
If chance the game their eager search elude,
Conceal'd in shelter of the favouring wood;
So to the camp the Christian knights return,
While rage and shame in every visage burn.
Still flies the damsel, to her fears resign'd,
Nor dares to cast a transient look behind.
All night she fled, and all th' ensuing day,
Her tears and sighs companions of her way:
But when bright Phœbus from his golden wain
Had loos'd his steeds, and sunk beneath the main,
To sacred Jordan's crystal flood she came;
There stay'd her course, and rested near his stream.
No nourishment her fainting strength renew'd,
Her woes and tears supplied the place of food.
But Sleep, who with oblivious hand can close
Unhappy mortals' eyes in soft repose,
To ease her grief, his gentle influence brings,
And o'er the virgin spreads his downy wings:
Yet Love still breaks her peace with mournful themes,
And haunts her slumbers with distracting dreams.
She sleeps, till, joyful at the day's return,
The feather'd choirs salute the break of morn;
Till rising zephyrs whisper through the bowers,
Sport with the ruffled stream and painted flowers;
Then opes her languid eyes, and views around
The shepherds' cots amid the sylvan ground:
When, 'twixt the river and the wood, she hears
A sound, that calls again her sighs and tears.
But soon her plaints are stopp'd by vocal strains,
Mix'd with the rural pipes of village swains:
She rose, and saw, beneath the shady grove,
An aged sire that osier baskets wove:
His flocks around him graz'd the meads along,
Three boys beside him tun'd their rustic song.

Scar'd at th' unusual gleam of armour bright,
The harmless band were seiz'd with sudden fright,
But fair Erminia soon dispels their fears;
From her bright face the shining helm she rears;
And undisguis'd her golden hair appears.
"Pursue your gentle tasks with dread unmov'd,
O happy race!" she cried, "of Heaven belov'd!
Not to disturb your peace these arms I bear,
Or check your tuneful notes with sounds of war."
Then thus—"O father! 'midst these rude alarms,
When all the country burns with horrid arms,
What power can here your blissful seats ensure,
And keep you from the soldiers' rage secure?"
To whom the swain: "No dangers here, my son,
As yet my kindred or my flock have known:
And these abodes, remov'd to distance far,
Have ne'er been startled with the din of war.
Or whether Heaven, with more peculiar grace,
Defends the shepherds' inoffensive race:

Of leaves and fluming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough———
Parad. Lost, book v. ver. 1.

Non sì desto fu che garrir gli augelli
Non sentì lieti e salutar gli albori,
E mormorar il fiume, e gli arboscelli,
E com l'aula scherzar l'aura e co i fiori;
Aprì i languidi occhi———
Stanza v. ver. 29 of the translation.

[1] In my Notes to Ariosto, book i. I have pointed out that this flight of Erminia is closely copied from the flight of Angelica, and that both the Italian poets were afterwards followed by Spenser in his account of Florimel. The beginning of this book exhibits one of the most beautiful pastoral scenes in any language. Milton was not insensible to such poetry, and, in the following verses, may be thought to transfuse some ideas from the Italian:

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd: so custom'd, for his sleep,
Was airy light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound

Or, as the thunder scorns the vale below,
And spends its fury on the mountain's brow;
So falls alone the rage of foreign swords
On sceptred princes and on mighty lords.
No greedy soldiers here for plunder wait,
Lur'd by our poverty and abject state:
To others abject; but to me so dear,
Nor regal power, nor wealth is worth my care.
No vain ambitious thoughts my soul molest,
No avarice harbours in my quiet breast.
From limpid streams my draught is well supplied;
I fear no poison in the wholesome tide.
My little garden and my flock afford
Salubrious viands for my homely board.
How little, justly weigh'd, our life requires!
For simple nature owns but few desires.
Lo! there my sons (no menial slaves I keep)
The faithful guardians of their father's sheep.
Thus in the groves I pass my hours away,
And see the goats and stags around me play;
The fishes through the crystal waters glide,
And birds with wings the yielding air divide.
There was a time (when early youth inspires
The mind of erring man with vain desires)
I scorn'd in lowly vales my flock to feed,
And from my native soil and country fled.
At Memphis once I liv'd; and, highly grac'd,
Among the monarch's household train was plac'd:
And, though the gardens claim'd my cares alone,
To me the wicked arts of courts were known.
There long I stay'd, and irksome life endur'd,
Still by ambition's empty hopes allur'd:
But when, with flowery prime, those hopes were
fled,
And restless passions with my youth were dead;
Once more I wish'd to live a humble swain,
And sigh'd for my forsaken peace again;
Then bade adieu to courts; and, free from strife,
Have since in woods enjoy'd a blissful life."
While thus he spoke, Erminia silent hung
In fix'd attention on his pleasing tongue:
His sage discourses, on her heart impress,
Assuag'd the tempest of her troubled breast:
Till, after various thoughts, the princely maid
Resolv'd to dwell beneath the lonely shade;
At least, so long sequester'd to reside,
Till fortune should for her return provide.
Then to the hoary swain her speech she mov'd:
"O happy man! in fortune's frowns approv'd;
If Heaven unenvying view thy peaceful state,
Let pity touch thee for my hapless fate:
Ah! deign to take me to your pleasing seat;
To me how grateful were this kind retreat!
Perhaps these lonely groves may ease in part
The mournful burthen of my swelling heart.
If gold or jewels can allure thy mind,
(Those idols so ador'd by human kind!)
From me thy soul may all its wishes find."
Then, while her lovely eyes with sorrows flow,
She half reveals the story of her woe:
The gentle swain her tale with pity hears,
Sighs back her grief, and answers tears with tears:
With kindly words consoles th' afflicted fair,
At once receives her with a father's care,
And thence conducts her to his ancient wife,
The faithful partner of his humble life.
And now (her mail unbrac'd) the royal maid
In rustic weeds her graceful limbs array'd;
But, in her courtly looks and beauteous mien,
Appear'd no tenant of the sylvan scene:
No dress could veil the lustre of her eyes,
No outward form her princely air disguise:
A secret charm, and dignity innate,
Each act exalted of her lowly state.
She drives the flock to pasture on the plain,
And, with her crook, conducts to fold again:
From the rough teat[8] she drew the milky stream,
And press'd in circling vats the curdled cream.
Oft, when beneath some shady grove's retreat
The flocks are shelter'd from meridian heat,
On the smooth beechen rind the pensive dame
Carves in a thousand forms her Tancred's name;
Oft on a thousand plants inscribes her state,
Her dire distress, and love's disastrous fate:
And, while her eyes her own sad lines peruse,
A shower of tears her lovely face bedews
Then thus she cries—"Ye friendly trees! retain
My storied sorrows, and declare my pain:
Should e'er, beneath your grateful shade, reside
Some love-sick youth in true affection tried;
His heart may learn with friendly grief to glow,
Touch'd by my sad variety of woe:
So may he Love and Fortune's rigour blame,
That thus reward a virgin's constant flame.
If e'er indulgent Heaven vouchsafe to hear
The tender wishes of a lover's prayer;
E'en he may haply [9]these dwellings rove,
Who heeds not now forlorn Erminia's love;
And, casting on the ground his pitying eyes,
Where clos'd in earth this breathless body lies,
May to my sufferings yield a late return,
And with a pious tear my fortune mourn.
Thus, if my life was never doom'd to rest,
At least in death my spirit shall be blest;
And my cold ashes shall the bliss receive,
Which here relentless Fate refus'd to give!"
Thus to the senseless trunks her pains she told,
While down her cheek the copious sorrows roll'd.
Tancred, meantime, the damsel's flight pursu'd,
And, guided by the track, had reach'd the wood:
But there the trees so thick a gloom display'd,
He rov'd uncertain through the dusky shade.
And now he listens with attentive ear,
The noise of steeds or sound of arms to hear.
Each bird or beast that rustles in the brakes,
Each whispering breeze his amorous hope awakes.
At length he leaves the wood: the favouring Moon
Directs his wandering steps through paths unknown.
A sudden noise at distance seems to rise,
And thither straight th' impatient warrior flies.
And now he comes where, from a rock distills
A pleasant stream that falls in lucid rills;
Then down a steep th' united waters flow,
And murmur in the verdant banks below.
Here Tancred call'd aloud: in vain he cried;
No sound, save echo, to his voice replied.
Meanwhile he saw the gay Aurora rise,
And rosy blushes kindling in the skies:
Inly he groan'd, accusing Heaven, that held
The flying damsel from his search conceal'd;
And vow'd his vengeance on the head to bend
Whose rashness should the much-lov'd maid offend.

[8] The Italian commentator justly observes, that the poet has very happily expressed the simple employment of making cheeses.

——da l'irsute mamme il latte preme,
E'n giro accolto poi le stringe insieme.

At length the knight, though doubtful of the way,
Resolv'd to seek the camp without delay;
For near at hand the destin'd morning drew,
That with Argantes must his fight renew.
When, issuing from a narrow vale, he spy'd
A messenger, that seem'd on speed to ride,
His crooked horn depending at his side.
Tancred from him demands the ready way
To where encamp'd the Christian army lay.
Then he—"Thou soon from me the path mayst know,
Dispatch'd by Bœmond to the camp I go."
Th' unwary knight the guileful words believ'd,
And follow'd, by his uncle's name deceiv'd.
And now they came to where, amidst a flood
Obscure with filth, a stately castle stood [1];
What time the Sun withdrew his cheerful light,
And sought the sable caverns of the night.
At once the courier blew a sounding blast,
And sudden o'er the moat the bridge was cast.
"Here, if a Latian," said the wily guide,
"Thou mayst at ease till morning dawn reside:
Three days are past since from the Pagan band
Cosenza's valiant earl this castle gain'd."
He ceas'd. The warrior all the fort survey'd,
Impregnable by art and nature made;
Awhile he pass'd, suspecting in his mind
In such a place some secret fraud to find:
But, long to dangers and to toils inur'd,
He stood undaunted, in himself secur'd;
Resolv'd, whate'er or choice or chance procure,
His own right arm his safety should ensure:
But now another task his sword demands,
And from each new attempt restrains his hands.
Before the castle, close beside the flood,
In deep suspense awhile the hero stood;
Nor o'er the stream the doubtful passage tried,
Though oft invited by his treacherous guide:
When sudden on the bridge a knight was seen
All sheath'd in arms, of fierce and haughty mien;
His naked falchion, held aloft, he shook,
And thus in loud and threatening accents spoke:
"O thou! who thus hast reach'd Armida's land,
Or led by choice, or by thy fate constrain'd,
Hope not to fly—be here thy sword resign'd,
And let thy hands ignoble fetters bind;
This castle enter, and the laws receive,
The laws our sovereign mistress deigns to give:
And ne'er expect, for length of rolling years,
To view the light of Heaven or golden stars,
Unless thou swear, with her associate-train,
To war on all that Jesus' faith maintain."
He said; and, while his voice betray'd the knight,
On the known armour Tancred fix'd his sight.
Rambaldo this, who with Armida came,
Who, for her sake, embrac'd the Pagan name;
And now was seen in arms to assert her cause,
The bold defender of her impious laws.
With holy zeal th' indignant warrior burn'd,
And to the foe this answer soon return'd:
"Lo! impious wretch! that Tancred now appears,
Who still for Christ his faithful weapon wears;
His champion! taught by him the foes to quell,
That dare against his sacred word rebel.
Soon shalt thou find in me thy scourge is given,
And own this hand the minister of Heaven."
Confounded at his name th' apostate stoo;
Swift vanish'd from his cheek the frighted blood:
Yet thus, with courage feign'd, he made reply:
"Why com'st thou, wretch! predestin'd here to die?
Here shall thy lifeless limbs on earth be spread,
And sever'd from the trunk, thy worthless head
Soon to the leader of the Franks I'll send,
If fortune, as of old, my arms befriend."
While thus he spoke, the day its beams withdrew,
And deeper shades obscur'd the doubtful view:
When straight a thousand lamps resplendent blaze,
And all the castle shines with starry rays.
Armida plac'd aloft (herself conceal'd)
Heard all the contest, and the knights beheld.
Th' undaunted hero for the fight prepares,
Collects his courage and his falchion bares;
Nor kept his steed, but leaping from his seat,
Approach'd on equal terms the foe to meet.
The foe advanc'd on foot, and held before
His fencing shield; his head the helmet wore;
In act to strike the naked steel he bore.
To him with dauntless pace the prince drew nigh,
Rage in his voice, and lightning in his eye.
The wary Pagan wheels his steps afar,
Now seems to strike, and now to shun the war.
Tancred, though weak with many a former wound,
Though lately spent with toil, maintain'd his ground;
And, where Rambaldo shrunk, his steps he press'd,
And oft the sword before his face address'd
With threatening point; but chiefly bent his art,
To aim the wounds at every vital part.
His dreadful voice he rais'd at every blow,
And pour'd a furious tempest on the foe:
Now here, now there, the foe deceives his eyes,
With sword and shield to ward the danger tries,
And from th' impending steel elusive flies.
Yet not so swift the Pagan can defend,
But swifter far the Christian's strokes descend.
Rambaldo's arms were now with blood bedew'd,
His shield was broken, and his helmet hew'd:
While in his heart contending passions strove,
Remorse, and fear, and shame, revenge and love.
At length, impell'd by fury and despair,
To prove the utmost fortune of the war,
His buckler cast aside, with either hand
He grasp'd his falchion, yet with blood unstain'd;
Then, instant closing, urg'd the vengeful steel:
On Tancred's thigh the furious weapon fell,
And through the mail infix'd a ghastly wound;
His helmet next the Pagan's falchion found;
The helmet, struck, return'd a ringing sound.
The casque sustain'd the stroke, with temper steel'd,
Beneath the force the staggering warrior reel'd;
But, soon recovering, gnash'd his teeth with ire,
While from his eye-balls flash'd avenging fire!
And now Rambaldo durst no longer wage
The doubtful fight with Tancred's rising rage:
His startled ear the hissing sword confess'd;
He deem'd the point already in his breast:
He sees, he flies the blow: th' impetuous steel
With erring force against a column fell
Beside the flood; beneath the furious stroke
The marble in a thousand shivers broke.
Swift to the bridge th' affrighted traitor flies;
In swiftness all his hope of safety lies:

[1] The following passage bears a nearer resemblance to the romances of chivalry than any part of the poem, and is much in the spirit of Ariosto.

Him Tancred chas'd, and step by step impell'd;
Now o'er his back the threatening sword he held:
When lo! (the trembling Pagan's flight to shield)
A sudden darkness cover'd all the field:
At once the lamps were vanish'd from the sight;
At once the Moon and stars withdrew their light.
No more the victor could his foe pursue,
In gloom of friendly night conceal'd from view.
His eyes in vain explor'd the magic shade,
While unsecure with doubtful feet he stray'd.
Unconscious where he pass'd, with luckless tread
He enter'd at a gate, as fortune led;
But sudden heard the portal clos'd behind,
And found himself in prison drear confin'd.
So the mute race from troubled waves retreat,
To seek in peaceful bays a milder seat,
And heedless enter in the fatal snare,
Where fishers place their nets with guileful care.
The gallant Tancred prisoner thus remain'd,
By strange enchantment in the fort detain'd;
In vain to force the gate his strength he tried,
The stronger gate his utmost pains defy'd:
And soon a voice was heard—"Attempt no more,
Armida's captive now, to escape her pow'r!
Here live; nor fear that death should prove thy doom,
Here living sentenc'd to a doleful tomb!"
Th' indignant knight his rising grief suppress'd,
Yet groan'd full deeply from his inmost breast;
Accusing love, from whence his errours rose,
Himself, his fortune, and his treacherous foes.
Thus oft in whispers to himself he mourns:
"To me no more the cheerful Sun returns!
Yet that were little—these unhappy eyes
Must view no more the sun of beauty rise!
No more behold Clorinda's charms again,
Whose power alone can ease a lover's pain!"
The destin'd combat then his mind assail'd;
"Too much," he cried, "my honour here has fail'd:
Well may Argantes now despise my name;
O stain to glory! O eternal shame!" [breast,
While thoughts like these distracted Tancred's
Argantes scorn'd the downy plumes of rest:
Discord and strife his cruel soul employ;
Fame all his wish, and slaughter all his joy:
And ere his wounds are heal'd, he burns to view
Th' appointed day, the combat to renew.
The night before the morn for fight design'd,
The Pagan scarce to sleep his eyes inclin'd:
While yet the skies their sable mantle spread,
Ere yet a beam disclos'd the mountain's head,
He rose, and call'd for arms; his squire prepares,
And to his lord the radiant armour bears;
Not that he wont to wear; a nobler load,
A costly gift, the monarch this bestow'd.
Eager he seiz'd, nor gaz'd the present o'er,
His limbs, with ease, the massy burthen bore.
He girt the trusty falchion to his side;
Full well in many a dangerous combat tried.
As shaking terrours from his blazing hair,
A sanguine comet gleams through dusky air,
To ruin states, and dire diseases spread,
A baleful light on purple tyrants shed:
So flam'd the chief in arms, and sparkling ire,
He roll'd his eyes suffus'd with blood and fire:
His dreadful threats the firmest hearts control'd,
And with a look he wither'd all the bold:
With horrid shout he shook his naked blade,
And smote th' impressive air and empty shade.

"Soon shall the Christian chief," aloud he cries,
"Who dares with me in fight dispute the prize,
Vanquish'd and bleeding, press the hostile land,
And soil his flowing tresses in the sand!
Spite of his God, he living shall survey
This hand, unpitying, rend his spoils away.
Then shall his prayers in vain a grave implore,
The dogs his mangled carcase shall devour!"
So fares a bull whom jealous fires engage,
Loudly he roars, and calls up all his rage,
Against a tree his sharpen'd horns he tries,
To battle vain the passing wind defies;
He spurns the yellow sands, and from afar
His mortal rival dares to deadly war.
These passions swelling in Argantes' breast,
The herald straight he call'd, and thus address'd:
"Haste to the camp, and there the fight proclaim
With yonder champion of the Christian name."
This said, he seiz'd his steed, nor longer stay'd,
But from the walls the captive knight[3] convey'd.
He left the city, and impetuous went
With eager speed along the hill's descent.
Impatient then his sounding horn he blew,
And wide around the horrid echo flew;
The noise, like thunder, struck th' astonish'd ears,
And every heart was fill'd with sudden fears.
The Christian princes, now convened, enclose
Their greatest chief; to these the herald goes,
And Tancred first to combat dar demands,
Then dares each leader of the faithful bands.
Now Godfrey casts around his heedful sight,
No champion offers equal to the fight.
The flower of all his warlike train is lost;
No news of Tancred yet has reach'd the host:
Removed afar; and exil'd from the field
Th' unconquer'd youth[4] who proud Gernando kill'd.
Beside the ten, by lot of fortune nam'd,
The heroes of the camp, for valour fam'd,
Pursu'd the false Armida's guileful flight,
Conceal'd in covert of the friendly night.
The rest, less firm of soul or brave of hand,
Around their chief unmov'd and silent stand;
Not one in such a risk would seek for fame;
In fear of ill was lost the sense of shame.
Well, by their silence and their looks display'd,
Their secret fears the general soon survey'd,
And, fill'd with noble warmth and high disdain,
He started from his seat, and thus began:
"Ah! how unworthy is this breast of life,
If now I shun to attempt the glorious strife;
Or let yon Pagan foe our name disgrace,
And tread in dust the glory of our race.
Here let my camp secure, inactive, lie,
And view my danger with a distant eye;
Haste, bring my arms!"—Then, swift as winged thought,
His ponderous armour to the chief was brought.
But Raymond (in experience'd wisdom known,
Whose courage with the first in peril shone;
Whose vigorous age the fire of youth confess'd)
Turn'd to the leader, and these words address'd:
"Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er the Christian state
Thus in their chief should hazard all their fate!
On thee our empire and our faith depend,
By thee must Rebel's impious kingdom bend.
'Tis thine to rule debates, the sceptre wield;
Let others boldly prove the sword in field.

[3] Otho. [4] Rinaldo.

Even I, though bending with the weight of age
Refuse not here the danger to engage.
Let others shun the force of yonder knight,
No thoughts shall keep me from so brave a fight.
Oh! could I boast an equal strength of years
As you who stand dismay'd with heartless fears,
(Whom neither shame nor indignation moves,
While yonder foe your dastard train reproves)
Such as I was, when all Germania view'd
Stern Leopold beneath my arms subdu'd!
At mighty Conrade's court my weapon tore
The warrior's breast, and drank his vital gore.
Such was the deed I more mible far to bear
The spoils of such a chief renown'd in war,
Than singly here, unarm'd, in flight to chase
A numerous band of this inglorious race.
Had I the vigour now I then possess'd,
This arm had soon the Pagan's pride suppress'd.
But, as I am, this heart undaunted glows,
No coward fear this aged bosom knows;
And, should I breathless press the hostile plain,
No easy conquest shall the foe obtain.
Behold I arm!——this day, with added praise,
Shall crown the lustre of my former days."

So spoke the hoary chief; his words inspir'd
Each kindling soul, and sleeping virtue fir'd:
And those whose silence first their fear confess'd,
With voice emboldened to the combat press'd.
No more a knight is sought; a generous band,
By emulation urg'd, the fight demand;
That task Rogero, Guelpho, Baldwin fain'd,
Stephen, Gernier, and either Guido claim'd:
Pyrrhus, whose art the walls of Antioch won,
And gave to Bomond's hand the conquer'd town.
Brave Eberard the glorious trial warms;
Ridolphus and Rosmondo, known in arms:
And, with like thirst to gain a deathless name,
The conflict Edward and Gildippe claim.
But first the venerable warrior stands,
And with superior zeal the fight demands.
Already arm'd he darts resplendent fires,
And now his burnish'd helm alone requires:
Him Godfrey thus bespoke: "O glorious sage!
Thou lively mirror of a warlike age!
From thee our leaders catch the goldlike flame,
Thine is the art of war and martial fame!
Oh! could I now in youthful powers find
Ten champions more to match thy dauntless mind.
Soon should I conquer Babel's haughty towers,
And spread the cross from Ind to Thule's shores.
But here forbear; reserve for counsel sage
The nobler glory of thy virtuous age:
And let the rest their rival names enclose
Within a vase, and chance the lots dispose;
Or rather God dispose, whose sovereign will,
Fortune and Fate, his ministers, fulfil."

He said; but Raymond still asserts his claim,
And fearless with the rest includes his name.
Then pious Godfrey in his helmet threw
The lots, and, shaking round, the first he drew,
Thoulouse's valiant earl appear'd in view.
With cheerful shouts the Christians hail the name,
Nor dares a tongue the lot of Fortune blame.
The hero looks a sudden vigour warms,
And a new youth his soften'd limbs informs.
So the fierce snake with spoils renew'd appears,
And to the Sun his golden circle rears.
But Godfrey most extoll'd the hoary knight,
And promis'd fame and conquest in the fight;
Then from his side his trusty falchion took,
To Raymond this he gave, and thus he spoke:
"See here the sword which, drawn in many a field,
The rebel Saxon[6] once was wont to wield;
This from his hand I won in glorious strife,
And forc'd a passage for his hated life:
This sword, that ever did my arm befriend,
Receive, and equal fortune thine attend!"
This they. The haughty foe impatient stay'd,
And with loud threats provok'd the strife delay'd.
"Unconquer'd nations! Europe's martial bands!
Behold a single chief the war demands!
Why comes not Tancred, once so fam'd in fight,
If still he dare to trust his boasted might?
Or, does he choose, in downy slumber laid,
To wait again the night's auxiliar shade?
If thus he fears, let others prove their force;
Come all, united powers of foot and horse!
Since not your thousands can a warrior yield
Who dares oppose my might in single field.
Lo! there the sepulchre of Mary's son—
Approach, and pay your offering at the stone.
Behold the way! what cause detains your hand?
Or does some greater deed your swords demand?"

These bitter taunts each Christian's rage provoke,
But chiefly Raymond kindled as he spoke:
Indignant shame his swelling breast inspires,
And noble wrath his dauntless courage fires.
He vaults on Aquiline, of matchless speed;
The bank of Tagus bred this generous steed:
There the fair mother of the warlike brood
(Soon as the kindly spring had fir'd her blood)
With open mouth, against the breezes bold,
Receiv'd the gales with warmth prolific fill'd:
And (strange to tell!) inspir'd with genial seed,
Her swelling womb produc'd this wondrous steed.
Along the sand with rapid feet he flies,
No eye his traces in the dust descries;
To right, to left, obedient to the rein,
He winds the mazes of th' embattled plain.
On this the valiant earl to combat press'd,
And thus to Heaven his pious prayer address'd:
"O thou! that 'gainst Goliah's impious head
The youthful arms in Terebinthus sped,
When the proud foe, who scoff'd at Israel's band,
Fell by the weapon of a stripling's hand:
With like example now thy cause maintain,
And stretch you Pagan breathless on the plain:
Let feeble age subdue the mighty's pride,
Which feeble childhood once so well defy'd!"

So pray'd the earl; and straight his zealous prayers
Flew, wing'd with faith, to reach the heavenly spheres,
As flames ascend. Th' Eternal Father heard,
And call'd an angel from th' ethereal guard,
Whose watchful aid the aged chief might shield,
And safe return him from the glorious field.
Th' angelic power, to whom, decreed by Heaven,
The care of Raymond from his birth was given,
Soon as he heard anew his Lord's command,
Obey'd the charge intrusted to his hand:
He mounts the sacred tower, where, rang'd on high,
The arms of all th' immortal legions lie. [ven
There shines the spear, by which the serpent dri-
Lies pierc'd with wounds; the fiery bolts of Heaven;

[6] The Saxons rebelled in Germany, and made Count Rudolphus their king, who was afterwards overcome and slain by Godfrey.

The viewless arrows that in tainted air
Disease and plagues to frighted mortals bear.
There, hung aloft, the trident huge is seen,
The deadliest terrour to the race of men,
What time the solid Earth's foundations move,
And tottering cities tremble from above!
But o'er the rest, on piles of armour, flam'd,
A shield immense of blazing di'mond fram'd,
Whose orb could all the realms and lands contain
That reach, from Caucasus, th' Atlantic main:
This buckler guards the righteous prince's head;
O'er holy kingdoms this defence is spread:
With this the angel from his seat descends,
And near his Raymond, unperceiv'd, attends.
Meantime the walls with various throngs were fill'd;
And now Clorinda (so the tyrant will'd) [led;
Led from the city's gate an armed band,
And halted on the hill; the Christians stand
In rank of battle on a different hand.
Before the camp, in either army's sight,
An ample list lay open for the fight.
Argantes seeks his foe, but seeks in vain;
A knight unknown appears upon the plain.
Then Raymond thus—"The chief thine eyes would
find,
Thy better fate has from our host disjoin'd:
Yet let not this thy empty pride excite,
Behold me here prepar'd to prove thy might.
For him I dare with thee the war maintain:
Nor think me meanest of the Christian train."
The Pagan smil'd, and scornful thus reply'd:
"Say, in what part does Tancred then reside?
He first, with boastful threats all Heaven defies,
Then trembling on his coward feet relies!
But let him fly, and veil his fears in vain
Beneath the central earth, or boundless main:
Not earth profound, nor ocean's whelming wave,
Shall from my hand the recreant warrior save!"
"Falsely thou say'st," the Christian thus replies,
"That he, thy better far, the combat flies."
To whom the foe incens'd—"Then swift prepare,
I shall not here refuse thy proffer'd war:
Soon must we prove, on this extended plain,
How well thy deeds thy senseless boast maintain."
This said, the champions to the combat press'd,
And 'gainst the helm their threatening spears address'd.
True to his aim, good Raymond reach'd the foe,
Who, in his seat unmov'd, sustain'd the blow.
No less in vain was fierce Argantes' might;
The heavenly guardian, watchful o'er the fight,
The stroke averted from the Christian knight.
The Pagan gnaw'd his lips, with rage he shook,
And 'gainst the plain his lance, blaspheming, broke;
Then drew his sword, and swift at Raymond flew,
On closer terms the combat to renew.
Against him full he drove his furious steed;
So butting rams encounter head to head:
But Raymond to the right eludes the shock,
And on his front the passing Pagan struck:
Again the stern Circassian seeks the foe:
Again the Christian disappoints the blow;
And every turn observes with heedful eyes;
He fears Argantes' strength and giant size:
By fits he seem'd to fight, by fits to yield,
And round the list in flying circles wheel'd.
As when some chief a tower beleaguers round,
With fens enclos'd, or on a hilly ground;
A thousand ways, a thousand arts he proves:
Thus o'er the field the wary Christian moves.
In vain he strives the Pagan's scales to rend,
That well his ample breast and head defend;
But where the jointed plates an entrance show'd,
Thrice with his sword he drew the purple flood,
And stain'd the hostile arms with streaming blood.
His own, secure, the adverse weapon brav'd;
Untouch'd the plumage o'er his helmet wav'd.
At length, amidst a thousand vainly spent,
A well-aim'd stroke the raging Pagan sent:
Then, Aquiline! thy speed had prov'd in vain,
That fatal blow had aged Raymond slain;
But here he fail'd not heavenly aid to prove;
The guard invisible, from realms above,
To meet the steel th' ethereal buckler held,
Whose blazing orb the powerful stroke repell'd.
The sword broke short, nor could the force with-
(No earthly temper of a mortal hand [stand;
Could arms divine, infrangible, sustain)
The brittle weapon shiver'd on the plain.
The Pagan scarce believes; with wondering eye,
He sees on earth the glittering fragments lie:
And still he deem'd against the Christian's shield
His falchion broken strew'd the dusty field:
Good Raymond deem'd no less; nor knew, from
Heaven
What powerful guardian to his life was given.
But when disarm'd the hostile hand he view'd,
Awhile suspended in himself he stood;
He fear'd such palms would little fame bestow,
With such advantage ravish'd from the foe.
"Go, seek a sword!"—the chief begins to say;
But different thoughts his generous purpose stay.
He fears alike to win the shield with shame;
He fears alike to risk the general fame.
While doubtful thus he stands, with rage anew
The hilt Argantes at his helmet threw;
Then spurr'd his steed to grapple with his foe;
The earl, unmov'd, receives the Pagan's blow,
And wounds his arm, that came with threatening
Fierce as a vulture rushing on its prey! [sway,
At every turn his sword Argantes found,
And pierc'd his limbs with many a ghastly wound.
Whate'er his art or vigour could conspire,
His former wrath, his now redoubled ire,
At once against the proud Circassian join,
And Heaven and Fortune in the cause combine.
But still the foe, with dauntless soul secure,
Resists, unterrified, the Christian's power.
So seems a stately ship, in billows tost,
Her tackle torn, her masts and canvass lost;
With strong-ribb'd sides the rushing storm she
Nor yet despairs amidst the roaring waves. [braves,
Even such, Argantes, was thy dangerous state,
When Beelzebub prepar'd to ward thy fate:
From hollow clouds he fram'd an empty shade,
(Wondrous to speak!) in human form array'd:
To this Clorinda's warlike looks he join'd;
Like her the form in radiant armour shin'd:
He gave it speech and accents like the dame;
The same the motion, and the mien the same.
To Oradine its course the phantom took,
And him, renown'd for archery, bespoke:
"O Oradine! whose never-failing art
To every mark directs the distant dart,
Think what a loss Judea must sustain,
Should thus the guardian of her walls be slain;
Should his rich spoils the haughty foe adorn,
And he in safety to his train return.
On yonder robber let thy skill be tried,
Deep in his blood be now thy arrows dy'd.

What endless praise were thine! nor praise alone,
The king with vast rewards the deed shall crown."
The spectre ceas'd. Not long the warrior stay'd;
The hopes of gain his greedy soul persuade:
From the full quiver, destin'd for the deed,
To the tough yew he fits the feather'd reed:
He bends the bow, loud twangs the trembling string,
The shaft impatient hisses on the wing;
Swift to the mark the airy passage finds,
Just where the belt the golden buckle binds;
The corselet piercing, through the skin it goes;
But scarce the wound with purple moisture flows;
The guard celestial stops its further course,
And robs the arrow of its threatening force.
The earl the weapon from his corselet drew,
And saw the sprinkling drops of sanguine hue;
Then on the Pagan turn'd, with fury mov'd,
And with loud threats his breach of faith reprov'd.
The pious Godfrey now, whose careful look
Was fix'd on Raymond, found the truce was broke;
With fears he saw his lov'd associate bleed,
And org'd his troops to avenge the treacherous deed.
Then might you see their ready beavers clos'd,
Their coursers rein'd, their spears in rest dispos'd.
At once the squadrons, plac'd on either hand,
Move in their ranks, and thicken o'er the land:
The field is vanish'd; clouds of dust arise,
And roll in sable volumes to the skies.
They meet, they shock; the clamours echo round;
And helms and shields and shiver'd spears resound.
Here lies a steed, and there (his rider slain)
Another runs at random o'er the plain.
Here lies a warrior dead; in pangs of death,
There one, with groans, reluctant yields his breath.
Dire is the conflict; deep the tumult grows;
And now with all its rage the battle glows.
Argantes midst them flew with eager pace,
And from a soldier snatch'd an iron mace;
This whirl'd around, with unresisted sway,
Through the thick press he forc'd an ample way:
Raymond he seeks, on him his arms he turns,
On him alone his dreadful fury burns:
And, like a wolf, with savage wrath influ'd,
He thirsts insatiate for the Christian's blood.
But now, on every side, the numbers clos'd,
And thronging warriors his attempts oppos'd:
Ormano and Rogero, (names renown'd!)
Guido, with either Gerrard, there he found.
Yet more impetuous still his anger swell'd,
The more these gallant chiefs his force repell'd.
So, pent in narrow space, more dreadful grows
The blazing fire, and round destruction throws.
Guido he wounded; brave Ormano slew;
And midst the slain to earth Rogero threw,
Stunn'd with the fall. While here the martial train
On either hand an equal fight maintain;
Thus to his brother, Godfrey gave command:
"Now to the fight conduct thy warlike band;
And where the battle rages in its force,
There to the left direct thy speedy course."
He said; the warrior at his word obey'd,
And on their flank a sudden onset made.
Languid and spent the Asian troops appear,
Nor can the Franks' impetuous vigour bear: [round.
Their ranks are broke, their standards scatter'd
And men and steeds lie mingled on the ground.
The squadrons, on the right, now fled the plain;
Alone Argantes dares the shock sustain;
Alone he turns, alone the torrent stands:
Not he who brandish'd in his hundred hands
His fifty swords and fifty shields in fight,
Could have surpass'd the fierce Argantes' might!
The mace's sweepy way, the clashing spears,
Th' impetuous shock of charging steeds he bears.
Alone he seems for all an equal force:
Now here, now there, by turns he shifts his course:
His limbs are bruis'd, his shatter'd arms resound;
The blood and sweat in mingled streams abound,
Yet while he seems, and fearless of a wound.
But now so closely press'd the flying crew,
That in their flight the unwilling chief they drew:
Constrain'd he turn'd, nor longer could abide
Th' o'erbearing fury of the rapid tide.
Yet seems he not to fly, his looks declare
His dauntless soul, and still maintain the war;
Still in his eyes the glancing terrours glow,
And still with threatening voice he dares the foe.
With every art he tries, but tries in vain,
To stop the panic of the routed train:
No art, no rein, can rule the vulgar fear;
Nor earnest prayers, nor loud commands they hear.
The pious Godfrey, who, with zeal inspir'd,
Saw Fortune favouring all his soul desir'd,
Pursu'd with joy the battle's glorious course,
And to the victors sent auxiliar force.
And, but the fatal hour not yet was come,
Prefix'd by God in his eternal doom,
This day, perchance, their arms success had found,
This day had all their sacred labours crown'd.
But Hell's dire crew, who saw the conquering host,
And in the combat fear'd their empire lost,
(By Heaven permitted) spread the changing skies
With clouds condens'd, and gave the winds to rise.
Infernal horrours darken all the air,
Pale livid lightnings through the ether glare;
The thunder roars; the mingled hail and rain
With rattling torrents deluge all the plain:
The trees are rent; nor yield the trees alone,
The rocks and mountains to the tempest groan.
The wind and rain with force united strove,
And on the Christians' face impetuous drove:
The sudden storm their eager course repress'd,
And fatal terrours daunted many a breast:
While, round their banners, some maintain'd the field,
Nor yet the fortune of the day beheld.
But this Clorinda from afar descries,
And swift to seize the wish'd occasion flies.
She spurs her steed, and thus her squadron warms:
"See! Heaven, my friends! assists our righteous arms:
His tempest lights not on our favour'd bands,
But leaves to action free our valiant hands:
Against th' astonish'd foe his wrath he bends,
Full in their face his vengeful storm descends:
They lose the use of arms and light of day:
Haste, let us go where Fortune points the way!"
She said, and rous'd her ardent troops to war;
And while behind th' infernal storm they bear,
With dreadful fury on the Franks they turn,
And mock their vigour, and their weapons scorn:
Meanwhile Argantes on their forces flew,
(So lately victors) and with rage o'erthrew:
These, swift retreating from the field, oppose
Their backs against the storm and hostile blows.
Fierce on the rear the Pagan weapons pour;
Fierce on the rear their wrath the Furies shower.
The mingled blood in streaming torrents swell'd,
And purple rivers delug'd all the field.
There, midst the dying and the vulgar slain,
Pyrrhus and good Rodolphus press'd the plain:

The fierce Circassian this of life depriv'd;
From that Clorinda noble palms deriv'd.
Thus fled the Franks; while still th' infernal crew
And Syrian bands their eager flight pursue.
Godfrey alone the hostile arms defies,
The roaring storm and thunder of the skies:
With dauntless front amid the tumult moves,
And loud each leader's coward fear reproves.
Against Argantes twice he urg'd his horse,
And bravely twice repell'd the Pagan's course:
As oft on high his naked sword he rear'd
Where, thickest join'd, the hostile troops appear'd:
Till, with the rest constrain'd the day to yield,
He gain'd the trenches, and forsook the field.
Back to the walls return'd the Pagan band;
The wary Christians in the vale remain'd; [bear,
Nor then could scarce th' increasing tempest
And the wild rage of elemental war.
Now here, now there, the fires more faintly show;
Loud roar the winds; the rushing waters flow:
The tents are shatter'd, stakes in pieces torn;
And whole pavilions far to distance borne.
The thunder, rain, and wind, and human cries,
With deafening clamours rend the vaulted skies!

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Dane arrives at the Christian camp, and informs Godfrey that the band, conducted by Sweno, was attacked in the night near Palestine, by a numerous army of Arabs, commanded by Solyman; that the Danes were cut in pieces, and Sweno killed; and that himself only escaped the general slaughter: to this he adds, that he had received an injunction to present Sweno's sword to Rinaldo. The Christian army, deceived by appearances, suspect Rinaldo to have been assassinated. Argillan, instigated in a dream by Alecto, incites the Italians to revolt; and throws the odium of Rinaldo's supposed murder upon Godfrey. The disaffection spreads through the troops. Godfrey goes himself to quell the tumult; he causes Argillan to be arrested, and restores tranquillity to the camp.

Now ceas'd the thunder's noise, the storm was o'er,
And every blustering wind forgot to roar;
When the fair morning, from her radiant seat,
Appear'd with rosy front and golden feet:
But those, whose power the raging tempest brew'd,
Still with new wiles their ruthless hate pursu'd;
While one (Astagoras the fiend was nam'd)
Her partner, dire Alecto, thus inflam'd:
"Behold you knight, Alecto! on his way,
(Nor can our arts his destin'd purpose stay)
Who 'scap'd with life, on yonder fatal plain,
The great defender[1] of th' infernal reign.
He to the Franks his comrades' fate shall tell,
And how in fight their daring leader fell.
This great event among the Christians known,
May to the camp recall Bertoldo's son.
Thou know'st too well if this our care may claim,
And challenge every scheme our power can frame.
Then mingle with the Franks to work their woes,
And each adventure to their harms dispose:
Go—shed thy venom in their veins, inflame
The Latian, British, and Helvetian name;
Be every means, be every fraud applied,
And all the camp in civil bands divide:
Th' attempt were worthy thee, would crown thy [word,
So nobly plighted to our sovereign lord."
She spoke; nor needed more her speech employ;
The fiend embrac'd the task with horrid joy.
Meantime the knight, whose presence thus they
Arriving, in the Christian camp appear'd: [fear'd,
Conducted, soon the leader's tent he sought;
(All thronging round to hear the news he brought)
Lowly he bow'd, and kiss'd the glorious hand
That shook the lofty towers of Babel's land.
"O chief," he cried, "whose wide-extended fame
Alone the ocean bounds and starry frame;
Would Heaven I here with happier tidings stood!"
This said, he sigh'd, and thus his speech pursu'd:
"Sweno, the Danish monarch's only son,
(Pride of his age, and glory of his throne)
Impatient glow'd his name with theirs to join,
Who, led by thee, in Jesus' cause combine:
Nor toils nor dangers could his thought restrain,
Nor all the allurements of his future reign;
Not filial duty to his aged sire
Could in his bosom quench the glorious fire.
By thy example, and beneath thy care,
He burn'd to learn the labours of the war.
Already had he heard Rinaldo's name,
In bloom of youth, resound with deeds of fame:
But, far above an earthly frail renown,
His soul aspir'd to Heaven's eternal crown.
Resolv'd to meet in arms the Pagan foes,
The prince a faithful daring squadron chose;
Direct for Thrace, with these, his way pursu'd,
Till now the Greek's imperial seat he view'd,
The Grecian king the gallant youth caress'd,
And in his court detain'd the royal guest.
There from the camp thy trusty envoy came,
Who told the triumphs of the Christian name:
How first you conquer'd Antioch's stately town,
Then 'gainst the foe maintain'd the conquest won.
When Persia brought her numerous sons from far,
And seem'd to exhaust her spacious realms for war,
On thine, on every leader's praise he dwells,
And last the deeds of brave Rinaldo tells:
How the bold youth forsook his native land;
What early glory since his arms had gain'd,
To this he adds, that now the Christian powers
Had laid the siege to Sion's lofty towers;
And urg'd the prince with thee at least to share
The last great conquest of the sacred war.
These speeches gave new force to Sweno's zeal;
He thirsts in Pagan blood to drench his steel.
Each warrior's trophy seems his sloth to blame;
Each valiant deed upbraids his tardy fame.
One thought alone h's dauntless soul alarms;
He fears to join too late the victor's arms.
Impell'd by fate, he scarcely deigns to stay
Till the first blush of dawn renew'd the day.
We march'd, intrepid, o'er a length of land
Beset with various foes on every hand:
Now rugged ways we prove; now famine bear;
To ambush now expos'd or open war.
But every labour, fearless, we sustain;
Our foes were vanquish'd, or in battle slain.
"Success in danger every doubt suppress'd,
Presumptuous hope each swelling heart possess'd.
At length we pitch'd our tents one fatal day,
As near the bounds of Palestine we lay:
Our scouts were there surpris'd with loud alarms
Of savage clamours and the din of arms;

[1] Solyman.

And countless banners they descry'd from far,
The streaming signals of approaching war.
"Our matchless chief unmov'd the tidings heard;
Firm was his voice, unchang'd his looks appear'd;
Through the dire peril startled many a breast,
And many a changing cheek its fears confess'd:
Then thus he cried: "Prepare for sure renown,
The victor's laurel, or the martyr's crown!
The first I hope, nor less the last I prize,
Whence greater merits, equal glories rise!
This field, O friends! shall future honours claim,
A temple sacred to immortal fame;
Where distant ages shall our trophies tell,
Or show the spot on which we greatly fell!'
"Thus said the chief, and straight the guard prepares,
Divides the task, and every labour shares.
He wills the troops in arms to pass the night,
Nor from his breast removes his corselet bright,
But sheath'd in mail expects the threaten'd fight.
"When now the silent night her veil extends,
The peaceful hour that balmy sleep befriends:
The sky with dreadful howling echoes round,
And every cave returns the barbarous sound.
'To arms! to arms!' each startled soldier cries;
Before the rest impetuous Sweno flies,
He darts his eyes that glow with martial flame;
His looks the ardour of his soul proclaim.
And soon th' invading troops our camp enclose:
Thick and more thick the steely circle grows;
Javelins and swords around us form a wood,
And o'er our heads descends an iron cloud.
"In this unequal field the war we wag'd,
Where every Christian twenty foes engag'd;
Of these were many wounded midst the gloom:
By random shafts full many met their doom.
But none, amidst the dusky shades, could tell
The wounded warriors, or what numbers fell.
Night o'er our loss her sable mantle threw,
And, with our loss, conceal'd our deeds from view.
Yet fierce in arms, and towering o'er the rest,
The gallant Sweno stood to all confest;
Even through the dusk they mark his daring course,
And count the actions of his matchless force.
His thirsty sword the purple slaughter spread,
And round him rais'd a bulwark of the dead:
Where'er he turns, he scatters, through the band,
Fear from his looks and slaughter from his hand.
"Thus stood the fight: but when th' ethereal ray
With ruddy streaks proclaim'd the dawning day,
The morn reveal'd the fatal scenes of night,
And death's dire horrours open'd to our sight.
We saw a field with mangled bodies strown,
And in one combat all our force o'erthrown!
A thousand first composed our martial band,
And scarce a hundred now alive remain'd!
But when the chief beheld the dreadful plain,
The mangled troops, the dying and the slain,
'T was doubtful how his soul sustain'd his part,
Or what emotions touch'd his mighty heart;
Yet thus aloud he fir'd his fainting crew:
'Haste, let us now our slaughter'd friends pursue,
Who, far from Styx and black Avernus' flood,
Have mark'd our happy paths to Heaven in blood.'
"He said; and, fir'd his glorious fate to close,
Undaunted rush'd amidst the thickest foes:
He rives the helmet, and he hews the shield;
The strongest arms before his falchion yield:
With streams of hostile gore he dies the ground,
While all his form is one continued wound.
His life decays, his courage still remains;
Th' unconquer'd soul its noble pride retains:
With equal force his martial ardour burns;
He wounds for blows, and death for wounds returns:
When thundering near a dreadful warrior came,
Of stern demeanour and gigantic frame;
Who, join'd by many, on the hero flew,
And, after long and painful battle, slew.
Prone fell the generous youth, (ah! hapless death!)
Nor one had power to avenge his parting breath.
Be witness yet, and bear me just record,
Ye last dear relicks of my much-lov'd lord!
I sought not then to save my worthless life,
Nor shunn'd a weapon in the dreadful strife.
Had Heaven vouchsaf'd to close my mortal date,
I sure by actions well deserv'd my fate!
Alive I fell, and senseless press'd the plain,
Alone preserv'd amidst my comrades slain:
Nor can I further of the Pagans tell,
So deep a trance o'er all my senses fell.
But when again I rais'd my feeble sight,
The skies were cover'd o'er with shades of night,
And from afar I saw a glimmering light.
I saw like one who half in slumber lies,
And opes and shuts by fits his languid eyes.
But now my limbs a deeper anguish found,
The pains increas'd in every gaping wound;
While on the earth I lay, expos'd and bare
To damps unwholesome and nocturnal air.
Meanwhile advancing nearer drew the light,
By slow degrees, and gain'd upon my sight.
Low whispers then and human sounds I heard;
Again, with pain, my feeble eyes I rear'd;
And saw two shapes in sacred robes array'd;
Each in his hand a lighted torch display'd,
And thus an awful voice distinctly said:
'O son! confide in him whose mercy spares;
Whose pitying grace prevents our pious prayers.'
Then, with uplifted hands, my wounds he bless'd,
And many a holy vow to Heaven address'd.
He bade me rise—and sudden from the ground
I rose; my limbs their former vigour found;
Fled were my pains, and clos'd was every wound!
Stupid I stood, all speechless and amaz'd,
And doubtful on the reverend stranger gaz'd.
'O thou of little faith!' the hermit cried,
'What thought has led thy troubled sense aside?
Thou seest two bodies of celestial frame,
Two servants dedicate to Jesus' name:
From the vain world and all its follies fled,
In wilds and deserts here our lives are led.
Lo! I am sent thy safety to ensure,
By him who rules o'er all with sovereign power;
Who ne'er disdains by humble means to show
His wondrous works of providence below;
Nor here will suffer on the naked plains
To lie expos'd those honour'd lov'd remains,
That must again th' exalted mind receive,
And, join'd above, in bliss eternal live.
To Sweno's corse he wills a tomb to raise,
A tomb as lasting as his deathless praise;
Which future times with wonder shall survey,
Where future times shall every honour pay.
But lift thine eyes, you friendly Moon beheld
Through fleecy clouds her silver face unfold,
To guide thy devious footsteps o'er the plain,
To find the body of thy leader slain.'

" Then from the peaceful regent of the night
I saw descend a ray of slanting light:
Where on the field the breathless corse was laid
There full the lunar beam resplendent play'd;
And show'd each limb deform'd with many a wound,
Midst all the mingled scene of carnage round.
He lay not prone, but, as his zealous mind
Still soar'd beyond the views of human kind,
In death he sought above the world to rise,
And claim'd with upward look, his kindred skies.
One hand was clos'd, and seem'd the sword to rear;
One press'd his bosom with a suppliant air,
As if to Heaven he breath'd his humble prayer.
" While o'er his wounds the copious tears I shed,
And, lost in fruitless grief, deplor'd the dead,
His lifeless hand the holy hermit seiz'd,
And from his grasp the fatal steel release'd,
To me then turning: 'View this sword,' he said,
'Whose edge to day such copious streams has shed,
Still dy'd in gore: thou know'st its virtue well,
No temper'd weapon can its force excel!
But since its lord, in glorious conflict slain,
No more shall grasp the mortal sword again,
It must not here be lost, decreed by Heaven,
To noble hands the mighty prize is given;
To hands that longer shall the weapon wield
With equal valour in a happier field:
From these the world expects the vengeance due
On him whose fury gallant Sweno slew.
By Solyman has Sweno press'd the plain;
By Sweno's sword must Solyman be slain.
Go then with this, and seek the tented ground
Where Christian powers the hallow'd walls surround;
Nor fear, lest wandering o'er a foreign land,
The foe again thy purpos'd course withstand.
That Power, who sends thee, shall thy toils survey,
His hand shall guide thee on the dangerous way:
He wills that thou (from every peril freed)
Shouldst tell the virtues of the hero dead:
So, fir'd by him, may others learn to dare,
And on their arms the cross triumphant bear:
That every breast may pant for righteous fame,
And distant ages catch the glorious flame.
It now remains the champion's name to hear,
Whose arm must next the fatal weapon rear:
Rinaldo he, a youth approv'd in fight,
In valour first of every Christian knight:
Present him this; inflame his generous ire;
Say, Heaven and Earth (let this his soul inspire)
From him alone the great revenge require.'
" While thus intent the sage's words I heard,
Where Sweno lay, a sepulchre appear'd,
That, rising slow, by miracle dispos'd,
Within its marble womb the corse enclos'd:
Grav'd on the monumental stone were read
The name and merits of the warrior dead.
Struck with the sight, I stood, with looks amaz'd,
And on the words and tomb alternate gaz'd.
" Then thus the sage: 'Beside his followers slain
Thy leader's corse shall here enshrin'd remain;
While, in the mansions of the blest above,
Their happy souls enjoy celestial love.
But thou enough hast mourn'd the noble dead,
To nature now her dues of rest be paid;
With me reside, till in the eastern skies,
Propitious to thy course, the morn arise.' [ways.
" He cea'd; and led me thence through rugged
Now high, now low, in many a winding maze;
Till underneath the mountain's pendant shade,
Beside a hollow cave, our steps we stay'd.
Here dwelt the sage, amidst the savage brood
Of wolves and bears (the terrors of the wood!)
Here, with his pupil, liv'd secure from harms:
More strong than shield or corselet, virtue arms
And guards the naked breast in all alarms.
My hunger first suffic'd with sylvan food,
A homely couch my strength with sleep renew'd.
But when, rekindled with the rising day,
The radiant morn reveal'd her golden ray;
Each wakeful hermit to his prayers arose,
And, rous'd with them, I left my soft repose:
Then to the holy sage I bade adieu,
And turn'd the course directed to pursue."

Here cea'd the Dane[1]. Then thus the pious chief:
" Thou com'st a mournful messenger of grief:
Thy words, O knight! with pain our camp shall know,
Thy tale shall sudden every breast with woe. [friends,
Such gallant friends, by hostile fury crost,
From all our hopes, alas! so sudden lost!
Where thy dear leader, like a flashing light,
But just appear'd, and vanish'd from the sight;
Yet blest a death like this, and nobler far
Than conquer'd towns and ample spoils of war:
Nor can the Capitol examples yield
Of wreaths so glorious, or so brave a field.
In Heaven's high temple now, with honours crown'd,
Immortal laurels every brow surround;
Each hero there with conscious transport glows,
And every happy wound exulting shows.
But thou, escap'd from peril, still to know
The toil and warfare of the world below;
This gloom of sorrow from thy brow remove,
And learn to triumph in their bliss above.
Seek'st thou Bertoldo's son? In exile lost,
Unknown he wanders from th' abandon'd host:
Nor think to trace his flight with doubtful feet,
Till certain tidings tell the youth's retreat."

These speeches heard, and young Rinaldo's name,
With former love each kindling mind inflame.
" Alas!" they cry, " amid the Pagan bands
" The blooming warrior roves in distant lands!"
Each tongue with pleasure on his glory dwells;
Each to the wondering Dane his valour tells,
And all his battles, all his deeds reveals.
While thoughts like these in every bosom raise
The dear remembrance of their hero's praise;
A band of soldiers, sent to scour the plain,
With plenteous pillage seek the camp again;
With lowing oxen, and the woolly breed,
And generous corn to cheer the hungry steed:
And, join'd with these, a mournful load they bore,
The good Rinaldo's arms, the vest he wore;
The armour pierc'd, the vesture stain'd with gore.
The doubtful chance the vulgar herd alarms,
With grief they throng to view the warrior's arms.

[1] This admirable and affecting episode is founded on historical fact, though enlarged and beautified by the poet with many poetical and interesting circumstances. Paolo Emilio, the writer of the history, gives the following account of this Sweno: Læta tristibus (ut res humanæ sunt) miscebantur: Sueno Dani regis filius cum mille quingentis equitibus cruce insignitis, transmisso ad Constantinopolim Bosphoro inter Antiochiam ad reliquos Latinos iter faciebat; insidiis Turcorum ad unum omnes cum regio juvene cæsi.

They see, and know too well the dazzling sight,
The ponderous corpse, with its beamy light;
The crest, where high the towering eagle shone,
That proves his offspring in the mid-day Sun.
Oft were they wont, amid th' embattled fray,
To see them foremost rule the bloody day;
And now with mingled grief and rage behold
Those glorious trophies broken on the field.
While whispers fill the camp, and every breath
Relates by various means the hero's death,
The pious Godfrey bade the chief be sought
Who led the squadron that the pillage brought.
Brave Aliprando was the leader nam'd,
For truth of speech and noble frankness fam'd.
"Declare," cried Godfrey, "whence these arms ye bear,
Nor hide a secret from your general's ear." [bear,
"As far remov'd from hence," he thus replied,
"As in two days a trusty scout may ride:
Near Gaza's walls, a little plain is found,
From public ways with hills encompass'd round;
A riv'let murmurs down the mountain's sides,
And through the shade with gentle current glides;
Thick wood and brambles form a horrid shade;
(A place by nature well for ambush made)
Here, while we sought for flocks and herds that came
To crop the mead beside the crystal stream,
Surpris'd we saw the grass distain'd with blood,
And on the banks a murder'd warrior view'd:
The arms and vest we knew (oft seen before)
Though now deform'd with dust, and foul with gore.
Then near I drew, the features to survey,
But found the sword had lopt the head away;
The right hand sever'd; and the body round
From back to breast was pierc'd with many a wound.
Nor far from thence the empty helm was laid,
Where the white eagle stood with wings display'd
While some we sought from whom the truth to hear,
We saw a village swain approaching near;
Who, having spy'd us, fled with sudden fear.
Him, following, soon we seize; he trembling stands,
And gives a full reply to our demands.
That he, the former day, conceal'd, had view'd
A band of warriors issue from the wood, [shew'd.
Whose mien and arms the Christians' likeness
One by the golden locks sustain'd a head,
That newly sever'd seem'd, and freshly bled:
The face appear'd a youth's of semblance fair,
The cheeks unconscious of a manly hair.
Soon o'er the head his scarf the soldier flung,
And at the saddle bow the trophy hung.
This heard, I strippd the corse with pitying tears,
My anxious mind perplex'd with secret fears,
And hither brought these arms, and orders gave
To yield the limbs the honours of a grave:
But if this trunk is what my thoughts declare,
It claims far other pomp, far other care."
Here Aliprando ceas'd; the leader heard
His tale with sighs; he doubted and he fear'd;
By certain signs he wish'd the corse to know,
And learn the hand that gave the murderous blow.
Meantime the night, with sable pinions spread,
O'er fields of air her brooding darkness shed;
And sleep, the soul's relief, the balm of woes,
Lull'd every mortal sense in sweet repose.
Thou, Argillan! alone with cares oppress,
Revolv'st dire fancies in thy troubled breast!
No quiet pow'r can close thy wakeful eyes,
But from thy couch the downy slumber flies.
This man was bold, of license accustom'd,
Haughty of speech, and turbulent of mind:
Born on the banks of Trent, his early years
Were worn'd in troubles and domestic jars:
Till exil'd thence, he fill'd the hills and strand
With blood, and ravag'd all the neighbouring land;
When now to war on Asia's plains he came,
And there in battle gain'd a nobler fame.
At length, when morning's dawn began to peep,
He clos'd his eyes, but not in peaceful sleep;
Alecto o'er him sheds her venom'd breath,
And chains his senses like the hand of death:
In horrid shapes she chills him with affright,
And brings dire visions to his startled sight:
A headless trunk before him seem'd to stand,
All pierc'd with wounds, and lopt the better hand:
The left the pale disever'd visage bore,
The features grim in death, and all'd with gore;
The lips yet seem'd to breathe, and breathing spoke,
Whence, mix'd with sobs, these dreadful accents broke:
"Fly, Argillan! behold the morning nigh—
Fly these detested, the impious leader fly!
Who shall my friends from Godfrey's rage defend,
And all the frauds that wrought my hapless end?
Even now thy tyrant burns with canker'd hate,
And plans, alas! like mine, thy threaten'd fate:
Yet if thy soul aspires to fame so high,
And dares so firmly on its strength rely,
Then fly not hence; but let thy reeking blade
Glut with his streaming blood my mournful shade:
Lo! I will present rise your force to arm,
To string each nerve, and every bosom warm."
The vision said. With hellish rage inspir'd,
His furious breast a sudden madness fir'd:
He starts from sleep; he gazes wild with fear;
With wrath and venom fill'd his eyes appear:
Already arm'd, with eager haste he flew,
And round him soon th' Italian warriors drew:
High o'er the brave Rinaldo's arms he stood,
And with these words inflam'd the listning crowd:
"Shall then a savage race, whose barbarous mind
No reason governs, and no laws can bind,
Shall these, insatiate still of wealth and blood,
Lay on our willing necks the servile load?
Such are the sufferings and th' insulting scorn,
Which seven long years our passive train has borne,
That distant Rome may blush to hear our shame,
And future time reproach th' Italian name:
Why should I here of generous Tancred tell,
Whom by his gallant arms Cilicia fell;
How the base Frank by treason seiz'd the land,
And fraud usurp'd the prize which valour gain'd?
Nor need I tell, when dangerous deeds require
The boldest hands and claim the warrior's fire,
First in the field the flames and sword we bear,
And midst a thousand deaths provoke the war:
The battle o'er, when bloody tumults cease,
And spoils and laurels crown the soldiers' peace;
In vain our merits equal share may claim, [fame.
Theirs are the lands, the triumphs, wealth and
These insults once might well our thoughts engage,
These sufferings justly might demand our rage:
But now I value those lighter wrongs no more,
This last dire act surpasses all before.
In vain divine and human laws withstand,
Behold Rinaldo murder'd by their hand!
But Heaven's dread thunders seal not yet their doom,
Nor Earth receives them in her opening womb!
Rinaldo have they slain; the soldiers' boast,
Guard of our faith, and buckler of our host!

And lies he unrevenged?—so changing skies
All pale, neglected, unrevenged he lies!
Ask ye whose barbarous sword the deed has wrought?
The deed must open lie to every thought.
All know, that, jealous of our growing fame,
Godfrey and Baldwin hate the Latian name.
But wherefore this?—Be Heaven my witness here,
(That Heaven who hears with wrath the perjur'd swear)
What time this morn her early beams display'd,
I saw confus'd his wretched wandering shade.
Ah me! too plain his warning voice reveal'd
The snares for us in Godfrey's breast conceal'd.
I saw—'twas not a dream—before my eyes,
Where'er I turn, the phantom seems to rise!
What course for us remains? Shall he, whose hand
Is stain'd with murder, rule our noble band?
Or shall we hence conduct our social train
Where, distant far, Euphrates laves the plain?
Where, midst a harmless race, in fields of peace,
He glads such numerous towns with large increase.
There may we dwell, and happier fate betide.
Nor shall the Franks with us those realms divide.
Then let us leave, if such the general mind,
These honour'd relics unrevenged behind!—
But ah! if virtue still may claim a part,
(That frozen seems in every Latian heart)
This hateful pest, whose poisonous rage devours
The grace and glory of th' Italian powers,
Cut off from life, should pay the forfeit due,
A great example to the tyrant-crew!
Then thus I swear—be now your force display'd,
Let earth that hears me lend his glorious aid,
This arm to day shall drive th' avenging sword
In that fell breast with every treason stor'd."
In words like these his fiery soul express'd,
With dread commotion fill'd each hearer's breast.
"To arms, to arms!" th' inseusate warrior cried;
"To arms, to arms!" each furious youth replied.
Alecto round the torch of discord whirl'd,
And o'er the field her flames infernal hurl'd;
Disdain and madness rag'd without control,
And thirst of slaughter fill'd each vengeful soul.
The growing mischief flew from place to place,
And soon was spread beyond the Italian race:
Among th' Helvetians then it rais'd a flame,
And next diffus'd among the English name.
Nor public sorrow for Rinaldo slain
Alone to phrensy fir'd the warrior-train,
But former quarrels, now reviv'd, conspire,
And add new fuel to their present fire.
Against the Franks they vent their threats aloud;
No more can reason rule the madding crowd.
So in a brazen vase the boiling stream
Impetuous foams and bubbles to the brim;
Till, swelling o'er the brinks, the frothy tide
Now pours with fury down the vessel's side.
Nor can those few, who still their sense retain,
The folly of the vulgar herd restrain;
Camillus, Tancred, William, thence remov'd,
And every other in command approv'd.
Confus'd and wild th' unthinking soldiers swarm;
Through all the camp they run, they haste to arm.
Already warlike clangours echo round;
Seditious trumpets give the warning sound.
And now a thousand tongues the tidings bear,
And bid the pious chief for arms prepare.
Then Baldwin first in shining steel appear'd,
And stood by Godfrey's side, a faithful guard.
The chief, sceas'd, to Heaven directs his eyes,
And on his God with wonted faith relies.

"O Thou, who know'st my soul with zealous care
Shuns the dire horrours of a civil war
From these the veil that dims their sight remove,
Repress their errours, and their rage reprove;
To thee reveal'd my innocence is known,
O let it now before the world be shown!"
He cens'd; and felt his soul new firmness prove,
With warmth unusual kindled from above:
A sudden confidence inspir'd his mind,
While on his ruage hope emboldeu'd shin'd.
Then, with his friends, he went, in awful state,
'Gainst those who sought to avenge Rinaldo's fate.
Not loudest clash of arms his course delay'd,
Nor impious threats his steps intrepid stay'd.
His back the cuirass arm'd, a scaly vest
The hero wore, in pomp unusual drest;
Bare were his hands, his face reveal'd to sight,
His form majestic beam'd celestial light.
The golden sceptre (ensign of command)
He shook, to still the loud rebellious band:
Such were his arms: while thus the chief appear'd,
Sounds more than mortal from his lips were heard:
"What strange tumultuous clamours fill my ears?
Who dares disturb the peaceful camp with fears?
Thus am I grac'd? Is thus your leader known,
After such various toils and labours shown?
Is there who now with treason blots my name?
Or shall suspicion sully Godfrey's fame?
Ye hope, perchance, to see me humbly bend,
And with base prayers your servile doom attend:
Shall then that earth, which witness'd my renown,
Behold such insults on my glory thrown?—
This sceptre be my guard, fair truth my shield,
And all my deeds in council and in field!
But justice shall her ear to mercy lend,
Nor on the offender's head the stroke descend.
Lo! for your merits I your crime forgive,
And bid you for your lov'd Rinaldo live.
Let Argillan alone the victim fall,
And with his blood atone th' offence of all.
Who, urg'd by light suspicion, rais'd th' alarms,
And fir'd your erring hands to rebel arms."
While thus he spoke, his looks with glory beam'd,
And from his eye the flashing lightning stream'd;
Even Argillan himself, surpris'd and quell'd,
With awe the terrours of his face beheld.
The vulgar throng, so late by madness led,
Who pour'd their threats and curses on his head;
Who grasp'd, as rage supply'd, with ready hand,
The sword, the javelin, or the flaming brand;
Soon as they heard his voice, with fear were struck,
No longer durst sustain their sovereign's look;
But timely, while their arms begirt him round,
Saw Argillan in sudden fetters bound.
So when his shaggy mane a lion shakes,
And with loud roar his slumbering fury wakes;
If chance he view the man, whose soothing art
First tam'd the fierceness of his lofty heart,
His pride contents th' ignoble yoke to wear;
He fears the well-known voice and rule severe:
Vain are his claws, his dreadful teeth are vain,
He yields submissive to his keeper's chain.
'Tis said, that, darting from the skies, was seen,
With lowering aspect and terrific mien,
A winged warrior with his guardian shield,
Which full before the pious chief he held;
While, gleaming lightning, in his dreadful hand
He shook a sword with gory crimson stain'd:
Perchance the blood of towns and kingdoms, given
By frequent crimes to feel the wrath of Heaven.

The tumult thus appeas'd, and peace restor'd,
Each warrior sheathes again the wrathful sword.
Now various schemes revolving in his thought,
His tent again the careful Godfrey sought:
Resolv'd by storm to assail the city's wall,
Ere thrice the sable shades of evening fall;
And thence he went the timbers hewn to view,
Where towering high to huge machines they grew.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solyman, incited by Alecto, attacks, with his Arabs, the Christian camp by night, and makes a great slaughter; till Godfrey encouraging his troops, opposes the sudden incursion. In the mean time Argantes and Clorinda march with their forces from the city, and join the Arabs. God sends the angel Michael to drive away the demons that assisted the Pagans. The battle is continued with great fury. Clorinda particularly distinguishes herself. Argillan, at day-break, escaping from his prison, rushes amongst the enemy, and kills many, till he himself falls by the hand of Solyman: the fortune of the day still remains doubtful: at length the Christians, receiving an unexpected aid, the victory declares in their favour: the Pagans are defeated, and Solyman himself is obliged to retreat.

But Hell's dire fiend, who saw the tumults cease,
And every vengeful bosom calm'd to peace,
Still unrestrain'd, by Stygian rancour driven,
Oppos'd the laws of Fate and will of Heaven:
She flies, and where she takes her loathsome flight
The fields are parch'd, the Sun withdraws his light:
For new attempts she plies her rapid wings,
And other plagues and other furies brings!
She knew her comrades with industrious care
Had driven the bravest champions from the war;
That Tancred and Bertoldo's greater soul,
Remov'd afar, no more in battle shone.
"Then wherefore this delay?" the fury cries,
"Let Solyman th' unguarded foes surprise;
Fierce on their camp with dread incursion pour,
And crush their forces in the midnight hour."
This said, she flew where Solyman commands
The roving numbers of Arabia's bands;
That Solyman, than whom none fiercer rose
Among the race of Heaven's rebellious foes:
Nor could a greater rise, though teeming Earth,
Again provok'd, had given her giants birth.
O'er Turkey's kingdom late the monarch reign'd,
And then at Nice the imperial seat maintain'd.
Oppos'd to Greece, the nations own'd his sway,
That 'twixt Meander's flood and Sangar lay;
Where Mysians once, and Phrygians held their place,
With Lydia, Pontus, and Bithynia's race.
But, 'gainst the Turks and every faithless crew,
Since foreign states their arms to Asia drew,
His lands were wasted, and he twice beheld
His martial squadrons wasted in the field;
Till, every chance of war essay'd in vain,
Expell'd a wanderer from his native reign,
To Egypt's court he fled; nor fail'd to meet
A royal welcome and secure retreat.
With joy the king his valiant guest survey'd,
With greater joy receiv'd his proffer'd aid;
Resolv'd in thought to guard the Syrian lands,
And stop the progress of the Christian bands.
But ere the king would open war declare,
He gives to Solyman th' important care,
With sums of gold to raise th' Arabian bands,
And teach them to obey a chief's commands.
Thus while from Asia and the Moorish reign
Th' Egyptian monarch calls his numerous train,
To Solyman the greedy Arabs throng,
The lawless sons of violence and wrong.
Elected now their chief, Judea's plains
He scours around, and various plunder gains:
The country wide he wastes, and blocks the way
Between the Latian army and the sea:
And, not forgetful of his ancient hate
And the vast ruins of his falling state,
He mighty vengeance in his breast revolves,
And greater schemes, as yet unform'd, resolves.
To him Alecto comes, but first she wears
A warrior's semblance bent with weight of years;
All wrinkled seem'd her face; her chin was bare;
Her upper lip display'd a tuft of hair;
Thick linen folds her hoary head enclose;
Beneath her knees a length of vesture flows;
The sabre at her side; and stooping low,
Her back the quiver bears, her hand the bow.
Then thus she spoke: "While here our wandering
Rove o'er the desert plains and barren sands; [bands
Where nothing worthy can reward our toils,
Where conquest yields us but ignoble spoils;
See! Godfrey on th' imperial city falls,
He shakes the towers, he saps the lofty walls!
And yet we linger (O eternal shame!)
Till there he brings his arms and vengeful flame.
Are cots destroy'd, or sheep and oxen gain'd,
The boasted trophies of the soldan's hand?
Will this thy realm restore, retrieve thy name,
And on the Franks avenge thy injur'd fame?
Then rouse thy soul! against the Christian go,
Now sunk in sleep, and crush the hated foe:
Thy old Araspes speaks, his counsel hear,
In peace or exile faithful to thy ear.
No fear the unsuspecting chief alarms,
He scorns the Arabs and their feeble arms;
Nor deems their timorous bands so far can dare,
In fight and plunder bred, to mix in war:
Haste, with thy courage rouse thy kindling host,
And triumph o'er their camp, in slumber lost."
Thus said the fiend; and, breathing in his mind
Her venom'd rage, dissolves to empty wind.
The warrior lifts his hands, and loud exclaims:
"O thou! whose fury thus my heart inflames;
Whose hidden power a human form belied;
Behold I follow thee, my potent guide:
A mound shall rise, where now appears a plain—
A dreadful mound of Christian heroes slain:
The field shall float with blood: O grant thy aid,
And lead my squadron through the dusky shade."
He said: and instant bids the troops appear;
The weak he hearteus, and dispels their fear.
His warlike transports every breast excite;
Eager they burn, and hope the promis'd fight.
Alecto sounds the trump; her hand unbinds
The mighty standard to the sportive winds:
Swift march the bands like rapid floods of flame,
And leave behind the tardy wings of fame.
The Fury then resumes her airy flight,
And seems a hasty messenger to sight.
And when the world a dubious light invades,
Between the setting day and rising shades,

She seeks Jerusalem, and, midst a ring
Of timid citizens, accosts the king;
Displays the purpose of the Arabian power,
The signal for th' attack, and fatal hour.
Now had the night her sable curtain spread,
And o'er the earth unwholesome vapours shed:
The ground no cool refreshing moisture knew,
But horrid drops of warm and sanguine dew:
Monsters and prodigies in Heaven were seen;
Dire spectres, shrieking, skimm'd along the green:
A deeper gloom exulting Pluto made,
With added terrours from th' infernal shade.
Through this dread darkness tow'rds the tented foes,
Secure from fear, the fiery soldan goes:
And, when the night had gain'd her middle throne,
From whence with rapid speed she courses down;
He came, where near the Christian army lay,
Forgetful of the cares and toils of day.
Here first the chief refresh'd his troops with food,
Then thus inflam'd their cruel thirst of blood:
"Survey you camp, an impious band of thieves,
That more from fortune than desert receives;
That, like a sea, within its ample breast
Absorbs the shining riches of the East:
The Fates for you these glorious spoils ordain;
(How small the peril, and how vast the gain!)
Your unconstrained plunder there behold;
Their glittering arms and coursers deck'd with gold!
Not this the force that could the Persians quell,
By whom the powers of Nice in battle fell:
What numbers from their native country far,
Have fall'n the victims of a tedious war!
Were now their strength the same they once could boast,
Thus sunk in sleep, an unresisting host,
With ease they must resign their forfeit breath;
For short the path that leads from sleep to death!
On then, my friends! this falchion first shall gain
Your entrance to the camp o'er piles of slain.
From mine each sword shall learn to aim the blow;
From mine the stern demands of vengeance know!
This happy day the reign of Christ shall end,
And liberty o'er Asia's climes extend!"
He said; and rous'd their souls to martial deeds:
Then slow and silent on his march proceeds.
Now through the misty shades a gleam of light
Displays the hoodful entry to his sight:
By this his hopes are lost, to seize secure
The cautious leader of the Christian power.
Soon as the watch their numerous foes espy,
They take their flight, and raise a fearful cry:
The nearest guards awake; they catch th' alarm,
And, rousing at the tumult, snatch their arms.
Th' Arabian troops no longer silent pass, [brass:
But barbarous clangours pour through breathing
To Heaven's high arch the mingled noise proceeds
Of shouting soldiers and of neighing steeds:
The steepy hills, the hollow vales around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
Alecto shakes on high th' infernal brand,
And gives the signal from her lofty stand.
First flies the soldan, and attacks the guard,
As yet confus'd, and ill for fight prepar'd.
Rapid he moves; far less impetuous raves
A tempest bursting from the mountain caves:
A foaming flood, that trees and oots o'erturns;
The lightning's flash, that towers and cities burns;
Earthquakes, that fill'd with horrour every age;
Are but a faint resemblance of his rage.
True to his aim the fatal sword descends;
A wound the stroke, and death the wound attends.
Dauntless he bears the storm of hostile blows,
And mocks the falchion of the rushing foes:
His helm resounded as the weapons fell,
And fire flash'd dreadful from the batter'd steel.
Now had his arm compell'd with single might
The foremost squadrons of the Franks to flight:
When, like a flood with numerous rivers swell'd,
The nimble Arabs pour along the field:
The Franks no longer can th' attack sustain;
But backward turn, and fly with loosen'd rein.
Pursuers and pursu'd, with equal haste,
Together mingled, o'er the trenches pass'd:
Then with unbounded wrath the victor storm'd,
And rage, and woe, and death the camp deform'd!
A dragon on his casque the soldan wore,
That, stretching, bends his arching neck before;
High on his feet he stands with spreading wings,
And wreathes his forky tail in spiry rings: [shows;
Three brandish'd tongues the sculptur'd monster
He seems to kindle as the combat glows:
His gaping jaws appear to hiss with ire,
And vomit mingled smoke and ruddy fire!
Th' affrighted Christians through the gloomy light
The soldan view'd:—so mariners by night,
When ocean's face a driving tempest sweeps,
By flashing flames behold the troubled deeps.
Some by their fears impell'd, for safety fly;
And some, intrepid, on their swords rely:
The night's black shade adds tumult to the press,
And, by concealing, makes their woes increase.
Amongst the chiefs, whose hearts undaunted
Latinus, born by Tiber's yellow flood, [glow'd,
Conspicuous o'er the rest in combat shin'd;
Nor length of years had dimm'd his vigorous mind:
Five sons he told; and equal by his side
They mov'd in war, his ornament and pride:
To deeds of early fame their youth he warms,
And slenathes their tender limbs in ponderous arms.
These, while they strive to emulate their sire,
And glut with blood their steel and vengeful ire,
The chief bespeaks: "Now prove your valiant hands
Where you proud foe insults our shrinking bands;
Nor let the bloody samples of his force
Abate your ardour, or retain your course:
For, O my sons! the noble mind disdains
All praise but that which glorious danger gains!"
So leads the savage lioness her young,
Ere yet their necks with shaggy manes are hung;
When scarce their paws the sharpen'd nails disclose,
Nor teeth have arm'd their mouths in dreadful rows:
She brings them fearless to the dangerous chase,
And points their fury on the hunters' race;
That oft were wont to pierce their native wood,
And oft in fight the weaker prey pursu'd.
Now with the daring band the father goes;
These six mail, and Sofyman encloses.
At once, directed by one heart and mind,
Six mighty spears against the chief combin'd:
But ah! too bold! (his javelin cas aside)
The eldest-born a closer conflict try'd;
And with his falchion vainly aim'd a blow
To slay the bounding courser of the foe.
But as a rock, whose foot the ocean laves,
Exalts its stately front above the waves,
Firm in itself, the wind and seas defies,
Nor fears the threats and thunder of the skies:
The fiery soldan thus unmov'd appears
Amidst the threatening swords and menative spears.

Furious he turns on him who struck the steed,
And 'twixt the cheeks and eyebrows parts his head.
Swift Armantes hastes to his relief,
And in his pious arms supports the chief:
Vain, unavailing piety is shown,
That to his brother's ruin adds his own!
Fell on his arm the Pagan drove the steel:
Down the supported and supporter fell;
Together fainting in the pangs of death,
They mix their streaming blood and parting breath.
Then with a stroke he cuts Sabinus' spear,
With which the youth had gall'd him from afar;
And rushing on the steed with sudden force,
Th' ill-fated stripling fell beneath his horse.
Now trampled on the ground the warrior lies.
The mournful spirit from its mansion flies;
Unwilling leaves the light of life behind,
And blooming youth with early pleasures join'd!
But Piens and Laurentes still remain'd;
(The sole survivors of the filial band.)
One day first gave this hapless pair to light,
Whose likeness oft deceiv'd their parent's sight:
But these no more with doubt their friends survey'd;
A dire distinction hostile fury made:
From this, the head divided rolls in dust;
That, in his panting breast receives the thrust.
The wretched father (father now no more!
His sons all slaughter'd in one dreadful hour!)
View'd, in his offspring breathless on the place,
His fate approaching, and his ruin'd race! [give,
What power, O Muse! such strength in age could
That midst these woes he still endures to live,
Still lives and fights? Perchance the friendly night
Conceal'd the horrours from a father's sight.
Wild through the ranks his raging course he breaks,
With equal ardour death or conquest seeks:
Scarce knows he which his wishes would attain,
To slaughter others, or himself be slain.
Then, rushing on the foe, aloud he cries:
"Dost thou so far this feeble hand despise,
Not all its force can urge thy cruel rage
To cope with wasting grief and wretched age?"
He cease'd; and, ceasing, nim'd a dreadful stroke,
Through steel and jointed mail the falchion broke:
The weapon pierc'd the unwary Pagan's side,
And streaming blood his shining armour dy'd.
Rous'd at the call and wound, at once he turns
With brandish'd steel; more fell his fury burns:
First through his shield he drives, which, seven times
fold'd,
A tough bull-hide secur'd with winding fold;
A passage next the corselet's plates afford;
Then, in his bowels plung'd, he sheaths the sword.
Unblest Latinus sobs, and, staggering round,
Alternate from his mouth and gaping wound
A purple vomit flows, and stains the ground.
As falls a mountain oak, that ages past
Has borne the western wind and northern blast,
When, rooted from the place where once it stood,
It crushes in its fall the neighbouring wood;
So sunk the chief, and more than once he drew
To grace his fate, and even in dying slew;
Glorious he fell, and in his latest breath
With dreadful ruin scatter'd fear and death.
While thus his inward hate the soldan fed,
And glutted his revenge with hills of dead;
The Arabs pour impetuous o'er the field,
The fainting Christians to their fury yield.
Then English Henry, Holiphernes, slain
By thee, O fierce Dragutes! press'd the plain.
Gilbert with Philip, Ariadenus slew,
Who on the banks of Rhine their being drew.
Beneath Albazar's mace Ernesto fell,
And Eegerlan by Algazelles' steel.
But who the various kinds of death can name,
And multitudes that sunk unknown to fame?
Meantime the tumult Godfrey's slumber broke;
Alarm'd he started, and his couch forsook:
Now clad in arms, he call'd a band with speed,
And forth he mov'd intrepid at their head.
But nearer soon th' increasing clamours drew,
And all the tumult open'd to the view.
He knew the Arabs scour'd the country far,
Yet never deem'd their insolence would dare
To storm his trenches with offensive war.
This while he marches from the adverse side,
"To arms! to arms!" a thousand voices cried:
At once a barbarous shout was rais'd on high,
And dreadful howlings echo'd to the sky.
These were the troops of Aladine, who came
Led by Argantes and the warrior-dame[1],
To noble Guelpho, who his station took
The next in arms, the Christian leader spoke:
"Hark! what new din of battle, labouring on,
Swells from the hills, and thickens from the town?
This claims thy courage, this thy skill demands,
To meet the onset of th' approaching bands.
Go then, you quarter from their rage secure:
But first divide with me my martial power;
Myself will on a different hand engage
The daring foe, and check their impious rage."
This having said, the chiefs divide their force,
And take, with equal cares, a varied course:
Guelpho to reach the hill; while Godfrey drew
To where, resistless, rag'd th' Arabian crew:
While as he march'd the distant fight to gain,
Supplies were added to his eager train;
Till now a powerful numerous band he led,
And saw where Solyman the slaughter spread.
So where the Po first leaves his native hills,
His river scarce the scanty channel fills;
But as new streams he gathers in his course,
He swells his waves, and rises in his force;
Above the banks his horned front he shows,
And o'er the level meads triumphant flows;
Through many currents makes his rapid way,
And carries war, not tribute, to the sea.
Where Godfrey sees his timorous bands retreat,
He thus upbraids them with a generous heat:
"What fear is this; and whither bends your pace?
O turn and view the foes that give you chase!
A base degenerate throng, that neither know
To give, nor take, in fight a manly blow:
O turn again! your trusty weapons rear;
Your looks will freeze their coward souls with fear."
This said, he spurr'd his steed, and eager flew
Where murderous Solyman appear'd in view.
Through streaming blood and clouds of dust he goes,
Through wounds and death amidst surrounding foes;
Through breaking ranks his furious course he guides,
And the close phalanx with his sword divides:
No foes, on either hand, the shock sustain;
Arms, steeds, and warriors tumble to the plain:
High o'er the slaughter'd heaps, with bounding course,
The glorious leader drives his foaming horse.
Th' intrepid soldan sees the storm from far,
Nor turns aside, nor shuns the proffer'd war;

[1] Clorinda.

But, eager for the strife, his foe defies,
Whirls his broad sword and to the combat flies.
In these what matchless warriors Fortune sends
To prove their force from Earth's remotest ends!
With virtue fury now the conflict tries:
In little space, the Asian world the prize!
What tongue the horrours of the fight can tell,
How gleam'd their falchions, and how swift they fell!
I pass the dreadful deeds their arms display'd,
Which envious night conceal'd in gloomy shade;
Deeds that might claim the Sun and cheerful skies
And all the world to view with wondering eyes!
Their courage soon the Christian bands renew,
And their brave leader's daring course pursue:
Their choicest warriors Solyman enclose,
And round him thick the steely circle grows.
Not less the Faithful than the Pagan blood
With streaming blood distain the thirsty land;
By turns the victors and the vanquish'd mourn,
And wound for wound, and death for death return.
As when, with equal force, and equal rage,
The north and south in mighty strife engage;
Nor this, nor that, can rule the seas or skies,
But clouds on clouds and waves on waves arise;
So far'd the battle in the doubtful field,
Nor here nor there the firm battalions yield;
With horrid clangour swords to swords oppos'd,
Shields clash'd with shields, with helmets helmets clos'd.

No less in other parts the battle rag'd,
Nor less the throng of warring chiefs engag'd;
High o'er the hosts the Stygian fiends repair,
And Hell's black myriads fill the fields of air.
These vigour to the Pagan troops supply;
None harbour fear, or turn their steps to fly:
The torch of Hell Argantes' soul inspires,
And adds new fury to his native fires!
He scatters soon in flight the guards around,
And leaps the trenches with an eager bound;
With mangled limbs he strows the sanguine plain,
And fills th' opposing fosse with heaps of slain.
Him o'er the level space his troops pursue,
And dye the foremost tents with purple hue.
Close at his side appears the martial dame,
Whose soul disdains the second place in fame.
Now fled the Franks; when sudden flew at hand
The noble Gorlpho with his wish'd-for band:
He stopp'd with generous zeal their fearful course,
And turn'd them back to face the Pagan force.

While thus on either side the combat stood,
And streaming gore in equal rivers flow'd,
The Heavenly Monarch from his awful height
Declin'd his eyes, and view'd the dreadful fight.
There, plac'd aloft, presides th' Omniscient Cause,
And orders all with just and equal laws,
Above the confines of this earthly scene,
By ways unsearchable to mortal men.
There, on eternity's unbounded throne,
With triple light he blazes, Three in One!
Beneath his footstep Fate and Nature stand;
And Time and Motion wait his dread command.
There power and riches no distinction find;
Nor the frail honours that allure mankind:
Like dust and smoke they fleet before his eyes;
He mocks the valiant, and confounds the wise!
There from the blaze of his effulgent light
The purest saints withdraw their dazzled sight,
Around th' unnumbered blest for ever live,
And, though unequal, equal bliss receive:
The tuneful choirs repeat their Maker's praise:
The heavenly realms resound the sacred lays.

Then thus to Michael spoke the Word Divine;
(Michael, whose arms with lucid'mood shine,)
"See'st thou not yonder* from th' infernal coast
What impious hand's distress my favour'd host?
Go——bid them swift forsake the deathful scene,
And leave the business of the war to men;
No longer dare amongst the living rise,
To blot the lustre of the purer skies:
But seek the shades of Acheron beneath,
Th' allotted realms of punishment and death!
There on the souls accurs'd employ their hate;
Thus have I will'd; and what I will is fate."

He ceas'd. With reverence at the high command
Low bow'd the leader of the winged band:
His golden pinions he displays, and speeds
With rapid flight, that mortal thought exceeds.
The fiery sky on past; the seats of rest
He leaves; (eternal mansions of the blest!)
From thence he passes through the crystal sphere
That whirls around with every shining star;
Thence to the left, before his piercing eyes,
With different aspects, Jove and Saturn rise;
And every star that mortals wandering call,
Though God's high power alike directs them all.
Then from the fields that flame with endless day,
To where the storms are bred, he bends his way;
Where elements in mix'd confusion jar,
And order springs from universal war.
The bright archangel gilds the face of night,
His heavenly features dart resplendent light:
So shines the beamy Sun through showery skies,
And paints the flowery clouds with various dyes:
So through the liquid regions of the air,
With rapid radiance, shoots a falling star.
But now arriv'd where Hell's infernal crew
Their venom'd rage amongst the Pagans threw,
Hovering in air, on pinions strong he stay'd,
And shook his lance, and awful thus he said:

"Your force has prov'd the Sovereign of the World,
What thunders from his dreadful hand are hurl'd:
O blind in ill! that no remorse can know,
In torture proud, and obdurate in woe!
The sacred cross shall conquer Sion's wall;
Her gates must open, and her bulwarks fall:
And who shall Fate's resistless will withstand,
Or dare the terrours of th' Almighty hand?
Hence then, ye cursed! to your realms beneath,
The realms of torment and eternal death!
There on devoted souls employ your rage;
Be there your triumphs, there the wars ye wage,
There, midst the sounding whips, the din of chains,
And gnashing teeth, laments, and endless pains!"

He said; and those that fingering seem'd to move,
Resistless with his fatal lance he drove.
With sighs, reluctant, from the field they fly,
And leave the golden stars and upper sky,
And spread their pinions to the realms of woe,
To wreak their fury on the damn'd below.

* Very similar to this, is the address of God to Raphael on seeing Satan's entrance into Paradise:

"Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell, 'scap'd through the darksome gulph,
Hath rais'd in Paradise——"

Parad. Lost, b. v. ver. 224.

Not o'er the seas in equal numbers fly
The feather'd race, to seek a warmer sky:
Not, when the wood the wintry blast receives,
In equal number Autumn strows her leaves,
Freed from th' infernal train[2] and Stygian glooms,
Serene the night her vaulted face resumes.
But not the less Argantes' fury glows,
Though Hell no more her vengeful fire bestows;
He whirls his sword with unresisted rage,
Where, closely prest, the Christian bands engage:
The high and low his equal prowess feel;
The bravest warriors sink beneath his steel.
Alike the carnage fierce Clorinda spread,
And strow'd the field with heaps of mangled dead.
Through Berlinger the fatal sword she guides,
And rives his heart where panting life resides;
The pointed steel its furious passage tore,
And issu'd at his back besmear'd with gore.
Albine she wounds, where first the child receives
His food; and Gallus' head asunder cleaves.
Then Gernier's better hand, that aim'd a blow,
She sends divided to the plain below;
Yet still the parted nerves some life retain.
The trembling fingers still the falchion strain:
Disever'd thus a serpent's tail is seen
To seek the part divided on the green.
The foe thus maim'd, the dame no longer stay'd,
But 'gainst Achilles ran with trenchant blade:
Between the neck and nape the weapon flew;
The neck it cleft, and cut the nerves in two:
First tumbled on the plain the parted head,
With dust obscene the pallid face was spread;
While in the saddle by the steed sustain'd,
(Dreadful to view!) the headless trunk remain'd;
But soon th' ungovern'd courser with a bound
Shook the sad burthen to th' empurpled ground.
While thus th' unconquer'd maid such numbers slew,
And the thick squadrons of the West o'erthrew;
No less Gildippe fair the slaughter led,
And on the Saracens her fury fed.
The same her sex, her dauntless mind the same,
And equal valour shone in either dame.
But these to meet in battle fate with-stands;
Both doom'd to prove the force of greater hands.
Now this, now that essays to pierce the tide,
In vain; the throng of troops the pass deny'd.
The noble Guelpho's sword Clorinda found,
And in her tender side impress'd a wound,
That tinge'd the steel: the maid, on vengeance bent,
Betwixt his ribs her cruel answer sent.
Guelpho his stroke renew'd, but miss'd the foe;
Osmida, as he pass'd, receiv'd the blow:
Deep in his front the dreadful steel he found,
And perish'd by another's destin'd wound.
The numerous troops by Guelpho led enclose
Their valiant chief; more thick the tumult grows;
While various bands from distant parts unite,
And swell the fury of the mingled fight.
Aurora now, in radiant purple dress,
Shone from the portals of the golden east:
When, midst the horrid clang and mingled cries,
Intrepid Argillan from prison flies:

The readiest arms he snatch'd with eager haste,
And soon his limbs in shining steel were cas'd:
Eager he comes, to efface his former shame
With glorious actions in the field of fame.
As when, to battle bred, the courser, freed
From plenteous stalls, regains the wonted mead,
There careers in'd amid the herds he roves,
Bathes in the stream, and wantons in the groves;
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders spread,
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head:
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round:
So Argillan appears; so fierce he shows,
While in his looks undaunted courage glows:
He bounds with headlong speed the war to meet,
And scarcely prints the dust beneath his feet:
When, midst the foes arriv'd, aloud he cries,
And those whose fury all their force defies:—
"Refuse of Earth! ye vile Arabian bands!
What baleful[3] now impels your coward hands?
Your limbs unus'd the arms of men to wield,
To bear the helmet, or sustain the shield;
Naked ye come, and fearful to the fight,
Chance guides your blows, your safety lies in flight:
Nocturnal deeds are all your power can boast,
When friendly night assists your trembling host:
What now remains? The beams of day require
The warrior's weapons and the warrior's fire.'
Raging he said; and, rushing as he spoke,
At Alquezelles aim'd a mortal stroke;
His jaws he cleft, and stopp'd his ready tongue,
While on his lips imperfect accents hung:
A sudden darkness shades his swimming eyes;
Through every vein a chilling tremour flies:
Headlong he falls, and breathes his latest breath,
And bites the hated soil in pangs of death.
With fury next on Saladine he flew,
And Agricaltes and Mulasses slew:
Then Aldinzelles' side his falchion found,
And cleft him through with one contorted wound:
Through Ariademis' breast the steel he guides,
And the fall'n chief with bitter taunts derides;
The dying warrior lifts his languid eyes,
And to th' insulting victor thus replies:
"Not thou, whoe'er thou art, with vaunting breath
Shalt long enjoy the triumph of my death:
Like fate attends thee, by a mightier hand
Thou too must fall, and press with me the sand."
Then Argillan, severely smiling, cried:
"Let Heaven's high will my future fate decide;
Die thou! to ravenous dogs and fowls a prey."—
Then with his foot he press'd him as he lay,
And rent at once the steel and life away.
Meanwhile a stripling of the soldan's train
Mix'd in the shock of arms and fighting men:
On his fair cheeks the flower of youth was seen,
Nor yet the down had dodg'd his tender chin:
The sweat that trickled o'er his blooming face,
Like orient pearls, improv'd the blushing grace:
The dust gave beauty to his flowing hair,
And wrath was pleasing in a form so fair.
He rode a courser white as new-fall'n snow
On hoary Apennine's aspiring brow:
Nor winds nor flames his swiftness could exceed,
Practis'd to turn, and matchless in his speed:
Grasp'd in the midst, the youth a javelin bore;
A crooked sabre at his side he wore:

[2] So Milton, when the rebellious spirits are driven out of Heaven:

Disburthen'd Heaven rejoic'd——
Parad. Lost. b. vi. ver. 878.

With barbarous pomp (resplendent to behold!)
He shone in purple vestments wrought with gold.
While thus the boy, (whom martial fires inflame,
Pleas'd with the din of arms, and new to fame)
Now here, now there, o'erthrew the warring band,
And met with none his fury to withstand;
Fierce Argillan, advancing, near him drew,
Then with a sudden stroke his steed he slew,
And on the tender foe impetuous flew.
In vain with moving prayers he sues for grace,
In vain he begs with supplicating face;
The sword is rais'd against the blooming boy,
The fairest work of Nature to destroy:
Yet pity seem'd to touch the senseless steel;
The edge turn'd, harmless, as the weapon fell:
But what avail'd it? when the cruel foe,
With the sharp point, retriev'd his erring blow.
Fierce Solyman, who, thence not distant far,
By Godfrey press'd, maintain'd a doubtful war;
Soon as his favourite's dangerous state he spies,
Forsakes the fight, and to his rescue flies:
Now with his thundering sword the way are freed:
He comes to avenge, but not prevent the deed.
He sees, alas! his dear Lesbius slain,
Like a young flower that withers on the plain.
His dying eyes a trembling lustre shed;
On his fair neck declin'd his drooping head;
His languid face in mortal paleness charm'd,
And every breast to soft compassion warm'd:
Untouch'd before, now melts the marble heart,
And, midst his wrath, the gushing sorrows start.
And weep'st thou, Solyman! at pity's call,
Who, tearless, saw thy mighty kingdom's fall?
But when his eyes the hostile weapon view'd,
Still warm and reeking with the stripling's blood,
Th' indignant fury boiling in his breast,
Awhile his pity and his tears suppress'd:
On Argillan the rapid steel he drives,
At once th' opposing shield and helmet rives,
And cleaves his head beneath the weighty blow:
A wound well worthy of so great a foe!
His wrath still unappeas'd, he quits his steel,
And wreaks his vengeance on the senseless dead.
So with the stone, that gall'd him from afar,
The mastiff wages unavailing war.
O! vain attempt his sorrows to allay,
By rage incensate on the breathless clay!
Meantime the leader of the Christian train
Nor spends his anger nor his blows in vain.
A thousand Turks against him held the field.
Arm'd with the jointed mail, the helm, and shield:
Their limbs robust to hardy toils were bred;
And, skill'd in fight, their souls no danger dread.
These oft with Solyman in battle stood,
And midst the deserts late his steps pursu'd;
In Araby partook his wandering state,
The faithful partners of his adverse fate:
These, close collected in one daring band,
The pressing valour of the Franks withstand.
Here noble Godfrey well his falchion ply'd,
And pierc'd Corcutes' brow, Rotemo's side;
Then from the shoulders sever'd Selim's head,
And lopp'd Rosano's arms with trenchant blade.
Nor these alone, but numbers more he kill'd,
And mangled trunks and limbs bestrow'd the field.
While thus he fought against the Turkish band,
And with intrepid force their rage sustain'd;
While Fortune still with equal pinions flew,
Nor hopes of conquest left the Pagan crew;
Behold a cloud of rising dust appear,
Teeming with threatening arms, and big with war;
And hence a sudden flash of armour bright
Fill'd all the Pagan host with panic fright.
Of purple hue there fifty warriors held
A cross triumphant in an argent field.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
A voice of iron breath'd from iron lungs,
I could not all the Pagan numbers tell
That by this troop's impetuous onset fell:
The fearful Arab sinks; the Turk in vain
Resists the storm, and fights but to be slain.
Around the field in various forms appear,
Rage, Horror, Cruelty, and abject Fear;
On every side, exulting, Death is found,
And purple torrents deluge all the ground.
Now with a squadron, issuing from the gate,
(Unconscious of the Pagan's woeful state)
King Aladine appear'd, and from his height
Beheld the subject plain and doubtful fight:
Full soon his eyes the scene of slaughter meet,
And straight he gives command to sound retreat;
And oft the monarch calls, but calls in vain,
Clorinda and Argantes from the plain:
The furious couple still reject his prayer,
With carnage drunk, insatiable of war!
At length they yield: yet every means they tried
Their troops in order from the field to guide.
But who with laws can dastard souls restrain?
The rout is general 'mongst th' affrighted train:
This casts aside his shield, and that his sword;
These useless burthens no defence afford.
A vale between the camp and city lies,
Stretch'd from the western to the southern skies;
There first the timorous bands, with many a groan,
And clouds of dust roll'd onward to the town.
The Christian powers pursue their eager chase,
With dreadful slaughter of the Pagan race:
But when, ascending, near the walls they drew,
Where, with his aid, the king appear'd in view,
His victor-force the cautious Guelpho stay'd,
Nor would the dangerous rocky height invade:
While Aladine collects his men with care,
The scatter'd remnants of successless war.
The soldan's wasting strength can now no more,
(The utmost stretch essay'd of human power)
His breath in shorter pantings comes and goes,
And blood with sweat from every member flows:
His arm grows weak beneath the weighty shield,
His weary hand can scarce the falchion wield;
Feebly he strikes, and scarce can reach the foe,
While the blunt weapon aims a fruitless blow.
And now he paus'd awhile, immers'd in thought,
A laboring doubt within his bosom wrought;
If by his own illustrious hand to bleed,
Nor leave the foes the glory of the deed;
Or if, survivor in the fatal strife,
To quit the field, and save his threaten'd life.
"Fate has subdu'd," at length the leader cried,
"My shame shall swell the haughty victor's pride:
Again th' insulting foe my flight shall view,
Again my exile with their scorn pursue;
But soon behold me turn in arms again,
To blast their peace, and shake their tottering reign.
Nor yield I now—my rage shall burn the same;
Eternal wrongs eternal vengeance claim:
Still will I rise a more inveterate foe,
And, dead, pursue them from the shades below!

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Solyman, in his journey to Gaza, is accosted by Ismeno, who persuades him to return; and conveys him in an enchanted chariot to Jerusalem. The magician conducts the soldan through a subterraneous cave into the city, and brings him to the council-hall, where he stands, concealed in a cloud, and hears the debates. The speeches of Argantes and Orcanes. Solyman at last discovers himself, and is received with the greatest joy by the king. In the mean time it is known to Godfrey, that the warriors who came to his assistance were those who had followed Armida. One of them relates to the general their adventures. Peter foretels the return and future glory of Rinaldo.

While thus the soldan spoke, a steed he spy'd,
That wander'd near, unbarthen'd of his guide;
Then instant, spent with toil and faint with heat,
He seiz'd the reins and press'd the welcome seat:
Fall'n is his crest, that late so dreadful rose,
His helm, disgrac'd, no more its splendour shows;
His regal vesture strows the dusty plains,
And not a trace of all his pomp remains!
As, from the nightly fold, the wolf pursu'd,
Flies to the shelter of the friendly wood;
Though fill'd with carnage, still he thirsts for more,
And licks his ravenous jaws impure with gore:
So fled the soldan, from the field compell'd,
Still bent on slaughter, still his rage unquell'd:
Safe from surrounding spears he took his flight,
And all the deathful weapons of the fight:
Alone, unseen, the warrior journey'd on,
Through solitary paths, and ways unknown:
His future course revolving in his mind;
Now here, now there, his doubtful thoughts inclin'd.
At length he fix'd to seek the friendly coast
Where Egypt's king collects his powerful host,
And join with him his fortune in the field,
To prove what arms another day would yield.
And, thus resolv'd, the well-known course he bore
That led to ancient Gaza's sandy shore.
Though now his weary limbs require repose,
And every wound with keener anguish glows;
Yet all the day he fled with eager haste,
Nor left his courser, nor his mail unbrac'd.
But when the dusky gloom perplex'd the sight,
And objects lost their colour by the night,
He swath'd his wounds; a palm-tree near him stood,
From this he shook the fruit (his homely food!)
His hunger thus appeas'd, the ground he press'd,
And sought to ease his limbs with needful rest:
On his hard shield his pensive head reclin'd,
He strove to calm the tumult of his mind.
Disdain and grief his heart alternate rend,
And like two vultures in his breast contend.
At length when night had gain'd her midmost way,
And all the world in peaceful silence lay,
O'ercome with labour, sleep his eyes oppress,
And steep'd his troubles in Lethean rest.
While thus on earth he lay, a voice severe,
With these upbraidings, thunder'd in his ear:
"O Solyman! regardless chief, awake!
In happier hours thy grateful slumber take.
Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,
And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,
While minster'd each lov'd associate lies?
Here, where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,
Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?"
The soldan wak'd; then rais'd his sight, and saw'd
A sire, of reverend mien, who near him stood;
Feeble he seem'd with age, his steps to guide
A friendly staff its needful aid supply'd. [cries,
"Say, what art thou, who dar'st," the monarch
"Dispel soft slumber from the traveller's eyes?
What part canst thou in all our glory claim,
And what to thee our vengeance or our shame?"
"In me behold a friend," the stranger said,
"To whom in part thy purpose stands display'd:
And here I proffer, with auxiliar care,
In all thy labours and designs to share.
Forgive my zeal; reproaches oft inspire
The noble mind, and raise the hero's fire.
Thou seek'st th' Egyptian king—such thoughts restrain,
Nor tempt a long and toilsome tract in vain;
Even now the monarch calls his numerous bands,
And moves his camp to assist Judea's lands.
Think not thy worth at Gaza can be shown,
That 'gainst our foes thy force can there be known;
But follow where I lead, and, safe from harms,
Within yon wall, begirt by Latian arms,
To place thee, even at noon of day, I swear,
Without the brandish'd sword or lifted spear.
New toils, new dangers, there thy arms attend;
There shall thy force the town besieg'd defend,
Till Egypt's host, arriv'd, their succour yield,
And call thy courage to a nobler field."
Thus while he spoke, the listening Turk, amaz'd,
Full on the hoary sire in silence gaz'd:
His haughty looks no more their fierceness boast,
And all his anger is in wonder lost.
Then thus: "O father! ready to obey,
Behold I follow where thou point'st the way:
But ever best that counsel shall I prize,
Where most of toil, where most of danger lies."
The sire his words approv'd; then search'd, with care,
Each recent wound, annoy'd by chilling air;
With powerful juice instill'd, his strength renew'd,
And eas'd the pain, and stanch'd the flowing blood.
Aurora now her rosy wreaths displays,
And Phœbus gilds them with his orient rays.
"Time calls," he cries, "the Sun directs our way,
That summons mortals to the toils of day."
Then to a car, that near him ready stood,
He pass'd; the chief of Nice his steps pursu'd:
They mount the seat; the stranger takes the reins,
Before the lash the coursers scour the plains;
They foam, they neigh, their smoking nostrils blow,
And the champ'd bits are white with frothy snow.
Then (strange to tell) the air, condens'd in clouds,
With thickest veil the rolling chariot shrouds;
Yet not a mortal sight the mist espy'd,
Nor could an engine's force the cloud divide;
While from its secret womb, with piercing eyes,
They view'd around the plains, the hills, and skies.
Struck with the sight, his brows the soldan rais'd,
And steadfast on the cloud and chariot gaz'd,
While on their course with ceaseless speed they flew:
Well by his looks the sire his wonder knew;

And, calling on his name, the chief he shook;
When, rising from his trance, the warrior spoke:
"O thou! whoe'er thou art, whose wondrous skill
Can force the laws of Nature to thy will;
Who, at thy pleasure, view'st with searching eyes
The human breast, where every secret lies:
If yet thy knowledge (which so far transcends
All human thought) to future time extends;
O say! what rest or woe is doom'd by Fate
To all the toils of Asia's broken state?
But first declare thy name; what hidden art
Can power to work such miracles impart?
This wild amazement from my soul remove,
Or vain will all thy future speeches prove."
To whom, with smiles, the ancient sire replied:
"In part thy wishes may be satisfied:
Behold Ismeno! (no ignoble name)
In magic lore all Syria owns my fame.
But that my tongue should distant times relate,
And trace the annals of mysterious fate,
A greater power denies; thy thoughts exceed
The narrow bounds to mortal man decreed.
Let each his valour and his wisdom show,
To stem the tide of human ills below;
For oft 'tis seen, that with the brave and wise,
The power to make their prosperous fortune lies.
Thy conquering arms may prove a happier field;
Thy force may teach the boastful Franks to yield:
Think not alone the city to defend,
On which the Latian foes their fury bend;
Confide! be bold! for fire and sword prepare;
A happy issue still may crown the war.
Yet to my words attend, while I recite
What, as through clouds, I view with doubtful light.
I see, or seem to see, ere many a year
Th' eternal planet gild the rolling sphere,
A chief[1] whose rule shall fertile Egypt bless,
Whose mighty actions Asia shall confess.
Let this suffice; not only in the field,
Beneath his force the Christian powers shall yield;
But from their race his arms shall rend the sway,
And all their state usurp'd in ruin lay:
Till fenc'd by seas, within a narrow land
Groan the sad relics[2] of the wretched band.
He from thy blood shall spring."—Ismeno said:
And thus the king his generous answer made;
(His bosom kindling at the hero's fame)
"O happy chief! whose deeds such glory claim!
For me, let good or ill my life betide,
And fortune, as prescrib'd above, provide:
No power shall e'er my vigorous mind control,
Or bend th' unconquer'd temper of my soul:
First shall the Moon and stars their course forsake,
Ere I my foot remove from glory's track."
He said; and, while he spoke, with martial ire
His eyeballs flash'd, his visage seem'd on fire.
Thus communed they, till near the chariot drew
To where the Christian tents appear'd in view.

A scene of carnage here their eyes survey'd,
Where death appear'd in various forms display'd.
Touch'd at the sight, the soldan's tears o'erflow,
And all his face is spread with generous woe:
He sees, inflam'd with anger and disdain,
His mighty standards scatter'd on the plain:
He sees the Franks exulting o'er the dead,
And on his dearest friends in triumph tread:
While from the breathless corse the arms they tear,
And from the field the glorious trophies bear.
There some he views, whose funeral care attends
Th' unbury'd relics of their Christian friends:
And others here prepare the blazing pyre,
Where Turks and Arabs feed one common fire.
Deeply he sigh'd, and straight his falchion drew,
And from the lofty car impetuous flew:
But soon Ismeno check'd his eager haste,
And in the seat again the warrior plac'd;
Then sought the hill, while, distant on the plain,
Behind their course the Christian tents remain.
Then from the car they light (at once from view,
Dissolv'd in air, the wondrous car withdrew)
Still with the cloud inshrin'd, on foot they fare,
And down the mountain to the vale repair;
Where Sion's hill, that here begins to rise,
Turns its broad back against the western skies,
Th' enchanter stay'd; and now, advancing nigh,
Explor'd the steepy side with heedful eye:
A hollow cavern open'd, in the stone,
A darksome pass, in former ages known,
But now with weeds and brambles overgrown:
Through this the sorcerer soon the passage try'd,
And held his better hand the prince to guide.
Then thus the soldan: "Through what darksome way
Must here my steps by stealth inglorious stray?
O rather grant that, with this trusty blade,
Through scatter'd foes a nobler path be made!"
"Let not thy feet disdain," Ismeno said,
"To tread the path which Herod woot to tread,
Whose fame in arms o'er many regions spread.
This monarch first the hollow cavern frame'd,
What time his subjects to the yoke he tame'd:
By this he could with ease the tower ascend,
(Then call'd Antonia[3] from his dearest friend)
Thence with his troops could leave the town unseen,
Or there re-enter with supplies of men.
But now to me reveal'd, to me alone
Of all mankind, this secret path is known.
This way shall lead us to the regal seat,
Where now the wise and brave in synod meet,
Call'd by the anxious king to high debate,
Who fears perhaps too far the frowns of Fate:
Awhile in silence all their counsels hear,
Till, breaking on their sight, thou shalt appear,
And pour thy speech in every wondering ear."
He said, and ceas'd; no more the warrior stay'd,
But enter'd with his guide the gloomy shade;
Darkling they went through paths conceal'd from view,
And, as they po-s'd, the cavern wider grew.
Ismeno now unfolds a secret door;
They mount by steps long-time disus'd before:
Here through a narrow vent, from upper day,
Appears the glimmering of a doubtful ray.
Now from the seats of night their course they bend,
And sudden to a stately hall ascend;

[1] He means Saladine, for his valour made soldan of Egypt, who took Jerusalem from the Christians, after they had been eighty years in possession of it, and had there established a seat of kingly government.

[2] The poet is here thought to mean Cyprus, which was given by Lusignan to Enrico count of Campagna, and which continued in possession of some of the Christians after the establishment of Saladine in the holy land.

[3] Josephus relates that Herod gave this name to the tower from Marc Antony the triumvir.

Where, with his sceptre, crown'd in awful state,
Amidst his mournful court the mournful monarch sate.
The haughty Turk, within the cloud conceal'd,
In silence stood, and all that pass'd beheld;
Then heard the monarch in an awful tone
Address the senate from his lofty throne:
"O faithful peers! behold the turn of fate!
The last dire day how deadly to our state!
From every former hope of conquest thrown,
Our safety rests on Egypt's powers alone;
But these must join us from a distant land,
When present dangers present aid demand.
For this I bade you here the council hold,
And each the purport of his thoughts unfold."
He cens'd: and soon a murmuring sound ensu'd,
Like zephyrs softly whispering through the wood:
Till, rising from his seat, with noble pride
And fearless speech, Argantes thus replied:
"What words are these to damp the martial fire!
No aid from us thy wisdom can require.
O! in ourselves our hopes alone must rest,
If virtue ever guards th' intrepid breast:
Be that our arms, be that our wish'd supplies,
Nor let us life beyond our glory prize!
I speak not this because my anxious mind
Despairs from Egypt certain aid to find:
Forbid it! that my thoughts, so far misled,
Should doubt the promise which my king has made.
But this my ardent soul has long desir'd,
To find a few with dauntless spirits fir'd,
That every chance can view with equal eyes,
Can seek for victory, or death despise."
Oreames next arose, with plausive grace,
Who, mix'd with princes, held the noblest place:
Once known in arms amid the field he shin'd;
But, to a youthful spouse in marriage join'd,
Proud of the husband and the father's name,
In slothful ease he stain'd his former fame.
Then thus he spake: "Well pleas'd the words I hear
Which spring, O monarch! from the soul sincere;
When the full heart with inbred ardour glows,
And generous threats the hero's warmth disclose.
Should now, transported with a noble rage,
The good Circassian's heat too far engage;
This may we grant to him whose dauntless might
Displays like ardour in the field of fight.
It rests with thee his fury to control,
When youth too far transports his fiery soul.
'T is thine to view, in equal balance weigh'd,
The present danger with the distant aid;
The hostile power that on our city falls,
Our new-rais'd ramparts and our mouldering walls.
I speak the dictates of a faithful heart;
Our town is strong by nature, strong by art;
Yet, see what mighty schemes the foes intend,
What huge machines against the walls ascend!
Th' event remains unknown—I hope and fear
The various chances of uncertain war.
Th' unlook'd-for small supply of herds and corn
That yester-night within the town was borne,
Can ill suffice so vast a city's call,
If long the siege should last before our wall:
And last it must, though by th' appointed day
Th' Egyptian forces here their aid display:
But what our fate if longer they delay?
Yet grant those succours should prevent in speed
Their plighted promise, and our hope exceed:
I see not thence the certain conquest won,
Nor from the Christians freed the threaten'd town.
We must, O king! with Godfrey meet in fight,
Those gallant chiefs, those bands approv'd in might,
Whose arms so oft have scatter'd o'er the plain
The Syrian, Persian, and Arabian train.
Thou, Have Argantes! oft compell'd to yield,
Hast prov'd too well their valour in the field:
Oft hast thou fled the foe with eager haste,
And in thy nimble feet thy safety plac'd.
Clorinda and myself have felt their host;
Nor let a warrior o'er his fellows boast.
Free let me speak, and unrestrain'd by fear
(Though yonder champion scorn the truth to hear,
And threaten death): my deep foreboding mind
Beholds these dreadful foes with fate combin'd:
Nor troops nor ramparts can their force sustain;
Here shall they fix at last their certain reign.
Heaven witness! what I speak the time requires,
Love for my country and my king inspires.
How wise the king of Tripoly! who gain'd
Peace from the Christians, and his realms retain'd;
While the proud soldan on the naked plains
Now breathless lies, or wears ignoble chains;
Or hid in exile, trembling from the strife,
Prolongs in distant lands his wretched life:
Who, yielding part, with gifts and tribute paid,
Had still the rest in peace and safety sway'd."
He said; and thus his coward-thoughts disclos'd,
With artful words in doubtful phrase compos'd:
Yet durst not plainly his advice declare,
To sue for peace, a foreign yoke to wear.
But, as his speeches fir'd with just disdain,
No more the soldan could his wrath restrain.
To whom Ismeno—"Can thy generous ear
Without concern these vile reproaches hear?"
"Unwilling have I stay'd," the chief returns,
"My conscious soul with just resentment burns."
Scarce had he ended, when the mist, that threw
Its friendly veil around, at once withdrew;
Dissolv'd in air was lost the fleecy cloud,
And, left in open light, the monarch stood;
Full in the midst his dreadful front he rears,
And sudden thus accosts their wondering ears:
"Lo! here the man you name, the soldan stands;
No timorous exile fled to distant lands!
This arm shall yonder dastard's lies disprove,
And show what fears his trembling bosom move.
I, who of Christian blood such torrents shed,
And pil'd the plain with mountains of the dead!
Left in the vale, by foes begirt in fight,
All succours lost! am I accus'd of flight?
But should this wretch, or any such, again,
False to his country, to his faith a stain,
Dare, with his words, to shameful peace betray,
(Do thou, O monarch! give my justice way)
This falchion shall avenge the hateful part,
And stab the treason lurking in his heart.
First in one fold shall wolves and lambs remain,
One nest the serpent and the dove contain,
Ere with the Franks our land behold our state,
On any terms but everlasting hate!"
While haughty thus he spoke, with threatening mien,
His dreadful hand upon his sword was seen.
Struck with his presence, with his words amaz'd,
The pale assistants mute and trembling gaz'd.
Then, with a soften'd air and milder look,
To Aladine he turn'd, and thus he spoke:

"We trust, O monarch! welcome aid we bring,
When Solyman appears to assist the king."
Then Aladine, who near to meet him drew:
"How glows my heart a friend like thee to view!
No more I feel my slaughter'd legions lost,
No more my soul with anxious fears is tost,
Thou shalt my reign secure, and soon restore
(If Heaven permit) thy own subverted power."
This said, around his neck his arms he cast,
And with an eager joy his friend embrac'd.
Judea's sovereign then, this greeting done,
Gave to the mighty chief his regal throne:
Himself, beside him, to the left he plac'd,
Tancred next with equal honours grac'd.
And while, inquiring every chance of fate,
In converse with the sire the monarch sate,
To honour Solyman the warrior-dame
Approach'd; then all, by her example, came.
Among the rest, Ormusses rose, whose care
Preserv'd his faithful Arabs from the war:
These, while the hosts with mutual fury fought,
By night in safety to the walls he brought;
And, with supplies of herds and corn convey'd,
Gave to the famish'd town a needful aid.
Alone, with lowering front and gloomy state,
In silence wrapt, the fierce Circassian sate:
So seems a lion, couching on the ground,
Who sullen rolls his glaring eyes around:
While low his head declin'd with pensive air,
The soldan's looks Ormusses could not bear.
In council thus Judea's tyrant sate,
The king of Nice, and nobles of the state.
But pious Godfrey, victor of the day, [way:
Had chas'd his foes, and clear'd each guarded
And now he paid his warriors, slain in fight,
The last due honours of the funeral rite;
Then bade the rest prepare (his mandate known)
The second day in arms to assault the town;
And threaten'd, with machines of every kind,
The rude Barbarians in their walls confin'd.
The leader soon the timely squadron knew,
That brought him aid against the faithless crew:
In this the prime of all his friends he view'd,
Who once the fraudful damsel's track pursu'd:
Here Tancred came, who late, by wiles restrain'd,
A prisoner in Armida's fort remain'd.
For these, to meet beneath his lofty tent,
Before the hermit and his chiefs, he sent.
Then thus he said: "Let some, O warriors! tell
Th' adventures that your wandering course befell;
And how you came, by Fortune thus convey'd,
In need so great to give such welcome aid."
He ceas'd; when, conscious of his secret blame,
Each hung his head depress'd with generous shame;
Till Britain's heir below'd[4] the silence broke,
And rais'd his eyes as thus sincere he spoke:
"We went, whose names, undrawn, the urn conceal'd,
Nor each to each his close design reveal'd,
The darksome paths of treacherous love to trace,
Lur'd by the features of a guileful face:
Her words and looks (too late I own the shame)
Increas'd our mutual hate, our mutual flame:
At length we drew to where, in dreadful ire,
Heaven rain'd on Earth[5] of old a storm of fire,
To avenge the wrongs which Nature's laws endur'd,
On that dire race to wicked deeds inur'd:
Where once were fertile lands and meadows green,
Now a deep lake with sulphurous waves was seen:
Hence noisome vapours, baleful steams arise,
That breathe contagion to the distant skies.
In this each ponderous mass is thrown in vain,
The sluggish waters every weight sustain:
In this a castle stood, from which there lay
A narrow bridge to invite the wanderer's stay.
We enter'd here; and, wondering, saw within
Each part present a lovely sylvan scene;
Soft was the air, the skies serene and mild,
With flowers adorn'd the hills and valleys smil'd:
A fountain, 'midst a bower of myrtle shade,
With lucid streams in sweet meanders stray'd:
On the soft herbage downy slumbers lay; [play;
Through whispering leaves the fanning breezes
And cheerful songsters warble on the spray.
I pass the domes our eyes beheld amaz'd,
Of costly gold and polish'd marble rais'd.
"There on the turf, with shade o'er-arching grac'd,
Near purling rills the dame a banquet plac'd;
Where sculptur'd vases deck'd the costly board,
With viands choice of every flavour stor'd:
Whate'er to different climes and suns we owe,
Which earth, or air, or ocean can bestow;
With all that art improves! and while we sate,
A hundred beauteous nymphs in order wait.
"With gentle speech and soft enticing smiles,
She tempers other food and fatal wiles;
While every guest receives the deadly flame,
And quaffs a long oblivion of his fame.
"She left us now, but soon resum'd her place,
When anger seem'd to kindle in her face.
Within her better hand a wand she bore;
Her left sustain'd a book of magic power:
Th' enchantress read, and mutter'd secret charms,
When, lo! a sudden change my breast alarms!
Strange fancies soon my troubled thoughts pursu'd,
Sudden I plung'd amid the crystal flood:
My legs, shrunk up, their former function leave,
To either side my arms begin to cleave;
A scaly covering o'er my skin is grown,
And in the fish no more the man is known!
An equal change with me the rest partook,
And swam, transform'd, within the limpid brook.
Oft as my mind recalls th' event, I seem
Lost in th' illusion of an idle dream.
"At length her art our former shape restor'd,
But fear and wonder chok'd each issuing word.
As thus amaz'd we stood, with angry brows
She threaten'd added pains and future woes.
'Behold,' she cried, 'what power is in my hand!
I rule your fates with uncontrol'd command:
My will can keep you from ethereal light,
The hapless prisoners of eternal night;
Can bid you range among the feather'd kind,
Or, chang'd to trees, with rooted fibres bind;
Can fix in rocks, dissolve in limpid streams,
Or turn to brutal form the human limbs.
It rests on you to avert my vengeful ire;
Consent to obey what my commands require:

[4] William.

[5] The country of Sodom and Gomorrha. Aristotle and Galen both mention the lake here described by the poet, and give the same reason for its supporting any heavy substance, the grossness and density of the water.

Embrace the Pagan faith, my realms defend,
And your keen swords on impious Godfrey bend.'
"She said: the proffer'd terms our souls disdain'd,
Her words alone the false Rambaldo gain'd.
Us (no defence avail'd) she straight constrains
In loathsome dungeons and coercive chains.
Thither was Tancred led, by fortune crost,
Where, join'd with us, his liberty he lost.
But little time, confin'd within the tower,
The false enchantress kept us in her power.
'T was said, an envoy from Damascus came,
To gain her prisoners from th' unhallow'd dame;
And thence, disarm'd, in fetters bound, to bring,
A welcome present to th' Egyptian king.
"We went, surrounded by a numerous guard,
When Heaven's high will unhop'd for aid prepar'd.
The good Rinaldo, who, with deeds of fame,
Adds every moment to his former name,
Our course impeding, on our leaders fell,
And prov'd that valour, often prov'd so well.
He slew, he vanquish'd all beneath his sword,
And soon again our former arms restor'd.
To me, to all confess'd the youth appear'd;
We grasp'd his hand, his well-known voice we heard.
Here vulgar tongues fallacious tales proclaim;
The hero still survives to life and fame.
Three days are past since, parting from our band,
He with a pilgrim travell'd o'er the land,
To Antioch bound: but first he cast aside
His shatter'd arms with streaming crimson dy'd."
Here ceas'd the knight. Meanwhile his ardent eyes
The Hermit fix'd devoutly on the skies:
His looks, his colour chang'd; a nobler grace
Shone in his mien, and kindled in his face;
Full of the Deity, his rapture'd mind
With angels seem'd in hallow'd converse join'd:
He reads in future time's eternal page,
And sees th' events of many a distant age.
He spoke; while all intent and silent gaz'd,
Much at his looks and awful voice amaz'd.
"He lives! Rinaldo lives!" aloud he cries,
"Then heed not empty arts or female lies!
He lives! and Heaven, whose care his youth defends,
For greater praise his valued life extends!
These are but light forerunners of his fame,
(These deeds that now o'er Asia spread his name)
Lo! after rolling years, I plainly view
His arms shall many an impious power subdue;
His eagle guards, with silver wings display'd,
The church and Rome beneath its shield shade.
Succeeding sons with equal virtue shine,
And children's children crown his glorious line!
To pull the mighty down, exalt the low;
To punish vice, or virtue aid bestow;
These be their arts! and thus his dazzling way
The bird of Fate soars beyond the solar ray!
To guard celestial truth his flight he bends,
And with his thunders Peter's cause defends:
Where zeal for Christ each holy warrior brings,
He spreads, triumphant, his victorious wings:
The chief recall'd, must here his task resume,
Such is the will of Fate, and such th' eternal doom!"
Here ceas'd the sage; his words each doubt appeas'd,
And every fear for young Rinaldo eas'd.
All, fill'd with transport, spoke their joys aloud;
While, fixt in thought, the pious Godfrey stood.
Now had the night her sable mantle cast
O'er darken'd air, and earth around embrac'd;
The rest, retiring, sink in soft repose;
But, lost in cares, no sleep the leader knows.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans. Solyman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the mean time Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

The Christian leader now, with cares oppress,
The near assault revolv'd within his breast:
But, while he hastes his vast machines to frame,
Before his presence reverend Peter came;
The hermit sage apart the hero took,
And thus sedate with awful words bespoke:
"You, mighty prince! terrestrial arms prepare,
But first another duty claims your care. [paid,
To Heaven your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be
And call the angels and the saints to aid:
With public prayers their succour seek to gain,
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.
Then let the priesthood in procession move,
And humbly supplicate the powers above;
And you, O chiefs! the vulgar herd inspire,
And kindle in their souls devotion's fire."
Severely thus the holy hermit said;
Th' observant leader his advice obey'd.
"O servant, lov'd of Jesus!" he replied,
"Well pleas'd I follow where thy counsels guide.
While I the chieftains of the camp invite,
Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,
William and Ademar, a reverend pair!
To adjust the sacred pomp, be thine the care."
Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose[1],
The hermit with the priests assembled goes,
Where in a vale, to worship sacred made,
The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.
Robes, white as snow, the priestly band enfold;
The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold,
That hung divided on their breasts before,
And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.
First Peter leads, and waves aloft in air
The sign which saints in Paradise revere:
Next in two ranks, with solemn steps and slow,
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go:
Then, side by side, the holy chiefs appear,
William and Ademar, and close the rear:

[1] History relates that, before the general assault, the Litany was chanted with a solemn religious procession. I have elsewhere observed, and I believe the reader will agree with me, that the following passage, for solemnity of description, is equal to any part of the poem.

Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,
Alone and foremost of his martial band.
By two and two the field the leaders tread;
Then, sheath'd in arms, the warrior-host succeed.
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,
Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain;
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's sound is heard,
But holy hymns from humble hearts preferr'd.
Thee, Father! first, omnipotent, they sung,
Thee, Son, coequal! from the Father sprung!
Thee, Spirit! in whose influence both combine;
Thee, Virgin-mother of the man divine!
And you, ye leaders! who in Heaven above[1],
Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move:
And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God
With the pure stream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.
Thee Peter! too, they hail in songs of praise,
The rock on which Heaven fix'd his church to raise;
Where now thy great descendant holds the place,
To unclose the gates of pardon and of grace:
And all the associates of th' ethereal reign,
Who testified the glorious death to man;
With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood
To seal the precious doctrine with their blood:
And those, whose words or writings taught the way
To the lost regions of eternal day:
And her, the damsel true, of Christ belov'd,
Whose pious choice the better life approv'd:
The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,
By mystic nuptial rites to Heaven espous'd:
With every other name in torments tried,
Whose zeal the nations and their kings defied!
Thus chanting hymns devout, the numerous train
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:
Their pensive march to Olivet they frame[2],
Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name;
Eastward it rises from the sacred town,
A mount by fame through every region known.
So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;
The winding caverns and the mountains high
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.
Meantime, in wonder fix't, the Pagan band
All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand;
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.
But when their wonder ceas'd, th' ungodly crew
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw.
With barbarous shouts they shake the bulwarks round;
The hills and valleys to the noise resound!
But not their course the Christian powers refrain,
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain;
Fearless they march, nor heed the clamours more
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.
Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd
A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd;
On either side, refulgent to behold,
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold!
There William now, in costlier robes array'd,
His reverend homage at the altar paid;
There, with low voice, his humble suit prefers,
And supplicates with vows and holy prayers.
Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand;
With eyes intent behold the distant band.
But when complete the mystic rites were ceas'd,
The sacred sire th' attending train dismiss'd,
And with his priestly hand the squadrons bless'd.
The pious troops return (this duty o'er)
And tread the path their feet had trod before:
Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke;
When to the tents his way the hero took:
With smiles he parted from the vulgar band,
But there the captains of his host detain'd
To due repast; and full before him plac'd
Thoulouse's valiant earl with honours grac'd.
The call of thirst and hunger now repress,
The chief of chiefs his leaders thus address'd:
"Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,
Rise all in arms to assault Judea's town:
By that the day to invade our impious foe;
The present hours to needful tasks bestow."
This said, the chiefs depart: with trumpet's sound
Th' obedient heralds send his mandates round;
And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,
Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.
In different works the tedious day they waste,
And various thoughts revolve in every breast,
Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves,
A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.
Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams;
No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear,
No watchful shepherds to the meads repair;
Each bird secure his peaceful slumber takes;
Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes:
When now the trumpet's echoes rouse the morn,
"To arms! to arms!" the vaulted skies return;
"To arms! to arms!" with universal cry
A hundred legions to the notes reply.
First Godfrey rose, but now neglects to bear
His ponderous cuirass, oft approv'd in war;
A slight defence the fearless hero chose,
And o'er his limbs the lighter harness throws;
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name;
When aged Raymond to his presence came:
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd
What deed the leader's secret soul design'd.
"Where is thy corselet's massy weight," he cry'd,
"Where all thy other arms of temper try'd?
What dost thou seek? a private palm to gain,
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train?
Think not this task a general's sword demands:
Such dangers leave to less important hands.
Resume thy arms: regard thy safety most,
And save a life, the spirit of our host."
He ceas'd. The generous leader thus replied:
"When holy Urban girded to my side[4]
This sword in Clarmont; and when first 't was given
To Godfrey's hand to wage the wars of Heaven,
To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,
A private warrior in the dangerous field.
Since I have every duty now display'd
As fits a chief by whom the host is led;

[1] The angelical orders thus classed by the theological writers of that time, seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers; virtues, angels, and archangels. Thus Milton:

Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers!

[2] All these circumstances are taken from the history.

[4] Pope Urban went in person to the council of Clarmont, a city of France, where he appointed numbers to the crusade, and among the first, Godfrey; giving to each adventurer the sacred badge of the expedition.

It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)
To march in equal arms to assault the town.
Thus shall I keep the faith to Heaven I gave;
His hand shall lead me, and his power shall save."
This said; his brethren soon th' example took;
Each knight of France his heavy arms forsook;
The other chiefs less cumbrous harness chose,
And boldly march'd on foot to assail the foes.
Alike prepar'd the Pagan troops ascend
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend;
And where the west surveys the rising towers,
Of least defence against th' invading powers:
For, well secur'd on every part beside,
The town th' attempts of all their host defied.
Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care
Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war;
But, summon'd in this utmost risk of state,
Old age and childhood share the toils of fate:
These to the brave supply (as time requires)
Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.
With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,
Whose rising height commands the plain below.
There from aloft, the soldan strikes the eyes,
In form a giant of stupendous size!
There on the ramparts, flaming from afar,
The fierce Argantes towers with threatening air:
And where the highest fort its summit rears,
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the rest appears,
And stor'd with darts her deadly quiver bears.
Already in her hand the bow she tries,
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.
Eager to strike, the lovely archer stands,
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.
So feign'd of old, from Heaven's ethereal height,
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.
The hoary king, forgetful of his state,
Within the city moves from gate to gate;
Renews again his orders on the wall,
And breathes a hope and confidence in all;
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.
But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,
And seek their falsed god with fruitless prayer.
"O! hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,
And sudden break the Christian robber's lance!
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!"
While thus the city bends her different cares,
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares:
And first he leads the foot, a numerous train,
In skilful order marshal'd on the plain:
Then in two squadrons he divides his powers
To attack, on either side, the hostile towers.
The huge balistæ in the midst appear,
And every dreadful implement of war;
Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown
Enormous darts, and crags of ponderous stone.
The heavy-arm'd the weaker foot sustain;
The lighter horse are sent to scour the plain.
At length the word is given, the signals sound;
The bows are bent, the slings are whirl'd around;
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,
And gall the Pagans with a rocky shower:
Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall,
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.
The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,
More near the walls advance with eager course.
Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,
Above their heads an ample covering made:
And some, beneath machines, in safety move,
A sure defence from falling stones above.
And now the fosse th' advancing soldiers gain,
And seek the depth to level with the plain.
The bottom firm a safe foundation show'd,
This soon they fill'd, a late impervious road!
Adrastus foremost of the troop appears,
And 'gainst the walls a scaling-ladder rears:
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour
The stones and sulphur in a mingled shower:
The fierce Helvetian wond'ring crowds survey,
Who now had finish'd half his airy way:
When lo! with fury sent, a rugged stone,
With rapid force as from an engine thrown,
(Sent by the vigour of Circassia's knight)
Struck on his helm, and hurl'd him from his height.
Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,
Yet prone he tumbled, senseless with the shock.
Then thus Argantes with a threatening cry:
"Fall'n is the first: who dares the second try?
Behold, I fearless stand before your sight,
Why, warriors! draw ye not to open fight?
Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,
For you, like beasts, shall in your caves be slain!"
He said: yet not for this the Christians stay;
But in their covers still pursue their way:
While others on their fencing bucklers bear
The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.
Now to the walls the battering rams drew nigh,
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye!
Strong iron plates their massy heads compose:
The gates and ramparts fear th' approaching blows.
'Gainst these a hundred hands their force apply,
And roll vast beams and ruins from on high;
The ponderous fragments thunder on the fields;
At once they break the well-compacted shields,
And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields!
The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er
With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore!
The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight,
Forth from their covert rush'd to open light:
Some place their ladders, and the height ascend;
Against the ramparts some their engines bend,
The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall,
The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall.
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare
Each various method of defensive war:
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,
A mass of wool, suspended from above,
(Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful blows)
The wary Pagans 'gainst the storm oppose.
While thus, with dauntless hearts, the warrior-train
Against the walls the bold attack maintain;
Seven times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,
As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew;
And every shaft that to the plain she sped,
Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.
The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,
She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.
The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war,
Felt her keen darts, was England's youngest care;
Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view,
When, wing'd with speed, the vengeful arrow flew:
Swift through his better hand it held its course,
Nor could the steely gauntlet stop the force.
Disabled thus, with grief he left the plain,
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.

Then, near the fosse, the earl of Amboise fell:
Clotharius mounting found the deadly steel.
That, pierc'd from back to breast, reluctant died:
This headlong fell, transfixt from side to side.
The Flemish chief the battering engine heav'd,
When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd:
He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,
But left the steel within the wounded part.
To reverend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,
Uncautious stood to view the raging war,
The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found;
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound;
Another dart, with equal fury sent,
Transfix'd his hand, and through his visage went.
He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,
And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.
As Palamede to scale the bulwarks strove,
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove,
Through all the optic nerves its passage tore,
And issu'd at his nape besmear'd with gore:
At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,
And dies beneath the well-contested wall!
While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows,
With new devices Godfrey press'd his foes:
Aside he brought against a portal near,
The largest of his huge machines of war;
A tower of wood, stupendous to the sight,
Whose top might mate the lofty rampart's height:
Its ample womb could arms and men contain,
And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.
Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,
While from within the darts and javelins flew.
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes
With spear and stones th' advancing pile oppose;
Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,
And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.
So thick, on either side, the javelins pour,
The air is darken'd with the missile shower:
Cloud meets with cloud; and, clashing in the sky,
Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.
As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,
What time the grove the stormy hail receives,
As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls:
So fell the Pagans from the lofty walls;
While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay
Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.
Not so the soldan: fearless he remain'd,
And with him many on the height detain'd.
Then fierce Argantes thither bent his course,
And seiz'd a beam to oppose the hostile force:
Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,
By this his mighty strength the tower repell'd
And kept aloof. With these the martial fair[8]
Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.
Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the Franks divide
The cords to which the woolly fence is tied;
No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,
And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls.
Now from the Christian tower more fierce below,
The thundering ram redoubles every blow.
A breach is made: when, fir'd with martial fame,
The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came:
His body cover'd with his amplest shield,
(A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)
He saw, as round he cast his careful view,
Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew,
And swift to guard the dangerous passage flew;
While still Clorinda and Circassia's knight
Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.
He sees, and instant from Sigero's hands
A lighter buckler and his bow demands.
"Myself," he cries, "will first the deed essay
Through yon disjointed stones to force the way:
'Tis time to show some act that merits praise,
That may to either host our glory raise."
Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had said,
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled:
The destin'd passage in his leg it found,
Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.
The deadly shaft from thee, Clorinda! came,
To thee alone the world ascribes the fame:
This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,
Thy Pagan friends to thee their safety owe.
But still his troops the dauntless leader fires,
Still o'er the works his daring foot aspires:
Till now he feels the wound's increasing pain!
No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains;
To noble Guelpho then a sign he made:
"Behold, compell'd I leave the field," he said,
"Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,
And, in my absence, head my social train.
Soon will I turn, the combat to renew—"
He said, and on a courser thence withdrew,
Yet not unnoted by the Pagan crew.
Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his post,
And with him fortune quits the Christian host:
While on the adverse side their force increas'd,
And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in every breast.
In every Christian heart new terrors rose,
And chilling fears their former ardour froze:
Already flew their weapons slow to wound,
And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.
Now on the rampart's height again appear
The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.
Incited by Clorinda's glorious fires,
Their country's love the female train inspires:
Eager they run to prove the tasks of war,
With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair:
They hurl the dart; nor fear, where danger calls,
To expose their bosom for their native walls.
But that which most the Franks with doubts oppress'd,
And banish'd fear from every Pagan breast,
The mighty Guelpho, 'midst the rage of fight,
Fell by a wound, in either army's sight:
Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown,
Sent from afar he felt the missile stone.
Another stone alike on Raymond flew,
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw.
While in the fosse the brave Eustatius stood,
A weapon deeply drank his generous blood.
This hour (ill fated for the Christian train)
No Pagan weapon flies, that flies in vain.
Fir'd with success, and swell'd to loftier pride,
The fierce Circassian rais'd his voice and cried:
"Not Antioch this; nor now the shades extend,
The shades of night that Christian frauds befriend:
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,
Far other forms, far other tasks of fight!
No sparks of glory now your soul inflame,
No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame;
Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain?
O less than women, in the shape of men!"

[8] Clorinda.

He spoke, and storm'd, in narrow walls confin'd,
To bide the fury of his daring mind:
With hasty bounds he seeks the wall below,
Where gaping stones a dangerous passage show.
While dauntless there to guard the pass he flies,
To Solyman, who stood beside, he cries:
"Lo! Solyman, the place, the destin'd hour,
In danger's field to prove our martial power:
Why this delay? O rouse thy noble fire!
Who prizes fame must here to fame aspire."
He said: and either warrior's ardour grows:
At once they issue where the combat glows,
And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.
Beneath their arms what numbers press the ground,
What broken shields and helms are scatter'd round,
What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall,
And raise new ramparts for the shatter'd wall!
Now those, who lately hop'd the town to gain,
Can scarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.
At length they yield, and to the furious pair
Resign their engines and machines of war.
The Pagan chiefs, as native fury sway'd,
With dreadful shouts invoke the city's aid:
Now here, now there, they call for fiery hands,
And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands;
Then on the tower with headlong speed they bend:—
So from the black Tartarian gates ascend
Pluto's dire ministers, (tremendous names!)
With hissing serpents and infernal flames!
Tancred, no less with thirst of fame inspir'd,
In other parts his hardy Latians fir'd.
When now the spreading carnage he beheld,
And saw the torches blazing o'er the field,
He left the walls, and turn'd his rapid course
To oppose the Saracens' impetuous force:
He comes, he turns the scale of victory;
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly!
Thus stood the war, while from the martial band
His lofty toss the wounded leader gain'd.
Baldwin and good Sigero near him stood,
And round of mourning friends a pensive crowd.
He strove to draw the shaft with eager speed,
And broke within the flesh the feather'd reed:
Then swift he bade explore the wounded part,
And bare a passage for the barbed dart.
"Restore me swift to arms," the hero cries,
"Ere rising night th' unfinish'd strife surprise."
Now old Erotimus to assist him stood,
Who drew his birth by Po's imperial flood;
Who well the power of healing simples knew,
The force of plants and every virtuous dew;
Dear to the Muse: but, pleas'd with lowly fame,
He gain'd by private arts a humbler name.
His skill could mortals from the grave reprieve,
His verse could bid their names for ever live.
All unconcern'd the godlike chief appears,
While every pale assistant melts in tears.
The sage physician for the task prepares,
He girds his vesture, and his arm he bares;
With lenient med'cine bathes th' afflicted part,
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart;
With pincers next the stubborn steel he strains,
Yet fast it stands, and mocks his utmost pains.
What means shall next his baffled art devise,
Since Fortune thus her favouring aid denies?
Full soon the chief th' increasing anguish found,
And fleeting life seem'd doubtful in the wound.
But now the guardian angel, touch'd with grief,
From Ida's summit brought the wish'd relief;
A branch of dittany, of wondrous power,
Whose downy foliage bears a purple flower:
By nature taught (th' instructress of their kind)
The mountain goats its secret virtue find,
What time they feel the winged dart from far,
And in their wounded sides the arrow bear.
With this, though distant thence the region lies,
The pitying angel in a moment flies:
Unseen, with this the vase prepar'd he fills,
And odoriferous panacy distills.
The leech anoints the part, and, (strange to tell!)
Loos'd from the wound, the shaft spontaneous fell:
The blood forbore to flow, the anguish ceas'd,
And strength, return'd, in every nerve increas'd.
Then thus Erotimus with wonder cries:
"No skill of mine thy sudden cure supplies:
A greater power his timely aid extends,
Some guardian angel from his Heaven descends:
I see celestial hands!—To arms! to arms!
Return, and rouse again the war's alarms!"
He said; and Godfrey, eager for the fight,
Soon o'er his thighs dispos'd the cuishes bright;
He shook his ponderous lance, his helmet lac'd,
And his forsaken shield again embrac'd.
He moves: a thousand on his steps attend;
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend:
With clouds of dust the face of Heaven is spread,
Wide shakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.
The foes behold the squadron drawing near,
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd;
Full well the welcome sound his people heard;
The sound that oft was wont to cheer the fight;
Then, fir'd anew, they rouse their fainting might.
Still at the walls, the haughty Pagan pair,
Plac'd in the breach, support the dangerous war;
Firm in the pass a bold defence maintain,
'Gainst noble Tancred and his valiant train.
Now, sheath'd in arms, the glorious chief drew nigh,
Disdain and anger flashing from his eye:
On fierce Argantes all his force he bends,
And 'gainst the foe his lance impatient sends.
Not with more noise some stout enormous fire,
Sent by an engine through th' affrighted skies:
Through sounding air its course the javelin held;
Argantes, fearless, lifts th' opposing shield:
The riven target to the force gives way,
Nor can the corselet's plates the fury stay:
Through shiver'd armour flies the missive wood,
And dips its thirsty point in Pagan blood.
Swift from his side the lance Argantes drew,
And to its lord again the weapon threw:
"Receive thine own," he cried—but, stooping low,
The wary Christian disappoints the foe:
The deadly point the good Sigero found,
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound:
Yet with a secret joy he sunk in death,
Pleas'd in his sovereign's stead to yield his breath.
A craggy flint the raging soldan threw;
Resistless on the Norman chief it flew;
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,
Then sudden tumbled headlong to the ground.
No longer Godfrey now his wrath repell'd,
Grasp'd in his hand the flaming sword he held;
And now to nearer fight his foes defied:
What deeds had soon been wrought on either side!
But night, to check their rage, her veil display'd,
And wrapt the warring world in peaceful shade:
Then Godfrey, ceasing, left th' unfinish'd fray,—
So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day!

But ere the chief retir'd, with pious care,
He bade the wounded from the field to bear:
Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind
His warlike engines to the foes resign'd.
Safe from the walls he drew the highest tower.
Though broke and crush'd with many a horrid shower.
So seems a ship from seas and tempests borne,
Her planks all shatter'd and her canvass torn,
When, 'scap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,
Within the port she scarce securely rides.
The broken wheels no more the tower sustain,
Heavy and slow it drags along the plain.
The weight supported by th' assisting train.
And now the workmen haste, with ready care,
To search the pile, and every breach repair:
So Godfrey bade, who will'd that morning light
Should view the wonder of a tower renew'd for fight.
On every side his watchful thoughts he cast,
And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.
But, from the walls, their speech the Pagans hear,
And strokes of hammers breaking on the ear:
A thousand torches gild the dusky air,
And all their purpose and their toils declare.

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. Arsetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to dissuade her from the enterprise, but in vain: he then relates to her the story of her birth. The two adventurers sally from the town, and set fire to the tower: the Christians take arms: Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in safety; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left amongst the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is slain, but, before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

'T was night; but neither host, with cares oppress,
Forgot their labours yet in balmy rest:
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,
The Christians now repair'd their batter'd tower;
And there the Pagans, prest with equal care,
Review'd their bulwarks tottering from the war,
And prop'd the walls. Alike on either side,
The warriors' wounds each skilful leech employ'd.
These tasks perform'd, the Franks and faithless train,
O'erwatch'd at length, from further toil refrain;
'Till deeper darkness brooded on the ground,
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound:
But not in slumber sunk the martial dame[1],
Whose generous bosom ever pants for fame:
With her Argantes join'd the watch partook;
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke:
"What wond'rous praise has Solyman obtain'd!
What, by his deeds to day, Argantes gain'd!
Alone, amidst yon numerous host to go,
And crush the engines of the Christian foe!
While I, (how poor the vaunted fame I share!)
Here plac'd aloft, maintain'd a distant war:
'T is true my shaft may boast successful aim:
And is this all a woman's hand can claim?
'T were better far in woods and wilds to chase
And pierce with darts remote the savage race,
Than here, when manly valour braves the field,
Appear a maid in frats of arms unskill'd."
She said; and now revolving in her breast
Heroic deeds, Argantes thus address'd:
"Long has my soul unusual ardour prov'd,
And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd:
I know not whether God th' attempt inspires,
Or man can form a God of his desires.
See! from yon vale the Christians' glimmering light:
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,
To burn their tower; at least the deed be tried,
And for th' event let Heaven alone provide.
But should it chance (the fate of war unknown)
You foes forbid me to regain the town;
I leave my damsel train thy care to prove,
And one that loves me with a father's love:
Protect them, chief! and safe to Egypt send
My mourning virgins and my aged friend:
O grant my prayer!—This duty from thy hands
Those claim by sex, and this by age demands."
With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame,
And caught the kindling sparks of generous flame.
"Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,
Despis'd," he cried, "among th' ignoble kind?
Think'st thou that I secure with joyful eyes
Shall view afar the curling flames arise?
No:—if in arms I ever grac'd thy side,
Let me this night thy doubtful chance divide;
I too can boast a heart despising death,
That prizes honour cheaply bought with breath!"
"O generous chief!" reply'd the fearless maid,
"In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd:
Yet here permit me to depart alone.
A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town:
But (Heaven avert the omen!) should'st thou fall,
What hand shall longer guard Judea's wall?"
"In vain is each pretence," the knight rejoin'd,
"For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind:
Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead,
But, if refus'd, myself will dare the deed."
This said, they sought the careful king, who sate
In nightly council for the public state:
There midst the brave and wise (an awful train)
They came, and first Clorinda thus began:
"Vouchsafe awhile, O king! to bend thine ear,
And what we proffer with acceptance hear;—
Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the power)
With vengeful flames to burn you hostile tower:
Myself will aid—our course alone we stay
Till added toil the foes in slumber lay."
To Heaven his trembling hands the monarch rears,
His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears:
"All praise to thee, O guardian power!" he cries,
"Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes!
Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,
When souls like these the town's defence maintain.
For you, ye pair! what praises can I find?
What gifts to equal your heroic mind?
Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,
And Earth aloud repeat each glorious name.
Your deed be your reward—to this receive
Such recompense as fits a king to give."
Thus Aladine; and, as he spoke, he press'd
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast.

[1] Clorinda.

No more the burning soldan could control
The generous emulation in his soul:
"Think not," he cried, "in vain this sword I wear,
This hand with you shall every labour bear."
"Then let us leave all," the maid rejoin'd,
"Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind?"
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,
Argantes his consent had here denied;
But straight the word Judea's monarch took,
And mildly thus the chief of Nice bespoke:
"Intrepid warrior! whom no dangers fright,
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight,
Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show;
But mark, meanest it seems, that, parting all,
None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.
Nor would I these permit th' attempt to dare,
(So high their safety and their lives I bear)
Were this a work of less important kind,
Or meaner hands could act the part design'd;
But since, so well 'gainst every chance dispos'd,
The lofty tower is round with guards enclos'd,
No little force can hope the pass to gain;
Nor must we issue with a numerous train:
Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair,
Oft prov'd before in every risk of war,
Let these alone depart, in happy hour,
Whose strength is equal to a legion's power;
While thou, as best befits thy regal state,
Here with the rest remain within the gate.
And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)
These shall return, and wide have spread the flame,
If chance a hostile hand pursue their course,
Then haste and guard them from superior force."
So spoke the king; nor aught the Turk rejoin'd,
Though discontent lay rankling in his mind.
Then thus Ismeno: "You who boldly dare
Th' adventurous task, awhile th' attempt forbear;
Till various mixtures, coil'd with art, I frame,
To burn the hostile tower with fiercer flame:
Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,
May then be lost, in friendly slumbers drown'd."
To this they yield; and each, apart retir'd,
Expects the season for the deed desir'd.
And now Clorinda threw her vest aside,
With silver wrought; her helmet's crested pride:
For these (ill omen!) sable arms she wore,
And sable cuirass that no plume'd honours bore.
She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,
And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe.
The eunuch, old Arsetes, near her stay'd,
Who from her childhood led the warrior-maid;
Who all her steps with faithful care pursu'd,
And near her now a trusty guardian stood.
He saw the virgin change her wonted arms;
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms:
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest prayers,
By his long service, by his silver hairs,
By the dear memory of his former pains,
To cease th' attempt; but she unmov'd remains.
To whom he said: "Since, bent on future ill,
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfill;
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,
Nor tears, nor prayers, can change thy dire design,
Attend—my tongue shall wondrous things reveal,
Nor longer now thy former state conceal.
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake;
Resume thy purpose, or my counsel take:"
He said; with eyes intent the virgin stood,
While thus the hoary sire his speech pursu'd.

"In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd,
(And still perchance he rules the happy land)
Who kept the precepts given by Mary's Son,
Where yet the noble race his doctrines own.
There I, a Pagan, liv'd, remov'd from man,
The queen's attendant midst the female train.
Though native gloom was o'er her features spread,
Her beauty triumph'd through the dusky shade.
Her husband lov'd—but ah! was doom'd to prove
At once th' extremes of jealousy and love:
He kept her close, secluded from mankind,
Within a lonely deep recess confin'd;
While the sage matron midst submission paid,
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.
"Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows[1],
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows:
There, white as snow, appears a beauteous maid,
And near a dragon's hideous form display'd.
A champion through the beast a javelin sends,
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends.
"Here oft the queen her secret faults confess'd,
And prostrate here her humble vows address'd.
At length her womb disburthen'd gave to view
(Her offspring thou) a child of snowy hue[2].
Struck with th' unusual birth, with looks amaz'd,
As on some strange portent, the matron gaz'd:
She knew what fears possess'd her husband's mind,
And hence to hide thee from his sight design'd,
And, as her own, expose to public view
A new-born infant like herself in hue:
And since the tower, in which she then remain'd,
Alone her damsels and myself contain'd;
To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,
Her infant charge she unbaptiz'd consign'd[3];
With tears and sighs she gave thee to my care,
Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear.
What tongues her sorrows and her plaints can tell,
How oft she press'd thee with a last farewell!
With streaming tears each tender kiss is drown'd,
While frequent sighs her faltering words confound;
At length with lifted eyes—'O God!' she cried,
'By whom the secrets of my breast are tried;
If still my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,
And still my heart its constancy maintain'd;
(Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace,
A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!)
O keep this harmless babe, to whom, distrest,
A mother thus denies her kindly breast:

[1] This alludes to the fabulous legend of Saint George, to which the poet here seems to give a mystical sense. Thus Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, canto xv. speaking of the spurs given by Sansonetto to Astolpho,

Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed
The holy virgin from the dragon freed.—Ver. 716.

[2] This fiction is apparently taken from the famous romance of Heliodorus, called Theagenes and Chariclea, where Persina, lying with her husband in a chamber painted with the story of Perseus delivering Andromeda from the monster, was delivered of a daughter of a white complexion, afterwards called Chariclea, which, fearful of incurring the jealousy of her husband, she exposed in the same manner as is here related of the mother of Clorinda.

[3] According to the custom of that country, the males could not be baptized till the age of fourteen, and the females till the age of sixteen.

Give her from me her spotless life to frame,
But copy in her fate some happier name!
Thou, heavenly chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd,
And from his ravenous jaws the virgin sav'd:
If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,
Or offer'd gold and incense at thy shrine;
For her I pray, that she, thy faithful maid,
On thee, in every chance, may call for aid.'
"She ceas'd; her heart convulsive anguish wrung,
And on her face a mortal sorrow hung.
"With tears I took thee, and with care bestow'd
Within a chest, with leaves and flowers o'erstrow'd,
And bore thee thence conceal'd, a pleasing load!
At length remote, my lonely foot steps stray'd
Amidst a forest thick with horrid shade;
When lo! a tigress drawing near I view'd,
Her threatening eyes suffus'd with rage and blood:
Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,
And climb'd a tree, and thence my safety found:
The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,
And thee deserted on the herbage spy'd:
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew,
Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew:
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play,
And lick'd your infant members as you lay;
While you secure the savage form caress'd,
And strok'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest.
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view!)
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew.
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld
A sight so new, that all belief excell'd.
Soon as she found thee sated with the food,
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.
Then hastening down to where on earth you lay,
I with my charge resum'd my former way:
Till midst a village my retreat I made;
In secret there thy infancy was bred:
And there I dwelt, till, coursing round, the Moon
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shown;
Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came.
But sinking now, as middle life declin'd,
To hoary age, the winter of mankind;
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand
The queen had given me when I left the land,
I loath'd this irksome life, with wandering tir'd,
And to review my native soil desir'd;
There midst my friends to pass my latter days,
And cheer my evenings with a social blaze.
To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,
And thee the partner of my journey bore.
When, lo! a flood we gain—there thieves enclose
My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.
What should I do, reluctant to forgo
My dearest charge, or trust the barbarous foe?
I take the flood; one hand the torrent braves;
And one sustains thee while I plough the waves.
Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force:
There round and round, with giddy motion tost,
Sudden I sunk, in depth of waters lost;
Thee soon I miss'd, but thee the waters bore,
And winds propitious wafted to the shore.
Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land,
And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.
"But now what time to dusky shade consign'd,
Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind,
Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,
And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd.
"'Hear my command!' he cried with threatening air:
'What once a mother trusted to thy care;
Thy infant charge, with sacred rites baptize;
Belov'd of Heaven, with me her safety lies:
For her to ravenous beasts I pity gave,
And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.
Oh! wretched thou! if, such a warning given,
Thou dar'st to slight the messenger of Heaven!'
"He ceas'd; I wak'd, and then resum'd my way,
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.
But, partial to my faith, I kept thee still,
Nor would thy mother's last commands fulfill:
I heeded not the visions of the night,
But bred thy youth in every Pagan rite.
Mature in years now shone thy dauntless mind
Above thy sex, the rival of mankind!
In many a fight thy deeds have glory won;
Thy fortune since full well to thee is known.
In me then still hast prov'd, in peace or war,
A servant's duty and a parent's care.
As yester-morn my mind, with thought opprest,
Lay senseless in a deep, a death-like rest,
The phantom-warrior came with fiercer look,
And dreadful with a louder accent spoke:
'Lo, wretch! th' appointed hour at hand,' he cried,
'That must Clorinda from this life divide.
In thy despite the virgin shall be mine,
And thee to tears and anguish I resign.'
"He said; and vanish'd swift to fleeting air.
Then hear, my best belov'd! my tenderest care!
For thee these threatening visions Heaven has sent;
To thee, alas! foretells some dire event;
Perchance displeas'd by me to see thee train'd
In rites unpractis'd in thy natal land;
Remote perhaps from truth.—O! yet forbear;
Consent, no longer now those arms to wear:
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care."
He ceas'd, and wept. In deep suspense she stay'd,
A dream, like his, her troubled soul dismay'd:
At length her looks she clear'd, and thus reply'd:
"That faith I deem the truth, be still my guide;
That faith I learn'd from thee in early years,
Which now thou seek'st to shake with causeless fears:
Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain)
Forgo these arms, or from th' attempt refrain;
Though Death, in every shape that mortals fear,
Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear."
So spoke the generous maid, and gently strove
To calm his anguish, and his doubts remove.
Now came the season for the deed design'd,
When parting thence th' expecting knight[5] she join'd;
Isomeno there to inflame each breast conspir'd
With goading speech, that neither breast requir'd,
And to their hands two sulphurous balls consign'd,
With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd.
Now through the night their silent march they bend,
Now leave the city, and the hill descend:
Till near the place arriv'd, where, towering high,
The hostile structure rises to the sky;
Their daring souls can scarcely now restrain
The warmth that breathes in every glowing vein:

[5] Argantes.

Their cautious tread the watchful guard alarms;
The signal these demand, and call aloud to arms.
No more conceal'd remain the generous pair,
But boldly rushing on provoke the war.
As missile stones from battering engines fly,
As forky thunders rend the troubled sky;
One instant sees them, with resistless hand,
Attack, and pierce and scatter wide the band.
'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew,
And unrepell'd their glorious task pursue:
Now, held in sight, the ready fires they raise:
Now near the pile the threatening vapours blaze;
Till on the tower the dreadful pest they bind;
On every side the curling flames ascend:
Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,
And shade with sable clouds the starry skies;
Flash follows flash, the mingled blaze aspires,
Till all the ether glows with ruddy fires!
Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows:
Down falls the pile, the tumour of the foes,
And one short hour the wondrous work o'erthrows!
Meanwhile with speed two Christian squadrons came,
Who from the field had seen the rising flame:
To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and gave
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:
Yet, with Clorinda join'd, retreating still,
By slow degrees he gain'd the neighbouring hill;
While, like a flood by sounding rains increas'd,
Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd.
Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands
The king, surrounded by his numerous bands,
To welcome back (if Fate th' attempt succeed)
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,
And swift behind the troop of Franks pursue;
These Solyman elapsed: the portal clos'd,
But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd;
Alone expos'd; for while the hasty bands
Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,
She follow'd Ardmon, by fury driven,
To avenge the wound his luckless arm had given:
His life she took: nor yet Argantes knew
That she, ill-fated! from the walls withdrew.
All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight
Amaz'd the senses while the gloom of night.
At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood,
The maid at leisure all her peril view'd:
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,
She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.
But when she finds no Christian eye discerns
The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,
New schemes of safety in her mind arise,
Herself securely midst the ranks she throws,
And undiscover'd mingles with the foes.
Then, as the wolf retires lessnear'd with blood,
And seeks the shelter of the distant wood;
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,
The dame, departing, shunn'd the present sight.
Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,
Some Pagan foe as near the place he drew.
He came what time she Ardmon had slain.
Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain:
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,
Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might.
Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went
A winding way along the hill's ascent:
Impetuous he pursu'd, but ere he came,
His clashing armour rous'd th' unwary dame.
Then turning swift—"What bring'st thou here?" she cried.
"Ire! war and death I bring!"—the chief replied,
"Then war and death," the virgin said, "I give;
What thou to me wouldst bring, from me receive!"
Intrepid then she stay'd; the knight drew near;
But when he saw the foe on foot appear,
He left his steed to meet in equal war. [rage:
Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.
What glorious deeds on either part were done,
That claim'd an open field and conscious Sun!
Thou, Night! whose curious veil with dark disguise
Conceal'd the warriors' acts from human eyes,
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,
And give to future times each mighty name;
So shall they shine, from age to age display'd,
For glories won beneath thy sable shade!
All art in fight the dusky hour denies,
And fury now the place of skill supplies.
The meeting swords with horrid clangour sound:
Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground:
Alternate furies either breast inflame,
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.
No pause, no rest, th' impatient warriors know,
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow:
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice;
Till grappling, fierce, to nearer strife they close,
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.
Thrice in his nervous arm he held the maid;
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.
Again with threatening swords resum'd they stood,
And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood:
Till, spent with labour, each awhile retir'd,
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.
Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day:
Each views the foe; while, bending on the plain
The swords revers'd their sinking bulks sustain.
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,
But sees his own with less effusion flow,
He sees with joy:—O mortals blind to fate,
Too soon with Fortune's favouring gale elate!
Ah! wretch! rejoice not—Thou too soon shalt mourn!
Thy lenient and triumph must to sorrow turn!
Soon shall thy eyes distill a briny flood,
For all those purple drops of precious blood!
Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,
And speechless each the other's wound survey'd.
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke,
Enquir'd her name, and mildly thus bespoke:
"Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,
Where darkness veils our deeds from every sight:
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,
And not a witness here our strife surveys;
If prayers from foes can e'er acceptance claim,
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:
So shall I know, whate'er th' event be found,
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd."
"Thou seek'st in vain," the haughty maid replied,
"To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.
Yet one of those thou see'st (whate'er my name)
Who gave thy boasted tower to feed the flame."
At this with rage indignant Tancred burn'd:
"In hapless hour thou speak'st," he thus return'd;
"Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves."

With rest refresh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew,
Again transported to the fight they flew.
What dreadful wounds on either side are given!
Through arm and flesh the ruthless swords are driven.
Though faint with blood effus'd from every vein,
Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sustain,
Yet still they live, and still maintain the strife,
Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.
So swells th' Egean sea, the tempest past
That here and there its troubled waters cast;
It still preserves the fury gain'd before,
And rolls the sounding billows to the shore.
But now behold the mournful hour at hand,
In which the Fates Clorinda's life demand.
Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword;
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd:
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red
Th' embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.
She feels approaching death in every vein;
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain:
But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,
And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe:
She, as she fell, with moving voice address'd
The prince, and thus prefer'd her dear request;
Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,
Where Faith, and Hope, and Charity conspire!
On the fair rebel Heaven such grace bestow'd,
And now in death repair'd the faith she ow'd.
"'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the stroke—
O let me pardon too from thee invoke!—
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,
For this I know no fear, and ask no care:
No, for my soul alone I pity crave;
Ordeame my follies in the sacred wave!"
Feebly she spoke; the mournful sounds impart
A tender feeling to the victor's heart;
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.
Not distant far, adown the mossy hill
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill:
There in his casque the limpid stream he took;
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd;—
He sees!—he knows!—and senseless stands the knight!
O fatal knowledge—O distracting sight!
Yet still he lives, and rous'd with holy zeal,
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfill.
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,
A smile of transport brighten'd in her face:
Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,
And bade for Heaven the empty world farewell.
A lovely paleness o'er her features flew;
As vi'lets mix'd with lilies blend their hue.
Her eyes to Heaven the dying virgin rais'd;
The Heavens and Sun with kindly pity gaz'd;
Her clay-cold hand, the pledge of lasting peace,
She gave the chief; her lips their music cease.
So life departing left her lovely breast;
So seem'd the virgin lull'd to silent rest!
Soon as he found her gentle spirit fled,
His firmness vanish'd o'er the senseless dead.
Wild with his fate, and frantic with his pain,
To raging grief he now resigns the rein.
No more the spirits fortify the heart;
A mortal coldness freezes every part.
Speechless and pale like her the warrior lay,
And look'd a bloody corse of lifeless clay!
Then had his soul pursu'd the fleeting fair,
Whose gentle spirit hover'd yet in air;
But here it chanc'd a band of Christians came
In search of water from the crystal stream:
Full soon their leader, with a distant view,
Well by his arms the Latian hero knew:
With him the breathless virgin he beheld,
And wept the fortune of so dire a field:
Nor would he leave (though deem'd of Pagan kind)
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd:
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid,
To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.
Thus step by step their gentle march they took,
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke;
Yet oft he groan'd, and show'd that fleeting life
Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife:
While hush'd and motionless, the damsel show'd
Her spirit parted from its mortal load.
Thus either body to the camp they bear,
And there apart dispose with pious care.
With every dutcous rite, on either hand
Around the wounded prince th' assistants stand.
And now by slow degrees he lifts his sight,
Before his eyes appears a glimmering light;
He feels the leech's hand, his ear receives
The sound of speech, but doubts if yet he lives:
Amaz'd he gazes round: at length he knows
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes:
"And do I live?—and do I yet survey
The hated beams of this unhappy day?
Ah! coward hand! so righteous vengeance slow!
Though deeply vers'd in every murderous blow!
Dar'st thou not, impious minister of death!
Transfix this heart, and stop this guilty breath?
But haply us'd to deeds of horrid strain,
Thou deem'st it mercy to conclude my pain.
Still, still 'tis mine with grief and shame to rove,
A dire example of disastrous love!
While keen remorse for ever breaks my rest,
And raging furies haunt my conscious breast;
The lonely shades with terrour must I view,
The shades shall every dreadful thought renew:
The rising Sun shall equal horrours yield,
The Sun that first the dire event reveal'd!
Still must I view myself with hateful eye,
And seek, though vainly, from myself to fly!—
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains
Of that ill-fated fair the chaste remains?
All that escap'd my rage, my brutal power,
Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!
Ah! hapless maid! 'gainst whom alike conspire
The woodland savage and the hostile ire!
O let me join the dead on yonder plain,
(If still her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)
Me too those greedy jaws alike shall tear,
Me too the monster in his paunch shall bear.
O happy envied hour! (if such my doom)
That gives us both in death an equal tomb."
And now he heard that near his tent was laid
The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.
At this awhile his mournful look he clears:
So through the clouds a transient gleam appears,
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.
With faltering steps he thither bends his way,
Where plac'd apart the hapless virgin lay:
But when arriv'd he saw the wound impress,
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast;

And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's shade,
Behold her face, with every rose decay'd;
His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load,
But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd,
Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud:
"Oh! sight! that e'en to death can sweetness give,
But cannot now, alas! my woes relieve!
O thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,
The pledge of amity and peace confess'd!
What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death!
And what am I, that still prolong my breath?
Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid,
The dreadful work my impious rage has made!
This hated, these eyes alike are cruel found;
That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound!
Tearless survey!—since tears are here denied,
My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide!"
He cease'd; and groaning with his inmost breath,
Fast in despair and resolute on death,
Each bandage straight with frantic passion tore:
Forth gush'd from every wound the spouting gore:
But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd,
His senses fetter'd, and his life repriev'd.
Then to his host again the knight was borne;
His spirits to their hated home return;
And soon around the tongues of Fame relate
The hero's sorrow, and his hapless fate.
Now Godfrey sought his tent; and with him came
Each noble chief, a friend to Tancred's name.
But nor reproof nor soothing yields relief,
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.
So when some limb a mortal wound receives,
Each probing hand increasing anguish gives.
But reverend Peter's care the rest transcends,
(A shepherd thus his sickly charge attends)
With awful words the lover's breast he moves,
And wisely thus his wandering thought reproves:
"Unhappy prince! why thus indulge thy shame,
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame?
Why thus obscure thine eye, and deaf thine ear?—
View honour's charms, and virtue's summons hear.
Thy lord recalls thee to thy former post,
And shows the path thy erring feet have lost!
New tasks await thee in the field of fight,
The glorious station of a Christian knight!
Which thou hast left, by fatal love betray'd,
Lost in wild passion for a Pagan maid!
To thee this chastening is in mercy given,
And thou, dost thou reject the grace of Heaven?
Think where thy errors lead; thy state survey,
To senseless sorrow a regardless prey!
Thy feet are tottering on the brink of death,
Behold th' eternal gulf that gapes beneath!
Think, Tancred, think! this impious grief control,
That in a twofold death involves thy soul."
He cease'd; nor here in vain the youth assail'd:
The fear of second death o'er all prevail'd.
His yielding heart confess'd the kind relief;
Returning reason calm'd his raging grief;
Yet still the frequent sighs his sorrow speak;
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break:
With tender sound his lips invoke the fair,
Who lent perchance from Heaven a pitying ear,
On her, when sets the Sun, and when returns,
He calls incessant, and incessant mourns.
So fares the nightingale, with anguish stung,
When some rude swain purloins her callow young,
Torn from the nest; all helpless and alone,
Each night she fills the woods with plaintive moan.
At length one morn, as sleep his eyes oppress'd
And o'er his sorrows shed the dews of rest;
Lo! in a dream, with starry robes array'd,
With heavenly charms appear'd the warrior-maid:
She seem'd to view him with a pitying look,
And dried his tears, and gently thus bespoke:
"Behold what glories round my person shine!
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief resign:
Such as I am, to thee my state I owe,
Who freed me from the vale of sin below:
Who made me worthy, midst the saints above,
To dwell with God in realms of endless love.
There wrapt in heavenly bliss, and crown'd with grace,
My hopes prepare for thee an equal place,
Where thou shalt stand before th' eternal throne,
Partake my glories, and enjoy thy own;
Unless thyself reject the mercy given,
Or sensual follies spurn the grace of Heaven:
Then live!—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move."
So speaking, from her eyes the lightning came,
And all her features glow'd with holy flame:
Then, lost in rays, she vanish'd from his sight,
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.
Consol'd he wak'd; and with a temperate mind
To skilful hands his wounded limbs consign'd,
And next he bade to inhume, with pious care,
The last dear relics of the breathless fair.
Though for the tomb no costly marbles came,
Nor hand Daedalean wrought the sculptur'd frame:
Yet, as the time allow'd, the stone they chose,
And o'er the grave the figur'd structure rose.
With funeral pomp the troops the corse convey'd,
While torches round their solemn light display'd:
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,
And every rite the martial virgin grac'd.
Now Tancred sought the tomb, his vows to pay,
Where, cold in death, her precious relics lay:
Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which, enshrin'd,
Repos'd the treasure of his tortur'd mind;
All pale and speechless for a time he stood,
Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd:
At length releas'd, the gushing torrents broke,
He drew a length of sighs, and thus he spoke:
"O tomb rever'd! where all my hopes are fled;
O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed;
Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame,
There love still dwells, and lights his wonted flame!
Still, still that form ador'd my breast inspires,
With not less ardent, but more painful fires!
O give these kisses, give these mournful sighs
To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies.
Should e'er her spirit deign a look to turn,
Where sleep these relics in the silent urn;
Would she thy pity or my tears reprove?
Can hate or anger touch the blest above?
Ah! may she then my hapless crime forgive,
In that dear hope my soul consents to live:
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,
My heart was guiltless of so dire a thought:
Nor will she scorn that he, who owns his flame,
Should still, while life endures, adore her name;
Till death shall bid me here no longer rove,
But join us both in mutual peace above.
Then in one tomb our mortal parts may rest,
And in one Heaven our spirits may be blest!
So shall I dead enjoy what life denied,
O happy change! if Fate such bliss provide!"

Thus he: but now the dreadful tidings flew,
And spread in whispers through the hostile crew:
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,
With cries and female shrieks the walls resound:
As if the foes had every fortress won,
And one vast blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.
But chief Argantes every eye demands,
He o'er the rest in grief superior stands;
No tears from him like common sorrows flow,
Too deep his bosom feels the frantic woe.
With sordid dust he soils his hoary hairs,
He strikes his aged breast, his cheeks he tears.
While fix'd on him the vulgar held their look,
Thus in the midst the fierce Argantes spoke:
"While first I heard the city gates were clos'd,
And midst the foes the glorious dame expos'd,
Fain would I then have join'd to her aid,
And shar'd our fortunes with the hapless maid!
In vain I pray'd!—the king's command restrain'd,
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.
Oh! had I join'd them, this faithful sword
Had safe the virgin to these walls restor'd:
Or, where her blood now stains the purple ground,
My days had run their race, with glory crown'd!
What could I more? What means remain'd untried?
But men and gods alike my suit deny'd!
Pale lies she now, in fatal conflict slain;
Then hear what duties for this arm remain!
Hear, all Jerusalem! my purpose hear!
And conscious Heaven be witness whilst I swear!
I vow dire vengeance on the Christian's head:
And if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed!
The task be mine the murderer's life to take;
Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake,
Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way,
And leaves his corse to ravenous fowls a prey!"
He spoke: well pleas'd his speech the Syrians hear,
And loud applauses rend the sounding air.
The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve;
Each calms his sorrow, and forgets to grieve.
O empty words! O Heaven, in vain adjur'd!
Far other end disposing Fate ensur'd!
For soon subdu'd the Pagan booster dies [lies!
By him who now in thought beneath his prowess

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno, by his enchantments, raises the demons, and appoints them to guard the wood which supplied the Christians with timbers to carry on the siege. The workmen being sent to fell the trees are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the chiefs successively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illusions. The Christian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmost extremity. A disaffection spreads amongst the troops, several of whom withdraw themselves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the assistance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a seasonable shower.

But scarce consum'd in smouldering ashes falls
Th' enormous pile that shook the Pagan walls;
When other schemes Ismeno's arts compose,
To save the ramparts from th' invading foes:
He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade,
From which the Franks their mighty beams convey'd;
That thus their engines they no more may rear,
Nor Sion more the threatening fury fear.
Not far from where encamp'd the Christian bands,
Midst lonely vales, an aged forest stands:
Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
The branches scarce admit a gloomy light;
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
Or the faint glimmerings of departing day.
But when the Sun beneath the Earth descends,
Here mournful night her deeper veil extends;
Infernal darkness broods o'er every sight,
And chilling terrours every breast affright.
No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives;
No village swain, with lowing herd, arrives:
No pilgrim dares approach; but each dismay'd
In distant prospect shows the dreary shade.
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
Convey'd on flitting clouds through yielding air:
While one a dragon's fiery image bears;
And one a goat's misshapen likeness wears.
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
The feasts profane and orgies of the night.
Thus went the fame: untouch'd the forest stood,
No hand presum'd to violate the wood;
Till now the fearless Franks its trees invade,
From these alone their vast machines they made.
The sorc'rer hither came; the hour he chose,
When night around her deepest silence throws;
Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest,
Then form'd his circle, and his signs impress'd:
With one foot bare, amidst the magic round
He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.
Thrice turning to the east his face was shown;
Thrice to the regions of the setting Sun; [force
And thrice he shook the wand, whose wondrous
Could from the tomb recall the buried corse:
As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,
Then thus aloud in dreadful accents spoke.
"Hear you! who once, by vengeful lightning driven,
Fell headlong from the starry plains of Heaven!
Ye powers, who guide the storms and wintry war,
The wandering rulers of the middle air!
And you, the ministers of endless woe
To sinful spirits in the shades below,
Inhabitants of Hell! your aid I claim,
And thine, dire monarch of the realms of flame!
Attend my will; these woods in charge receive;
To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave,
As human bodies human souls contain,
So you endurin'd within these trees remain.
Thus shall the Christians fly, at least forbear
To fell this forest, and your anger dare."
He said; and added many an impious spell,
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
Th' affrighted stars withdrew their glittering light;
The Moon, disturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd,
But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.
Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again:
"Why are ye thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?
Why this delay? or do you wait to hear
More potent words, and accents more severe?
Though long disus'd, my memory yet retains
Each deeper art that every power constrains:

Those lips canseond that name with terrour heard,
That awful name by every demon fear'd;
The name that startles Hell's tremendous reign,
And calls forth Pluto from his own domain.
Hear! and attend!" No more th' enchanter said,
The spell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.
Unnumber'd spirits to the grove repair,
Of those that wander through the fields of air;
Of those that deep in Earth's foundations lie,
In seats far distant from the cheerful sky.
Still in their mind they bear the high command,
That late, from fields of fight, their host restrain'd:
Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,
Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath the leaves.
The sorcerer now, his impious purpose wrought,
With secret joy the monarch's presence sought.
"O king! confirm thy hope, thy doubts give o'er,
Behold secur'd thy throne and regal power!
No more the Christians, as their thoughts intend,
Can bid their towers against the town ascend."
He said; and to th' attentive prince disclos'd
The various spells by magic power compos'd;
Then thus pursu'd—"To what my lips have told,
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.
Know, Mars and Sol will now their force combine,
To dart their mutual beams from Leo's sign:
No fanning winds shall cool the burning ray,
No showers or dews refresh their sultry day.
But happy we such season here may bear,
Relier'd with pleasing shade and gentle air:
This city shelter yields and plenteous streams,
And cooling gales to check the scorching beams;
While on the barren earth the Franks shall lie,
And feel the fury of th' inclement sky.
Thus, first subdu'd by Heaven, th' Egyptian train
Shall o'er their host an easy conquest gain.
So shall thy foes, without thy labour, yield:
Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.
But if too high Argantes' courage glows,
To bear, what prudence wills, a short repose:
If still, as wont, he urge thee to the fight,
The care be thine to curb th' impetuous knight:
For soon will Heaven on thee its peace bestow,
And whelm in ruin you flagitious foe."
With joy the king these welcome tidings heard,
The engines of the foes no longer fear'd:
But not for this he ceas'd his watchful care,
The walls to view, and every breach repair;
Alike the citizens the toils divide,
And various throngs the works incessant plied.
Meanwhile the pious chief, their labours known,
Resolv'd no more to attempt the sacred town,
Till once again his lofty tower he rear'd,
And every engine for th' attack prepar'd.
Where midst the wood the living timbers grew,
The workmen swift he sent the trees to hew;
These reach'd at early dawn the gloomy shade,
But sudden fears their trembling souls dismay'd.
As simple children dread the hours of night,
When fabled spectres fill their minds with fright;
So these were seiz'd with dread: yet scarce they knew
From what new cause th' unrested terrours grew.
But fancy form'd perhaps a numerous train
Of empty sphinxes, and chimeras vain!
Back from the wood with speed the camp they sought,
And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought.
The Christian warriors scorn'd their dastard fears,
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.
Then Godfrey next dispatch'd a squadron tried,
A valiant troop, that every chance defied,
To succour those, and urge their fainting hands
To act with courage what their chief commands.
Now near they come, where midst the horrid shade
The fiends conceal'd their impious dwelling made.
Soon as their eyes the dreary seats behold,
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.
Yet on they move, while looks of boldness hide
Th' ignoble thoughts that every breast divide.
Arriv'd at length within the vale they stood,
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood.
When sudden issu'd forth a rumbling sound,
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground;
A hollow noise, like murmuring winds, they hear,
Or dashing billows breaking on their ear:
There serpents seem to hiss, and lions roar,
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tusky boar:
The trumpet's clangour sounds, the thunders roll,
And mingled clamours echo to the pole! [play'd;
At once their bloodless cheeks their thoughts dis-
A thousand signs their timorous hearts betray'd:
No more could discipline their ranks sustain,
A secret power dismay'd the routed train;
At length they fled, when one, with looks confus'd,
To pious Godfrey thus their flight excus'd:
"No more we boast, O chief! these woods to fell,
Impervious woods, secur'd by hidden spell!
Infernal furies midst the gloom resort,
And Pluto there has fix'd his horrid court!
Of triple adamant his heart is made,
Who unappall'd beholds the fatal shade:
And more than mortal he, who, free from fear,
Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear."
He said; and while he thus his tale pursu'd,
Amongst the listening chief Alcastus stood;
A man of courage rash, whose daring mind
Scorn'd every monster dreadful to mankind;
Nor storms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,
Nor aught that fills the world with pale affright.
He shook his head, and smiling thus replied:
"By me this arduous task shall soon be tried!
Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,
Where visionary shapes and terrours dwell.
No ghastly spectres shall this hand restrain,
And fiends shall howl and thunders roar in vain:
Behold, my soul each threatening power defies,
Though Hell's dire passage gape before my eyes!"
Boastful he spoke: the leader gave consent:
From thence with daring steps the warrior went.
At length the forest to his sight appear'd,
And from within the mingled noise was heard.
But still the knight pursu'd his course unmov'd;
No terrours yet his dauntless bosom prov'd.
Now had he set the soil forbidden trod,
When lo! a rising fire his steps withstood:
Wide and more wide it spread, and seem'd to frame
Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame!
The wondrous fence around the wood extends,
And from the sounding axe its trees defends.
What monsters arm'd upon the ramparts stand!
What horrid forms compose the grisly band!
With threatening eyes some view him from afar,
And some, with clashing arms, the champion dare.
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight;
So parts a lion yielding in the fight.
Surpris'd, his conscious heart the doubts confess'd,
And own'd the fears that struggled in his breast.
Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride,
From every eye he sought the shame to hide:

No longer durst, his face with grief o'erspread,
Among the warriors lift his haughty head.
By Godfrey summon'd now, awhile he stay'd,
And with excuses vain the time delay'd:
Slowly at length he came, unwilling spoke,
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.
Full well the leader saw his troubled mind,
And, by his looks, the boaster's flight divin'd. [tend!
"What may," he cries, "these strange events por-
What tales are these that Nature's law transcend?
Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,
Dares yet explore the forest's dark retreat?
Now let his courage yonder seats invade,
Or bring more certain tidings from the shade."
So spoke the chief: and three succeeding days
The boldest warriors, urg'd by thirst of praise,
Assay'd the dreary wood: but, struck with dread,
Each knight by turns the threatening terrors fled.
Now in her tomb has noble Tancred laid
The honour'd relics of his much lov'd maid:
Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear
Too weak the cuirass or the shield to bear.
But, since the Christian cause his sword requires,
Nor toil nor danger damps his generous fires;
Heroic ardours all his soul inflame,
And give new vigour to his feeble frame.
With native firmness arm'd, he hastes to prove
The secret perils of the magic grove.
Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy shade behold;
In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders
At first a transient doubt assail'd his breast, [roll'd.
But each unworthy thought was soon repress.
Still on he pass'd, till full before his eyes
The burning walls and flaming ramparts rise.
At this awhile his hasty course he stay'd:
"What here can arms avail?" the warrior said,
"Shall I, where yon devouring furies wait,
Amidst the flames attempt a desperate fate?
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's strife,
When fame, when public good, demands my life.
From useless perils yet the brave refrain;
The warrior's courage here were spent in vain:
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?
What other forest can their want relieve?
By Godfrey then the task will sure be try'd:
These fires perhaps may vanish when defy'd.
But be it as it may! th' attempt I claim!—"
He said, and fearless rush'd amidst the flame;
At once he leapt, and press'd unhurt the ground,
Nor fire nor heat th' intrepid hero found:
At once the visionary flames were fled,
And all around a dismal darkness spread:
Tempests and clouds arise; but soon anew
The storms were vanish'd, and the clouds withdrew!
Surpris'd, but dauntless, noble Tancred stood,
And when the skies thus clear'd the warrior view'd,
With steps secure he pierc'd the unhallow'd glade,
And trac'd each secret winding of the shade.
No wondrous phantoms now his course oppos'd;
No burning towers the guarded wood enclos'd:
But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd,
Perplex'd his passage, and his sight confin'd.
At length a sylvan theatre he found;
Nor plant nor tree within the verdant round;
Save in the midst a stately cypress rose,
And high in air advanc'd its spreading boughs.
To this the knight his wandering steps address'd,
And saw the trunk with various marks impress'd:
Like those (ere men were vers'd in scriptur'd lore)
Mysterious Egypt us'd in days of yore.
Amidst the signs unknown he chanc'd to find
These words engrav'd conspicuous on the rind:
"O valiant knight! whose feet have dar'd to tread
These mansions sacred to the silent dead,
If pity e'er thy dauntless breast could move,
Forbear to violate this fatal grove.
Revere the souls depriv'd of vital air,
Nor with the dead an impious war declare."
These lines the knight perus'd, and lost in thought
He long in vain the secret meaning sought.
Now through the leaves a whispering breeze he hears,
And human voices murmuring in his ears,
That various passions in his heart instill;
Soft pity, grief, and awe, his bosom fill.
At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,
And struck the tree, when (dreadful to his view!)
The wounded bark a sanguine current shed,
And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.
With horrour chill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow:
When from the trunk was heard a human groan,
And plaintive accents in a female tone:
"Too much on me before thy rage was bent,
O cruel Tancred! cease,—at last relent!
By thee from life's delightful seat I fell,
Driven from the breast where once I well to dwell.
Why dost thou still pursue with ruthless hate
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?
Ah! cruel!—shall not death th' unhappy save?
And wouldst thou reach thy foes within the grave?
Clorinda once was I!—nor here confin'd,
My soul alone informs a rugged rind:
The like mysterious fortune waits on all
Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;
By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)
They find in sylvan forms a living tomb;
These trunks and branches human sense endows,
Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs."
As one distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes
A dragon or chimera seems to rise,
Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes
The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives;
So fix'd the lover, doubting what he heard;
Yet, midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.
A thousand tender thoughts his bosom pain'd,
No more his trembling hand the sword retain'd.
Now in his mind he views the offended fair
With all the sighs and tumults of despair:
Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes, [cries!
To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful
Thus he, whose courage every deed had try'd,
And all the various forms of death defy'd,
Submits his reason to delusive charms,
And love's all-powerful name his breast disarms.
A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,
Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.
The warrior, thus subdu'd, no longer strove,
But left th' attempt, and issu'd from the grove.
His sword regaining, to the chief he came,
And thus at length began his tale to frame:
"Unthought of truths, O prince! I shall reveal,
Wondrous to know, incredible to tell!
I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd
That, sudden rising, in my passage stood;
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,
Wherearmed monsters for defence appear'd.
Yet free from heat I pass'd the burning towers,
Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile powers:
To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night,
But soon again return'd the cheerful light.

More shall I speak?—A human spirit lives
In every tree, and sense and reason gives
To every plant—deep groans assail'd mine ear,
And still I seem the mournful sounds to hear.
Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,
Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb!
I own myself subdu'd—no more I dare
A branch disserer, or a sapling tear."

While Tancred thus his wondrous tidings brought,
The leader wave'd, lost in anxious thought:
Uncertain if himself th' attempt to prove,
And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove;
Or seek what other distant wood might yield
The planks to frame his engines for the field;
But from his doubts the hermit soon relieves
The pensive chief, and thus his counsel gives:
"Forgo thy thoughts, nor ponder wood invade,
Another hand must pierce the fatal shade.
Now, now, the vessel gains the distant strand,
She furls her sails, she eats the yielding sand!
See! where at length th' expected hero breaks
His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes!
Full soon will Heaven you towering walls o'erthrow,
And quell the numbers of th' Egyptian foe!
While thus he spoke, inflam'd his looks appear'd;
With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.
The pious Godfrey, still with cares oppress,
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.
But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign [1],
The Sun, with scorching rays, began to shine:
A direful drought succeeds; the martial train
No more the labours of the field sustain.
Each gentle star has quench'd its kindly beam:
From sullen skies malignant planets gleam;
Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,
And wide through air infectious vapours spread.
To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds,
And each new morn increasing terrour breeds.
The Sun o'er rises cheerful to the sight,
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light:
Pale hovering mists around his forehead play,
The sad forerunners of a fatal day!
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,
Denouncing greater woes at his return;
And adds new horrours to the present doom,
By certain fear of evils yet to come!
All nature pants beneath the burning sky:
The earth is cleft, the lessening streams are dry:
The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,
Dispers'd and broken through the sultry void.
No cheerful object for the sight remains;
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains;
Alone the wind from Libya's sands respires,
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare!
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews:
The Moon no longer sheds her pearly dews
To cheer the mourning Earth; the plants and flowers
In vain require the soft and vital showers.
Sweet slumber flies from every restless night,
In vain would men his balmy power invite;
Sleepless they lie; but far above the rest,
The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd;
For, vers'd in guile, Judea's impious king
With poisonous juice had tainted every spring;
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow,
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below.
The slender stream, where Siloa's gentle wave
Once to the Christian draughts untainted gave,
Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,
And yields their fainting host a small supply.
But not the Po, when most his waters swell,
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell:
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the seven-mouth'd Nile,
That with his deluge glads th' Egyptian soil.
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood:
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,
Or through soft herbage purl the limpid rills:
Such flattering scenes again their fancies frame,
And add new fuel to increase their flame.
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns:
But still the fever rages in their veins!
Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,
Whose limbs robust could every toil defy;
Inur'd the weight of ponderous arms to bear,
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare:
Deep in their flesh the hidden furies prey,
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.
The courser, late with generous pride indu'd,
Now loathes the grass, his once delightful food:
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.
No memory now of ancient fame remains,
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains:
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,
His joy so late, are now a painful load!
Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,
Nor heeds the service of his master lord!
Out-stretch'd he lies, and, as he pants for breath,
Receives at every gasp new draughts of death.
In vain has Nature's law the air assign'd
To allay the inward heat of human kind:
What here, alas! can air mankind avail,
When fevers dust on every burning gale?
Thus droop'd the earth, and, every glory lost,
Dire prospects terrified the faithful host:
Complaints aloud resound from every hand,
And words like these are heard on either hand:
"What next can Godfrey hope? Why longer stay
Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away?
Still can he think you lofty walls to gain,
What force is left, what engines now remain?
And sees not he, of all the host alone,
The wrath of God by every signal shown?
A thousand signs and prodigies declare
His will oppos'd against this fatal war.
What scorching rays the sickening land invade!
Nor Ind nor Libya asks a cooler shade!
Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,
And views us as a vile, a worthless name?
That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,
So he may still the imperial sceptre wield?
Behold! the boasted chief, the pious nam'd,
For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,
Forgets his people's weal, his power to raise,
And on their ruin build destructive praise! [dry'd,
While thus we mourn each spring and fountain
From Jordan's stream his thirst was well supply'd;
Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,
And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines."
Thus said the Franks; but fonder far complain'd
The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's sway disdain'd;

[1] This drought, with which the Christian army was afflicted, is mentioned in history. In the particulars of the description the poet has made great use of Lucretius.

Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd:
"Why should I tamely perish here?" he said,
"And why with me on mine should ruin wait?
If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,
On him and on his Franks th' events be thrown,
Nor let us fall for follies not our own."
Thus said the chief, nor bade the host adieu,
But with his train at evening's close withdrew[*].
Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled,
On other troops the quick contagion spread.
Those that in battle Ademar obey'd,
And brave Clothareus, now in silence laid,
(Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands
That held them subject to their lords' commands)
Already meditate their secret flight;
And some depart beneath the favouring night.
All this full well observant Godfrey knew,
Nor yet his soul would rigorous means pursue
To oppose the ill; resolv'd the faith to prove,
That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove;
The Ruler of the world with prayers implore
The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.
With hands coelestial, and eyes with zeal on flame,
He thus aloud invok'd the eternal name:
"O King! and Father! if thy pitying hand
E'er shed thy manna in the desert land;
If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,
From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave;
Be now for these thy wondrous power display'd!
But if their merits little claim thine aid,
O let thy grace, to veil their faults be given,
Still let thy warriors feel the care of Heaven!"
These righteous prayers, in humble words express'd,
On eagle-wings to Heaven their flight address'd;
There full before the throne of God appear'd:
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard:
His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands:
He saw their sufferings with a gracious look,
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke:
"Lo! to this hour, on Earth my camp behold!
Has various woes and dreadful perils proved!
The world, in arms, resist their glorious toils,
And Hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.
Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends:
From favouring clouds the friendly shower descends:
Their matchless hero comes to exalt their name,
And Egypt's host arrives to crown their fame."
Th' Almighty ceas'd: Heaven trembled as he spoke,
The stars and every wandering planet shook;
The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,
And every hill and cave its awe confess'd.
Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd;
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.
The troops transported view the lowering skies,
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.
Now thickening clouds their gloomy veil extend:
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend
By Phœbus' warmth; but Heaven the deluge pours,
And opens all the sluices of its stores.
The torrents fall impetuous from the skies;
Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.
As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain;
Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,
And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs:
The Christians thus salute with joyful cry
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky.
These on their locks or vests the stream receive;
From helms or vases these their thirst relieve;
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave;
Their faces some, and some their temples lave:
While Earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd,
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,
Receives and ministers the vital showers
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees and flowers:
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,
No more the flame within her bosom burns:
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil,
Again renew'd her hills and valleys smile.
Now ceas'd the rain; the Sun restor'd the day,
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray:
As when his beams benign their influence bring
To unlock, with genial power, the welcome spring.
O wondrous faith! that, trusting Heaven above,
Can purge the air, and every ill remove;
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,
Subdue the stars, and stop impending fate!

[*] History mentions that, in the famine which the Christians suffered before Antioch, the Grecian commander departed, under pretence of seeking assistance from the emperor at Constantinople, and that he returned no more. The poet feigns this circumstance to have happened before the walls of Jerusalem.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Godfrey is admonished in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the camp. Guelpho pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. Ubald and Charles the Dane are appointed the messengers for that purpose; these by the direction of Peter proceed to Ascalon, where they are entertained by a Christian magician, who shows them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which Rinaldo was innared by Armida, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantress.

Now from her mother's ancient lap arose
Indulgent Night, befriending sweet repose;
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew:
The flattering Zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind,
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.
Now, every thought forgot, the peaceful host
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost:
But, ever watchful o'er his creatures' state,
In light eternal Heaven's Almighty sate:
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper skies,
The Christian leader with benignant eyes;
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,
To speak the purpose of the will supreme.
Not far from where the Sun, with eastern ray,
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold
Ere yet the skies their dawning light behold.
From this the dreams arise, which heavenly power
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour:
From this to Godfrey's tent the vision fled,
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions spread.
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd,
As now the hero in a trance survey'd;

The brought the starry mansions to his eyes,
And open'd all the secrets of the skies:
Him full reflected to his sense was shown
The happy state by righteous spirits known.
He soar'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,
Where beams on beams with mingled lustre blaz'd.
There, while he, wondering, view'd the seats around,
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound,
Begirt with rays, and cloth'd with lambent flame,
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.
His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below,
And from his lips these gentle accents flow:
"Then will not Godfrey own this face again,
And in thy friend, thy Hugo, seen in vain?"
To whom the chief reply'd: "That form divine,
Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine,
So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,
That scarcely yet my memory stands assur'd."
He said; and thrice with eager arms essay'd
With pious love to clasp the friendly shade:
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care,
And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.
"Think not," the vision cried, "thine eyes behold
A mortal substance of terrestrial mould:
A naked spirit stands before thy sight,
A citizen of this celestial light.
Behold God's temple! here his warriors rest,
With these shalt thou reside, for ever blest."
"When comes that happy hour?" the chief replies,
"Ah! now release my soul from earthly ties!"
"Soon shalt thou," Hugo thus return'd again,
"Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train:
But first thy warfare claims new toils below;
In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.
'Tis thine to free from impious Pagan hands
The sacred empire of Judea's lands;
And, firmly fix'd, the Christian throne to place,
The seat thy brother is decreed to grace.
But that thy breast may feel a holier fire,
And purer pleasures pure thoughts inspire;
Contemplate well this place, these starry rays,
Where Heaven's Almighty pours the boundless blaze!
Hark! how th' angelic choir their hymns prolong,
And warble to the lyre celestial song!
Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below,
See! all that Earth on mortals can bestow!
Behold what vileness there obscures mankind;
Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find.
A naked solitude, a narrow space
Confines the senseless pride of human race.
Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd;
Survey you sea, the mighty and the vast!
Which here can no such glorious titles claim,
A pool nominated, and a worthless name!"
He said; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,
And view'd the Earth with pity and surprise:
He smil'd to see the numerous nations' boast,
Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom lost;
Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,
Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,
Pursue vain empire, and an airy name,
Nor heed the call of Heaven, and virtue's lasting fame.
Then thus he said: "Since 'tis not God's decree,
From mortal prison yet my soul to free;
O be my guide! Vouchsafe the path to shew,
Amidst the errors of the world below."
"The path before thee," Hugo then replied,
"Pursue, nor from the track remove aside.
This only counsel from thy friend receive;
From exile brave Rinaldo's son reprieve.
For, if to thee the Almighty King of Heaven
The sovereign guidance of the host has given;
'T is his decree no less, th' intrepid knight
Should execute thy high commands in fight:
'T is thine the foremost duties to sustain,
To him the second honours must remain:
To him alone 't is given the woods to fell,
So deeply guarded by the fiends of Hell;
From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,
Their numbers weaken'd, and their courage lost;
That inly meditate a shameful flight,
Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight:
So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,
And rout the eastern armies in the field."
He said, and ceas'd; when Godfrey made reply:
"The knight's return would fill my breast with joy:
Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought canst prove),
That in my soul he meets a brother's love.
But say, what offers must I make? and where
To seek him shall the messengers repair?
How suits it with my state, the youth to greet,
To exact obedience, or with prayer entreat?"
To whom the shade: "The Eternal King, whose grace
To thee has given on Earth a leader's place,
Decrees that those o'er whom he gave thee sway,
To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay:
Request not then—(thou canst not, void of blame,
With servile prayers debase a general's name)—
But when thy friends beseech, thine ears incline;
The part be theirs t' entreat, to yield be thine:
To thee, inspir'd by Heaven, shall Guelpho plead,
And ask forgiveness for Rinaldo's deed.
Though now far distant from th' abandon'd host
He lives, in love and ease inglorious lost;
A few short days will bring the youth again,
To shine in arms amidst his social train:
For holy Peter can thy envoys send
Where certain tidings shall their search attend:
They shall be taught the arts, and given the power
The knight to woo, and to the camp restore.
Thus all thy wandering partners of the war
Shall Heaven at length reduce beneath thy care.
Yet, ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill:
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace!"
He ended here; and pass'd like smoke away,
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.
Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast
At once with wonder and with joy possest.
The pious chief th' advancing morn survey'd,
And straight his limbs in wrighty arms array'd.
Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,
In daily council where convened they sate;
There every future act they weigh with care,
And every labour of the war prepare. [taught,
Then noble Guelpho[1], who, as Heaven had
Now plans revolv'd within his careful thought,
First turn'd to Godfrey midst the warrior-train:
"O prince for mercy fam'd," (he thus began)
"I come to implore thy grace; thy grace dispense,
Though rash the deed, though recent be the offence:

[1] The poet here, as in the fifth book, admirably preserves the decorum of Godfrey's character, by making the request of his recall come from Guelpho.

Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,
And immaturely urge the fond demand.
But when I think, to Godfrey's friendly ear,
For brave Rinaldo I my suit prefer;
Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,
That intercedes thy favouring grace to gain:
I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,
Which all will here receive with equal joy.
Ah! let the youth return, retrieve his name,
And love, in fields of blood, his sullied fame.
What hand but his intrepid shall invade
The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade?
Who more adventurous in the field to dare,
Despising death, amidst the ranks of war?
Behold he shakes the walls, the gate o'erthrows,
Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes!
Restore him to the camp!—O chief! restore
The hope of battle, and the soldiers' power.
Restore to me a nephew well belov'd,
A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd:
Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,
But give him to his rank and fame again:
Thy conquering banners let him still pursue,
So may the gazing world his virtues view:
Great deeds he then shall show in open light,
While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight."

He ended here; and, while his suit he press'd,
All join'd, with frothing murmurs, his request:
And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)
Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield.
"Can I," he cried, "refuse the grace requir'd,
By all expected, and by all desir'd?
Here rigour ends—enough your counsel shows;
Then be it as the public voice approves.
Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,
But learn henceforth his anger to restrain:
May he, with actions equal to your praise,
Fulfill your wishes, and his glory raise!
Him to recall, O Guelpho! be thy care:
(And grateful sure the tidings to his ear!)
'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,
And where the youth resides his steps direct."

He ceas'd; when, rising, thus the Dane began:
"An envoy if you seek, behold the man!
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,
To him this honour'd weapon to resign."

So spoke the knight, with generous ardour mov'd,
And noble Guelpho his desire approv'd;
And join'd with him, the labours to divide,
Ubald, in every art of wisdom tried.
Ubald, in youth, had many regions seen,
Explor'd the customs and the ways of men;
And wander'd long, with unremitted toil,
From polar cold to Libya's burning soil;
From different nations different arts he drew;
Their laws, their manners, and their speech he knew:
In age mature him Guelpho now caress'd,
His much-lov'd friend, and partner of his breast.

Such were the men, selected midst the host
From exile to recall the champion lost:
These Guelpho now instructs their course to bend
Where mighty Bemond's regal walls ascend:
Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in Antioch's town:
But here the wood the reverend hermit took,
And, interposing, on their converse broke:
"Ye warriors brave! attend my words," he said,
"Nor be by voice of vulgar fame misled;
But haste to Ascalon, and seek the shores
Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours:
There shall a sage, the Christians' friend, appear;
Attend his dictates, and his counsel hear:
Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,
Of this your journey, fix'd by God's decree:
'Tis his your steps to guide; from him receive
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give."

The hermit said: and, as his words requir'd,
The ready knights obey'd what Heaven inspir'd:
Direct to Ascalon they bent their way*,
Where breaks against the land the neighbouring sea.
Their ears perceive not yet the hollow roar
Of dashing billows sounding on the shore:
When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld,
With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd:
The banks no more confine its headlong course;
Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.
While in suspense they stand, a sage appears
Of reverend aspect and experienc'd years.
An oaken wreath surrounds his aged brows;
In length'ning folds his snowy vesture flows;
A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,
And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.

So, near the freezing pole, the village swains
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains)
Oft o'er the Rhine in fearless numbers glide
With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.

Now came the sage to where, in deep surprise,
On him the silent warriors fix their eyes;
Then thus: "O friends! you 'tempt an arduous task,
Your high designs uncommon guidance ask
What toils, what dangers still attend your way,
What seas to pass, what regions to survey!
Far must you search, where other suns ascend,
Beyond the limits of our world extend.
But first vouchsafe to view my homely cell,
The hidden mansion where retir'd I dwell:
There shall my lips such wondrous truths declare,
As well befits your purpose now to hear."

He ceas'd; and bade the stream a passage yield:
Th' obedient stream a sudden path reveal'd;
Full in the midst the parting waves divide,
A liquid mountain rose on either side.
Then by the hand he seiz'd the knights, and led
Within the winding river's secret bed.
There doubtful day scarce glimmers to their sight;
As when pale Cynthia through the groves, by night,
Sheds from her slender horns a trembling light.
Thence caverns huge they view; from these arise
The watery stores that yield the Earth supplies,
To run in rills, in gushing springs ascend,
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.
There might they see whence Po and Ister came,
Hydaspes, Ganges, and Euphrates' stream:
Whence mighty Tanais first derives his course;
And Nilus there reveals his secret source.
Deep underneath they next a flood behold,
Where sulphur mix'd with living silver roll'd:
Till these, by Sol's enlivening rays refin'd,
In solid gold or lucid crystal shin'd.

* Here begins the narrative of the wonders met with by these knights, in their embassy to recall Rinaldo, and the description of the enchantments of Armida; and I have little doubt, notwithstanding the severity, and perhaps pedantry, of classical criticism, but every poetical reader will call these the finest passages of the Jerusalem. The reader will see what use our admirable Spenser has made of these sixth, xvth, and xvith books.

Along the banks they saw, on either side,
Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tides:
From these, by fits, a flashing splendour play'd,
And chas'd the horrors of the dusky shade.
There shines the sapphire gay with azure bright,
And there the jacinth gives a pleasing light:
There flames the ruby; there the diamond beams:
And milder there the verdant emerald gleams!
The warriors still pursu'd their reverend guide;
These wondrous scenes in deep amazement ty'd
Each various sense; till prudent Ubald broke
The silence first, and thus the sage bespoke:
"Say, father! what the place we now behold?
Where dost thou lead? and what thy state, unfold?
Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with surprise,
If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes!"
Then he: "Lo! here the spacious womb of Earth,
Where all productions first receive their birth:
Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,
Without my guidance and superior power:
Now to my palace I your steps convey
(My palace shining with resplendent day).
A Pagan was I born, but gracious Heaven
A second life by cleansing streams has given.
Think not these wonders, that confound your thought,
By influence of the Stygian angels wrought.
Heaven shield I should invoke Cocytus' shore,
Or Phlegethon with impious arts implore!
But well my knowledge from its source reveals
The virtue every plant or spring conceals:
I meditate the stars, explore the cause
Of Nature's works, and trace her secret laws.
Yet deem not, ever distant from the skies,
In subterranean seats my dwelling lies.
For oft on Lebanon or Carmel's brow
I make abode and view the world below.
There Mars and Venus to my searching eyes,
Without a cloud, in all their aspects rise.
Each star I know, of swift or lingering course,
Of mild appearance, or malignant force:
Beneath my feet the vapours I survey,
Now dark, and now with Iris' colours gay.
What exhalations rain and dews compose
I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows:
What fires the lightning, how the bolt descends,
And through the air a dreadful passage rends.
There, near at hand, I see the meteors stream,
And wandering comets dart a fiery gleam!
Elate with pride, I deem'd my heart could soar
To every height, and fathom heavenly pow'r.
But when your Peter, in the sacred flood,
With mystic rites my sinful soul renew'd;
I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wisdom's boast,
Without a guide divine, in darkness lost!
The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray,
Appear like birds of night before the day.
Duly I smil'd my follies past to view,
From which so late my empty pride I drew:
Yet (so your pious hermit gave command)
I still my former magic arts retain'd:
But all my knowledge now obeys his word,
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord!
He now vouchsafes with me (a worthless name!)
To intrust a task more righteous hands might claim:
To me he gives to call from distant lands
Th' unconquer'd hero to his social bands:
Long have I stay'd, your coming to behold;
For this event the holy sage foretold."

Thus spoke the sire; and now the knights he
Where in the lonely rock he made abode: [show'd
The mansion like an ample cave was seen,
And halls and stately rooms appear'd within.
There shone whate'er th'all-breeding Earth contains
Of riches nourish'd in her fruitful veins:
There native splendour dwells in every part,
And nature rises o'er the works of art!
A hundred damsels slaves obsequious stand
To attend the guests, and wait their lord's command;
Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,
With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd.
At length, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,
The wise magician to the warriors said,
"'Tis time, what most imports, should now be
To you in part Armida's arts are known: [shown;
How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd
The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.
Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd,
Th' insidious dame within her tower detain'd;
And sent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,
When fortune, in the way, releas'd the band.
It now remains for me th' events to tell
(As yet unknown) which since that time befel.
"Soon as the enchantress saw her prisoners lost,
Her schemes defeated, and her labours cross;
Oppress'd with sudden grief, her hands she wrung,
And thus exclaim'd, with raging fury stung:
"'Then shall he live to boast th' audacious deed,
My guards defeated, and my captives freed?
No—if his arms to others freedom give,
Let him in pains and shameful bondage live:
Nor he alone my just revenge shall claim,
My rage shall burst on all the Christian name!'
"Furious she spoke, and as she spoke design'd
A new device within her fraudful mind:
She sought the plain, where late Rinaldo's might
Her warriors vanquish'd, and dispers'd in flight:
The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,
And on his limbs a Pagan's armour lac'd.
Perchance, he sought to veil his glorious name,
Conceal'd in humbler dress unknown to fame.
His arms th' enchantress took [2], in these enclos'd
A headless trunk, and near a stream expos'd;
Here well she knew that, charg'd with daily care,
A band of Franks would from the camp repair.
And fast beside she station'd in the shade
A crafty slave in shepherd's garb array'd,
Instructed well suspicion's base to spread:
He first amongst your troops th' infection shed;
That, wide diffusing, scatter'd discord far,
And threaten'd direful rage and civil war.
Thus, as her arts design'd, the Christian train
Believ'd by Godfrey brave Rinaldo slain;
'Till soon to all confess'd the truth appear'd,
And jealous doubts from every breast were clear'd.
"Behold the first device Armida tried;
Now, mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.
The sorceress stay'd by fam'd Orontes' stream,
'Till near the banks the young Rinaldo came;
Where from the main a parting river glides,
And forms an island in the limpid tides.
There by the shore a little bark appear'd;
A marble pillar close beside was rear'd;

[2] The following passage explains fully the account given in the viiith book to Godfrey by Aladine, of the supposed death of Rinaldo. See end of page 449.

On this, as in suspense, awhile he stood,
Engrav'd in gold these words the hero view'd:
"'O thou! whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
By choice or fate, these lowly shores to tread;
No greater wonders east and west can boast,
Than you small island on its' pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
This current pass, and seek the further shore.'
"Th' uncautious warrior, with th' advice comply'd,
And curious turn'd, ready'd to cross the tide;
But, for the bark could only one contain,
Alone he pass'd, and bade his squires remain.
Now, to the land th' impatient hero brought,
With eager looks, the promis'd wonders sought;
Yet sought beheld save meadows deck'd with flowers,
Clear waters, cooling caves, and leafy bowers.
Th' enticing scenes awhile the youth delay'd;
He stretch'd his weary limbs beneath the shade;
Then from the weary helm his brows reliev'd,
And in his face the freshing breeze receiv'd.
"But soon he heard the stream, with bubbling
Remurmuring soft, and thither turn'd his eyes: [noise,
When midst the flood the circling waves he spy'd,
That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide:
Whence, rising slow, dishevell'd locks appear'd,
And female features o'er the water rear'd;
The snowy neck, and gently swelling breast;
A crystal veil beneath conceal'd the rest.
So from the parting stage is seen to rise
A nymph or goddess to the gazer's eyes.
This, though her form a Syren's charms display'd,
Was but a semblance and delusive shade:
Yet one of those she seem'd, who wont of yore,
In faithless train, to infest the Tyrrhene shore.
Sweet as her looks, so sweet the tuneful voice;
And thus she sings, while winds and skies rejoice:
"'O happy man! when youth reigns o'er your hours,
And strows the paths of life with smiling flowers:
Ah! let not virtue with fallacious ray,
Or glory lead your tender mind astray:
Who learns the fruit each season yields to prize,
Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise.
Know, this is Nature's voice:—will you withstand
Her sacred laws, and slight her high command?
Insensate he who wastes his blooming prime,
Nor takes the transient gifts of fleeting time.
Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem,
Is but a phantom, and delusive dream!
Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,
Whose charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enslave?
An echo—or a shade—to none confin'd;
A shifting cloud, dispers'd with every wind!
Then rest secure; in every offer'd joy
Indulge your senses, and your soul employ.
Past woes forget, nor antedate your doom
By vain presage of evils yet to come.
Let thunders roll, and nimble lightnings fly;
Yet heed not you the terrours of the sky.
This, this is wisdom: hence each blessing flows;
This Nature bids, and this the path she shows.'
"Thus impious she: the soothing accents creep,
And lull the listening knight to balmy sleep:
In vain the thunder's noise had rent the skies,
So deep entranc'd in death-like rest he lies. [wood,
"Now fir'd with vengeance, issuing from the
The false enchantress o'er the warrior stood:
But, when she view'd intent his manly face,
His features glowing with celestial grace,
Rapt in suspense, beside the youth she sate,
And, as she view'd, forgot her former hate.
Low-bending o'er his charms[4] she hangs amaz'd;
So once Narcissus in the fountain gaz'd.
Now from his cheeks she wipes the dews away;
Now bids the fanning breeze around him play:
Now thro' the meads, that smil'd with various flowers,
She stray'd, and wanton crop'd the fragant stores;
The rose and lily, with her artful hands
Together join'd, she form'd in pleasing bands;
With these the warrior's arms and legs enfolds,
And gently thus in flowery fetters holds.
Then, while in soft repose he senseless lies,
She lays him on her car, and cuts the skies.
Nor seeks she to regain Demarete's hands,
Or where, with waves enclos'd, her castle stands;
But jealous of her prize, and fill'd with shame,
In ocean's vast profound she hides her dame:
Where from our coast no bark the billow ploughs,
There midst circumfluent tides an isle she chose;
Then to a mountain's lofty summit flies,
Forlorn and wild, expos'd to stormy skies:
She clothes the feet and sides with dreary snows,
While on the brow eternal verdure grows.
There, rear'd by spells, and more than mortal hands,
Beside a lake her spacious palace stands; [hands,
Where, in unfailing spring, and shameful ease,
Th' imprison'd champion wastes his sluggish days.
'Tis yours the jealous sorceress' guards to quell,
That watch th' island, and near the palace dwell.
Nor shall you want a guide your course to lead;
Nor arms to assist you in th' adventurous deed.
Soon as you quit my stream, your eyes shall view
A dame, though old in years, of youthful hue;
Known by the flocks that o'er her forehead play,
And changeful robes, with various colours gay.
'T is hers to guide you to the task decreed,
With more than eagle's wings or lightning's speed;
'T is hers to waft you o'er the watery plain,
And safe return you from the roaring main.
The mount ascending, on whose towering height
Th' enchantress dwells, remote from human sight;
Your eyes shall numerous savage forms behold:
There Pythons hiss, in dreadful volumes roll'd:
With horrid bristles stands the foaming boar:
With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar!
Then sudden shake this potent wand[5] around,
And all with fear shall fly the hissing sound:

[4] See the passage in Spenser where Acrasia is described with the knight in the bower of bliss:

And all the while right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whereon she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight, &c.
Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. 12. st. 73.

[5] The palmer that accompanies sir Guyon in Spenser, has a staff of the like virtue. Speaking of the wild beasts that attacked sir Guyon and his guide on their coming to the bower of Acrasia, the poet thus beautifully enlarges on the fiction of the Italian author:

But soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,
The palmer over them his staff upheld;
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:
Eftsoons their stubborn courages are quell'd,
And high advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:

But when your feet the steepy summit gain,
Yet greater perils in your way remain:
A fountain rises there, whose streams invite
Th' adventuring stranger[a], and the thirst excite;
But, deep within th' alluring crystal hides
A secret venom in its treacherous tides:
One fatal draught can strange effects dispense,
And fill with dire delight the madding sense;
Unbidden laughter swells the panting breath,
Till lull'd the dazed convulsion ends in death!
Then far! ah, distant far with speed remove,
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove:
Nor let the banks with hateful viands grac'd,
Invite your senses to the rich repast:
Nor hold for converse dames, whose voice decoys,
Whose beauty poisons, whose smile destroys:
O fly their looks, their pleasing wiles despise;
And enter where the fell fiend frowns arise.
Within, high walls with winding paths surround
The secret dwelling, and the search confound:
Maze within maze distracts the doubtful sight:
A map shall guide your wandering steps aright.
Amidst the labyrinth lies the magic grove,
Where every leaf impregnate seems with love.
There shall you view, beneath th' embowering shade,
Th' enamour'd champion and the damsel laid.
But when awhile the enchantress shall depart,
And leave behind the partner of her heart;
Then sudden issue forth, to light reveal'd,
And show the knight my adamantine shield:
There shall he see, reflected to his eyes,
His own resemblance, and obscure disguise:
To' ignoble sight his generous wrath shall move,
And banish from his breast inglorious love.
No more remains to tell; 't is yours alone,
To take secure the path my words have shown:
Safe through the winding maze to bend your course,
Nor fear th' opposing spells of magic force:
Not e'en Armida (such is Heaven's decree)
Can your arrival, by her arts, foresee.
Nor she, returning from th' enchanted seat,
Propitious powers shall favour your retreat.
But now the waning hours to sleep invite;
The morn must see you rise with dawning light."
Thus spoke the reverend sage; and speaking led
The knights to slumber on a downy bed:
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either guest
He left: and thence himself retir'd to rest.

Such wondrous power did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear!

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
Of which caduceus whilom was made;
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realms invade,
Through ghastly horror and eternal shade:
Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,
And rule the Furies, when they most do rage:
Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.
Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. 12. st. 40.

[a] Pomponius Mela writes thus of such a fountain in the Fortunate Islands: Contra fortunatas insolæ abundant sua sponte genitis et subinde aliis super aliis innascentibus; nihil solicito alunt beatius, quam alias urbes excolæ. Una singulari dotium fontium ingenio maxime insignis, alterum qui potarere ilia solvantur in mortem. Petrarch vol. xxi.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark on a vessel steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the Straits, and proceed to the Fortunate Islands. Their conversation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the island of Armida, where the knights land, who overcome all the obstacles they meet with in ascending the mountain, and afterwards withstand all the various allurements of pleasure offered to their senses.

Now rose the ruddy morn with gladsome ray,
And wak'd mortals to the toils of day;
When to the knights the sage the buckler bore,
The sharp and golden wand of wondrous power:
"Prepare to attempt your arduous way," he cries,
"Ere yonder Sun advances o'er the skies.
These are my promis'd gifts, and these your arms,
To quell th' enchantress, and dissolve her charms."
At once the warriors rose, and eager round
Their limbs robust the shining armour bound.
Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way
Through paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day;
Again their former steps returning tread:
But when they reach'd the river's sacred bed,
"I now dismiss you from my care," he cried:
"Farewell! and prosper, valiant be your guide!"
Soon as they came where still the parted flood
On either side a crystal mountain stood,
The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore
The knights, and left them on the flowery shore.
So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,
Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.
Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,
And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.
Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd,
A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd:
Dependent ringlets o'er her forehead stray,
And mild benevolence her looks display:
Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,
And heavenly glories blaze around her head.
Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,
Now flames with red, and now with azure glows:
At every turn it shifts the transient light,
And cheats with momentary hues the sight!
Such various graces the bill'ry dove assumes,
Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes;
For ever now the varied feathers play,
Reflecting every tint of every ray;
While as they move, successive beauties rise,
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes!
"Favour'd of Heaven! ascend this bark," she cried,
"In which secure I plough the swelling tide:
The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,
While safe in this each freighted may pass the main:
From him, whose sovereign mercies wide extend,
I come, at once your pilot and your friend."

Likewise speaks of two fountains in the Fortunate Islands.

Fece tutti i nostri lidi
Nell' isole fortunate di fortuna
Due fonti ha, chi dell' una
Bee muor ridendo.

So spoke the dame; and, hastening to the land,
The crooked keel divides the yielding strand.
Soon as her bark the noble pair receives,
She quits the shore, and swift the water cleaves;
Then gives the spreading canvas to the wind,
And guides the vessel from the helm behind.
So wide, so deep, the river swells its tide,
That lofty ships might there securely ride;
Though now a shallow stream could well suffice,
So light the pinnace o'er the surface flies!
Now, rising from the land, th' inspiring gales
With prosperous breath distend the bellying sails:
The foaming stream is white with froth before,
Behind the stern the parted waters roar. [waves,
At length they came where, midst its neighbour
The sea's vast gulf the river's store receives.
Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides,
The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides:
The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow,
That thunder'd tempests to the world below:
Light zephyrs only brush along the main,
And scarcely curl the smooth cerulean plain.
By Ascalon they pass'd; to left they veer'd,
And tow'rd the west the rapid vessel steer'd.
Then, guiding swift, to Gaza next they came,
An ancient harbour, not unknown to fame,
But now, for many a neighbouring ruin great,
An ample city, and a potent state.
The warriors from the bark beheld the shore
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er:
There horse and foot, along the crowded way,
Swarm thick between the city and the sea.
There loaded camels move in solemn state,
And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight.
Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,
Or floating loose, or at their anchors tied.
Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep
With level strokes the surface of the deep.
Then thus the guiding maid: "Though here we view
The thronging numbers of this impious crew;
Yet these, that fill the seas and line the shore,
Compose not all the mighty tyrant's power.
These Egypt and the neighbouring lands supply:
But other aids he waits, that distant lie.
Far to the east extends his ample sway,
To realms that burn beneath the southern ray;
And hence I trust our swift return to make,
Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake."
While thus she spoke, as through th' aerial space
An eagle towers above the feather'd race;
Till, soaring in the Sun, the sharpest eye
No more can trace his progress through the sky:
So midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,
And far behind the lessening navy leaves.
Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they
(The town that first Egyptian pilots hail [sail[1],
On Syria's land) then near the shore they fly,
And Rhinocera's barren sands espy.
Not distant far a mountain crown'd with wood,
Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood;
Around its rocky foot the billows rave;
There hapless Pompey's bones obtain'd a grave.

Fair Damiata next the eye surveys,
Where ancient Nile his sacred tribute pays
Through seven wide mouths, and seven a stream
His waters mingling with the briny tide. [beside,
They pass the city rais'd by him[2], whose name
To latest times shall bear the Grecian fame.
By Pharos then they glide, an isle no more,
An isthmus now projecting from the shore.
Nor Rhodes, nor Crete, they to the north survey,
But near the climes of Afric speed their way.
Fruitful her coast: but, more remote, her lands
Are fill'd with monsters dire and burning sands.
By Marmarique they steer'd, and now they pass'd
Where five fair cities fam'd Cyrene grac'd.
Here Ptolemais stands, and here they view
Whence his slow stream the fa'ded Lethe drew.
The greater Syrtes next (the sailor's fear)
They leave aloof, and far to seaward veer:
And now Jealeca's cape behind them stood;
And now they left the mouth of Magra's flood;
Now Tripoly's high rising towers espy'd,
Now Malta scarcely o'er the waves descry'd.
The Syrtes past; Alcathe they beheld,
Where once the race that fed on lotos dwell'd.
Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,
With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay:
Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame,
No Libyan city boasts a greater name.
Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread;
There Lilybæum rears its lofty head.
Now to the knights the damsel-pilot show'd
The spot where once imperial Carthage stood.
Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,
A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!
Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,
The world's unstable glories fade away!
Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain;
O impious folly of presuming man!
From thence they see Biserta's spires arise;
Far to the right Sardinia's island lies:
They view where once the rude Numidian swain
Pursu'd a wandering life from plain to plain:
Algiers and Bugia then they reach, the seat
Of impious corsairs: next Oran they greet;
And now by Mauritania's strand proceed,
Where elephants and hungry lions breed:
Morocco here and Fez their cities rear:
To these oppos'd Granada's lands appear.
At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,
Between the capes the boiling deep resounds.
'Tis feign'd that first Alcides forc'd a way,
And gave this passage to th' indignant sea.
And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land
With one continued mound the flood restrain'd,
But now the furious main, with rushing tides,
From towering Calpe Abyla divides;
A strait 'twixt Libya now and Spain appears,
Such is the force of time and change of years!
Four times the east had seen the rising Sun,
Since first the vessel had its course begun:
Nor sheltering bays, nor ports its speed delay,
It shoots the strait, and leaves the midland sea.
But what are seas to Ocean's vast profound,
Whose circling arms the spacious Earth surround?
Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost
The fertile Gades, and each neighbouring coast.
Behind, the lessening shores retreating fly;
Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

[1] I have elsewhere observed, in my notes to Ariosto, that this voyage of Charles and Ubald through the Mediterranean, seems to be imitated from the voyage of Astolpho from the Indies to the Persian Gulf.

[2] Alexander the Great.

Then Ubald thus began: "Say, thou! whose
Gives us these endless waters to explore; [power
Did ever man before these seas divide,
Do mortals here in distant worlds reside?"
He ceas'd; the virgin pilot thus replied:
"When great Alcides had the shoosters slain
That wasted Libya and the realms of Spain;
Your lands subdu'd, at yonder strait he stay'd;
Nor durst old Ocean's surgy gulfs invade.
He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd
To curb the searching spirit of mankind:
Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,
Ulysses wore'd the confines of the shore:
He pass'd the boundary, hoisting to the gales,
Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails:
But all his skill in naval arts was vain,
He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main:
And these, by tempests toss'd amidst the waves,
Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves.
Hence undiscover'd still the seas remain,
That numerous isles and mighty states contain.
Inhabitants abound on many a coast;
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast;
Where, not ungrateful to the labourer's toil,
The Sun prolific warms the pregnant soil."
Then Ubald: "Of those climes, remov'd afar,
The manners and religious rites declare."
"Various their lives," the virgin thus rejoin'd,
"Their speech, their customs, are of various kind:
Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar power;
And Earth, the common parent, some adore:
There are who stain their feasts with human blood,
And load their dreadful board with horrid food;
And every land, from Calpe's towering heights,
Is more'd in impious faith and cruel rites!"
"Will then that pitying God," the knight replied,
"Who came with heavenly truths mankind to guide,
Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,
So large a portion of the world in night?"
"O no! the faith of Christ shall there be spread,"
She cried, "and Science rear her laurell'd head.
Think not this length of ocean's wheeling tide
Shall from your future search those climes divide:
The time shall come, when sailors, yet unborn,
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn:
Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,
Shall then through all your realms extend their fame:
Perils untried succeeding ships shall brave,
And cut, with daring course, the distant wave;
Through all the flood's unfathom'd currents run,
Gird the vast globe, and emulate the Sun.
From fair Liguria see th' adventurer rise,
Whose courage first the threatening passage tries.
Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost,
Nor doubtful prospects of th' uncertain coast,
Shall in the straits of Abyla confin'd,
Detain the ardour of his dauntless mind!
'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole
Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the surges roll;
While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,
Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!
Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praise,
Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise:
Thy deeds shall last in storied annals long,
The copious subject of some poet's song."
She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,
Then gently tow'rds the south her sails inclin'd.
Now in their front they see the Sun descend,
And now the morn behind her beams extend:
But when Aurora, from her radiant head,
Had all around her pearly moisture shed;
Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,
That midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.
Near as they came, the flecting clouds withdrew,
And like a pyramid it show'd to view;
From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise;
As where 'tis feign'd th' Æneian giant lies
Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies.
By day thick vapours from the mouth expire,
By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.
Then other islands midst the main they spy'd,
And lands less steepy rising o'er the tide.
Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date,
And styl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.
'Twas said that Heaven to these such grace allow'd,
So shining share the sable furrows plough'd.
The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce;
And vines, unprun'd, supply nectareous juice.
Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green;
From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.
The rivers murmuring from the hills above,
With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.
No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day;
Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray.
And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,
Th' Elysian seats of everlasting rest.
To these her course the damsel-pilot bore;
"Behold," she cried, "our destin'd voyage o'er:
The Isles of Fortune to your sight appear,
Whose fame, though doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear:
Fair is their soil; but fame each wonder swells,
And every truth with added fiction tells."
While thus she spoke, along the main they flow,
Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew.
Then Charles began: "O ever-sacred dame!
If this the cause permits for which we came;
Grant that our feet awhile may tread the shore,
To view a race and land unknown before;
To observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wise:
So shall our lips declare, in future time,
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime."
"Your suit demands my praise," the maid replies,
"But Heaven's decree the bold request denies.
The time arrives not yet, by God design'd,
To give the great discovery to mankind:
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,
With certain tidings to your world return.
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis given
To pass these billows, by the will of Heaven;
To rouse your champion from his fatal sleep,
And safe convey him o'er the watery deep:
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,
'Twere impious folly to contend with Fate."
Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,
And soon the second gain'd upon the view:
She show'd the warriors how the islands lay,
In order rang'd against the rising day.
The lands with equal space the sea divides,
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.
In seven are seen the marks of human care,
Where culture'd fields and rural cots appear;
But three a barren desert soil reveal,
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.
Amidst these isles a lone recess they found,
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,

[1] Encelados.

And, far within, a spacious bay inclose;
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose:
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise,
A welcome sign to future sailors' eyes:
Within, the waves repose in peace serene;
Black forests nod above, a sylvan scene!
A grotto opens in the living stone,
With verdant moss and ivy-leaves o'ergrown;
The grateful shades a gentle murmur fills,
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.
No cables moor the floating ships secure,
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.
To this retreat her course the pilot bore,
And, entering, furl'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.
"Behold," she cried, "where yonder structure stands
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands!
There, lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,
Slumbers the champion of the Christian host.
'Tis yours, when next the Sun forsakes the deep,
With labouring feet to ascend the threatening steep:
Meanwhile this short delay with ease be borne;
All times are luckless save the hour of morn:
But to the mountain's foot pursue your way,
While yet remains the light of parting day."
Thus she: the word th' impatient warriors took,
And, leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.
With ready steps a pleasing road they cross'd,
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost.
At length th' expected hill's broad base they gain,
(The Sun yet hovering o'er the western main)
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,
The pendent ruins and the rocky way.
Inclement frost the mountain's side deforms,
And all around is white with wintry storms.
The lofty summit yields a milder scene,
With budding flowers and groves for ever green!
There ends the frozen clime! there lilies blow,
There roses blush upon the bordering snow.
There youthful Spring, and hoary Winter here;
Such power has magic o'er the changing year!
Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd,
And slept secure beneath a cavern's shade.
But when the Sun (eternal fount of day!)
Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray;
At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,
And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.
When lo! a serpent[4], rushing from his cell,
Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell!
Aloft his head and squalid breast he held
Bestreak'd with gold; his neck with anger swell'd;
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;
And smoke and poison issu'd with his breath.
Now in thick curls his scaly length he wound;
Now trail'd his opening folds along the ground.
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,
Yet on the heroes press'd with fearless pace.

The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies
To assail the snake, when sudden Ubald cries:
"Forbear! can arms like these our foes repel?
And think'st thou thus the monster's rage to quell?"
He said; and shook the golden wand around;
The serpent fled, astonish'd at the sound.
The knights proceed; a lion fierce descends,
And roaring loud, the dangerous pass defends;
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,
Wide as a gulf his gaping mouth appears;
His lashing tail his slumbering wrath awakes:
But, when his potent rod the warrior shakes,
Unusual fears the dreadful beast surprise,
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies!
Still on they pass'd; but soon a numerous host
Of monsters dire their daring passage cross'd.
In various shapes the ghastly troops appear,
With various yells they rend the startled ear.
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,
From distant Nilus to the Libyan lands,
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam
Hyrcania's woods, or deep Hercinia's gloom!
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain;
The powerful wand made all their fury vain.
These dangers past, the conquering pair ascend;
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend;
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows
And slippery ice awhile their course oppose.
But when at length they reach'd the rocky height,
A spacious level opens to their sight.
There youthful Spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,
Unfolding verdure, and a gladsome sky;
Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,
And incense breathes in every balmy gale;
No irksome change th' unvaried climate knows
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows:
A genial power the tender herbage feeds,
And decks with every sweet the smiling meads;
Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,
And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower:
There, rear'd aloft, a stately palace stands,
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.
The warriors, weary'd with the steep ascent,
More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went;
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,
Now pass'd awhile, and now their course pursu'd.
When sudden, falling from the rocky heights,
A copious stream the traveller's thirst excites;
From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,
And trickle through the grassy vale below:
At length, uniting all their different tides,
In verdant banks a gentle river glides,
With murmuring sound a bowery gloom pervades,
And rolls its sable waves through pendent shades:
A cool retreat! the flowery border shows
A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.
"Behold the fatal spring where Laughter dwells,
Dire poison lurking in its secret cells!
Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,
And every loose desire in bonds detain:
A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,
Nor dare the Syren's impious lays attend."
The knights advanc'd till from their narrow bed,
Wide in a lake the running waters spread.
There on the banks a sumptuous table plac'd,
With rare and flavourous cates allur'd the taste.
Two blooming damsels[5] in the water lave,
And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

[4] Virgil and Milton have both excelled in describing the motion of this animal.

—— Rapit orbes per humorem. Virg.
—— He leading swiftly roll'd
In tangles—— Milton.

But the commentator on Milton thinks that Tasso has surpassed both in the above passage, the beauty of which can scarcely be rendered into English:

Hor rientra in se stessa, hor le nodose
Rote discende e se dopo se tira.

[5] All this beautiful passage is imitated, or rather

Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide;
And now with nimble strokes the stream divide:
Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes;
And now again above the surface rise!
The naked wantons, with enticing charms,
Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms:
Awhile they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,
As those their pastime unconcern'd pursu'd,
Till one erect in open light appear'd,
And o'er the stream her ivory bosom rear'd;
Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd:
The rest, beneath the crystal scarce conceal'd.
As when the morning star, with gentle ray,
From seas emerging leads the purple day:
As when, ascending from the genial flood,
The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood;
So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse
The pearly liquid in descending dews;
Till on th' approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes,
Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy surprise:
Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd;
The falling tresses o'er her limbs display'd,
Wrapp'd all her beauties in a golden shade!
Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood,
With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights she view'd.
Her smiles amid her blushes lovelier show;
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow!
At length she rais'd her voice with melting art,
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.
"O happy strangers! to whose feet 'tis given
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly Heaven!
View here those rapturous scenes so fam'd of old,
When early mortals view'd an age of gold.
No longer wear the helm, the falchion wield,
The cumbrous corselet, or the weighty shield;
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love!
Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.
Then let us lead you to our sovereign's eyes,
From whose diffusive power our blessings rise.

translated, by our Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, where Guyon is described with the palmer, entering the bower of bliss:

Two naked damsels he therein espy'd,
Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.
— — — — —
As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the sea does rear;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly born
Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow hair
Crystalline humour dropped down apace.
— — — — —
With that, the other likewise up arose,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, she low adown did loose;
Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,
And th' ivory in golden mantle gound;
So that fair spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it, no less fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.
Fairy Queen, b. ii. c. 12. st. 65. 67.

She shall amongst those few your names receive,
Elected here in endless joys to live.
But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,
And taste the viands which our cares provide."
She ceas'd; her lovely partner join'd her prayer,
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.
So, in the scene, the active dancers bound,
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.
But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart,
Against their fraudful strains and soothing art;
Or, if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,
And wake the slumbering seeds of wild desire;
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindling flame.
Their arts in vain the vanquish'd damsels view'd;
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd:
These seek the palace; those indignant hide
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Charles and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida, the two knights discover themselves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain. He endeavours to pacify her: she then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel, and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: she then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

In circling form the costly structure rose;
And deep within the wondrous walls enclose
A beauteous garden, whose delightful scene
Eclips'd the fairest boast of mortal men.
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise,
Perplex'd with secret rooms and winding ways;
And in the centre lay the magic bowers,
Impervious to the search of human powers.
Now through the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd,
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd)
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold!
Surpris'd they saw, excell'd in every part,
The rich materials, by the sculptor's art.
In all but speech alive the figures rise;
Nor speech they seem to want to wondering eyes.
In female converse there (inglorious state!)
Alcides midst Mæonia's damsels sate.
There he who propp'd the stars, and Hell subdu'd,
The distaff bore; while Love beside him stood,
And with exulting smiles his conquest view'd.
There Iolè was seen, whose feeble hand
With pride the hero's ponderous club sustain'd:
The lion's hide conceal'd the beauteous dame,
Too rough a covering for so soft a frame!
To this oppos'd, the chiefs a sea beheld;
Its azure field with frothy billows swell'd.

There, in the midst, two hostile navies ride;
Their arms in lightning flash from side to side.
Augustus o'er his Romans here commands:
There Anthony conducts from eastern lands
His Indian, Arab, and Egyptian bands.
Thou wouldst have thought the Cyclades upturn,
And hills with hills in horrid conflict burn!
So fierce the shock, when, joining ship with ship,
The navies meet amidst the roaring deep!
Firebrands and javelins fly from foe to foe;
Unusual slaughter stains the flood below.
Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight)
Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight.
See! Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies,
No more his hopes to glorious empire rise:
Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails;
Her flight alone impels his yielding sails.
Contending passions all his soul inflame,
Dotish love and rage, and love, and conscious shame;
While, with alternate gaze, he views from far
Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.
Now Nile receives him on his watery breast;
There, in his mistress' arms, he sinks to rest;
There seems, resign'd, the threatening hour to wait,
And soften, with her smiles, the stroke of fate.
With storied labours thus the portals grac'd,
The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid pass'd,
And now they try'd the labyrinth's winding maze:
As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways;
Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,
Now seems to seek again his native source:
The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd:
But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd;
Display'd each various passage to their sight,
And led through paths oblique their steps aright.
The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene,
With flowers adorn'd and ever-living green.
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play:
Cool vales descend, and sunny hills arise,
And groves, and caves, and grottoes, strike the eyes.
Art shew'd her utmost power; but art conceal'd,
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.
It seem'd as Nature play'd a sportive part,
And strove to mock the mimic works of art!
By powerful magic breathes the vernal air,
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear:
Eternal fruits on every branch endure;
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.
There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.
Depending apples here the boughs unfold;
Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold.
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky:
There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.
The joyous birds, conceal'd in every grove,
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.
Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round;
The woods and waters yield a murmuring sound;
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies;
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies:
By turns they sink, by turns their music rise,
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.
Among the rest, with plumes of various dyes,
And purple beak, a beauteous songster flies;
Wondrous to tell, with human speech indu'd,
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood:
The birds attentive close their silent wings,
While thus the fair, the soothing charmer sings:
"Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose[1],
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose:
When, half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd,
She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.
But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,
How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade!
No more she seems the flower so lately lov'd,
By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd!
So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,
Passes the flower of mortal life away!
In vain the spring returns, the spring no more
Can wanting youth to former prime restore:
Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,
And, while to love 't is given, indulge in love!"
He ceas'd: th' approving choir with joy renew
Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.
Again in pairs the cooing turtles bill;
The feather'd nations take their amorous fill.
The oak, the chaster laurel seems to yield,
And all the leafy tenants of the field:
The earth and streams one soul appears to move,
All seem impregnate with the seeds of love.
Through these alluring scenes of magic power
The virtuous warriors pass'd, and pass'd secure:
When 'twixt the quivering boughs they cast their sight,
And see the damsel and the Christian knight.
There sate Armida on a flowery bed;
Her wanton lap sustain'd the hero's head:
Her opening veil[2] her ivory bosom show'd;
Loose to the fanning breeze her tresses flow'd;
A languor seem'd diffus'd o'er all her frame,
And every feature glow'd with amorous flame.
The pearly moisture on her beauteous face
Improv'd the blush, and heighten'd every grace:

[1] This song is closely translated by Spenser; but, as it has been observed very well, our poet has judiciously omitted the fanciful circumstance of a bird singing these words, which has been the subject of Voltaire's ridicule.

Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower,
Of many a lady and many a paramour:
Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet in prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet in time,
Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

He ceast, and then 'gan all the quire of birds
Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approvance, &c.

[2] See Spenser.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fill'd:
And yet through languor of her late sweet toil,
Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth distill'd,
That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd. &c.

Her wandering eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,
And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.
Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd,
Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd;
While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,
And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.
Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,
She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes;
Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,
As if to hers his parting soul would fly!
All this the warriors from the shade survey,
And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' amorous play.
Dependent from his side (unusual sight!)
Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright:
This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd;
On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.
She in the glass her form reflected 'spies:
And he consults the mirror of her eyes:
One proud to rule, one prouder to obey;
He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.
"Ah! turn these eyons on me," exclaims the knight,
"Those eyes that bless me with their heavenly light!
For know, the power that every lover warms,
In this fond breast Armida's image forms.
Since I, alas! am scorn'd; here turn thy sight,
And view thy native graces with delight:
Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,
Where springs eternal love, eternal joy!
Or rather range through yon celestial spheres,
And view thy likeness in the radiant stars."
The lover ceas'd; the fair Armida smil'd,
And still with wanton toys the time beguil'd.
Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair;
Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care:
Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,
And dash'd with azure flowers the waving gold.
Her veil composed, with roses sweet she dress'd
The native lilies of her fragrant breast.
Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,
The peacock sets to view his glittering train:
Not Iris shows so fair, when dewy skies
Reflect the changeful light with various dyes.
But o'er the rest her wondrous cestus[3] shin'd,
Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.
Here unembodied spells th' enchantress mix'd,
By potent arts, and in a girdle fix'd:
Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,
And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires;
Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,
The tear of transport, and the melting kiss.
All these she join'd, her powerful work to frame,
And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.
Now with a kiss, the balmy pledge of love,
She left her knight, and join'd from the grove.
Each day, awhile apart, the dame renew'd
Her magic labours, and her charms renew'd;
While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,
A lonely lover midst the conscious shade.

But when the silent glooms of friendly night
To mutual bliss th' enamour'd pair invite;
Beneath one roof, amid the bowers they lay,
And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.
Soon as Armida (so her arts requir'd)
From gentle love to other cares retir'd,
The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to sight,
In radiant arms they cast a gleamy light.
As when, from martial toil, the generous steed
Releas'd, is given to range the verdant mead:
Forgetful of his former fame he roves,
And woos in slothful ease his dappled loves:
If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,
Or glittering steel before his sight appears,
He neighs aloud, and furious, pants to bear
The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war.—
So fares Rinaldo, when the knights he 'spies:
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes:
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire;
His breast rekindles with a martial fire.
Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held
Before the youth his adamantine shield;
To this he turn'd, in this at once survey'd
His own resemblance full to view display'd:
His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair,
With odours breathing, his luxurious air.
His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,
Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side;
And, wreath'd with flowers, seem'd worn for empty show;
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe.
As one, whom long lethargic slumber ties,
Recovers from his sleep with wild surprise:
So from his trance awakes the Christian knight,
Himself beholds, and sickens at the sight;
And wishes opening earth his shame would hide,
Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.
Then Ubald thus began—"All Europe arms,
And Asia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.
Now all that cherish fame, or Christ adore,
In shining armour press the Syrian shore;
While thee, Bertoldo's son! from glory's plains,
A narrow isle in shameful rest detains;
Alone regardless of the voice of fame,
Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame!
What fatal power can thus thy sense control?
What sloth suppress the vigour of thy soul?
Rise! rise!—thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites:
'T is fortune calls, and victory invites!
Come, fated warrior! bid the fight succeed;
And crush those foes thou oft hast made to bleed;
Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel,
And fall extinct beneath thy conquering steel."
He ceas'd: awhile the youth in silence mus'd,
All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd;
Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose;
(A generous anger, that from reason flows)
O'er all his face a nobler ardour flies,
Flames on his cheek, and sparkles from his eyes.
Now, hastening from the bower, their way they hold,
And safely pass the labyrinth's winding fold.
Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep dismay,
Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay[4]:

[3] The idea of this girdle is from the cestus of Homer, which Juno borrows of Venus:

In this was every art, and every charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
Pope's Iliad, b. xiv. ver. 247.

[4] There is an obscurity in this passage, for no mention has been made before by the poet of such a circumstance.

In tanto Armida de la regal porta
Mirò giacere il fier custode estinto.

Then first suspicion in her bosom grew;
And soon her lover's flight too well she knew:
Herself beheld the darling hero fly:
O direful prospect to a lover's eye!
"Where wouldst thou go, and leave me here alone?"—
She strove to say; but, with a rising groan,
Too mighty grief her feeble words suppress'd,
Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast.
Ah wretched fair! a greater power disarms,
A greater wisdom mocks thy frustrate charms!
This sees the dame, who every art applies
To stay his flight: in vain each art she tries.
Whate'er the witches of Thessalia's strain
Ever mutter'd to the shades with lip profane,
That could the planets in their spheres control,
Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,
Full well she knew; but all in vain essay'd;
No Hell, responsive, her commands obey'd.
Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove
In suppliant beauty more than spells could move.
See! where, regardless of her former fame,
All wild with anguish runs the furious dame.
She who so late the laws of love despis'd,
Who scorn'd the lover, though the love she priz'd;
Whose conquering eyes could every heart subdue;
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue!
With soft persuasive grief her look she arms,
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.
O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies,
And sends her voice before her as she flies:
"O thou! who bear'st away my trembling heart,
Who rob'st me of my best, my dearest part,
O give me death—or once again restore
My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er!
Hear my last words—I ask no parting kiss;
For happier lips reserve that mighty bliss:
What canst thou fear, ah cruel! to comply,
Since still with thee remains the power to fly?"
Then thus she: "Awhile thy speed forbear,
And lend her ears, O prince! a courteous ear:
The pause be thine thy virtue to retain,
And hear unmov'd the vanquish'd Syren's strain:
So reason shall extend her sacred sway,
And teach the subject passions to obey."
He said; Rinaldo stay'd; and sudden came,
Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.
Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air;
Yet sweet in woe and beauteous in despair:
Silent on him her eager look she bent;
Disdain, and fear, and shame her speech prevent;
While from her eyes the knight abash'd withdrew,
Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.
As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise
To charm the listening ear with tuneful lays,
In accents low, with prelude soft, prepare
The rapt attention for the promis'd air:
So she, yet mindful of her fraudful art,
Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart;
First breath'd a sigh to melt the tender breast;
Then thus, at length, these plaintive words address'd:
"Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove
The prayers that lovers might to lovers move!
Such once we were!—but if thou scorn'st the same,
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim.
If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate;
I seek not to disturb thy happy state!
A Pagan born, I every means employ'd
To oppress the Christians and their power divide.
There I pursu'd, and there secluded far,
In distant climates, from the sound of war.
But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,
Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.
O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flower,
To give my beauties to another's power!
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,
Which thousands fondly sought, but sought in vain!
These are my frauds, let these thy wrath engage;
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage!
So mayst thou part without one tender thought,
And be these dear abodes at once forgot!
Haste!—pass the seas!—thy flying sails employ,
Go, wage the combat, and our faith destroy!—
Our faith, alas!—Ah, no!—my faith no more;
I worship thee, and thee alone adore!
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear;
The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car:
Let me be shown, to all the camp display'd,
The proud betrayer by thy guile betray'd.—
Wretch as I am! shall still these locks be worn,
These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn?
These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,
And o'er my limbs a servile habit spread:
Thee will I follow midst surrounding foes,
When all the fury of the battle glows.
I want not soul, so far at least to dare,
To lead thy courser, or thy lance to bear.
Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield;
Still will I guard thee in the dang'rous field.
No hostile hand so savage can be found,
Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:
Soft mercy e'en may fell revenge restrain,
And these neglected charms some pity gain—
Ah, wretch! and dare I still of beauty boast,
My prayers rejected, and my empire lost!"
More had she said; but grief her words withstood,
Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood:
With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand,
She held his robe; unmov'd the chief remain'd:
Love found no more an entrance in his breast,
And firm resolves the starting tears suppress'd.
Yet pity soften'd soon his generous soul;
Scarce could he now the tender dew control:
But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide,
Compos'd his looks, and thus at length replied:
"Armida! thy distress with grief I see;
O could I now thy labouring bosom free
From this ill-omen'd love!—Ah! hapless fair!
No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear:
I seek no vengeance; no offence I know;
Nor canst thou be my slave, nor art my foe.
On either side I fear thy thoughts have stray'd,
As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd.
But human frailties human pity claim;
Thy faith, thy sex, thy years, acquit thy fame.
I too have err'd: and shall I dare reprove
Thy tender bosom with the faults of love?
Hence ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,
In joy and grief the partner of my breast!
Still must I be thy champion—thine as far
As Christian faith permits, and Asia's war.
But ah! let here our mutual weakness end;
No further now our mutual shame extend:
Here from the world, on this extremest coast,
Be all our follies in oblivion lost!
Mid all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd,
O still be these, and these alone, conceal'd!
Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace
Thy worth, thy beauty, and thy royal race.

With me thou seek'st in vain to quit the land:
Superior powers thy fond desire withstand.
Remain, or seek some happier place of rest,
And in thy wisdom calm thy troubled breast."
As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame;
Awhile she view'd him with a scornful look,
Then from her lips these furious accents broke:
"Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood!
Thou sprung'st relentless from the stormy flood:
Thy infant years th' Hyrcanian tigress fed;
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred!—
See! if he deigns one tender tear bestow,
Or pays one sigh in pity to my woe!
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?
He calls me his!—yet leaves me here in scorn.
See how his foe the generous victor leaves,
Forgets her errour, and her crime forgives!
Hear how sedate, how sage, his counsels prove;
This right end Zemocrates in love!
O Heaven!—O gods!—and shall this impious race
Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface?
Go,—wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind
As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find!
Fly hence!—be gone!—but soon expect to view
My vengeful ghost thy traitorous flight pursue:
A fury's form'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,
With terrours equal to my former love!
If Fate decree thee safe to pass the main,
Escap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain,
There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife,
Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life:
Oft shalt thou then by name Armida call
In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall!"
She could no more; as these last words she spoke,
Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.
She faints! she sinks! all breathless pale she lies
In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.
Dost thou, Armida! now thy eyelids close?
Heaven envies sure one comfort to thy woes.
Ah! raise thy sight; behold thy deadly foe:
See down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.
O couldst thou now, ill-fated lover! hear
His sighs soft breaking on thy rapture'd ear!
What Fate permits (but this thou canst not view)
He gives, and pitying takes the last adieu.
What should he do?—thus leave her on the coast,
'Twixt life and death her struggling senses lost?
Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains;
But dire necessity his flight constrains.
He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)
The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.
But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood,
And all around the land forsaken view'd:
"And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?
Left me in life's extremest need?" she said;
"Would he not to my hapless state dispense
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense?
And do I love him still? still here remain,
And unrevenge'd in empty words complain?
What then avail these tears, these female arms?
For other arts are mine, and stronger charms.
I will pursue—nor Hell th' ingrate shall shield,
Nor Heaven shall satisfy from my fury yield:
Now, now I seize him! now his heart I tear,
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air!
He knows each various art of torture well,
In his own arts the traitor I'll excel!—
But ah! I wander!—O! untimely boast!
Unblest'd Armida, whither art thou tost?
Thou hast'st thereto thy wrath have given the rein,
When he lay captive in thy powerful chain.
Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim;
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame!
O beauty scorn'd! since you th' offence sustain'd,
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.
Lo! with my person shall his worth be paid,
Who from the battle brings that hated head.
Ye gallant youths! whom faithful love inspires,
A dangerous, glorious task my soul requires;
Even I, to whom Damascus' realms shall bow,
The price of vengeance with myself bestow.
But, if, contemn'd, I must not this obtain,
Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain:
Take back th' unhappy gift!—myself I hate,
My birth, my being, and my regal state.
One soothing hope alone can comfort give;
For sweet revenge I still consent to live!"
Thus with wild grief she ran her phrensy o'er,
Then turn'd her footsteps from the desert shore:
Her fiery looks her stormy passions show;
Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow;
And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow!
Now, at her dome, she calls with hideous yell,
Three hundred deities from deepest Hell:
Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread;
Th' eternal planet hides his sickening head.
On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow;
Deep rocks the ground; Avernus groans below.
Through all the palace mingled cries resound;
Loud moanings, howls, and screams are heard around.
Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls enclose,
Where not a ray its friendly light bestows; [Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,
And dart the ugly sullen shades a dreadful gleam!
At length the night dispers'd; and faintly shone,
With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful Sun:
No longer now the stately walls appear'd;
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.
Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies,
Where towers and battlements in semblance rise,
That flit before the winds or solar beam,
Like idle phantoms of a sick-man's dream:
So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd
But native horrours midst a rocky land!
Then swift th' enchantress mounts her ready car,
And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.
Declining from the pole, where distant lie
Nations unknown beneath the eastern sky;
Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er;
Nor seeks Hesperia's strand, nor Afric's shore;
But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,
Till Syria's borders to her view arise.
She seeks not there Damascus' regal dome,
But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home;
And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,
Where, midst Asphaltic waves, her castle stands.
There, from her menial train and damsels' eyes,
All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies:
A war of thought her troubled breast assails;
But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.
"Hence will I haste," she cried, "ere Egypt's king
To Sion's plains his numerous force can bring:
Try every art, in every form appear,
Bend the tough bow, and shake the missile spear.
My charms shall every leader's soul inspire,
And every breast with emulation fire.

O let the sweet revenge I seek be mine,
And virgin honour I with joy resign!
Nor thou, stern guardian, now my conduct blame:
Thine are my deeds, to thee belongs the shame:
Thy counsel first impell'd my tender mind
To acts that ill-become a female kind:
Then all be thine, whate'er my errours prove,
What now I give to rage, as once to love!"
She said; and thus resolv'd, she calls in haste
Knights, squires, and damsels in her service plac'd.
A splendid train in duteous order wait,
All richly clad, attendant on her state.
With these, impatient, on her way she goes:
Nor Sun nor Moon beholds her take repose;
Till near she comes to where the friendly bands
Lie wide encamp'd on Gaza's sultry sands.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: she inflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest, thereupon, ensues between Adrastus and Tisaphernes; but the caliph, interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing, they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubaldi: he gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his ancestors that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

PLAC'D where Judea's utmost bounds extend
Tow'rds fair Pelusium, Gaza's towers ascend:
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep;
That scarce th' affrighted trav'ller, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of th' unstable soil.
Th' Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town,
Which from the Turkish powers of old he won:
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,
To which he bends his mighty enterprise;
He left awhile his court and ancient state,
And hither now transfer'd his regal seat;
And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast,
From various provinces a countless host.
Say, Muse! what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,
What nations fear'd him, and what powers obey'd:
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,
And call'd the natives of the east to war:
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.
When Egypt 'gainst the Grecian sway rebell'd,
The faith forsaking which her fathers held,
A warrior, sprung from Macon, seiz'd the throne,
And fix'd his seat in Cairo's stately town,
A caliph call'd; from him each prince who wears
Th' Egyptian crown the name of caliph bears.
Thus Nile beheld succeeding Pharaohs shine,
And Ptolemies enroll'd from line to line.
And now revolving years their course pursu'd,
And well secur'd the empire's basis stood;
O'er Libya wide and Asia spread its power,
From far Cyrene to the Syrian shore;
Where seven-fold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land,
And where Syene's sun-burnt dwellings stand;
Where proud Euphrates laves Assyria's fields;
Her spicy stores where rich Maremma yields:
And far beyond extends the potent sway,
To climes that never greet the rising day.
Vast in itself the mighty kingdom show'd,
But added glories now its lord bestow'd:
Of blood illustrious, and by virtues known,
The arts of peace and war were all his own.
Against the Turks' and Persians' force engag'd,
With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd;
Success and loss by turns ordain'd to meet,
In conquest great, but greater in defeat.
At length, with creeping age his strength decay'd,
Reluctant at his side he sheath'd the blade:
For yet his soul retain'd the martial flame,
The thirst of empire and the lust of fame.
His chiefs, abroad, their sovereign's wars maintain'd,
While he, at home, in regal splendour reign'd.
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard,
And furthest Ind his distant rule rever'd:
Some sent their martial bands, a willing aid,
And some, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.
Such was the man who drew his various force
From climes remote, t' oppose the Christians' course:
Armida hither came, in happy hour,
What time the king review'd his numerous power.
High on a stately throne himself was plac'd,
Th' ascent a hundred steps of ivory grac'd:
A silver canopy o'erspread his seat,
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet:
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,
His turban form'd of many a winding fold:
The sceptre in his better hand was seen,
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardour glows.
Alike maintain'd, in every act, appears
The pomp of power, or dignity of years.
So when or Phidias' or Apelles' art
To lifeless forms could seeming life impart;
In such a shape they show'd to mortal eyes
Majestic Jove when thundering from the skies.
Beside the caliph, waits on either hand
A mighty peer, the noblest of the land;
This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,
And bends his cares to civil rule alone:
But greater that, the sword of justice bears,
And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.
Beneath, with thronging spears a circling band,
In deep array his bold Circassians stand;
The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend,
And crooked sabres at their sides depend.
Thus sate the monarch, and from high beheld
Th' assembled nations marshall'd on the field;
While, as the squadrons pass'd his lofty seat,
They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.
First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands,
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.
Two came from upper, two from lower Nile,
Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil:
Now lie far distant from the briny flood
Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train
That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain;
Along the land that westward far declines,
Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.
Araspes was their chief, who more excell'd
In close device than action in the field.
The troops succeed, on Asia's coast who lie,
Against the beams that gild the morning sky:
These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,
But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd:
No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,
Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose:
But now from ease to scenes of toil he came,
By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.
The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,
But a huge host that cover'd all the land:
It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain
Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain!
Yet these within one ample city dwell'd;
These mighty Cairo in her circuit held.
From crowded streets she sends her sons to war;
And these Campedhu brings beneath his care.
Then, under Cazel, march'd the troop who till'd
The neighbouring glebe with generous plenty fill'd;
And far above, where loud the river roars,
And from on high its second cataract pours.
No arms but swords and bows th' Egyptians bear,
Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear:
Their habits rich, nor fram'd to daunt the foe,
But rouse to plunder with the pompous show.
Next Barca's tawny sons, a barbarous throng,
Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along:
Half arm'd they came: these, long to plunder train'd,
A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.
Zamara's king a fairer squadron leads;
To him the king of Tripoly succeeds:
Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare
In sudden onset, and a flying war.
Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd,
The stony that, and this the happy nam'd.
The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)
The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear.
Here odoriferous gums their sweets diffuse;
Th' immortal phœnix here his youth renews;
Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,
Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb!
Less costly these their vests and armour wove;
But weapons like the troops of Egypt bore.
To these succeed the wandering Arab train,
Who shift their canvas towns from plain to plain:
Their accents female, and their stature low;
A sable hue their gloomy features show,
And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.
Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,
And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel:
Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their course,
If speed of winds could match the rapid horse.
Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads;
Before the second bold Aldine proceeds.
The third have Albazar at their head;
A chief in rapine, not in knighthood, bred.
Then from the various islands march'd a train,
Whose rocks are 'compass'd by th' Arabian main:
There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,
To draw rich pearls from ocean's watery field.
And join'd with those, the neighbouring lands that
Beside the Red-sea shore, their aids supply. [lie
Those Agricultes, these Molucas guides,
Who every faith and every law deride.
Next march'd the swarthy troops from Meroe's soil,
That dwell 'twixt Astabora and fruitful Nile;
Whose Ethiopia spreads her sultry plains,
Whose vast extent three different states contains:
Two Arimirus and Canarius sway'd;
These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,
And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led.
The third, whose sons the pure religion knew,
Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.
Two tributary kings their squadrons show,
That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.
Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,
Where the vast gulf of Persia laves the strand.
One is Bolcan held his regal place,
Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace;
But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore,
With feet unbath'd the pilgrim passes o'er.
Not thee, O Altamoro! from the plain
Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain:
She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,
And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.
"Dost thou to me prefer, unkind!" she cried,
"The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide?
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,
Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms?"
Samarcand's realms this powerful king obey;
No subject crown, no tributary sway:
In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight,
And stood supreme in courage as in might.
The cuirass on their breast his warriors brace;
Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.
Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores
Of Ganges' stream, Admetus brings his powers:
Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,
Diversified with spots of sable hue;
While for his steed he press'd (tremendous sight!)
A mighty elephant of towering height.
Then came the regal band, the caliph's boast,
The flower of war and vigour of the host:
All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,
On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.
Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,
And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray!
Alarcos here and Hidraotes came;
Here Odemarus rode, a mighty name!
Here, midst the valiant, Rimedon appear'd,
Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.
Tigranes brave and Ormond, fierce were found;
Ripheus, once for piracy renown'd:
And Marlabustus bold, th' Arabian nam'd,
Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.
Here Pirgus, Ormon, Oriodes shone;
Brimarte, fam'd for many a conquer'd town:
Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein:
And thou, Ardamantes! form'd to gain
The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain!
Here Tisaphernes, with a dauntless air,
Tower'd o'er the rest, the thunderbolt of war!
Whose force in battle every force excell'd,
To lift the javelin or the falchion wield.
O'er these the sway a brave Armenian bears,
Who left the Christian faith in early years
For Pagan law; his former name estrang'd,
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:
Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,
And far o'er all his sovereign held him dear.
No more remain'd; when now, to sudden view,
The fair Armida with her squadron drew.
High on a stately car, the royal dame
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:

A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd;
Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.
Even sweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move,
And while she threats her threatening kindles love!
Her radiant car, like that which bears the Sun,
Bright with the jacinth and pyropus shone.
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.
A hundred maids, a hundred pages, round
Attend; the quivers on their shoulders sound:
Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.
Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands,
And Hidraötes rais'd in Syria's lands.
As when, again reviv'd, the phœnix soars
To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,
And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)
On either hand the feather'd nations fly,
And wondering trace his progress through the sky:
So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire
Her graceful looks, her gesture and attire.
If thus her face, in awful anger arm'd,
Such various throngs with power resistless charm'd;
Well might her softer arts each bosom move,
With winning glances and the smiles of love.
Armida past; the king of kings commands
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands,
To attend his will; to him he gives the post,
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the numerous host.
He came: his looks with grace majestic shin'd,
And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.
At once the guard divides: a path is shown;
He treads the steps ascending to the throne:
There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast.
To him the king—"This sceptre, chief, receive,
To thee the rule of yonder host I give.
Thou, Emirenes! now my place supply;
Deliver Sion's king, our old ally:
Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour;
Go—see—and conquer—in th' avenging hour
No Christian 'scape; their name no more be known,
And bring the living, bound, before my throne."
The monarch spoke; the warrior from his hand
Receiv'd the sovereign ensign of command.
"This sceptre from unconquer'd hands," he cried,
"I take, O king! thy fortune is my guide.
Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,
To avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne:
Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame;
Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame!
Should unexpected ills, ye powers! impend,
On me alone let all the storm descend:
Preserve the host, while, victors, from the plain
They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain."
He ceas'd; the troops with loud applause reply,
And barbarous clangours echo to the sky.
And now departs, amid the mingled sound,
The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round:
These, summon'd to the lofty tent of state,
In equal honours with the monarch sate;
Himself benignant every chief address'd,
And gave to each a portion of the feast.
There, for her arts, in time Armida found,
While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.

The banquet o'er, the dame, who well deserves
That all beheld her charms with wondering eyes,
Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,
And thus respectful to the caliph spoke:
"O mighty king! behold, with these I stand
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.
A damsel, yet I boast a royal name;
Nor scorns a queen to mix in fields of fame,
Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skill'd,
By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.
This hand in battle can the javelin use,
And, where it strikes, the wound the stroke pursues.
Hast thou not heard how once I prisoners made
The bravest knights whose arms the cross display'd?
These overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,
To thee a glorious present I design'd:
So had thy powers (their bravest champions lost)
With sure success o'erthrown the Christian host.
But fierce Rinaldo, who my warriors slew,
Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.
'Tis he! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,
And unrevenged these wrongs I yet sustain.
A just resentment hence my bosom warms,
And fires with added zeal my soul to arms.—
But what my wrongs hereafter times shall speak;
Let this suffice—a great revenge I seek!
Revenge be mine!—and sure, not sent in vain,
Some pointed shaft may fix him to the plain.
Heaven oft from righteous hands directs the dart,
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.
But should some knight, by thirst of glory led,
Bring me, from yonder field, the Christian's head,
These eyes with joy the welcome gift shall view;
The victor chief shall find a victor's due:
My hand in marriage shall the hero gain,
With ample dowry and a large domain.
Say—is there one who will the prize regard,
And dare the peril meet for such reward?"
While thus the damsel spoke, with longing eyes
Adrastus views her, and at length replies:
"Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er Rinaldo's heart
Should feel the vengeance of Armida's dart!
Shall such a wretch to thee resign his breath,
And sweetly perish by an envy'd death?
In me thy minister of wrath survey,
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;
This hand shall rend his breast, and scatter far
His mangled body to the fowls of air."
While thus the Indian proud Adrastus spoke,
These haughty words from Tisaphernes broke:
"And what art thou, whose empty pride can dare
Before our monarch thus thy vaunts declare?
Know, many a chief (though silent here) exceeds
Thy boasted valour with his martial deeds."
To him his rival with indignant scorn:
"Lo! one for action, not for vaunting, born:
And elsewhere hadst thou dar'd our wrath provoke,
Thy last of words, insensate! hadst thou spoke."
Thus furious they; but with his awful hand
Their common lord the growing strife restrain'd;
Then to Armida thus—"Thy manly mind
Seems far exalted o'er thy softer kind:
With thee remains the power, transcendent dame!
To calm these warriors, and their rage reclaim;
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow
With nobler vengeance on the public foe:
Then shall each champion's valour stand confest,
While emulation breathes from breast to breast."

"This said, the monarch ceas'd; and either knight
Vow'd in her cause to wield the sword in fight.
Nor these alone, but all, whom glory warms,
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms:
All to the damsel proffer certain aid,
All vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.
While thus against the hero, once belov'd,
Such various powers, such mighty foes she mov'd,
He, whom her hate pursu'd, the land forsook,
And through the main his prosperous voyage took.
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's sails,
Now favour'd her return with western gales.
The knight the pole and either Bear survey'd,
And all the stars that gild night's sable shade:
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,
Whose shaggy fronts o'ershade the silent deep:
Now of the camp he asks, and now inquires
Of different nations, and their rites admires.
Thus through surrounding waves the warriors fly,
Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky;
And when the setting Sun to sight was lost,
The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.
Then thus the virgin—"Here our voyage ends,
Here Palestine her welcome shore extends."
The heroes land, and from their wondering eyes
The mystic pilot in a moment flies.
Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,
And every object from the sight withdrew.
Uncertain midst the sandy wilds they stray,
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.
At length the pale-orb'd queen of silent night,
Slow-rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light:
Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,
With rays of silver and with gleams of gold.
Approaching them, they radiant arms survey'd,
On which the Moon with full reflection play'd.
Thick-set as stars, with many a costly stone,
The golden helm and polish'd cuirass shone.
An aged tree the massy burden held:
Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield;
Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field.
Beneath the branches from his rustic seat
A courteous hermit rose, the knights to meet.
When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew,
In him their friend their ancient host they knew:
At once they greet the sage with glad surprise,
The sage with mild benevolence replies;
Then tow'rds Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd
His reverend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd:
"For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,
I here have stay'd in desert shades unknown.
In me thy friend behold—let these relate
How far my care has watch'd thy former state.
These, taught by me, th' enchantress' power defy'd,
And freed thy soul, in magic fetters ty'd.
Attend my words, nor harsh their censure deem,
Though far unlike the Syren's wanton theme:
Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,
Till kother lips instruct thy listening youth.
Think not our good is plac'd in flowery fields,
In transient joys which fading beauty yields:
Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,
On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies:
Who gains th' ascent must many toils engage,
And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forgo,
And lurk ignobly in the vale below?
To thee a face erect has Nature given
And the pure spirit of congenial Heaven,
That far from Earth thy generous thoughts might rise,
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th' immortal prize.
She gave thee courage, not with impious rage
To oppress thy friends, and civil combats wage;
But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow,
In fields of fight against the common foe.
Wisdom to proper objects points our ire,
Now gently cools, now fans the rising fire."
He spoke: with downcast eyes the hero stood,
While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd.
Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd—
"Now lift thine eyes, O son!" he thus pursu'd,
"See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,
Whose mighty deeds to distant times are known;
Wilt thou the glories of thy line disgrace,
And lag behind in honour's sacred race?
Rise, gallant youth! and while thy sires I name,
From their example catch the generous flame."
He said: with eager gaze the knight beheld
The sculptur'd stories to his sight reveal'd.
There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,
With wondrous art, a thousand forms design'd;
There shone great Este's race, whose noble blood
From Roman source[1] in streams unsully'd flow'd,
With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd;
The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.
Caius he show'd[2], who (when th' imperial sway
Declining fell to alien hands a prey)
A willing people taught to own his power,
And first of Este's line the sceptre bore.
When now the Goth[3] (a rude destructive name!)
Call'd by Honorius, big with ruin, came;
When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,
Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow;
He show'd how brave Aurelius from the bands
Of foreign foes preserv'd his subject lands.
Forestus then he nam'd[4], whose noble pride
The Huns, the tyrants of the North, defy'd:

[1] The house of Este was said to be descended from Actius, related by the mother's side to Augustus.

[2] At the time of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, anno 403, Stilico, incited by ambition to weaken Honorius, who ruled in the West, invited into Italy Alaric and Radagasus, kings of the Goths and Vandals; at which time this Caius Actius governed in Este in the name of the emperor; where the Barbarians committing every kind of outrage, and the emperor taking no measures against them, Actius was by general consent elected absolute sovereign, in order to defend the country from these invaders.

[3] When Honorius, exasperated with the Romans, transferred the imperial seat to Ravenna, and invited Alaric again into Italy, who had been before invited by Stilico, Aurelius conducted himself so artfully, that the Goths, in their march towards Rome, with design to destroy that city, passed through his territories without committing the least depredations.

[4] Attila, king of the Huns, in the year 450, through an irreconcileable hatred to the Christians, prepared to march to the attack of Aquileia, as the key to Italy; and was several times defeated by Forestus, the son of Aurelius, with the assistance of the forces of Gilio, king of Padua, his re-

Fierce Attila, their lord, of savage mien,
By him subdu'd in single fight was seen.
See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,
For Aquileia's strong defence prepare;
Th' Italian Hector in the task of war!
But ah! too soon he ends his mortal state,
And with his own includes his country's fate.
Then Acarinus[5] to his father's fame
Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.
Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields[6],
And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds[7]:
Deep in the vale of Po his city rose,
(A thousand scatter'd cots the town compose)
Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim
The seat of empire of th' Estensian name.
Th' Alani quell'd[8], Acarinus, in debate
With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate[9]:
For Italy he bravely yields his breath,
And shares paternal honour in his death.
With him the gallant Alphonsius dies:
To exile Actius[10], with his brother, flies;
But soon return'd (th' Exulean king[11] o'erthrown)
Again in council and in arms they shone.
Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel,
A second brave Epaminondas fell[12]:
See! where with smiles he seems his life to yield,
Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield.
His son Valerian emulates his name,
And treads the footsteps of paternal fame:

Scarce yet a man[13], of manly vigor possess'd,
His daring hand th' encroaching Goth repress'd.
Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose[14],
Who routs in field the rough Sclavonian foes.
With these intrepid Aldoard[15] is shown,
Who 'gainst the Lombard king defends Monselice's town.
Henry and Berengarius[16] then appear'd,
Who serv'd where Charles[17] his glorious banners rear'd.
Then Lewis follow'd[18], who the war maintain'd
Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd.
Next Otho with his sons[19], a friendly band,
Five blooming youths around their father stand.
There Almeric[20], Ferrara's marquis, came,
(Ferrara, plac'd by Po's majestic stream)
See! where he lifts to Heaven his pious eyes;
Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise!
The second Actius[21] fill'd a different side,
Who bloody strife with Berengarius try'd;

lation. Forestus is said to have fought with Attila hand to hand.

[5] Acarinus succeeded his father Forestus in the government of Este and Monselice, and gained many victories over Attila.

[6] The forces of Altinus met with such continued ill success with Attila, that their misfortunes seemed to have been the immediate dispensation of Providence; and hence the poet says, that Altinus gave way to Fate, and not to the Huns.

[7] It was under the conduct of Acarinus that Aventino, Anzio, Trento, and other neighbouring villages, were reduced into the form of a city, and defended by a mole against the floods of the Po; and this was the foundation of the future town of Ferrara.

[8] At this time Acarinus was captain of horse, anno 463.

[9] Acarinus, and Alphonsius his brother, opposed king Odoacer, one of the chiefs in the army of Attila, who had made a descent into Italy, with many others, the remains of the forces of that barbarian.

[10] Actius and Constantius, sons of Acarinus, being invaded by Odoacer, were despoiled of all their possessions, and obliged to abandon Italy.

[11] Odoacer, who was three times defeated by Theodoric Amalo, king of the Ostrogoths, and two years besieged in Ravenna, and at last killed, after Actius and Constantius had recovered their possessions.

[12] By the title of second Epaminondas is meant Bonifacius. This event happened in the year 556, when Narsetes, sent by the emperor Justinian, overcame Totila, king of the Goths; in which battle Bonifacius being present, was shot in the right eye by an arrow, which passed through the nape of his neck; he was carried on his shield into his tent, where he soon expired. The poet compares him to Epaminondas the Theban general, of whom it is related, that, at the battle of Mantinea, being carried mortally wounded into his tent, he demanded if his shield was safe; and being told it was, he ordered it to be brought to him, and, having kissed it with great apparent satisfaction, immediately died.

[13] At the death of his father this youth was only fourteen years of age, and at that time was with Narsetes at the overthrow of the Goths.

[14] Ernestus, son of Eribert of Este, performed many great actions in Dalmatia; which, from the name of Schiavi, took the name of Sclavonia: he defeated the Sclavonians so effectually in 711, that they were never again able to make head.

[15] Aglulpho, by his marriage with Theodelinda, became king of the Lombards, and, making peace with France, invaded Italy, and took Padua, at first defended by the princes of the house of Este; and he endeavoured to do the same by Monselice.

[16] Henry, son of Ernestus; Berengarius, son of Henry.

[17] Charles the Great, served with great valour by Henry and Berengarius.

[18] After the death of Charles, Berengarius entered into the service of his son Lewis, who was created emperor, and carried on a war against Bernardo the son of Pepin, the other son of Charles, who had been by his father made king of Italy: he was defeated by Berengarius, taken prisoner, and afterwards stripped of his kingdom and deprived of sight, anno 819.

[19] Otho, brother to Berengarius; his five sons were Marino, Sigifredo, Uberto, Hugo, and Amizon.

[20] Almeric was son of Amizone: through the favour of Hugo king of Italy, by whom he was greatly esteemed, Almeric was called to the government of Ferrara, where he ruled with sovereign authority, and obtained the title of Marquis: he gave a considerable part of his revenues to the maintenance of churches and abbeys, and employed his private fortune in building others, amongst which was the church of Saint George, afterwards the principal one of Ferrara.

[21] He carried on a war with Berengarius II. king of Italy, anno 950.

But, after many various turns of fate,
Subdu'd by foe, and ruin'd th' Italian state:
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,
Who from Germania mighty trophies won;
Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed,
With ample dowry [24], Otho's daughter led.
Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd [25],
And o'er the Tuscan lands dominion held.
Toldolo then [26]; and now the sculpture show'd,
With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood [27],
No male succeeding [28] to the large domain,
No son the father's honours to maintain;
Matilda follow'd [29], who, with virtues try'd,
Full well the want of manly sex supply'd:
In arts of sway the wise and valiant dame
O'er crowns and sceptres rais'd the female fame:
The Norman there she chas'd [30]; here quell'd in field
Gubeard the brave, before untaught to yield:
Henry she crush'd [31] (the fourth that bore the name)
And with his standards [32] to the temple came;
Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,
In Peter's chair the sovereign pontiff plac'd.

See the fifth Actius [33] near her person move,
With looks of reverence and of dutcous love.
Actius the fourth [34] a happier race has known;
These Guelpho issues, Kunigonda's son;
Retiring, to Germania's call he yields,
By fate transplanted to Bavarian fields:
There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,
Great Fate's bereach its foliage fair display'd:
Then might you seen the Guelphian race behold
Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.
From hence Bertoldo rose [35], of matchless fame;
Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.
Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield expreas'd;
And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast:
In fancy rapt, each future toil he view'd,
Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.
Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,
Already hopes the day, and triumphs o'er the foes.
And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell
In fatal fight beneath the Pagan steel,
To brave Rinaldo gave the destin'd blade:—
"In happy hour receive this sword," he said,
"Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands,
Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands."
Then thus the hero—"Grant, O gracious Heaven!
The hand to which this fated sword is given,
With this may emulate its master's fame,
And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name."
So they. But now the sage without delay
Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way:
"Haste, let us seek the Christian camp," he cried,
"Myself will through the waste your journey guide."
He said; and straight his ready car ascends;
(Each knight obsequious at his word attends)
He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies:
Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.
Again the hoary hermit silence broke,
And sudden, turning to Rinaldo, spoke:
"To these 'twas given the ancient root to trace,
Whence sprung the branches of th' Estenian race:
Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.
O could I now, as late the past I told,
The future ages to thy view unfold,
Succeeding heroes should thy wonder raise,
Great as the first in number as in praise:
But truths like these are hidden from my sight,
Or seen through dusky clouds with doubtful light."
Yet hear, and trust to what my words disclose;
Since from a purer source this knowledge flows;

[24] He obtained from the emperor Otho his daughter Adelaide to wife, with the dowry of Friburg in Germany, and several places in Italy, anno 973.

[25] This Hugo performed many exploits against the Romans, in behalf of pope Gregory, and the emperor Otho, about the year 995.

[26] Son of Actius II. duke of Ferrara and marquis of Este, count of Canosa, lord of Lucca, Placentia, Parma, and Rheggio, anno 970.

[27] There were ten of the name of Bonifacius, one son of the before-named Albertus, and the other son of Toldolo, duke of Ferrara; this last succeeded to the possessions of his father, and obtained besides Mantua and Modena, and was imperial vicar anno 1007. He married Beatrice daughter of the emperor Conrade II. and received Verona with her in dowry in 1035.

[28] Bonifacius left only one male child, which died under the care of its mother Beatrice.

[29] Daughter of Bonifacius and Beatrice, according to the poet, and so likewise delivered by Pigna; but other authors differ in the account of the parentage of this celebrated woman.

[30] The Normans had then, and some years before, under Roberto Guiscardo, taken possession of Puglia and Calabria, and endeavoured to lower the power of Matilda, but she defeated them several times; and Roberto, having afterwards concluded a peace with this Matilda, joined with her in assisting the pope against Henry IV.

[31] The emperor Henry IV. a bitter enemy to the church: he endeavoured to deprive her of the right of creating bishops, and persecuted the legitimate popes, and twice created antipopes.

[32] This happened in Canosa 1081, at the time Gregory IX. was besieged there by Henry. This religious and magnanimous woman replaced two pontiffs in the papal chair; the one was Alexander II. who had been driven out by Gilberto of Parma, sent by the emperor Henry IV. into Italy, which Henry favoured Cadalo, who probably by his means was made antipope; the other was Gregory IX. persecuted by the same Henry.

[33] This, according to Pigna, was second husband to Matilda, after the death of her first husband Gottifredo Gibbosa: but it being afterwards discovered that they were related, the marriage was annulled, and they were divorced by command of the pope.

[34] This Actius was more fortunate in point of children than Bonifacius, who left only Matilda to succeed him; but this Actius had for his son Guelpho, by Kunigonda, daughter of Guelpho IV. duke of Bavaria.

[35] Bertoldo, son of Actius V. by Judith, born of Conrado II.; and of her was born Actius VI. This Bertoldo was father of Rinaldo; so that this shield contained all his progeny from the first original.

(From him[M], to whose far-piercing mind 't is given
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heaven)
Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come,
Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome!
But o'er the rest shall rise Alphonso's fame,
Alphonso, second of the glorious name!
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,
Shall boast but few examples to mankind:
He, while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,
Shall certain signs of early worth declare;
In forest wilds shall chase the savage train,
And the first honours of the list obtain;
In riper years in war unconquer'd prove,
And hold his subjects in the bonds of love.
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,
Midst mighty powers and jarring states in arms:
To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,
And splendid games and festivals bestow:
In equal scales the good and bad to weigh;
And guard with care for every future day.
O should he rise against that impious race,
Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,
Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe,
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law;
Then shall his righteous vengeance wide be known,
For shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown:
In that great hour, what judgment shall be bring
On the false sect, and on their tyrant king!
The Turk and Moor, with thousands in their train,
Shall seek to stop his conquering arms in vain:
Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,
Beyond Mount Taurus, white with endless snows,
Beyond the realms of summer, shall he bear
The Cross, the Eagle, and the Lily fair;
The secret source of ancient Nile shall trace,
And in the faith baptize the sable race."
He spoke: and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,
To hear the glories of his line express'd.
Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,
And the east redden'd with a warmer ray;
When high above the tents they saw from far
The streaming banners trembling in the air.
Then thus the reverend sire began anew:
"Before our eyes the Sun ascending view,
Whose friendly rays discover wide around
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.
Hence may you pass without a further guide:
A nearer prospect is to me denied."
He said; and instant bade the chiefs adieu;
And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;
And Godfrey, rising from his awful seat,
With speed advanc'd, the welcome knights to meet.

BOOK XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rinaldo returns to the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withstands all the illusions of the demons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines. In the mean time Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. Vafrino is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great resolution. The Pagans make an obstinate defence. Rinaldo particularly signalizes himself, and first scales the walls. Ismeno is killed. The archangel Michael appears to the Christian general, and shows him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors, that were slain in battle, engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: Godfrey first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

As now they met: Rinaldo first began,
And thus sincere address'd the godlike man:
"O prince! the care t' efface my honour's stain
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior slain:
But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own;
And deep contrition since my soul has known.
By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again;
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain!"
Him lowly bending, with complacent look
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke;
"No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell;
The past shall ever in oblivion dwell:
Lo! all th' injuries I claim—thy weapons wield,
And shine the wonted terrour of the field.
'Tis thine to assist thy friends, dismay thy foes,
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose.
You wood, from whence our warlike toils we made,
Conceals deep magic in its dreadful shade:
Hard it stands! of all our numerous host,
No hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boast.
Then go!—'t is thine the mighty task to try;
There prove thy valour, where the valiant fly."
Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,
And dauntless on himself th' adventure took.
Then to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand,
And gladly greeted all the social band.
Brave Tancred now and noble Guelpho came,
With each bold leader of the Christian name.
The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,
And affable receiv'd the general joy.
Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd,
Than if the hero, from the conquer'd east,
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,
Had rode triumphant on his glittering car.
Thence to his tent he pass'd; there plac'd in state,
Encircled by his friends, the champion sate.
There much he answer'd; much to know desir'd;
Oft of the war and wondrous wood inquir'd.
At length, the rest withdrawn, the hermit broke
His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke:
"O chief! what wonders have thy eyes survey'd!
How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd!
Think what thou ow'st to him who rules on high:
He gave thee from th' enchanted seats to fly:
Thee, from his flock a wandering sheep, he sought,
And, now recover'd, to his fold has brought:
By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfill
The mighty purpose of his sacred will.
But think not yet, impure with many a stain,
In his high cause to lift thy hand profane:
Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundless sea,
With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.
Sincere, to God thy secret sins declare,
And sorrowing seek his grace with fervent prayer."

[M] Peter the hermit.

He said; and first the prince in humble strain
Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain[1]:
Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,
And all the errours of his youth reveal'd.
The pious hermit then absolv'd the knight,
And thus pursu'd—"With early dawn of light,
On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay,
That rears its front against the morning ray.
Thence seek the wood whose monsters thou must
Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel: [quell;
Ah! let no tuneful voice, nor plaints beguile,
Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile:
Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dangerous snare,
And scorn the treacherous look and well-dissembled
prayer."

So counsel'd he. The youth obsequious heard,
And eager for th' important deed prepar'd:
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;
And, ere the clouds were streak'd with glowing light,
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.
Alone, on foot, his silent way he took,
And left his comrades, and the tents forsook.
Now night with day divided empire held,
Nor this was fully risen, nor that expell'd:
The cheerful east the dawning rays display'd,
And stars yet glimmer'd through the western shade.
To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd,
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,
Alternate viewing here the spangled skies,
And there the spreading light of morning rise.
Then to himself he said—"What beams divine
In Heaven's eternal sacred temple shine!
The day can boast the chariot of the Sun,
The night the golden stars and silver Moon!
But ah! how few will raise their minds so high!
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye,
The transient lightnings of a glance, a smile
From female charms, our earthly sense beguile!"

While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent,
There low on earth with humble knee he bent:
Then on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes,
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.
"Almighty Father, hear!—my prayers approve!
Far from my sins thy awful sight remove:
O let thy grace each thought impure control,
And purge from earthly dross my erring soul!"

Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, rising bright,
To radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light:
O'er all his arms th' increasing splendour plays;
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews,
And scatters on his head ambrosial dews:
His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkled o'er,
Receives a snowy hue unknown before.
So with the dawn the drooping floweret blooms;
The serpent thus a second youth assumes.

Surpris'd his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,
Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,
Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd:
Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrours move,
But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.
While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,
A dulcet symphony his sense invades,
Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling through the shades:
Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill,
The feather'd choir the woods with music fill:
The tuneful swan in dying notes complains;
The mourning nightingale repeats her strains:
Timbrels and harps and human voices join,
And in one concert all the sounds combine.

In wonder wrapt awhile Rinaldo stood,
And thence his way with wary steps pursu'd:
When lo! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,
Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd.
On either hand, with flowers of various dyes,
The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.
From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,
And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood:
This to the trees a welcome moisture gave,
Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,
When sudden rais'd a wondrous bridge he spy'd;
That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,
And show'd an ample passage o'er the flood:
He trod the path, the farther margin gain'd;
And now the magic pile no more remain'd:
The stream so calm, arose with hideous roar,
And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.

The hero, turning, saw the tide o'erflow,
Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.
Then new desires incite his feet to rove
Through all the deep recesses of the grove.
As, searching round, from shade to shade he strays,
New scenes at once invite him and amaze.
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours
In gushing springs, or voluntary flowers:
Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant rose:
Here spouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:
From every spray the liquid manna trills;
And honey from the softening bark distils.
Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears
Of plaints and music mingling in his ears:
Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,
Nor harp nor timbrel whence the music came.

As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprise,
And reason to the sense her faith denies;
He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,
Where in a plain the path far-winding ends:
Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd
Above the lofty palm or cypress' shade;
High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,
And seem'd the verdant empress of the wood.

While round the champion cast a doubtful view,
A greater wonder his attention drew:
A labouring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,
And from its bark a living birth expos'd;
Whence (passing all belief!) in strange array,
A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.
A hundred different trees the knight beheld,
Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.
As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd
Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade;
With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,
With purple buskins, and with hair unbound:
Alike to view, before the hero stood
These shadowy daughters of the wondrous wood;
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield;
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.
Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train
With song and dance their mystic rites began;
Around the myrtle and the knight they sung;
And in his ear these tuneful accents rung:

[1] His love for Armida, and his rage exercised against Gernando.

"All hail! and welcome to this pleasing grove,
Armida's hope, the treasure of her love!
Com'st thou (O long expected!) to relieve
The painful wounds the darts of absence give?
This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,
Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,
Behold at thy approach revi'd appears,
At thy approach a gentler aspect wears!" [rose.
Thus they—Low thunders from the myrtle
And straight the bark a cleft wide-opening shows;
In wonder wrapt have ancient times survey'd
A rude Silenus issuing from the shade;
A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.
A damsel there appear'd, whose lovely frame
Might equal beauties of celestial name;
On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes,
And saw Armida's features with surprise;
On him a sad, yet pleasing look she lends;
And in the glance a thousand passions blends.
Then thus—"And art thou now return'd from fight,
Again to bless forlorn Armida's sight?
Com'st thou the balm of comfort to bestow,
To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe?
Or art thou here to work me further harms,
That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms?
Com'st thou a lover, or a foe prepar'd?
Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd:
Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious towers,
And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flowers.
Art thou a friend?—That cruises helm remove;
Disclose thy face, return the looks of love:
Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join;
Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine!"
Thus as she spoke, she roll'd her mournful eyes,
And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise:
Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,
Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm;
While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,
But from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade;
Then, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew;
With trembling haste to guard the plant she flew;
The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd,
And, with loud cries, the threatening stroke oppos'd.
"Ah! dare not thus with savage rage invade
My darling tree, the pride of all the shade!
O cruel!—lay thy dire design aside,
Or through Armida's heart the weapon guide!
To reach the trunk, this bosom shall afford
(And this alone) a passage to thy sword!"
But, deaf to prayers, aloft the steel he rear'd;
When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!
Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright,
Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night!
Her limbs enlarge; her features lose their grace;
The rose and lily vanish from her face:
Now, towering high, a giant huge she stands,
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands.
With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,
And shakes aloft as many clashing shields;
Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid Cyclop stood;
Unmov'd the hero still his task pursu'd:
Against the tree redoubled strokes he bent;
Deep groans, at every stroke, the myrtle rent:
Infernal glooms the face of day deform;
And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm:
With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound,
And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the ground.
But not these horrors can his force restrain,
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain:
Now sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends:
It falls—the phantoms fly—th' enchantment ends.
The winds are hush'd, the troubled ether clears,
The forest in its wonted state appears:
No more the dark retreat of magic made,
Though awful still, and black with native shade.
Again the victor tried if aught withstood
The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood:
Then smiling thus he said—"O phantoms vain!
Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain?"
Now to the camp with hasty steps he prest;
Meanwhile the hermit thus the bands address'd:
"Already freed I see th' enchanted ground!
Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd!"
He said: when from afar, confess'd to sight,
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight:
High on his crest the silver eagle shone,
And blaz'd with brighter beams against the Sun;
The troops salute him with triumphant cries;
From man to man the spreading clamours rise.
Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays
The willing tribute of unenvied praise:
When to the leader thus Rinaldo said:
"At thy command I sought you dreadful shade;
The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,
The wonders saw, and every spell subdu'd:
Now may thy train the region safe explore,
No magic charms shall vex their labours more."
Thus he; and straight the band the forest sought,
Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.
O'er all their work an able chief presides;
William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.
But late the empire of the seas he held,
Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield;
With all their naval arms the sailor train
He brings, to increase the forces on the plain.
To him superior knowledge Heaven imparts:
A searching genius in mechanic arts!
A hundred workmen his commands obey,
Their tasks performing as he points the way.
Vast battering rams[1] against the city rise,
And massive engines of enormous size.
Of timbers huge he built a spacious tower:
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore:
With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,
And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.
Suspended from below, with horned head,
The ram resistless on the bulwarks play'd;
While from the midst a bridge was form'd to fall,
That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall:
And from the top was seen at will to rise
A lesser tower, high-pointing to the skies.
The gazing throngs admire in every part
The strange invention and the workman's art:
Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,
The same their figure and their height the same.
Thus they: while from the walls the Pagan spies
Observ'd the Christian camp with heedful eyes;
They saw the pines and elms in many a load
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood:
They saw them rise in warlike structures high,
But scarce could thence their distant forms descry.
They too machines compose with equal care,
Their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.

[1] The account of these military engines and towers is according to the history.

Immense might the rest his engines brought,
From Sodom's lake, with fatal sulphur fraught
From Hell's black flood, whose waters foul and slow
Nine times enfold the realms of endless woe!
Horrid with these, a fiery pest he stood,
Resolv'd to avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,
This to assault, and that the works to guard,
High o'er the tents, in all the army's view,
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;
Now, from the lofty clouds declining down,
With nearer flight approach'd the sacred town:
When lo! a falcon chas'd her from above,
And threatening to the high pavilion drove:
Just as his claws the trembling bird oppress'd,
She shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast.
The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd,
Then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd:
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd,
Which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd:
"To thee th' Egyptian chief his zeal commends,
And health to great Judea's sovereign sends.
Fear not, O Monarch! still thy towers defend,
Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend:
Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;
Sion shall conquer, and the Christians fall."

Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd,
In barbarous phrase and characters reveal'd.
These winged heralds thus the mandates bear
Of eastern nations through the fields of air.

The prince now set the captive dove at large:
But she (a guiltless traitress to her charge)
As conscious of th' event, no more return'd,
But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd.

The leader then convened the princely train,
The tidings straight disclos'd, and thus began:
"Behold, O friends! how Heaven's high Monarch shows
Th' important secrets of our wily foes.
No more delay—this present time demands
Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.
Be every toil, be every peril tried,
The way to conquer on the southern side.
There, well by nature fenc'd on every part,
The forts are less secur'd by works of art:
There, Raymond, let thy strength resistless fall.
There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall;
While I, upon a different side, prepare,
Against the northern gate, the storm of war.
So may the foes their forces thither bend,
And there deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.
From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tower
On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.
Near me, Camillus, thou the toils shalt share,
And the third pile be trusted to thy care."

He ceas'd: when Raymond, pondering in his breast
The public welfare, Godfrey thus address'd:
"So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,
Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught supply'd.
Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent
To Egypt's camp, to sound their deep intent;
Who to our host might all their motions tell,
And certain tidings of their force reveal."

Then Tancred spoke: "A faithful 'squire is mine,
Who seems well form'd to further your design;
He every wile, with ready wit, prepares;
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.
Swift in the race, he lightly skims the field;
His pliant tongue in every speech is skill'd:
He shifts his mien, his act on and his tone,
And makes the modes of various climes his own."

The 'squire, now call'd, before th' assembly stands,
And cheerful hears the task his lord demands:
Then smiling thus: "To me consign the care,
This instant see me for th' attempt prepare:
Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy)
The distant land where Egypt's forces lie;
There pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,
And every man and every steed survey.
I promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast)
To bring the state and numbers of their host;
To penetrate their leader's secret thought,
And view each purpose in his bosom wrought."
Thus bold Vafrino spoke; nor more delay'd,
But swift in vesture fing his limbs array'd:
He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd
A turban huge in many a winding fold:
His back the Syrian bow and quiver bore,
And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.
The wondering crowds admir'd his ready tongue,
On which each nation's different accent hung;
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,
Or Tyre receive him as her rightful son.
Now from the camp he issu'd on a steed
That scarcely bent the grass beneath his speed.

Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,
The Franks, industrious, gain'd the rugged way.
In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,
They join to day the labours of the night:
Till all is for the great assault prepar'd,
And nought remains that can their schemes retard.

The Christian chief, on pious thoughts intent,
In humble prayer the day preceding spent,
And bade the faithful host their sins confess,
And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace.
He then began his vast machines to show
On divers parts, to amuse the thoughtless foe.
The foe, deceiv'd, with joyful looks descried
His force directed on their strongest side.

But, soon as evening stretch'd her welcome shade,
He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd:
This tow'rds the ramparts' weaker parts he brought,
Where less expos'd his hardy soldiers fought.
Experienc'd Raymond with his lofty tower
Against the southern hill his forces bore:
And, with the third, the brave Camillus press'd
Against the side declining to the west.

When now the cheerful harbinger of day
Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;
The foes the mighty tower with terrour view'd;
Far distant from the place where late it stood;
And all around, till then unseen, beheld
Enormous engines thickening o'er the field.

With every art the wary Pagans form
Their best defence against th' approaching storm.
No less intent, the prudent chief, who knew
That nearer now th' Egyptian army drew,
Each pass secures; and, calling from the bands
Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands:
"You watchful on your steeds in arms remain,
While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,
Where least defence appears: be yours the care
To guard our rear from unexpected war."
He ceas'd: and breathing courage man to man,
Three fierce assaults the Christian powers began.
Them hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,
In arms, long since disus'd, his limbs array'd;
Trembling with feeble feet and tottering frame,
The aged king oppos'd to Raymond came.
Stern Solyman for Godfrey stood prepar'd;
And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.

Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,
Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.
The ready archers now their bows apply;
In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly;
The face of Heaven is all in darkness lost,
Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.
With greater force the mural engines pour
Their sudden vengeance in a mingled shower.
Hence, sheath'd with iron, javelins huge are thrown;
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town.
Not in the wound the javelins lose their force,
But furious hold their unremitted course;
Resistless here their bloody entrance find,
And issuing there, leave cruel death behind!
Where'er the stones alight, with dreadful sway
Through men and arms they force their horrid way
Sweep life before them, crush the human frame,
And hide at once the figure and the name!
Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain,
And boldly still the bold assault sustain:
Already had they spread with heedful care
Their woolly fences 'gainst the threatening war;
And where expos'd the thickest ranks they spy,
With missile weapons send a fierce reply:
Yet undismay'd the brave assailants press,
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.
Some under vast machines securely move,
While storms of arrows hiss in vain above.
Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes:
The Syrians, from the walls, th' attempt oppose.
Each ready tower to launch its bridge essays;
Its iron head each ram incessant plays.
Meanwhile in generous doubt Rinaldo stands,
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands.
He rolls his ardent eyes; his thoughts aspire
To tempt the pass from which the rest retire.
Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,
Th' intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said:
"O shame to sight! while here our spreadeous
Behold yon fortress still remains in peace! [press,
No perils e'er can brave designs control,
All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.
Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes
A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose."
He spoke. The warriors with one soul obey'd,
And o'er their heads extend an ample shade.
The bucklers join'd secur'd the moving train,
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.
Now to the walls they came: with eager haste
A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd;
A hundred steps it bore, the hero's hand
Aloft with ease th' enormous weight sustain'd.
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour;
Dauntless he mounts amid the ponderous shower:
Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread,
Though prudent rocks had nodded o'er his head.
His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood;
His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load:
This arm the bulwarks shook; and that before
His towering front the fencing buckler bore.
His great example every warrior fir'd;
Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.
But various fates they prove: some headlong fall;
And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall:
While he, ascending still, securely goes,
His friends encourages, and threats his foes.
The thronging numbers, with collected might,
Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height:
Still in th' unequal combat firm he stands,
And bears alone th' united furious bands.
And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,
And frees the passage for his brave compeers.
To one the hero gave a wish'd relief,
(Eustatius, brother to the pious chief)
With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.
The Christian leader, on a different side,
With various perils various fortune tried;
Nor men with men alone the combat sought,
There pile with pile, with engine engine fought.
Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raise;
(A vessel's towering mast in ancient days)
To this athwart a massy beam suspend;
Thick iron plates the solid head defend:
This with strong cables back the Pagans drew,
Then, swift recoiling, on the tower it flew.
The yielding timbers with the fury shook,
The joint gave way before the frequent stroke:
But soon the tower its needful arms supplies:
Two scythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty size,
That, closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide
The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.
As, loos'd by time, or by rude tempests torn,
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne,
Impetuous whirling down the craggy steeps,
Woods, cots, and herds before its fury sweeps:
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,
Arms, men, and ruins, from the shatter'd wall.
The tower's vast summit nodded from on high,
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply!
Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,
Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won:
When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke
Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of smoke!
Not Ætna from her raging womb expires
Such pois'nous streams and suffocating fires;
Not such dire fumes the clime of India yields,
When noxious vapours taint her sultry fields.
Thick sulphur pours and burning javelins fly;
Dark clouds arise, and intercept the sky. [meet;
The tower's strong planks the scorching mischief
The moisten'd hides now shrivel in the heat:
Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,
And the last ruin threats the mighty frame.
Before the rest the glorious leader stood,
With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,
And on the pile commands his troops to pour
The cooling waters in a copious shower.
Now deep distress the troubled host assails;
The fire increases, and the water fails;
When from the north a sudden wind arose,
And turn'd the raging flames against the foes:
The blazing fury on the Pagans falls. [walls
Where numerous works were rais'd to guard the
The light materials catch; the sparks aspire;
And all their fences crackle in the fire.
O favour'd chief! the Almighty's care approv'd:
By him defended, and by him belov'd:
Heaven in thy cause auxiliar arms supplies,
And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient rise!
But dire Ismeno, who the flames beheld
By Boreas' breath against himself repell'd,
Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,
And force the laws of nature to his will.
With two magicians, that his arts pursue,
The dreadful sorcerer towers in open view:
Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the bands:
So 'twixt two furies Dis or Charon stands.
And now the murmuring of the words was heard
By Phlegethon and deep Cocytus fear'd:

Already now the air distorb'd was seen,
The Sun with clouds obscur'd his face serene:
When from an engine flew, with hideous shock,
A ponderous stone, the fragment of a rock,
Through all the three[2] its horrid passage tore,
Crush'd every bone, and drench'd their limbs in gore:
With groans the sinful spirits take their flight
From the pure air and seats of upper light,
And seek th' infernal shades of endless pain:
O mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.
At length the tower, preserv'd from threaten'd flame
By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came;
Now, from the midst, the bridge was seen to fall,
And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall:
But thither Solyman intrepid flies,
And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries:
Nor had he tried in vain, but, sudden rear'd,
Another tower upon the first appear'd:
Above the loftiest spires it was seen on high
The wondrous fabric rising to the sky.
Struck with the sight th' astonish'd Pagans stood,
While far beneath the pile the town they view'd,
But still the fearless Turk his post maintain'd,
Though on his head a rocky tempest rain'd;
Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,
With threats and cries, incites the timorous crowd.
To Godfrey then[4], unseen by vulgar eyes,
Appear'd the archangel Michael from the skies,
In glorious panoply, divinely bright,
More dazzling than the Sun's unclouded light.
"Lo! Godfrey," he began, "the hour at hand
To free from bondage Sion's hallow'd land:
Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd:
Behold where Heaven assists with heavenly aid!
I now remove the film, and teach thy sight
To bear the presence of the sons of light.
The souls of those, now heavenly beings, view,
That champions once for Christ their weapons drew:
With these they fight, with these they come to share
The glorious triumph of the sacred war.
There, where thou seest the dust and smoke on high
In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,
There, wrapt in darkness, Hugo holds his place,
And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base.
See! Dudon, arm'd against the northern towers,
With fire and sword celestial vengeance pours.

You sacred form that on the mount appears,
Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears,
Is Ademar[3]; a saint confess'd he stands:
See! still he follows, blesses still the bands.
But higher raise thy looks, behold in air
Where all the powers of Heaven combin'd appear."
The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above
A countless army of celestials move.
Three squadrons sing'd[5] the wondrous force display'd,
Three fulgent circles every squadron made,
Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose,
And nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose[7].
His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light,
And all the vision vanish'd from his sight.
Then round the plain his martial bands he spy'd,
And saw how conquest smil'd on every side.
With brave Rinaldo numbers scale the wall;
Before his arms in heaps the Syrians fall:
No longer Godfrey then his zeal restrain'd,
But snatch'd the standard from Alfiero's hand;
And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd.
The furious Turk all passage there deny'd:

[2] Though the particular character of Ismeno is entirely the invention of the poet, yet history relates the death of certain magicians, that had placed themselves on the walls of Jerusalem, in order to oppose the machines of the Christians.

[4] This fiction seems to be taken from miracles recorded in the history of the crusade. The archbishop of Tiro relates, that the Christians being engaged with the infidels, and nearly defeated, a soldier was seen to descend from Mount Olivet, bearing a shield of wonderful lustre, who encouraged the Christians to renew the battle with double vigour, and immediately disappeared. It was likewise said, that, at the siege of Antioch, Pyrrhus, a Turk, saw an infinite army of soldiers on white horses, with white arms and vestments, who fought on the side of the Christians. These afterwards disappeared, and were supposed to be angels and the souls of the blessed, sent from God to succour the Christians.

[3] The archbishop of Tiro gives the following extraordinary account: "That day Ademar, bishop of Poggio, a man of exemplary virtue and piety, who lost his life near Antioch, was seen by numbers in the holy city: and numbers, whose testimony is worthy of credit, affirmed that they saw him among the first to scale the walls, and inciting others to enter the town." All these traditions were authority sufficient for the beautiful machine with which Tasso has adorned his poem; the whole passage of which is taken from the sublime fiction of Virgil, in the 2d Æneid, where Æneas sees the gods of Greece engaged in the destruction of his native city.

[5] The Italian commentator explains these to mean the three celestial hierarchies, each divided into three orders: the first, seraphim, cherubim, and thrones; the second, dominations, principalities, and powers; the third, virtues, angels, and archangels. This opinion is according to St. Gregory and St. Bernard, from which other authors have differed.

[7] Some theologists have said that these circles diminished till they came to an indivisible point, wherein was centred the essence of Divinity. This abstruse and whimsical doctrine is mentioned by Dante, which passage may not be unpleasing to the curious reader; where he speaks of these nine choirs or orders in the following manner:

Un punto vidi, che raggiava lume
Acuto sì, che'l viso ch'egli affica,
Chiuder conviensi per la forza d'esso:
Distante intorno al punto un cerchio d'igne
Si girava sì ratto, ch'avria vinto
Quel moto che più tosto il mondo cigne,
E questro era d'un altro circonciuto
E quel del terzo e'l terzo poi dal quarto
Dal quinto il quarto, e poi dal sesto il quinto
Sovra seguia il settimo sì sparto
Già di larghezza che'l mezzo di Giuno
Intero a contenerlo sarebbe arto.
Così l'ottavo, e'l nono: e ciascheduno
Più tardo si movea, secondo ch'era,
In numero distante, più da l'uno.

Paradiso, canto xxviii.

A little space is now the glorious field
Where valour's deeds a great example yield!
"Here let me nobly fall!" the Pagan cries,
"Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.
O burst the bridge! and me alone expose;
I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes."
But now he sees th' affrighted numbers fly,
And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh:
"What should I do?" the wavering soldan said:
"If here I fall, in vain my blood is shed."
Then, other schemes revolving in his mind,
He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,
Who threatening follow'd, with impetuous haste,
And on the wall the holy standard plac'd.
The conquering banner, to the breeze unroll'd,
Refulgent streams in many a waving fold:
The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,
With purer beams the day appears to shine:
The swords seem bid to turn their points away,
And darts around it innocently play:
The sacred mount the purple cross adores,
And Sion owns it from her topmost towers.
Then all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,
The loud acclaim of joyful victory!
From man to man the clamour pours around:
The distant hills resecho to the sound.
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,
Against Argantes Tancred forc'd his way;
At once he lanch'd his bridge, the passage made,
And straight his standard on the walls display'd.
But tow'rds the south where aged Raymond fought,
And 'gainst the Pagan king his forces brought;
There deeper toil engag'd the Christian power,
There rocky paths delay'd the cumbrous tower.
At length th' assailants and defenders hear
The echoing shouts of conquest from afar.
To Aladine and Raymond soon 't is known,
That tow'rds the plain are Sion's ramparts won:
Then thus the earl aloud—"O hear, my friends!
Before the Christian arms the city bends!
And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare?
Shall we alone no glorious triumph share?"
But soon the Syrian king withdrew his force,
Nor longer strove to oppose the victor's course;
Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,
From which he hop'd their fury to withstand.
Now all the conquering bands, oppos'd no more,
Swarm o'er the walls and through the portals pour.
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,
Death stalks with grief and terrour at his side:
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows,
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compose!

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Tancred and Argantes retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: after an obstinate defence, the latter is slain; and Tancred himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time Rinaldo pursues the infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in Solomon's temple. Rinaldo at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter, and make a terrible slaughter. Solyman and Aladine fortify themselves in David's tower. Solyman defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearance of Godfrey and Rinaldo. Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. Vafrino enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with Erminia. In their way to the Christian tents, they find Tancred in appearance dead: Erminia's lamentation; she recovers Tancred from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of Argantes to the city. Vafrino gives an account to Godfrey of the discoveries he has made; upon which the general determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces.

Now wide-destroying death or pale affright
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts' height:
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall;
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows,
And singly combats midst a host of foes:
Far more than death he dreads a sullied name,
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.
Before the rest intrepid Tancred flies,
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies:
Well, by his mien and arms confess'd to view,
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.
"Thou dost, thou, Tancred! keep thy faith?" he cried,
"Late art thou come our battle to decide:
We meet not here as heroes heroes dare;
Thou com'st a base artificer of war!
Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield;
Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field!
Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,
(Thou woman's murderer!) now to 'scape with life!"
He said; and Tancred, smiling with disdain,
In words indignant thus replied again:
"Late am I come?—Suppress thy senseless scorn;
Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return;
When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul,
That 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll;
And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,
Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.
Come, glorious chief! thou terrour of the plain,
By whom are heroes quell'd and giants slain!
With me retire, and prove thy boasted might;
The woman's murderer dares thee to the fight!"
Then to his troops—"Withhold your wrathful hands,
This warrior now my sword alone demands;
No common foe; by challenge him I claim;
By former promise mine, and mine by fame."
"Descend," again the proud Circassian cried,
"Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide:
The place frequented or the desert try;
With every odds thy prowess I defy!"
The stern convention made, at once they move,
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,
And envies even a drop to vulgar hands.
He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow,
And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,
And through a winding path pursue their way.
At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd
A narrow valley, black with shady wood;
That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd
For chase or combat with the savage-kind.
Here both the warriors stopp'd; when, pensive grown,
Argantes turn'd to view the suffering town.
Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,
Str aight cast his own at distance on the field;

Then thus began—"What means this sudden gloom?
'Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come?
If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,
Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late."
"Yon city fills my mind," the chief replied,
"The queen of nations, and Judea's pride,
That vanquish'd now must fall, while I in vain
Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain:
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,
Thy life by Heaven devoted to my sword!"
He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew:
For each his adverse champion's valour knew.
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.
Argantes tower'd superior by the head,
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread.
Now Tancred wheels, now bends to elude the foe,
Now with his sword averts th' impending blow.
But high erect the bold Argantes stood,
And equal art, with different action, show'd:
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove.
That, on his art and courage most relies;
This, on his mighty strength, and giant size.
Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,
When no rude wind disturbs the watery plain:
Their bulk though different, equal is the fight,
In swiftness one and one excels in height.
But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe,
And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,
Full at his face the point Argantes shook;
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd toward the stroke,
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, said,
"Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!"
With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd;
Then with his falchion to the boast replies,
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.
Argantes breaks the blow: with shorten'd sword
On him intrepid rush'd the Christian lord:
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side.
"Receive this answer," loud the hero cries,
"The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies!"
The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,
But strives to free his captive arm in vain:
At length, dependent from the chain[1], he leaves
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.
Each other now in rude embrace they press'd,
Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.
Not with more vigour, on the sandy field,
Great Hercules the mighty giant held.
Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,
Till both together, sidelong, press the plain.
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:
But Tancred's hand, that shield the weapon wield,
Was held beneath him prisoner on the field.
Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,
And, soon recovering, on his feet he stood.
More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke.
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends
To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends;

So from his fall arose the Pagan knight
With equal wrath and unabated might.
Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd:
Now less of art and more of horror rag'd. [blood;
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling
But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood:
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld
Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield:
All hatred then his generous breast forsook,
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke:
"Yield, dauntless chief! enough thy worth is shown;
Or, me, or fortune, for thy victor own:
I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight,
Nor to myself reserve a conqueror's right."
At this, with rage renew'd, the Pagan burn'd:
"Use what thy fortune gives," he fierce return'd,
"And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim?
Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame?
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize;
This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise."
As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,
Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires:
So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,
With kindled ire recruits his dying force;
Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,
And crown his actions with a glorious end.
Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took:
In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke:
Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,
And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.
Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confess'd;
For Nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.
A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd;
The wary Christian now his purpose spy'd,
And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside.
Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain,
Thou fall'st, Argantes! headlong on the plain:
Thou fall'st! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)
None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall!
Fresh stream'd the blood from every gaping wound,
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground:
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.
Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd:
"Submit, O chief! preserve thy life," he said:
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe
Full at his heel directs a treacherous blow,
And threats aloud. Then flash from Tancred's eyes
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries:
"And dost thou, wretch! such base return afford
For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword?"
He said; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,
But through his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.
Thus fell Argantes: as he liv'd he died;
Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride:
Nor droop'd his spirit at th' approach of death,
But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.
Then Tancred in the sheath his sword bestow'd,
And paid to God the thanks his conquest ow'd:
But dear his triumph has the victor cost:
His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost.
Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,
And tread the steps his feet had trod before,
Not far his tottering knees their load sustain,
His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.
Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head,
(His arm, that trembles like a feeble reed)

[1] In Ariosto it is frequently mentioned, that the sword was fastened to the wrist by a chain, though his is the only passage where such a custom is alluded to by Tasso.

Each object swims before his giddy sight;
The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night;
He faints—he swoons! and scarce to mortal eyes
The victor differing from the vanquish'd lies.
While these, inflam'd with private hate, engag'd,
The wrathful Christians through the city rag'd.
What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,
And speak the horrours of a conquer'd town?
Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd;
The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd.
There, on th' asbury'd corse the wounded spread;
The living here interr'd beneath the dead.
With flowing hair pale mothers fly distrest,
And clasp their harmless infants to the breast:
The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,
Bears on his laden back the spoils away:
The soldier there, by lust ungovern'd sway'd,
Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.
But tow'rds the mountain where the temple stood,
The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd:
Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand;
Th' unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.
He sought the brave, but scorn'd with great disdain
To wreak his fury on a helpless train.
Then might you wondrous deeds of valour view,
How these he threatening chas'd, and those he slew;
How with unequal risk, but equal fear,
The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.
Already, mingled with th' ignobler band,
A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,
That, oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,
Still bears its ancient founder's glorious name.
Great Solomon the stately fabric rear'd,
Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd:
Less costly now; but 'gainst the hostile powers
Secur'd with iron gates, and guarded towers.
Rinaldo rais'd his threatening looks on high,
And view'd the fortress with an angry eye:
Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet,
And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet.
So when a wolf, beneath the friendly shades,
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades;
He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,
Licks his dry chaps, and thirsts for blood in vain.
The chief now pass'd before the lofty gate;
The Pagans, from above, th' encounter wait.
While thus the hero stood, by chance he 'spies
A beam beside him of enormous size;
(Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast,
The largest ship may claim it for a mast;
This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,
And with repeated blows the portal struck:
Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,
Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tottering walls.
Nor steel nor marble could the force oppose;
The fence gives way before the driving blows:
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.
Swift through the pass, the victor to sustain,
Fierce as a torrent rush th' exulting train.
Then, dire to see! the dome devote to God,
With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.
O sacred justice of th' Almighty, dread,
Though late, yet certain, on the guilty head!
Thy awful providence now stands confest,
And kindles wrath in every pious breast.
The Pagan with his blood must cleanse from stain
Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.

But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tower[a]
Retreated with the remnant of his power;
His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,
And stop each entrance from th' invading foes.
And Aladine the tyrant thither flies;
To whom aloud th' intrepid soldan cries, [gain,
"Come, mighty monarch! haste! the fortress
Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd reign:
Here mayst thou still defend thy life, secur'd
From the dire fury of the wasting sword."
"Ah me! relentless fate," the king replied,
"O'erturns the city, levels all her pride!—
My days are run—my empire now is o'er—
I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more!—
'Tis past!—we once have been! behold our doom—
The last, th' irrevocable hour is come!"
To whom with generous warmth the Soldan said:
"Where, prince! is all thy ancient virtue fled?
Though of his realms by fortune dispossess'd,
A monarch's throne is seated in his breast.
But come, and, here secur'd from hostile rage,
Refresh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age."
Thus counsel'd he; and straight, with careful haste,
The hoary king within the bulwarks plac'd.
Himself to guard the dangerous pass appear'd,
With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd:
He girt his trusty falchion to his side,
And all the forces of the Franks defied.
On every part his thundering weapon flew,
And these he overturn'd, and those he slew.
All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright,
Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.
Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,
The fearless Raymond rush'd the pass to gain:
Against the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow;
But not in vain return'd his haughty foe:
Full in his front the reverend chief he found,
And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.
Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,
Or in the well-defended entrance die.
The soldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead,
Beheld on earth the Christian leader spread,
Incites his followers, with repeated cries,
To drag within the works their prostrate prize.
All spring to take him (a determin'd band),
But toils and dangers their attempt withstand.
What Christian can his Raymond's care forgo?
At once they fly to guard him from the foe.
There rage, here piety, maintains the fight;
No common cause demands each warrior's might:
For Raymond's life or freedom they contend;
And those would seize the chief, and these defend.
Yet had the soldan's force at length prevail'd,
For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd;
But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,
A powerful aid appear'd on either hand;
At once the chief of chiefs[b], resistless, came,
And he[c], the foremost of the martial name.
As when loud winds arise, and thunders roll,
And glancing lightnings gleam from pole to pole,
The shepherd-swain, who sees the darkening air,
Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care;
And, thence retreating, to some covert flies
To shun the fury of th' inclement skies;

[a] The citadel of Jerusalem was so called.
[b] Godfrey.
[c] Rinaldo.

And with his voice and crook his flock constrains;
Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains:
So the fierce Paean, who the storm beheld,
That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,
Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,
And saw the flash of armour from afar,
Compell'd his troops within the sheltering tower;
Himself, reluctant, from superior power
Retires the last, with unabated heart,
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat. [haste,

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd:
Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight,
His plighted vows the hero's soul excite:
For still he keeps his solemn oath in view,
To take the warrior's life who Sveno slew.
Then had his matchless arm the walls assail'd,
Then had their strength to shield the soldan fail'd;
But here the general bade surcease the fight,
For all the horizon round was lost in night.
There Godfrey straight encamp'd his martial train,
Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain.
Then cheerful thus his listening host he warms:
"Th' Almighty favours now the Christian arms:
At early dawn you fortress shall be ours;
The last weak refuge of the faithless powers.
Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend,
The sick to cherish, and the wounded tend.
Go—pay the rites those gallant friends demand,
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land;
This temper better suits the Christian name,
Than souls with avarice or revenge on flame.
Too much, alas! has slaughter stain'd the day;
Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.
Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear;
And let the trumpet's sound our will declare."

He said; and went where, scarce repriev'd from death,
Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath.
Nor Solyman less bold, his friends address'd,
While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.
"O warriors! soon the change of fortune's power;
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flower:
Safe is your king, and safe his chosen train:
These walls the noblest of the realm contain.
Then let the Franks their empty conquest boast;
Swift fate impends o'er all th' exulting host:
While rage and plunder every soul employ,
And lust and murder are their savage joy:
Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,
And one destructive hour o'erwhelm them all;
If Egypt's troops, now hastening to our aid,
With numerous force their scatter'd bands invade,
From hence our missile weapons can we pour,
To whelm the city with a rocky shower;
And with our engines from afar defend
The paths that to the sepulchre ascend."

While deeds like these were wrought, Vafrino goes;
A trusty spy, amidst a host of foes:
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,
What time the Sun the western sky forsook;
By Ascalon he pass'd, ere yet the day
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray:
And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,
The hostile camp appear'd in open sight.
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he see,
Unnumber'd streamers waving to the breeze.
Discordant tongues assail his wondering ears;
Timbrels and horns and barbarous notes he hears.
The elephant and camel mix their cries;
The generous steed, with shriller sound, replies.
Surpris'd he sees such numerous forces join'd,
Where Asia's realms and Afric's seem combin'd.

Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,
And marks what different works the camp enclose;
Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie;
Nor shuns the observance of the public eye;
But boldly to each high pavilion goes,
And fearless communes with th' unconscious foes.
Wise were his questions, well his answers made,
And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.
The warriors, steeds, and arms, attract his view;
Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew.
At length, as wandering through the vale he went,
Chance led his footsteps to the general's tent:
There, while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd,
His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd;
From this each voice within distinct was heard,
Through this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.
There watch'd Vafrino, while he seem'd employ'd
To mend the torn pavilion's opening side.

Bare headed there he saw the chief confest,
With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest:
Two pages bore his helmet and his shield;
His better hand a pointed javelin held;
He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,
Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.
Vafrino stay'd, intent their words to hear,
And sudden Godfrey's name assail'd his ear. [spoke,

"Think'st thou," the leader thus the knight be-
"That Godfrey sure shall fall beneath thy stroke?"

Then he: "He surely falls! and here I swear
Ne'er to return, but victor from the war.
This hand my fellows' swords shall render vain;
And let my deed this sole reward obtain;
A glorious trophy of his arms to raise
In Cairo's town, and thus inscribe my praise:
'These from the Christian chief, whose force o'er-
All Asia's lands, in battle Ormond won; [run
And fix'd them here, that future times might tell
How, by his prowess vanquish'd, Godfrey fell.'"

"Think not our grateful king," the leader cries,
"Will view th' important act with thankless eyes:
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,
And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.
But now with speed the vests and arms prepare;
The approaching day of combat claims thy care."
"All, all is now prepar'd"—the knight replied:
And here the converse ceas'd on either side.

Thus they. A stranger to the hidden sense,
The words Vafrino heard in deep suspense;
Oft-times debating, in his anxious mind,
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd.
He parted thence, and sleepless pass'd the night,
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light;
But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,
Unfurl'd the waving banners to the wind,
Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd;
And roved from tent to tent uncertain stray'd.

One day he came to where, in regal state,
Amidst her knights and dames Armida sate:
Pensive she seem'd, with various cares oppress,
A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast:
On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,
And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,
All mov'd with tears. Full opposite he saw
Adrastus motionless with silent awe:
Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond desire,
And with the prospect fed his amorous fire.

But Tisaphernes both by turns beheld,
While different passions in his bosom swell'd:
His changing looks a quick succession prove,
Now fir'd with hatred, now inflam'd with love.
From thence Vafrino cast his sight aside,
And midst the damsels Altamorus 'spy'd;
Who curb'd the license of his roving eyes,
Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprise;
Her hand, her face, with secret rapture view'd,
And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search pursu'd,
To explore the passage where th' unwary vest
Reveal'd the beauties of her ivory breast.
At length her downcast looks Armida rears,
While through her grief a transient smile appears.
"O brave Adrastus! in thy glorious boast
I feel," she cries, "my former anguish lost:
And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find;
For sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind."
To whom the Indian—"Bid thy sorrows cease,
O royal fair! compose thy soul to peace.
Doubt not to view, (ere many days are fled)
Cast at thy feet Rinaldo's impious head;
Else shall he come, if so thy will ordains,
To servile dungeons, and eternal chains."
To Tisaphernes smiling then she said:
"And wilt not thou, O chief! Armida aid?"
"It suits not me," he taunting thus replied,
"With such a knight to combat side by side.
But I more slow, in fields of battle new,
Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue."
Sternly he said; the word the monarch took,
And straight incens'd with pride ungovern'd spoke:
"'T is thine, indeed, a distant war to wage,
Nor dare like me in nearer fight engage."
Then Tisaphernes shook his haughty head:
"O were I master of this arm," he said,
"Could I at will this faithful falchion yield,
We soon should see who best could brave the field:
Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I hear!
Not thee, but Heaven and tyrant love, I fear."
He ceas'd: Adrastus stern his force defy'd;
But here Armida interpos'd, and cried:
"O warriors! wherefore now, your promise vain,
Will you so soon resume your gift again?
My champions are ye both—let this suffice
To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties:
At my command, this rash contention cease;
He meets my anger first who wounds the peace."
Thus she: at once the rage their breast forsook,
And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke.
Vafrino, present, all their converse knew,
Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew;
He saw, though deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,
Some treason 'gainst the Christian chief design'd:
He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try
To bear the secret thence, or bravely die,
In vain his search—till chance at length display'd
The treacherous snares for pious Godfrey laid.
Again he sought the tent, and view'd again
The princess seated midst her warrior train:
Then near a damsel with familiar air
He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair:
"I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,
Th' elected champion of some lovely maid:
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's self may feel,
Or Godfrey breathless sink beneath my steel.
Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)
The head devoted of some barbarous foe."
So spoke the squire; and smiling as he spoke,
A virgin view'd him with attentive look:
Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,
Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd:
"From all the train I here thy sword demand,
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand:
I choose thee for my champion; hence retire,
I now thy converse, as my knight, require."
She said; and drew him from the throng aside:
"I know thee well, Vafrino!" then she cried,
"Know'st thou not me?"—Confus'd the Christian stood,
Till with a smile he thus his speech renew'd:
"Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair,
Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear:
Born on Biserta's shore, my birth I claim
From Lesbin', and Almanzor is my name."
"Long have I known thee," thus the maid reply'd,
"Then seek no more in vain thyself to hide:
Dismiss thy fear—thou seest a faithful friend
For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.
Behold Erminia! born of royal kind,
And once with thee in Tancred's service join'd:
Two happy months a blissful captive there,
I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care."
Then on her face he bent his earnest view,
And soon the features of Erminia knew.
"Rest on my faith secure," the damsel cries,
"I here attest the Sun and conscious skies!
Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;
Erminia to her former bonds restore!
In irksome freedom since my hours were led,
Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.
Com'st thou the secrets of the host to spy?
In happy time—on me thou mayst rely:
I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,
Which thou, perchance, hadst long explor'd in vain."
Thus she; while doubtful still Vafrino mus'd
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd:
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind:
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind:
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide,
Insensate those that in the sex confide!
At length he spoke: "If hence you seek to fly,
Haste, let us go—your trusty guide am I.
Be this resolv'd—but let us yet beware,
And further speech till fitter time forbear."
Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,
Before the troops decamp'd to take their way.
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid
Awhile in converse with the damsels stay'd,
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd,
And with a plausive tale each ear detain'd:
Till at th' appointed time the squire she join'd;
Then mounts her steed, and leaves the camp behind.
The Pagan tents were vanish'd from the view;
And near an unfrequented place they drew;
When bold Vafrino spoke—"Now, courteous fair!
The treason, fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare."
"Eight knights," she cried, "the dire adventure claim,
But Ormond fierce excels the rest in fame;
These, urg'd by hatred, or inflam'd with ire,
In murderous league against your chief conspire:
Then hear their arts—what time on Syria's plain
Th' embattled host contend for Asia's reign;
These on their arms the purple cross shall bear,
Disguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear,
Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingled war.
But on his helm shall each a signal show,
Which in the thickening fight their friends may know:
These shall the Christian leader's life pursue,
And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue:

To me 'twas given each false device to frame;
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name!
Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,
From the dire mandates of an impious train:
I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile,
To assist the traitor, and partake the guile.
For this—yet not for this alone, I fled—"
She ceas'd; and ceasing blush'd with rosy red:
Bendin'd to earth she held her modest look,
And half again recall'd what last she spoke.
But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,
He sought to learn, and gently thus replied:
"Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal?"
She breath'd a sigh that mutant from her breast,
Then with a faltering voice the squire address'd:
"Farewell, ill-tim'd reserve! no more I claim
The modesty that fits a virgin's name. [sway'd;
Such thoughts should long ere this my heart have
But ah! they suit no more a wandering maid.
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe;
From that, alas! my following woes I date,
The early source of my disastrous fate!
Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast,
For with my regal state myself I lost.
Thou know'st, Vafrino! how I trembling ran,
Midst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,
To seek thy lord and mine, when, first in view,
All sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew:
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble prayer:
'Unconquer'd chief! a helpless virgin hear!
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim!
But save my honour, guard my spotless fame!'
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke:
'O lovely maid! in vain thou shalt not sue;
In me thy friend, thy kind preserver, view.'
He said; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,
A sweet sensation every thought possess'd,
That, deeply spreading through my soul, became
A wound incurable, a quenchless flame!
"He saw me oft; he gently shar'd my grief;
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.
'To thee,' he cried, 'thy freedom I resign;
Nor aught of all thy treasures shall be mine.'
O cruel gift! O bounty vainly shown!
For, giving me myself, myself he won;
And while he thus restor'd th' ignobler part,
Usurp'd the sovereign empire o'er my heart.
Alas! in vain I sought to hide my shame,—
How oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name!
Thou saw'st the tokens of a mind distrest,
And said'st—'Erminia! love disturbs thy breast.'
Still I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain;
My looks, my sighs, reveal'd my secret pain.
At length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,
Love all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.
To seek my lord I went, in luckless hour:
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure.)
But lo! new dangers in my way I met,
A band of barbarous foes my steps beset:
From these I scarce with life and freedom fled:
Thence to the distant woods my course I sped;
There chose with shepherd-swains retir'd to dwell,
A humble tenant of the lonely cell.
But when my flame, awhile my fear suppress,
Once more, returning, kindled in my breast;
Again I sought the paths I sought before;
Again was cross'd by fickle Fortune's power:
A troop of spoilers in my way I found;
(Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound)
Me to their chief they led: with gentle ear
Their chief vouchsaf'd my mournful tale to hear:
So was my virtue safe preserv'd from stain,
Till plac'd in safety with Armida's train.
Behold me thus (so changing fate decreed)
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed:
Yet thus enslav'd, and thus releas'd again,
I still am held in fond affection's chain.
O thou! for whom such soft distress I prove,
Repulse not with disdain my proffer'd love;
But to a maid a kind reception give,
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive."
Thus spoke Erminia. All the night and day
They journey'd on, and common'd on their way.
Vafrino shunn'd the beaten track, and held
His course through shorter paths, and ways conceal'd.
Now near the town they came at evening light,
What time the shade foretold th' approach of night:
When here they saw the ground distain'd with blood,
And, stretch'd on earth, a slaughter'd warrior
view'd:
His face was upward turn'd, with dauntless air,
His aspect menac'd, ev'n in death severe.
In him, as near the squire attentive drew,
Some Pagan warrior by his arms he knew.
Not far from thence another prone was seen,
His garb was different, different was his mien.
"Behold some Christian there," Vafrino said,
Then mark'd his well known vest with looks dismay'd:
He quits his steed, the features views, and cries—
"Ah me! here slain unhappy Tancred lies!"
Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him stood,
And with attentive gaze the Pagan view'd:
But soon her ear the cruel sounds confess'd,
As if a shaft had pierc'd her tender breast.
At Tancred's name she starts in wild despair,
No bounds can now restrain th' unhappy fair:
She sees his face with paleness all o'erspread,
She leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed;
Low-bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks;
And thus with interrupted words she speaks:
"Was I for this, by fortune here convey'd?
O dreadful object to a love-sick maid!
Long have I sought thee with unweary'd pain,
Again I see thee: yet I see in vain!
Tancred no more Erminia present views,
And, finding Tancred, I my Tancred lose!
Ah me!—and did I think thou e'er shouldst prove
A sight ungrateful to Erminia's love?
Now could I wish to quench the beams of light,
And hide each object in eternal night!
Alas! where now are all thy graces fled?
Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed?
Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow?
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow?
But senseless thus and pale thou still canst please!
If yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees,
Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond desires,
Permit th' emboldened theft which love inspires:
Give me (since fate denies a further bliss,)
From thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss:
Those lips from which such soothing words could
To ease a virgin's and a captive's woe! [flow,
Let me, at least, this mournful office pay,
And rend in part from Death his spoils away.
Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,
And guide from hence to realms of endless light."

She said; her bosom swell'd with labouring sighs,
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.
At this the knight, who seem'd of sense deprive'd,
Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees revive'd;
A sigh he mingled with the virgin's sighs;
He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.
His breath returning soon the dame perceive'd;
A dawn of hope her fainting soul relieve'd.
"See, Tancred! see!" exclaim'd the tender maid,
"The mournful rites by dear affection paid.
Behold I come, thy fortune to divide—
Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side!
Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain—
O hear my last request, nor hear in vain!"
Then Tancred strove to view the cheerful light,
But soon again withdrew his swimming sight:
Again Erminia vents her tears and sighs;
Again she mourns—"Forbear!" Vafrino cries,
"Still, still he breathes; he then our care essay'd,
To heal the living ere we weep the dead."
He straight disarms the chief; she trembling
And to the office lends her friendly hands; [stands,
Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,
And feels new hopes within her bosom rise;
But midst those deserts nought the fair can find,
Nought but her slender veil, his wounds to bind:
Yet love, inventive, every scheme ran o'er;
Love taught her various arts untry'd before,
Her locks she cut, with these she gently dry'd
The clotted blood; the bandage these supplied.
Though there nor dittany nor crocus grew,
Yet different herbs of lenient power she knew.
Already now is mortal sleep dispell'd,
The languid prince again his eyes unseal'd:
He view'd his squire, he saw th' attending maid
In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said:
"From whence, Vafrino! dost thou hither stray?
And who art thou, my kind preserver! say?"
She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs;
Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies:
"All shalt thou know, but now from converse cease:
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to
I, your physician, will your health restore: [peace.
Be grateful for my care—I ask no more."
Then in her lap his head she gently laid:
In anxious doubt awhile Vafrino stay'd,
How to the camp his wounded lord to bear,
Ere dewy night advance'd to chill the air:
When sudden near a band of warriors drew,
And soon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew;
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,
As fill'd with fear their absent chief they sought.
These rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.
Then Tancred thus:—"Shall brave Argantes slain
Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain?
Ah no! forbid it, Heaven! nor let him lose
A soldier's honours, or sepulchral dues.
I wage no battle with the silent dead;
In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid:
Then on his worth the rightful praise bestow;
'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe."
So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,
His breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.
Behind they bore him, while with guardian care
Vafrino rode beside the royal fair.
Then spoke the prince as thus they journey'd on:
"Seek not my tents, but seek th' imperial town:
What chance soe'er this mortal frame shall meet,
There let me find it in that holy seat:
From thence, where Christ a prey to death was given,
My soul may wing her readier flight to Heaven:
So shall I then my pilgrimage have made,
And the last vows of my devotion paid."
He said: to Sion's walls the train address'd
Their ready course: there soon the warrior press'd
The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest.
And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair
A secret place provides with silent care:
That done, to Godfrey's sight with speed he goes;
And enters boldly, (none his steps oppose)
Where sate the leader, bending o'er the bed
On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were spread;
And round their prince (a great assembly!) stand
The best, the wisest, of the Christian band.
All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,
While thus Vafrino to the general spoke:
"O sacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,
I sought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd.
But here my skill to tell their number fails;
I saw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales:
Their thirst the copious streams and fountains drive;
And Syria's harvest scarce their food supplies.
But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,
Unskill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain:
Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,
Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war:
Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,
Who once beneath the Persian standards came:
But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,
Th' Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's chosen band.
The ranks unthinn'd no slaughter can deface;
Still, some one falls, another fills his place.
Brave Emirenes leads the numerous host;
And few can equal skill or courage boast;
And him, in every art of battle skill'd,
The caliph trusts to draw thee to the field.
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,
Expect to find th' Egyptian camps in view.
But thou, Rinaldo! most thy life defend;
For which, ere long, such warriors shall contend:
For this the noblest champions wield their arms;
With rival hate each breast Armida warms:
For with her beauty shall his deed be paid,
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.
Midst these, the noble chief from Persia's lands,
Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus stands.
Adrastus there is seen, of giant size,
Whose kingdom near Aurora's confines lies:
No common courser in the field he rides;
His bulk a towering elephant sustains.
There Tisaphernes boasts his glorious name,
Who bears in hardy deed the foremost fame."
Thus he. Rinaldo, fill'd with generous ire,
Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire:
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,
And all his soul with martial ardour glows.
Then to the chief the squire his speech renew'd:
"Yet more remains to speak," he thus pursu'd,
"For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare;
For thee has treason spread its blackest snare."
He said; and to the listening peers explain'd
The fatal purpose of th' insidious band;
Fierce Ormond's boast and proud demand disclos'd,
And all the murderous fraud at full expos'd.
Much was he ask'd; and much again replied:
Short silence then ensu'd on every side.
At length the leader, lost in various thought,
From hoary Raymond's wisdom counsel sought.

Turn he: "Attend my words—at morning hour,
With forces deep enclose yon hostile tower;
And let the troops awhile recruit their might,
And save their vigour for a greater fight.
Thou, as shall best beseem, O chief! prepare,
For open action, or for covert war.
Yet this I most o'er every care commend,
In every chance thy valu'd life defend:
Thou giv'st success to crown our favour'd host;
And who shall guide our arms, if thou art lost?
That all the Pagan fraud may stand confest,
Command thy guard to change their wonted vest:
So shall the traitors through the field be known,
And on their heads their impious treason thrown."
"O still the same!" the leader thus replies, [wise!
"Then speak'st the friend, and all thy words are
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed:
Against the foe our battle will we lead:
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest
A camp triumphant o'er the spacious east!
'T is ours to meet you barbarous troops in fight,
And prove our former worth in open light.
Before our swords shall fly the trembling train:
Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign:
The tower shall soon our stronger force obey,
And, unsupported, yield an easy prey."
He ceas'd; and to his tent his steps address'd;
For now the sinking stars invite to rest.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Egyptian army arrives; the generals, on both sides, prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Soldan from the tower takes a prospect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortress: Aladine and the rest of the Pagan accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Soldan; but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The soldan, having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adrastus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions, till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armidaflies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

The Sun had rous'd mankind with early ray,
And up the steep of Heaven advanc'd the day:
When from the lofty tower the Pagans spy
A dusty whirlwind, that obscur'd the sky.
Like evening's shade: at length reveal'd to sight,
Th' Egyptian host appear'd in open light:
The numerous ranks the spacious champaign fill'd,
Spread o'er the mountains, and the plains conceal'd,
Then sudden, from the troop being'd ascends
A general shout, that all the region rends.
With such a sound the cranes embodied fly
From Thracian shores, to seek a warmer sky;
With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind
The wintry tempest, and the freezing wind.
Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band;
Swells every breast, and urges every hand.
This soon the Franks perceiv'd, and instant knew
From whence their foes' recover'd fury grew.
They look'd; and midst the rolling smoke beheld
The moving legions that o'erspread the field.
At once a generous rage each bosom warms;
At once each valiant hero pants for arms:
Around their chief with eager looks they stand,
And loud the signal for the war demand.
But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies
To wage the battle till the morn arise:
He rules their ardour, he controls their might,
And points a fitter season for the fight.
They hear, observant, and his voice obey,
But burn impatient for the dawning ray.
At length, high seated on her eastern throne,
The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone;
Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,
And glow'd with all the Sun's enlivening beams;
While Heaven, serene and cloudless[1], would survey
The glorious deeds of that auspicious day.
Soon as the dawn appears, with early care,
His army Godfrey leads in form of war;
But leaves, to enclose the foes' beleaguer'd tower,
Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian power.
That from the neighbouring bands auxiliar came,
And hail'd with joy their great deliverer's name;
A numerous throng!—nor these alone remain,
To these he adds the hardy Gascon train.
Now tower'd the leader, with exalted mien,
While certain conquest in his eyes was seen,
With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread;
A sudden youth was o'er his features spread:
Celestial favour beam'd in every look,
And every act a more than mortal spoke.
Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd
Where, deeply throng'd, th' Egyptian squadrons stood;
And straight to seize a favouring hill he sends,
Whose height his army's left and rear defends.
His troops he rang'd; the midst the foot contain'd;
In either wing the lighter horse remain'd.
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,
The chief to either Robert's care consign'd:
The midst his brother held; himself the right,
Where open lay the dangers of the fight:
Here mix'd with horse, accustom'd thus t' engage,
A distant war on foot the archers wage.
Behind, th' advent'rers to the right he led,
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.
"In them, intrepid warrior!" Godfrey cries,
"Our strong defence, our hope of conquest, lies.
Behind the wing while remain conceal'd:
But, when the foes advance to invade the field,
Assail their flank, as vainly they contend
To wheel around us, and our rear offend."
Then, on a rapid steed, in open view,
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew:

[1] The history relates, that the morning on which the armies engaged was uncommonly fine.

From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast;
His eyes, his figure, lighten'd as he pass'd!
The cheerful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.
He bade the bold their ancient boasts regard;
Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.
At length he stays where thickening round him
The first, the bravest of the martial band: [stand
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow:
So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours
Mellifluous eloquence in copious showers.
"O you, the scourge of Jesus' foes profest,
O glorious heroes! conquerors of the east!
Behold the day arriv'd, so long desir'd,
The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd!
Some great event th' Almighty sure designs,
Who all his rebels in one force combines:
See! in one field he brings your various foes,
That one great battle all your wars may close.
Despise you Pagans, an ungovern'd host,
Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost!
Our mighty force can troops like these sustain;
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train!
From sloth or servile labours brought from far,
Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war!
Their swords now tremble, trembles every shield;
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.
I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,
And see death hovering o'er the fated crew.
You leader, fierce and glorious to behold,
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,
Might quell the Moorish and Arabian train,
But here his valour, here his worth is vain;
Wise though he be, what methods shall he prove,
To rule his army, or their fears remove? [name,
Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can
Nor calls them partners of his former fame:
We every toil and every triumph share,
Fellows in arms and brothers of the war!
Is there a warrior but your chief can tell
His native country, and his birth reveal?
What sword to me unknown? what shaft that flies
With missile death along the liquid skies?
I ask but what I oft have gain'd before;
Be still yourselves, and Godfrey seeks no more.
Preserve your zeal! your fame and mine attend:
But, far o'er all the faith of Christ defend!
Go—crush those impious on the fatal plain!
With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.
What should I more?—I see your ardent eyes!
Conquest awaits you!—seize the glorious prize."
He ceas'd; and instant, like a flashing light,
When stars or meteors stream through dusky night,
A sudden splendour on his brow was shed,
And lambent glories play'd around his head.
All wondering gaze! and some the sign explain,
A certain omen of his future reign.
Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar,
Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)
From heavenly seats his guardian angel flew,
And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.
While Godfrey thus the Christian host prepares,
Th' Egyptian leader, press'd with equal cares,
Extends his numerous force to meet the foes:
The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose:
Himself the right; the midst Melisses guides:
There, in the central war, Armida rides.
In pomp barbaric near the leader stand
India's stern king, and all the regal band:
There Tisaphernes lifts his haughty head;
But where the squadrons to the left were spread,
(A wider space) there Altamorus brings
His Afric monarchs, and his Persian kings:
From thence their slings, their arrows they prepare,
And all the missile thunder of the war.
Now Emirenes every rank inspires.
The fearful raises, and the valiant fires:
To those he cried—"What mean your looks de-
pressed,
What fear unmanly harbours in your breast?
Our near approach shall daunt you hostile train,
Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain."
To these—"No more delay, ye generous bands!
Redeem the pillage from the spoilers' hands."
In some he wakes'd every tender thought,
Each low'd idea to remembrance brought:
"O, think by me your country begs," he cries,
"And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies!
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,
Nor let my children's blood my temples stain:
Preserve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid;
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead!
To you, oppress'd with bending age and woe,
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show:
To you, your wives, your lisping infants sue;
All ask their safety, and their lives from you."
He said, and ceas'd; for nearer now were seen
Th' advancing powers, and small the space be-
tween.
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.
The streaming banners to the wind are spread,
The plumage nods on every crested head;
Arms, vests, devices, catch the sunny rays,
And steel and gold with mingled splendour blaze!
Each spacious host on either side appears
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears.
They bend their bows, in rest their lances take,
They whirl their slings, their ready javelins shake.
Each generous steed to meet the fight aspires,
And seconds, with his own, his master's fires;
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,
And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe!
Even horror pleas'd in such a glorious sight,
Each beating bosom felt severe delight:
While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,
With dreadful transports animate the war.
But still the faithful bands superior stood,
More clear their notes, more fair their battle show'd;
Their louder trumpets rous'd a nobler flame,
And from their arms a brighter lustre came.
The Christians sound the charge: the foes reply;
And the mix'd clangours rattle in the sky:
Straight on their knees the Franks the soil adore,
And kiss the hallow'd earth, and Heaven implore.
And now between the troops the space is lost;
With equal ardour joins each adverse host.
What hero first, amidst the Christian name,
Gain'd from the faithless hands a wreath of fame?
'T was thou, Gildippe! whose resistless hand
O'erthrew Hircanes, who in Ormus reign'd:
(Such glory Heaven on female arms display'd)
Deep in his breast the spear a passage made;
Headlong he falls; and, falling, bears the foe
With joyful shouts applaud the forceful blow.
Her javelin broke, her trusty sword she drew,
The Persians pierc'd, and Zopyrus the slew;

Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,
He falls divided, on the purple ground.
Through fierce Alarcus' throat her weapon hew'd
The double passage of the voice and food;
Then Artaxeren in the dust she laid,
And through Argus thrust her furious blade.
At Ishmael's arm her rapid steel she guides,
And the close juncture of the hand divides:
The sever'd hand at once the rein forsook;
Above the startled courser hiss'd the stroke;
He rear'd aloft, and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Broke through the ranks, and discompos'd the fight.
All these, and numbers more, her fury fell,
Whose names in silence distant years conceal:
But 'gainst her now the thronging Persians came,
And Edward ran to assist the matchless dame.
With force united them, the faithful pair
Undaunted bore the rushing storm of war.
Neglectful of themselves amidst the strife,
Each guards, with pious care, the other's life[a],
Her ready shield the warlike damsel spread,
And turn'd the weapons aim'd at Edward's head.
He o'er his spouse his fencing buckler throws:
Each seeks for each the vengeance on the foes.
By him the daring Artaban was slain,
Who in Bocean's island held his reign:
By him his instant fate Alvantes found,
Who durst at fair Gildippe aim the wound.
Then Arimastes' brow she cleft in two,
Who, with drawn sword, against her consort flew.
While these resistless midst the Persians rag'd;
More dire Saracen's king the Franks engag'd.
Where'er he turn'd his steed, or drove his steel,
The horse and foot before his fury fell:
And those that 'scape the falchion's milder death,
Beneath the courser's feet groan out their strug-
gling breath!
By Altamorus on the dreadful plain,
Brunello strong, Ardonio huge, was slain:
Of that the helm and head the sword divides;
The gory visage hangs on equal sides.
This pierc'd where laughter first derives its birth,
And the glad heart dilates to pleasing mirth,
(Wondrous and horrid to the gazer's eyes!)
Now laughs constrain'd, and as he laughs he dies!
With these Gentonio, Grasco, Guido dy'd:
And good Rosmondo swell'd the crimson tide.
What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,
The wounds describe, or dwell on every death?
None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand.
Alone Gildippe 'gainst the monarch came;
No fear could damp her generous thirst of fame.
Less bold, on fair Thermodon's winding shore,
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,
Or rear'd her axe; than now, with glorious heat,
Gildippe rush'd the Persian's rage to meet.
She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown
That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.
The glittering honours from his brows she rent;
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent.
The king with shame the powerful arm confess'd,
And swift to avenge the blow his steel address'd:
Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,
That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.
Then had she fall'n, but near with ready hand
Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd.
No more the lofty foe his stroke pursu'd,
But with disdain an easy conquest view'd:
So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,
Scowls on the prostrate prey, and passes by.
Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murderous care,
Had spread for Godfrey's life the fatal snare,
Disguis'd, was mingled with the Christian band,
And near their chief his dire associates stand.
So prowling wolves an entrance seek to gain,
Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train;
They watch the folds when welcome shades arise
And hide their quivering tails between their thighs.
Th' insidious band advanc'd, and now in view
Near pious Godfrey's side the Pagan drew.
Soon as the prince the white and gold survey'd,
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)
"Behold the traitor there confess'd," he cries,
"Who veils his treason with a Frank's disguise!
At me his followers aim the deadly blow"—
He said, and rush'd against the treacherous foe:
On Ormond swift th' avenging blade he rais'd;
Th' astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd:
And, while a sudden terrour froze his blood,
With stiffening limbs, a senseless statue stood.
Each sword was turn'd against the fraudful crew,
At these the shafts from every quiver flew:
In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains;
And not a single corse entire remains!
Now, stain'd with slaughter, Godfrey bent his course
To where the valiant Altamorus' force
His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with timorous haste,
Like Afric sands before the southern blast.
Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cried,
Stay'd those that fled, and him that chas'd defy'd.
Between those mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd,
More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.
Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled;
These Baldwin rul'd, and these Mulasses led.
Nor less, in other parts, the conflict rag'd,
Where, next the mountain, horse with horse en-
gag'd.
There Emirenes dealing fate was found; [gag'd.
There fought the two[b] in fields of death renown'd.
Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd;
With Emirenes one the combat try'd.
While conquest yet declar'd on neither side:
But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,
In harder conflict with Adrastus stood.
Still Tisaphernes finds no equal foe
To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow;
But rushes where he sees the thickest train,
And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.
Thus far'd the war; while neither part prevails,
And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales.
O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,
With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears.
Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,
And useless there are scatter'd o'er the field.
Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie;
There turn their ghastly features to the sky!
Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain;
Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain;

[a] The circumstance of a male and female warrior, so tenderly connected with each other, makes a beautiful and affecting picture, and adds variety to the poem: it seems to have been first introduced by Tasso, and has already been observed to have its foundation in history.

See note [9] to book i. page 409.

[b] Adrastus and Tisaphernes.

Foe near to foe; and on the vanquish'd spread
The victor lies; the living on the dead!
An undistinguish'd din is heard around,
Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound:
The threats of anger, and the soldiers' cry,
The groans of those that fall, and those that die.
The splendid arms that shone so gay before,
Now, sullen chang'd, delight the eyes no more.
The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze:
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays:
Torn from the crest the sullied plumes are lost,
And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host!
Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's train,
The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.
The slingers next, and archers from afar,
Pour'd on the Franks a thick and missile war:
When lo! Rinaldo with his squadron came,
Fire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame!
From Merol, first of Ethiopia's bands,
Full in his passage Asimirus stands:
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the sable head
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.
Soon as his sword the taste of blood confess'd,
New ardour kindled in the hero's breast.
Through all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,
And deeds transcending human faith perform'd.
As, when th' envenom'd serpent shoots along,
Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue:
At once the chief appears three swords to wield,
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.
The swarthy kings, the Libyan tyrants die;
Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd they lie.
Fierce with the rest his following friends engage,
His great example animates their rage.
Without defence th' astonish'd vulgar fall;
One universal ruin levels all!
'Twas war no more, but carnage through the field;
Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield.
No longer now the Pagans sink, oppress
With wounds before, all honest on the breast:
Lost are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,
And pale confusion trembles in their rear:
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain,
And breaks and scatters wide the timorous train.
At length his generous arm from slaughter ceas'd,
And 'gainst, a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.
So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,
With double force the wind indignant blows;
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.
So might the rocks the sea resounding raves,
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force,
Where late the Afric and Arabian horse
The squadrons flank'd; but now dispers'd around,
They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.
Swift on th' unguarded files Rinaldo flew;
As swift behind his brave compeers pursue:
Spears, darts, and swords, in vain his might withstand,
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand!
Not with such rage a bursting tempest bears,
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.
The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd,
And arms and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd:
There, uncontrol'd, the foaming coursers tread,
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead!
Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,
Appear'd Armida in her glittering car.
A train of lovers near her person wait,
A glorious guard, the nobles of the state!
She sees! she knows!—conflicting passions rise,
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.
A transient blush the hero's visage burns;
But heat and cold possess her heart by turns.
The knight, declining from the car, withdrew,
Not unregarded by the rival crew;
Those lift the sword, and these the lance protend;
Even she prepares her threatening bow to bend;
She fits the shaft, disdain her thoughts impell'd,
But love awhile the purpos'd stroke withheld;
Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries;
And thrice her faltering hand its strength denies.
At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string,
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing:
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her prayer,
That all its fury may be spent in air!
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky.
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,
Against the warrior's stubborn corslet came:
Harmless it fell; aside the barb turn'd:
She deem'd her power despis'd, her anger scorn'd.
Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound,
While love with surer darts her bosom found.
"And is he then impervious to the steel!
And fears he not," she cried, "the stroke to feel
Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,
That adamant which guards his ruthless breast?
So well secur'd, that safely he defies
The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes?
What farther arts for wretched me remain?
Attempt no more—for every art is vain!
Arm'd or disarm'd an equal fate I know,
Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!
Where now, alas! is every former boast?—
Behold my warrior faint!—my hopes are lost!
Against his valour every strength must fail;
Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail!"
While thus she thought, her champions round she view'd
O'erthrown, or ta'en, or weltering in their blood.
What should she do?—alone, unhelp'd remains?
Already now she dreads the victor's chains:
Nor dares (the bow and javelin at her side)
In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.
As when the fearful cygnet sees on high
The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,
Trembling she cowers beneath th' impending fate;
So seem'd Armida, such her dangerous state.
But Altamoro, who from shameful flight
Still held the Persians, and maintain'd the fight,
Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,
His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.
With rapid sword he breaks amid the war,
And wheels around her, and defends the car;
While dire destruction rages through his bands,
O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands.
This sees th' unhappy prince, but sees in vain:
Armida succour'd, now he turns again,
But flew too late to assist his routed train!
There all was lost; a general panic spread;
Disper's'd, around the broken Persians fled.
In other parts the fainting Christians yield;
Two Roberts there in vain direct the field;
One scarce escap'd with life; his wounded breast
And bleeding front the hostile steel confess'd;
While fierce Adrastus one his prisoner made:
Thus equal chance the dubious battle sway'd.
But Godfrey now his hardy warriors warm'd,
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;

Then bravely on the victor-forces flew:
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.
Each side appears distaind with adverse gore;
Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore.
Conquest and Fame on either part are seen,
And Mars and Fortune doubtful stand between.
While thus the combat rages on the plain
Betwixt the Christian and the Pagan train;
High on the tower the haughty soldan stood,
From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd;
Struck with the sight, his breast with envy swell'd,
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.
All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste,
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd:
"Rise! rise!" he said, "no longer slothful lie—
Behold the time to conquer or to die!"
Then, whether Heaven's high providence inspir'd
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,
That thus at once the Pagan reign might end,
And all its glories on that day descend?
Or whether, conscious of his death to come,
He felt an impulse now to meet his doom:
Sudden he bade the sounding gates unbar,
And sam'd forth with unexpected war;
Nor waits his following band, but singly goes;
Himself alone defies a thousand foes.
But soon the rest his martial rage partook,
Even aged Aladine the fort forsook:
The base, the cautious, catch at once the fires;
Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.
The first the Turk before his passage found,
His valour tumbled breathless to the ground.
So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train,
That, ere they view'd th' assault, their friends are slain.
First of the Christians, struck with panic fear,
The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.
But still unrouted stood the Gascon band,
Though round these the soldan's rage sustain'd,
And fell in heaps beneath his slaughtering hand.
Not with such wrath the savage beast inflam'd,
Leaps o'er the fold, and dyes the ground with blood:
Not with such fury, through th' ethereal space,
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.
Through plated steel his strength resistless drives,
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives!
With Aladine the Pagans quit the tower,
And furious on their late besiegers pour.
But Raymond now advanc'd with fearless haste,
And sped where Soliman his squadron prest;
Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,
Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before.
Again to combat he defies the foe,
Again his front receives a dreadful blow:
Again he falls; in vain declining age,
With strength unequal, would such power engage.
Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd;
And these defend the knight, and those invade.
But thence with speed th' impetuous soldan flies;
(He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize)
Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes
To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows:
Far other scenes his barbarous rage demands,
Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands!
Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tower,
New vigour now inspires the Pagan power:
The warmth their leader breath'd they still retain,
And with the Christians still their fears remain.
Those seek to finish what their chief began;
And these, retreating, seem to quit the plain;
In due array the hardy Gascons yield;
The Syrians wide are scatter'd o'er the field.
The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies,
He hears the din of arms, the soldiers' cries:
Straight from the couch his wounded limbs he rears,
And lo! at once the mingled scene appears:
He sees on earth th' ill-fated Raymond laid,
Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.
That courage true to every noble breast,
Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain suppress,
Now swell'd the hero's soul; he grasp'd his shield,
Nor seem'd too faint the ponderous orb to wield:
His right hand held unsheath'd his glittering blade,
Nor other arms he sought, nor more delay'd;
But bowing thus—"Oh! whither would you fly,
And leave your lord neglected here to die?
Shall these, these Pagans rend his arms away,
And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey?
Go—seek your country—to his sire reveal
That, where you fled, his noble father fell!"
He said; and dares against a thousand foes
His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose;
While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,
With seven tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)
He kept the hoary Raymond safe from harms,
From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms:
He whirls his falchion with resistless sway:
The foes repuls'd forego their wish'd-for prey.
But soon the venerable hero rose,
His face with shame, his heart with anger, glows;
In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,
Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel.
The Gascons, rally'd, soon the fight renew,
And straight their gallant leader's steps pursue:
Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd,
And courage now succeeds where terrour reign'd.
They chase that yielded, those that chas'd give way:
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day!
While Raymond rag'd with unresisted hand,
And sought the noblest of the hostile band:
The realm's usurper, Aladine, he view'd,
Who midst the thickest press the fight pursu'd;
He saw, and 'gainst him rais'd his fatal steel,
Cleft through the head the dying monarch fell;
Prone on his kingdom's soil reign'd his breath,
And groaning bit the bloody dust in death.
Now various passions move the Pagan foes:
Some 'gainst the spear their desperate breasts oppose;
While some, with terrour seiz'd, the fight forsake,
And in the fort their second refuge take:
But entering, mix'd with these, the victor-train
At once the conquest of the fortress gain.
Now all is won—in vain the Pagans fly;
Within they fall, or at the portal die.
Sage Raymond then ascends the lofty tower,
The mighty standard in his hand he bore,
There full in view, to either host display'd,
The cross triumphant to the winds he spread;
Unseen of Soliman, who thence afar,
Impatient flew to mingle in the war:
And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,
Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.

[4] Tasso seems to have caught this circumstance from an incident in Boyardo, where Sacripant, in like manner, issues forth, armed only with his sword and shield, against Agrican, who had gained an entrance into Albracca.

There Death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,
There mise his trophies on the dreadful plain.
The soldan seiz'd a steed, the combat sought,
And sudden to the fainting Pagans brought
A short but glorious aid.—So lightning flies,
And unexpected falls, and instant dies;
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,
The tokens of its momentary course.
A hundred warriors, great in arms, he slew;
Yet from oblivion Fame has snatch'd but two.
O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!
Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,
(If equal praise my Tuscan Muse can give)
Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,
Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.
Th' intrepid heroine spurr'd her steed, and flew
To where the raging Turk the troops o'erthrew:
Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd,
One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield;
The furious chief her well-known seat descried:
"Behold the strumpet with her mate," he cried,
"Hence to thy female tasks! the distaff wield,
Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field."
He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,
His thundering weapon through her corselet broke:
Deep in her breast the ruthless falchion drove,
Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love!
Her languid hand forgoes the useless rein;
Approaching death creeps cold in every vein.
To save his wife, unhappy Edward flies!
Too late he comes—his lov'd Gildippe dies!
What should he do?—distracting thoughts prevail,
Pity and wrath at once his heart assail:
That, bids his arm a kind support bestow,
This, prompts his vengeance on the barbarous foe.
While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,
His better hand provokes th' unequal war:
But vain his effort to support his bride,
Or reach the murderous chief by whom she died.
The sword the Pagan through his arm impell'd,
That with a fruitless grasp his consort held.
As when an axe the stately elm invades,
Or storms uprost it from its native shades,
It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine,
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine:
So Edward sunk beneath the Pagan steel;
So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.
They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.
Each other still with mournful looks they view,
And, close embracing, take the last adieu:
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light,
Their gentle souls together take their flight!
Soon spreading Fame the dire event declares,
And soon the tidings to Rinaldo bears:
Compassion, grief, and wrath at once conspire,
And all his generous thoughts to vengeance fire:
But first Adrastus, in the soldan's sight,
His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.
Then thus the king—"By every sign display'd
Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain,
And oft have call'd thee through th' embattled plain.
Now shall my former vows be fully paid,
And justice sated with thy forfeit head:
Come!—let us here our mutual valour show,
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe!"
Boastful he spoke; then whirl'd his flashing steel;
Swift on the Christian's head the tempest fell:
In vain—the temper'd casque the force withstood;
But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd:
Rinaldo's falchion then Adrastus found,
And in his side impress'd a mortal wound:
Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name!
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame!
With horrour seiz'd, the gazing Pagans stood,
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.
Even Soliman surpris'd the stroke beheld,
His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd:
He sees his doom, and (wondrous to relate!)
Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.
But Heaven's high will, for ever uncontroll'd,
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold!
As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,
What time the fainting limbs their speed deny;
In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,
Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way.
So strove the soldan now th' assault to dare,
He rous'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war;
In vain—no more the thirst of fame prevail'd;
His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd;
He scorn'd to yield or fly: yet, unresolv'd,
A thousand thoughts his wavering mind revolv'd.
While thus he paus'd, the conquering chief drew nigh,
Furious he rush'd tremendous to the eye!
He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,
And look'd a match for more than mortal force.
The Pagan scarce resists, yet even in death
Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath;
Nor shuns the sword, but, midst his ruin great,
Without a groan receives the stroke of fate!
Thus he, who, when subdu'd by stronger foes,
From every fall like old Antæus rose
With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,
And press'd at length the earth, to rise no more.
Then Fame from man to man the tidings bears;
A doubtful face no longer Fortune wears;
No longer then the war's event suspends,
But joins the Christians, and their arms befriends.
Soon from the fight recede the regal band,
The pride, the strength of all the eastern land;
Once call'd Immortal; now the name is lost,
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boast!
Th' astonish'd bearer with the standard fled,
Him Emireus stopp'd, and sternly said:
"Art thou not he, selected from the train,
Our monarch's glorious banner to sustain?
Was it for this (Oh! scandal to the brave!)
That to thy hand th' important charge I gave?
And canst thou, Rimedon, thy chief survey,
Yet basely leave him, and desert the day?
What dost thou seek—thy safety?—here it lies—
With me return—death waits for him who flies.
Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live;
Here honour's deeds alone can safety give."
He heard, and instant to the field return'd;
Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd.
No less the rest th' intrepid chief retain'd,
These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.
"Who dares to fly from yonder swords," he cries,
"Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies!"
Thus rang'd again his routed files he view'd,
The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd:
While Tisaphernes with resistless might
Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.

Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand;
His single force dispers'd the Norman band:
By him were chas'd the Flemings from the plain,
And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero slain.
When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,
And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,
As careless what succeeding fate might yield,
He sought the greatest perils of the field;
He saw Rinaldo, well the youth he knew,
Though all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.
"Lo! there the terrour of the plain," he cries,
"May Heaven assist my daring enterprise!
So shall Armida her revenge obtain:
O Macon! let my sword this conquest gain,
And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane."

Thus pray'd the knight; his words are lost in air,
No Macon hears his unavailing prayer.
As the bold lion, eager to engage,
With lashing tail provokes his native rage:
So fares the furious warrior; love inspires,
Swells all his soul, and rouses all his fires.
He bears aloft his shield; he spurs his steed;
The Latian hero rush'd with equal speed.
At once they meet; at once, on either hand,
In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.
Such skill, such courage, either champion shews,
So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows;
Each side awhile forget their wonted rage,
And drop their arms, to see the chiefs engage.
In vain the Pagan strikes; secur'd from harms,
The Christian combats in ethereal arms:
From him more fatal every stroke descends;
The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends;
His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,
And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.

The fair enchantress, who the fight survey'd,
Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd.
She saw the rest, a pale and heartless train,
That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain;
Till she, who late such guards around her view'd,
Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood:
Slie loathes the light, and servitude she fears,
Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.
Then, leaping from her car in pale affright,
She mounts a steed, and takes her speedy flight.
But, like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,
Anger and love her panting steps pursue.
When Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,
Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled;
And left, to Cæsar's happier arms expos'd,
Her Roman lord [8] with perils round enclos'd;
He soon, forgetful of his former fame,
Spread every sail to join the flying dame:
So Tisaphernes (but his foe withstood)
Had from the field Armida's flight pursu'd:
His fair one vanish'd from his longing eyes,
The Sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies:
Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild despair,
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.
Not with such weight, to frame the forky brand,
The ponderous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.
Full on his front the thundering stroke he sent:
Beneath the force the staggering warrior bent;
But soon recovering, whirl'd his beaming sword:
The thirsty point the Pagan's bosom gor'd;
A furious passage through his cuiress made,
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade:
The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supplied;
The soul came floating in a purple tide.

Rinaldo, passing, cast around his view,
To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.
Wide o'er the field he sees the Pagans fly;
On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.
And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy fair
Who furious fled abandon'd to despair;
Her woeful state might well his pity claim,
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame:
For still in mind his tender faith he bore,
Her champion plighted when he left her shore.
Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd,
Th' impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find
That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd:
Well-pleas'd herself she saw by fate convey'd
To end her woes in such a grateful shade.
There, lighting from her steed, she laid aside
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride.
"Unfaithful arms!" she cries, "essay'd in vain,
Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plain;
Here buried lie, and prove the field no more,
Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,
Dare you a female's wretched bosom try?
Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow,
Here raise your trophies, here your triumph shew!
Love knows how well this breast admits the dart;
Love, that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart!
Unblest Armida! what is now thy fate,
When this alone can ease thy wretched state?
The weapon's point must heal the wound of Love,
And friendly Death my heart's physician prove.
Fond Love, farewell!—but come, thou fell Disdain!
For ever partner with my ghost remain;
Together let us rise from realms below,
To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe;
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,
And fill with horrour every sleepless night!"

She ceas'd; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,
The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose;
When lo! Rinaldo came and saw the fair
So near the dreadful period of despair:
Already now her frantic hand she rear'd,
And death already in her looks appear'd:
He rush'd behind her, and restrain'd the dart;
The fatal point just bent against her heart.

Armida turn'd, and straight the knight beheld,
(Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd)
Surpris'd she sees, and, shrinking with affright,
From his lov'd face averts her angry sight;
She faints! she sinks!—as falls a tender flower,
Whose feeble stem supports the head no more:
His arms he threw around her lovely waist,
Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd;
While, gently bending o'er the fair distrest,
His sorrows bath'd her face and lovely breast.
As, wet with pearly drops of morning dews,
The drooping rose her wonted grace renews:
So she, recovering soon, her visage rears,
All moist and trickling with her lover's tears.
And thrice she rais'd her eyes the youth to view,
Thrice from his face her sight averse withdrew.
Oft from the strict embrace in vain she strove,
With languid hand, his stronger arm to move:
The pitying warrior still his grasp retain'd,
And closer to his breast the damsel strain'd:
At length, as thus in dear restraint she lay,
Her words with gushing torrents found their way:

[8] Mark Anthony.

Yet still on earth she bent her stead'fast look,
Nor dar'd to meet his glance, while thus she spoke:
"O cruel, when thou left'st me first to mourn!
And O! as cruel now in thy return!
Why wouldst thou then thy fruitless cares employ
To save a life thy perjuries destroy?
Say, to what future woings, what future shame,
What woes unknown is doom'd Armida's name!
Full well thy wily purpose I descry—
But she can little dare, who dares not die.
One triumph still to grace thy pomp remains;
A hapless princess bound in captive chains;
At first betray'd, then made by force thy prize;
From acts like these thy mighty glories rise!
Once life and happiness 't was thine to give;
Now death alone my sufferings can relieve!
But not from thee this blessing I demand;
All gifts are hateful from Rinaldo's hand!
Yet, cruel as thou art, myself can find
Some friendly way t' elude the ills design'd:
If to a helpless wretch in bondage ty'd,
Are poisonous drugs and piercing steel denv'd;
Yet (thanks to Heaven!) a path remains to death;
Thou shalt not long detain this hated breath:
Cease then thy soothing arts, thy feints give o'er,
And move my soul with flattering hopes no more."

Thus mournful sheg while love and anger drew
Fast from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.
He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,
And, mix'd with hers, his kindly sorrows flow.
At length with tender words he thus replied:
"Armida! lay thy doubts, thy fears, aside;
Live—not to suffer shame, to expire live;
In me thy champion, not thy foe, receive.
Behold these eyes, if still thou doubt'st my zeal,
Let these, the truth of what I speak, reveal.
I swear to place thee on thy regal throne,
The seat of splendour where thy fathers shone.
O would to Heaven! the rays of truth as well
Might from thy mind the Pagan mist dispel,
As I shall raise thee to so high a state,
No eastern dame shall match thy glorious fate."

He spoke; and, speaking, sought her breast to move
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love!
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow,
Where shines the Sun, or tepid breezes blow;
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.
"Ah me! I yield!" the soften'd fair replies,
"Still on thy faith my easy heart relies;
'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,
And, what thou bidd'st, Armida must obey."

Thus they. Meanwhile th' Egyptian chief beheld
His regal standard cast upon the field:
And Rimedon all breathless press the plain,
By one fierce stroke from mighty Godfrey slain.
Or kill'd, or routed, all his troops appear,
Yet, to the last, he scorns ignoble fear;
And seeks, what now his hopes alone demand,
A death illustrious from a noble hand.

He spurs his steed, and swift on Godfrey flies;
No greater foe amid the plain he spies:
Fierce as he thunders through the ranks of war,
He shows the last brave tokens of despair:
Then to the chief he rais'd his voice on high:
"I come by thee in glorious strife to die!
'T is death I seek—but, ere I yield to fate,
I trust to crush thee with my sinking weight."

Thus he. At once they rush to meet the fight;
At once, on either side, their swords alight.
The Pagan's steel the Christian's buckler cleaves;
His hand, disarm'd, the sudden wound receives.
From Godfrey next descends a mightier blow
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe:
Half back he fell; and, while to rise he strove,
Deep in his groin the Frank his falchion drove.

Now, Emireos dead, but few remain
Of all the numbers of th' Egyptian train:
While Godfrey these from place to place pursu'd,
Brave Altamoro on the field he view'd,
Who midst his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,
Alone, on foot, with hostile blood distain'd:
With broken sword and shield the king appears,
And close surrounded with a hundred spears.

Then to his warriors pious Godfrey cried:
"Forbear, my friends! and lay your arms aside;
And thou, O chief! no more contest the field;
Forgo thy weapons, and to Godfrey yield."

He said; and he, who till that fatal hour
Ne'er bow'd his lofty soul to human power,
Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,
(A sound from Libya to the pole rever'd)
At once resign'd his sword to Godfrey's hands:
"I yield!" he cried, "nor less thy worth demands:
Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamoro's name, [mands:
Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife
With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life."

"Heaven has not given me," thus the chief replies,
"A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize: [glories,
Still keep whate'er is thine from India's shore,
And still in peace enjoy thy Persian stores:
No price for life, no ransom I demand;
I war, but traffic not, in Asia's land."

He ceas'd; and with his guards the monarch plac'd.
Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chas'd;
These to the trench in vain their flight pursue;
Inevitable death o'ertakes the trembling crew:
Gigantic slaughter stalks on every side,
And swells from test to test the dreadful tide:
Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpled o'er,
And costly trappings drop with human gore.

Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the day
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,
Where Christ had made his latest abode;
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,
The chief of chiefs then sought the sacred fane;
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,
And there to Heaven his vow'd devotions paid.

THE LUSIAD:

OR

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA:

AN EPIC POEM.

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTUGUESE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOËNS,

BY

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

Nec verbum, verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres.

Hor. Art. Poet.

INTRODUCTION.

If a concatenation of events centred in one great action, events which gave birth to the present commercial system of the world; if these be of the first importance in the civil history of mankind, the Lusiad, of all other poems, challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman.

In contradistinction to the Iliad and the Æneid, the Paradise Lost has been called the Epic Poem of Religion. In the same manner may the Lusiad be named the Epic Poem of Commerce. The happy completion of the most important designs of Henry duke of Viseo, prince of Portugal, to whom Europe owes both Gama and Columbus, both the eastern and the western worlds, constitutes the subject of that celebrated epic poem (known hitherto in England almost only by name) which is now offered to the English reader. But before we proceed to the historical introduction necessary to elucidate a poem founded on such an important period of history, some attention is due to the opinion of those theorists in political philosophy, who lament that either India was ever discovered, and who assert that the increase of trade is big with the real misery of mankind, and that commerce is only the parent of degeneracy, and the nurse of every vice.

Much indeed may be urged on this side of the question, but much also may be urged against every institution relative to man. Imperfection, if not necessary to humanity, is at least the certain attendant on every thing human. Though some part of the traffic with many countries resemble Solomon's importation of apes and peacocks; though the superfluities of life, the baubles of the opulent, and even the luxuries which enervate the irresolute and administer disease, are introduced by the intercourse of navigation; the extent of the benefits which attend it is also to be considered, ere the man of cool reason will venture to pronounce that the world is injured, and rendered less virtuous and less happy by the increase of commerce.

If a view of the state of mankind, where commerce opens no intercourse between nation and nation, be neglected, unjust conclusions will certainly follow. Where the state of barbarians, and of countries under the different degrees of civilization, are candidly weighed, we may reasonably expect a just decision. As evidently as the appointment of Nature gives pasture to the herds, so evidently is man born for society. As every other animal is in its natural state when in the situation which its instinct requires; so man, when his reason is cultivated, is then, and only then, in the state proper to his nature. The life of the naked savage, who feeds on acorns, and sleeps like a beast in his den, is commonly called the natural state of man; but if there be any propriety in this assertion, his rational faculties compose no part of his nature, and were given not to be used. If the savage therefore live in a state contrary to the appointment of Nature, it must follow that he is not so happy as Nature intended him to be. And a view of his true character will confirm this conclusion. The reveries, the fairy dreams of Rousseau may figure the paradisiacal life of a Hottentot, but it is only in such dreams that the superior happiness of the barbarian exists. The savage, it is true, is reluctant to leave his manner of life; but unless we allow that he is a proper judge of the modes of living, his attachment to his own by no means proves that he is happier than he might otherwise have been. His attachment only exemplifies the amazing power of habit, in reconciling the human breast to the most uncomfortable situations. If the intercourse of mankind in some instances be introductive of vice, the want of it as certainly excludes the exertion of the noblest virtues; and if the seeds of virtue are indeed in the heart, they often lie dormant, and even unknown to the savage possessor. The most beautiful description of a tribe of savages, which we may be assured is from real life, occurs in these words: And the five spies of Dan "came to Laish, and saw the people that were there, how they dwelt careless after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and

secure, and there was no magistrate in the land that might put them to shame in any thing. . . . And the spies said to their brethren, 'Arise, that we may go up against them; for we have seen the land, and behold it is very good' . . . . and they came unto Laish, unto a people that were quiet and secure; and they smote them with the edge of the sword, and burnt the city with fire; and there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon, and they had no business with any man."—However the happy simplicity of this society may please the man of fine imagination, the true philosopher will view the men of Laish with other eyes. However virtuous he may suppose one generation, it requires an alteration of human nature, to preserve the children of the next in the same generous estrangement from the selfish passions, from those passions which are the parents of the acts of injustice. When his wants are easily supplied, the manners of the savage will be simple, and often humane, for the human heart is not vicious without objects of temptation. But these will soon occur; he that gathers the greatest quantity of fruit will be envied by the less industrious: the uninformed mind seems insensible of the idea of the right of possession which the labour of acquirement gives. When want is pressing, and the supply at hand, the only consideration with such minds is the danger of seizing it; and where there is "no magistrate to put to shame in any thing," depredation will soon display all its horrours. Let it be even admitted that the innocence of the men of Laish could secure them from the consequences of their own unrestrained desires; could even this impossibility be surmounted; still they are a wretched prey to the first invaders: and because they have no business with any man, they will find no deliverer. While human nature is the same, the fate of Laish will always be the fate of the weak and defenceless; and thus the most amiable description of savage life raises in our minds the strongest imagery of the misery, and impossible continuance of such a state. But if the view of these innocent people terminate in horrour, with what contemplation shall we behold the wilds of Africa and America? The tribes of America, it is true, have degrees of policy greatly superior to any thing understood by the men of Laish. Great masters of martial oratory, their popular assemblies are schools open to all their youth. In these they not only learn the history of their nation, and what they have to fear from the strength and designs of their enemies, but they also imbibe the most ardent spirit of war. The acts of stratagem are their study, and the most athletic exercises of the field their employment and delight. And what is their greatest praise, they have "magistrates to put to shame." They inflict no corporeal punishment on their countrymen, it is true; but a reprimand from an elder, delivered in the assembly, is esteemed by them a deeper degradation, and severer punishment, than any of those, too often most impolitically adopted by civilized nations. Yet, though possessed of this advantage, an advantage impossible to exist in a large commercial empire, and though masters of great martial policy, their condition, upon the whole, is big with the most striking demonstration of the misery and unnatural state of such very imperfect civilization. "Multiply, and replenish the earth," is an injunction of the best political philosophy ever given to man. Nature has appointed man to cultivate the earth, to increase in number by the food which its culture gives, and by this increase of brethren to remove some, and to mitigate all the natural miseries of human life. But in direct opposition to this is the political state of the wild Americans. Their lands, luxuriant in climate, are often desolate wastes, where thousands of miles hardly support a few hundreds of savage hunters. Attachment to their own tribe constitutes their highest idea of virtue; but this virtue includes the most brutal depravity, makes them esteem the man of every other tribe as an enemy, as one with whom Nature has placed them in a state of war, and had commanded to destroy[1]. And to this principle, their customs and ideas of honour serve as rituals and ministers. The cruelties practised by the American savages on their prisoners of war (and war is their chief employment) convey every idea expressed by the word diabolical, and give a most shocking view of the degradation of human nature[2].

[1] This ferocity of savage manners affords a philosophical account how the most distant and inhospitable climes were first peopled. When a Romulus erects a monarchy and makes war on his neighbours, some naturally fly to the wilds. As their families increase, the stronger commit depredations on the weaker; and thus from generation to generation, they who either dread just punishment, or unjust oppression, fly further and further in search of that protection which is only to be found in civilized society.

[2] Unless when compelled by European troops, the exchange of prisoners is never practised by the American savages. Sometimes, when a savage loses a son in war, he adopts one of the captives in his stead; but this seldom occurs; for the death of the prisoner seems to give them much more satisfaction. The victim is tied to a tree, his teeth and nails are drawn, burning wood is held to every tender part, his roasted fingers are put into the bowl of a pipe and smoked by the savages; his tormentors with horrid howls dance round him, wounding him at every turn with their poniards; his eyes are at last thrust out, and he is let loose to stagger about as his torture impels him. As soon as he expires, his dismembered

But what peculiarly completes the character of the savage is his horrible superstition. In the most distant nations the savage is in this the same. The terrour of evil spirits continually haunts him; his God is beheld as a relentless tyrant, and is worshipped often with cruel rites, always with a heart full of horrour and fear. In all the numerous accounts of savage worship, one trace of filial dependence is not to be found. The very reverse of that happy idea is the hell of the ignorant mind. Nor is this barbarism confined alone to those ignorant tribes, whom we call savages. The vulgar of every country possess it in certain degrees, proportioned to their opportunities of conversation with the more enlightened. All the virtues and charities, which either dignify human nature or render it amiable, are cultivated and called forth into action by society. The savage life on the contrary, if we may be allowed the expression, instinctively narrows the mind; and thus, by the exclusion of the nobler feelings, prepares it, as a soil, ready for every vice. Sordid disposition and base ferocity, together with the most unhappy superstition, are every where the proportionate attendants of ignorance and severe want. And ignorance and want are only removed by intercourse and the offices of society. So self-evident are these positions, that it requires an apology for insisting upon them; but the apology is at hand. He who has read, knows how many eminent writers[3], and he who has conversed knows how many respectable names, limbs are boiled in the war kettle, and devoured by his executioners. And such is the power of custom and the ideas of honour, that the unhappy sufferer under all this torment betrays no sign of fear or grief. On the contrary, he upbraids his executioners with their ignorance of the art of tormenting, and boasts how many of their kindred had found their grave in his belly, whom he had put to death in a much severer manner.

[3] The author of that voluminous work, Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens et du Commerce des Europeens dans les deux Indes, is one of the many who assert that the savage is happier than the civil life. His reasons are thus abridged: The savage has no care or fear for the future, his hunting and fishing give him a certain subsistence. He sleeps sound, and knows not the diseases of cities. He cannot want what he does not desire, nor desire that which he does not know, and vexation or grief does not enter his soul. He is not under the control of a superior in his actions: in a word, says our author, the savage only suffers the evils of nature.

If the civilized, he adds, enjoy the elegancies of life, have better food, and are more comfortably defended against the change of the seasons, it is use which makes these things necessary, and they are purchased by the painful labours of the multitude, who are the basis of society. To what outrages is not the man of civil life exposed? If he has property, it is in danger; and government or authority is, according to this author, the greatest of all evils. If there is a famine in the north of America, the savage, led by the wind and the sun, can go to a better climate; but in the horrours of famine, war, or pestilence, the ports and barriers of polished states place the subjects in a prison, where they must perish. Il resterait encore—There still remains an infinite difference between the lot of the civilized and the savage; a difference, toute entiere, all entirely to the disadvantage of society, that injustice which reigns in the inequality of fortunes and conditions. "In fine," says he, "as the wish for independence is one of the first instincts of man, he who can join to the possession of this primitive right, the moral security of a subsistence," (which we were just told the savage could do) "is incomparably more happy than the rich man surrounded with laws, superiors, prejudices, and fashions, which endanger his liberty."——

Such are the sentiments of the abbé Raynal, a writer whose spirited manner and interesting subject have acquired him many readers. As he is not singular in his estimate of savage happiness, his arguments merit examination; and a view of the full tendency of his assertions will sufficiently refute his conclusions. Nothing can be more evident than that if habit destroy the relish of the elegancies of life, habit will also destroy the pleasure of hunting and fishing, when these are the sole business of the savage. If the savage has no care and no superior, those very circumstances naturally brutalize his mind, and render him vicious, fierce, and selfish. Nor is he so free from care, as some philosophers on their couches of down are apt to dream. Because hunting and fishing seem pleasant to us, are they also a pleasure to the wretch who in all seasons must follow them for his daily sustenance? You may as well maintain that a postillion, jaded with fatigue, and shivering with wet and cold, is extremely happy, because gentlemen ride on horseback for their pleasure. That we cannot want what we do not desire, nor desire what we do not know, are just positions: but does it follow, that such a state is happier than that which brings the wishes and cares of civil life? By no means: for according to this argument, insensibility and happiness proceed in the same gradation, and of consequence an oyster* is the happiest of all animals. The advantages ascribed to the savage over the civilized life, in the time of war and famine, in the equality of rank, and security of liberty, offer an outrage to common sense, and are striking instances that no paradox is too gross for the reveries of modern philosophy. This author quite forgets what dangers the savages are every where exposed to; how their lands, if of any value, are sure to be seized by their more powerful neighbours, and millions of their persons enslaved by the more polished states. He quite forgets the infinite distance between the resources of the social and savage life; between

* And our author in reality goes as far. "Temoin cet Ecossois,—Witness that Scotchman," says he, "who being left alone on the isle of Fernandez, was only unhappy while his memory remained; but when his natural wants so engrossed him that he forgot his country, his language, his name, and even the articulation of words, this European, at the end of four years, found himself exempt of the bur-

connect the idea of innocence and happiness with the life of the savage and the unimproved rustic. To fix the character of the savage is therefore necessary, ere we examine the assertion, that "it had been happy for both the old and new worlds, if the East and West Indies had never been discovered." The bloodshed and the attendant miseries which the unparalleled rapine and cruelties of the Spaniards spread over the new world, indeed disgrace human nature. The great and flourishing empires of Mexico and Peru, steeped in the blood of forty millions of their sons, present a melancholy prospect, which must excite the indignation of every good heart. Yet such desolation is not the certain consequence of discovery. And even should we allow that the depravity of human nature is so great, that the avarice of the merchant and rapacity of the soldier will overwhelm with misery every new discovered country, still are there other more comprehensive views to be taken, ere we decide against the intercourse introduced by navigation. When we weigh the happiness of Europe in the scale of political philosophy, we are not to confine our eye to the dreadful ravages of Attila the Hun, or of Alaric the Goth. If the waters of a stagnated lake are disturbed by the spade when led into new channels, we ought not to inveigh against the alteration because the waters are fouled at the first; we are to wait to see the streamlets refine and spread beauty and utility through a thousand vales which they never visited before. Such were the conquests of Alexander; temporary evils, but civilization and happiness followed in the bloody track. And though disgraced with every barbarity, happiness has also followed the conquests of the Spaniards in the other hemisphere. Though the villany of the Jesuits defeated their schemes of civilization in many countries, the labours of that society have been crowned with a success in Paraguay and in Canada, which reflects upon their industry the greatest honour. The customs and cruelties of many American tribes still disgrace human nature; but in Paraguay and Canada the natives have been brought to relish the blessings of society, and the arts of virtuous and civil life. If Mexico is not so populous as it once was, neither is it so barbarous; the shrieks of the human victim do not now resound from temple to temple; nor does the human heart, held up reeking to the Sun, imprecate the vengeance of

the comforts administered by society to infirmity and old age, and the miserable state of the savage when he can no longer pursue his hunting and fishing. He also forgets the infinite difference between the discourse of the savage hut, and the coena deorum, the friendship and conversation of refined and elevated understandings. But to philosophize is the contagion which infects the esprits forts of the continent; and under the mania of this disease, there is no wonder that common sense is so often crucified. It is only the reputation of those who support some opinions that will apologize for the labour of refuting them. We may therefore, it is hoped, be forgiven, if, en bagatelle, we smile at the triumph of our author, who thus sums up his arguments: "Après tout, un mot peut terminer ce grand procès—After all, one word will decide this grand dispute, so strongly canvassed among philosophers: Demand of the man of civil life, if he is happy? Demand of the savage, if he is miserable? If both answer, No, the dispute is determined." By no means; for the brute that is contented to wallow in the mire, is by this argument in a happier state than the man who has one wish to satisfy, however reasonably he may hope to do it by his industry and virtue.

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den of social life, in having the happiness to lose the use of reflection, of those thoughts which led him back to the past, or taught him to dread the future." But this is as erroneous in fact, as such happiness is false in philosophy. Alexander Selkirk fell into no such state of happy idiotism. By his own account he acquired indeed the greatest tranquillity of mind, which arose from religious submission to his fate. He had with him a Bible, some books of mathematics and practical divinity, the daily perusal of which both fortified his patience and amused his tedious hours. And he professed that he feared he would never again be so good a Christian. In his domestic economy he showed every exertion of an intelligent mind. When captain Rogers found him in 1709, the accounts which he gave of the springs and vegetables of the island, were of the greatest service to the ship's company. And the captain found him so able a sailor, that he immediately made him mate of his ship. Having seen captain Rogers's vessel at sea, he made a fire in the night, in consequence of which a boat was sent to examine the shore. He said he had seen some Spaniards at different times land on the island, but he had always fled from them, judging they would certainly put him to death, in order to prevent any account which he might be able to give of the South Seas. This is not the reasoning of the man who has forgotten his name and his country. And even his amusements discover humour, and a mind by no means wrapt up in dull or savage tranquillity. He had taught a number of his tame goats and cats to dance on their hinder legs; and he himself sang and danced along with them. This he exhibited to captain Rogers and his company. The captain, indeed, says he seemed to have forgotten part of his language, as he spoke his words by halves. But let it be remembered, that Selkirk was born in a county of Scotland where the vulgar say, *fat ir ye deein*, and *far ir ye gaun*, in place of *what are you doing*, and *where are you going*. Selkirk, it is true, had been some little while on board Dampier's ship; but not to mention what little improvement of his speech might from thence be received, certain it is that disuse of the acquired tongue, as well as sudden passion, will recall the native dialect.—It is no wonder, therefore, that an Englishman should think he spoke his words by halves. Selkirk had not been full four years on the island of Fernandez, and on his return to England, the narrative which he gave of his sufferings afforded the hint of Robinson Crusoe.

Heaven on the guilty empire [4]. And, however impolitically despotic the Spanish governments may be, still do these colonies enjoy the opportunities of improvement, which in every age arise from the knowledge of commerce and of letters; opportunities which were never enjoyed under the dominion of Montezuma and Atabalipa. But if from Spanish, we turn our eyes to British America, what a glorious prospect! Here formerly on the wild lawn, perhaps twice in the year, a few savage hunters kindled their evening fire, kindled it more to protect them from evil spirits and beasts of prey, than from the cold; and with their feet pointed to it, slept on the ground. Here now population spreads her thousands, and society appears in all its blessings of mutual help [5], and the mutual lights of intellectual improvement. "What work of art, or power, or public utility, has ever equalled the glory of having peopled a continent, without guilt or bloodshed, with a multitude of free and happy commonwealths, to have given them the best arts of life and government!" To have given a savage continent an image of the British constitution is indeed the greatest glory of the British crown, "a greater than any other nation ever acquired;" and from the consequences of the genius of Henry duke of Viseo did the British American empire arise, an empire which, unless retarded by the illiberal and inhuman spirit of religious fanaticism, will in a few centuries, perhaps, be the glory of the world.

Stubborn indeed must be the theorist, who will deny the improvement, virtue, and happiness, which, in the result, the voyage of Columbus has spread over the western world. The happiness which Europe and Asia have received from the intercourse with each other, cannot hitherto, it must be owned, be compared either with the possession of it, or the source of its increase established in America. Yet let the man of the most melancholy views estimate all the wars and depredations which are charged upon the Portuguese and other European nations, still will the eastern world appear considerably advantaged by the voyage of Gama. If seas of blood have been shed by the Portuguese, nothing new was introduced into India. War and depredation were no unheard-of strangers on the banks of the

[4] The innocent simplicity of the Americans in their conferences with the Spaniards, and the dreadful cruelties they suffered, divert our view from their complete character. But almost every thing was horrid in their civil customs and religious rites. In some tribes, to cohabit with their mothers, sisters, and daughters, was esteemed the means of domestic peace. In others, catamites were maintained in every village; these went from house to house, as they pleased, and it was unlawful to refuse them what victuals they choosed. In every tribe the captives taken in war were murdered with the most wanton cruelty, and afterwards devoured by the victors. Their religious rites were, if possible, still more horrid. The abominations of ancient Moloch were here outnumbered; children, virgins, slaves, and captives, bled on different altars, to appease their various gods. If there was a scarcity of human victims, the priests announced that the gods were dying of thirst for human blood. And to prevent a threatened famine the kings of Mexico were obliged to make war on the neighbouring states, to supply the altars. The prisoners of either side died by the hand of the priest. But the number of the Mexican sacrifices so greatly exceeded those of other nations, that the Tlascalans, who were hunted down for this purpose, readily joined Cortez with about 200,000 men, and, fired by the most fixed hatred, enabled him to make one great sacrifice of the Mexican nation. Without the assistance of these potent auxiliaries Cortez never could have conquered Mexico. And thus the barbarous cruelty of the Mexicans was the real cause of their very signal destruction. As the horrid scenes of gladiators amused ancient Rome, so their more horrid sacrifices seem to have formed the chief entertainment of Mexico. At the dedication of the temple of Vitzulipatzli, (A.D. 1486,) 64,080 human victims were sacrificed in four days. And, according to the best accounts, their annual sacrifices required several thousands. The skulls of the victims sometimes were hung on strings which reached from tree to tree around their temples, and sometimes were built up in towers and cemented with lime. In some of these towers Andrew de Tapia one day counted 136,000 skulls*. When the Spaniards gave to the Mexicans a pompous display of the greatness of their monarch Charles V. Montezuma's orators in return boasted of the power of their emperor, and enumerated among the proofs of it, the great number of his human sacrifices. He could easily conquer that great people, the Tlascalans, they said, but he chooses to preserve them to supply his altars. During the war with the Spaniards they increased their usual sacrifices, till priest and people were tired of their bloody religion. Frequent embassies from different tribes complained to Cortez that they were weary of their rites, and entreated him to teach them his law. And though the Peruvians, it is said, were more polished, and did not sacrifice quite so many as the Mexicans, yet 200 children was the usual hecatomb for the health of the Ynca, and a much larger one of all ranks honoured his obsequies. The method of sacrificing was thus: six priests laid the victim on an altar, which was narrow at top, whom five bending him across, the sixth cut up his stomach with a sharp flint, and while he held up the heart reeking to the Sun, the others tumbled the carcase down a flight of stairs near the altar, and immediately proceeded to the next sacrifice. See Acosta, Gomara, Careri, the Letters of Cortez to Charles V. &c. &c.

[5] This was written ere the commencement of the unhappy civil war in America. And under the influence of the spirit of the British constitution, that country may perhaps again deserve this character.

* By multiplying the numbers, no doubt, of the horizontal and perpendicular rows into each other.

Ganges; nor could the nature of the civil establishments of the eastern nations secure a lasting peace. The ambition of their native princes was only diverted into new channels; into channels which, in the natural course of human affairs, will certainly lead to permanent governments, established on improved laws and just dominion. Yet even ere such governments are formed, is Asia no loser by the arrival of Europeans? The horrid massacres and unbounded rapine, which, according to their own annals, followed the victories of their Asian conquerors, were never equalled by the worst of their European vanquishers. Nor is the establishment of improved governments in the East the dream of theory. The superiority of the civil and military arts of the British, notwithstanding the hateful character of some individuals, is at this day beheld in India with all the astonishment of admiration; and admiration is always followed, though often with retarded steps, by the strong desire of similar improvement. Long after the fall of the Roman empire, the Roman laws were adopted by nations which ancient Rome esteemed as barbarous. And thus, in the course of ages, the British laws, according to every test of probability, will, in India, have a most important effect, will fulfil the prophecy of Camoëns, and transfer to the British the high compliment he pays to his countrymen:

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happier India smil'd.

In former ages, and within these few years, the fertile empire of India has exhibited every scene of human misery, under the undistinguishing ravages of their Mohammedan and native princes; ravages only equalled in European history by those committed under Attila, surnamed the Scourge of God, and the Destroyer of Nations. The ideas of patriotism and of honour were seldom known in the cabinets of the eastern princes till the arrival of the Europeans. Every species of assassination was the policy of their courts, and every act of unrestrained rapine and massacre followed the path of victory. But some of the Portuguese governors, and many of the English officers, have taught them, that humanity to the conquered is the best, the truest policy. The brutal ferocity of their own conquerors is now the object of their greatest dread; and the superiority of the British in war has convinced their princes[6], that an alliance with the British is the surest guarantee of their national peace and prosperity. While the English East India company are possessed of their present greatness, it is in their power to diffuse over the East every blessing which flows from the wisest and most humane policy. Long ere the Europeans arrived, a failure of the crop of rice, the principal food of India, had spread the devastations of famine over the populous plains of Bengal. And never, from the seven years famine of ancient Egypt to the present day, was there a natural scarcity in our country which did not enrich the proprietors of the granaries. The Mohammedan princes and Moorish traders have often added all the horrours of an artificial to a natural famine. But however some Portuguese or other governors may stand accused, much was left for the humanity of the more exalted policy of an Albuquerque or a Castro. And under such European governors as these, the distresses of the East have often been alleviated by a generosity of conduct and a train of resources formerly unknown in Asia. Absurd and impracticable were that scheme, which would introduce the British laws into India, without the deepest regard to the manners and circumstances peculiar to the people. But that spirit of liberty upon which they are founded, and that security of property which is their leading principle, must, in time, have a wide and stupendous effect. The abject spirit of Asiatic submission will be taught to see, and to claim those rights of nature, of which the dispirited and passive Gentoos could, till lately, hardly form an idea.

From this, as naturally as the noon succeeds the dawn, must the other blessings of civilization arise. For though the four great tribes of India are almost inaccessible to the introduction of other manners and of other literature than their own, happily there is in human nature a propensity to change. Nor may the political philosopher be deemed an enthusiast, who would boldly prophesy, that unless the British be driven from India, the general superiority which they bear, will, ere many generations shall have passed, induce the most intelligent of India to break the shackles of their absurd superstitions, and lead them to partake of those advantages which arise from the free scope and due cultivation of the rational powers. In almost every instance the Indian institutions are contrary to the feelings and wishes of nature[7]. And ignorance and bigotry, their two chief pillars, can never secure unalterable du-

[6] Mohammed Ali Khan, nabob of the Carnatic, declared, "I met the British with that freedom of openness which they love, and I esteem it my honour, as well as security, to be the ally of such a nation of princes."

[7] Every man must follow his father's trade, and must marry a daughter of the same occupation. Innumerable are their other barbarous restrictions of genius and inclination.

ration[6]. We have certain proof, that the horrid custom of burning the wives along with the body of the deceased husband, has continued for upwards of 1200 years; we are also certain, that within these twenty years it has begun to fall into disuse. Together with the alteration of this most striking feature of Indian manners, other assimilations to European sentiments have already taken place[7]. Nor can the obstinacy even of the conceited Chinese always resist the desire of imitating the Europeans, a people who in arts and in arms are so greatly superior to themselves. The use of the twenty-four letters, by which we can express every language, appeared at first as miraculous to the Chinese. Prejudice cannot always deprive that people, who are not deficient in selfish cunning, of the ease and expedition of an alphabet; and it is easy to foresee, that, in the course of a few centuries, some alphabet will certainly take place of the 60,000 arbitrary marks, which now render the cultivation of the Chinese literature, not only a labour of the utmost difficulty, but even the attainment of it impossible, beyond a very limited degree. And from the introduction of an alphabet, what improvements may not be expected from the laborious industry of the Chinese! Though most obstinately attached to their old customs, yet there is a tide in the manners of nations which is sudden and rapid, and which acts with a kind of instinctive fury against ancient prejudice and absurdity. It was that nation of merchants, the Phœnicians, which diffused the use of letters through the ancient, and commerce will undoubtedly diffuse the same blessings through the modern world.

To this view of the political happiness, which is sure to be introduced in proportion to civilization, let the divine add, what may be reasonably expected from such opportunity of the increase of religion. A factory of merchants, indeed, has seldom been found to be the school of piety; yet, when the general manners of a people become assimilated to those of a more rational worship, something more than ever was produced by an infant mission, or the neighbourhood of an infant colony, may then be reasonably expected, and even foretold.

In estimating the political happiness of a people, nothing is of greater importance than their capacity of, and tendency to, improvement. As a dead lake (to continue our former allusion) will remain in the same state for ages and ages, so would the bigotry and superstitions of the East continue the same. But if the lake is begun to be opened into a thousand rivulets, who knows over what unnumbered fields, barren before, they may diffuse the blessings of fertility, and turn a dreary wilderness into a land of society and joy!

In contrast to this, let the Golden Coast and other immense regions of Africa be contemplated:

> Afric behold; alas, what alter'd view!
> Her lands uncultur'd, and her sons untrue;
> Ungrac'd with all that sweetens human life,
> Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
> Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
> Yet naked roam their own neglected fields. . . . . .
> Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
> By laws unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway.
> Far inward stretch the mournful sterile dales,
> Where on the parcht hill-side pale Famine wails. Lusiad v.

Let us view what millions of these unhappy savages are dragged from their native fields, and cut off for ever from all the hopes and all the rights to which human birth entitled them; and who would hesitate to pronounce that negro the greatest of patriots, who, by teaching his countrymen the arts of society, should teach them to defend themselves in the possession of their fields, their families, and their own personal liberties?

Evident however as it is, that the voyages of Gama and Columbus have already carried a superior degree of happiness, and the promise of infinitely more, to the eastern and western worlds; yet the advantages derived from the discovery of these regions to Europe may perhaps be denied. But let us view what Europe was, ere the genius of Don Henry gave birth to the spirit of modern discovery.

Several ages before this period the feudal system had degenerated into the most absolute tyranny. The barons exercised the most despotic authority over their vassals, and every scheme of public utility was rendered impracticable by their continual petty wars with each other; and to which they led

[6] The impossibility of alteration in the religion of the Brahmins, is an assertion against facts. The high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of their religion are impositions on Europe. For a clear demonstration of this, see the Inquiry, &c. at the end of the viith Lusiad.

[7] See the above Inquiry, &c.

their dependents as dogs to the chase. Unable to read, or to write his own name, the chieftain was entirely possessed by the most romantic opinion of military glory, and the song of his domestic minstrel constituted his highest idea of fame. The clamies slept on the shelves of the monasteries, their dark but happy asylum; while the life of the monks resembled that of the fattened beeves which loaded their tables. Real abilities were indeed possessed by a Duns Scotus, and a few others; but these were lost in the most trifling subtleties of a sophistry, which they dignified with the name of casuistical divinity. Whether Adam and Eve were created with navels, and how many thousand angels might at the same instant dance upon the point of the finest needle without jostling one another, were two of the several topics of like importance which excited the acumen and engaged the controversies of the learned. While every branch of philosophical, of rational investigation was thus unpursued and unknown, commerce, incompatible in itself with the feudal system, was equally neglected and unimproved. Where the mind is enlarged and enlightened by learning, plans of commerce will rise into action; and these, in return, will, from every part of the world, bring new acquirements to philosophy and science. The birth of learning and commerce may be different, but their growth is mutual, and dependent upon each other. They not only assist each other, but the same enlargement of mind which is necessary for perfection in the one, is also necessary for perfection in the other; and the same causes impede, and are alike destructive of both. The intercourse of mankind is the parent of each. According to the confinement or extent of intercourse, barbarity or civilization proportionably prevail. In the dark monkish ages, the intercourse of the learned was as much impeded and confined as that of the merchant. A few unwieldy vessels coasted the shores of Europe; and mendicant friars and ignorant pilgrims carried a miserable account of what was passing in the world from monastery to monastery. What doctor had last disputed on the Peripatetic philosophy at some university, or what new heresy had last appeared, not only comprised the whole of their literary intelligence, but was delivered with little accuracy, and received with as little attention. While this thick cloud of mental darkness overspread the western world, was Don Henry prince of Portugal born, born to set mankind free from the feudal system, and to give to the whole world every advantage, every light that may possibly be diffused by the intercourse of unlimited commerce:

———For then from the ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of Trade, the genius, then,
Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince, who, heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world. Thomson.

In contrast to the melancholy view of human nature, sunk in barbarism and benighted with ignorance, let the present state of Europe be impartially estimated. Yet though the great increase of opulence and learning cannot be denied, there are some who assert, that virtue and happiness have as greatly declined. And the immense overflow of riches, from the East in particular, has been pronounced big with destruction to the British empire. Every thing human, it is true, has its dark as well as its bright side; but let these popular complaints be examined, and it will be found, that modern Europe, and the British empire in a very particular manner, have received the greatest and most solid advantages from the modern enlarged system of commerce. The magic of the old romances, which could make the most withered, deformed hag appear as the most beautiful virgin, is every day verified in popular declamation. Ancient days are there painted in the most amiable simplicity, and the modern in the most odious colours. Yet what man of fortune in England now lives in that stupendous gross luxury, which every day was exhibited in the Gothic castles of the old chieftains? Four or five hundred knights and squires in the domestic retinue of a warlike earl were not uncommon, nor was the pomp of embroidery inferior to the profuse waste of their tables; in both instances unequalled by all the mad excesses of the present age.

While the baron thus lived in all the wild glare of Gothic luxury, agriculture was almost totally neglected, and his meaner vassals fared harder, infinitely less comfortably, than the meanest industrious labourers of England do now. Where the lands are uncultivated, the peasants, ill-clothed, ill-lodged, and poorly fed, pass their miserable days in sloth and filth, totally ignorant of every advantage, of every comfort which Nature lays at their feet. He who passes from the trading towns and cultured fields of England, to those remote villages of Scotland or Ireland which claim this description, is astonished at

the comparative wretchedness of their destitute inhabitants; but few consider that these villages only exhibit a view of what Europe was, ere the spirit of commerce diffused the blessings which naturally flow from her improvements. In the Hebrides the failure of a harvest almost depopulates an island. Having little or no traffic to purchase grain, numbers of the young and hale betake themselves to the continent in quest of employment and food, leaving a few, less adventurous, behind, to beget a new race, the heirs of the same fortune. Yet, from the same cause, from the want of traffic, the kingdom of England has often felt more dreadful effects than these. Even in the days when her Henries and Edwards plumed themselves with the trophies of France, how often has famine spread all her horrours over city and village! Our modern histories neglect this characteristical feature of ancient days; but the rude chronicles of these ages inform us that three or four times, in almost every reign of continuance, was England thus visited. The failure of one crop was then severely felt, and two bad harvests together were almost insupportable. But commerce has now opened another scene, has armed government with the happiest power that can be exerted by the rulers of a nation; the power to prevent every extremity[15] which may possibly arise from bad harvests; extremities, which, in former ages, were esteemed more dreadful visitations of the wrath of Heaven, than the pestilence itself. Yet modern London is not so certainly defended against the latter, its ancient visitor in almost every reign, as the commonwealth by the means of commerce, under a just and humane government, is secured against the ravages of the former. If, from these great outlines of the happiness enjoyed by a commercial over an uncommercial nation, we turn our eyes to the manners, the advantages will be found no less in favour of the civilized.

Whoever is inclined to declaim on the vices of the present age, let him read, and be convinced, that the Gothic ages were less virtuous. If the spirit of chivalry prevented effeminacy, it was the foster father of a ferocity of manners now happily unknown. Rapacity, avarice, and effeminacy, are the vices ascribed to the increase of commerce; and in some degree, it must be confessed, they follow her steps. Yet infinitely more dreadful, as every palatinate in Europe often felt, were the effects of the two first under the feudal lords, than possibly can be experienced under any system of trade. The virtues and vices of human nature are the same in every age: they only receive different modifications, and lie dormant or are awaked into action under different circumstances. The feudal lord had it infinitely more in his power to be rapacious than the merchant. And whatever avarice may attend the trader, his intercourse with the rest of mankind lifts him greatly above that brutish ferocity which actuates the savage, often the rustic, and in general characterizes the ignorant part of mankind. The abolition of the feudal system, a system of absolute slavery, and that equality of mankind which affords the protection of property, and every other incitement to industry, are the glorious gifts which the spirit of commerce, called forth by prince Henry of Portugal, has bestowed upon Europe in general; and, as if directed by the manes of his mother, a daughter of England, upon the British empire in particular. In the vice of effeminacy alone, perhaps, do we exceed our ancestors; yet even here we have infinitely the advantage over them. The brutal ferocity of former ages is now lost, and the general mind is humanized. The savage breast is the native soil of revenge; a vice, of all others, ingratitude excepted, peculiarly stamped with the character of Hell. But the mention of this was reserved for the character of the savages of Europe. The savage of every country is implacable when injured, but among some, revenge has its measure. When an American Indian is murdered, his kindred pursue the murderer, and soon as blood has atoned for blood, the wilds of America hear the hostile parties join in their mutual lamentations over the dead; and, as an oblivion of malice, the murdered and the murderer are buried together. But the measure of revenge, never to be full, was left for the demi-savages of Europe. The vassals of the feudal lord entered into his quarrels with the most inexorable rage. Just or unjust was no consideration of theirs. It was a family feud; no further inquiry was made; and from age to age the parties, who never injured each other, breathed nothing but mutual rancour and revenge. And actions, suitable to this horrid spirit, every where confessed its virulent influence. Such were the late days of Europe, admired by the ignorant for the innocence of manners. Resentment of injury indeed is natural; and there is a degree which is honest, and, though warm, far from inhuman. But if it is the hard task of humanized virtue to preserve the feeling of an injury unmixt with the slightest criminal wish of revenge, how impossible is it for the savage to attain the dignity of forgiveness, the greatest ornament of human nature! As in individuals, a virtue will rise into a vice, generosity into blind profusion, and even mercy into criminal lenity, so civilized manners will lead the opulent into

[15] Extremity; for it were both highly unjust and impolitic in government to allow importation in such a degree as might be destructive of domestic agriculture, even when there is a real failure of the harvest.

effeminacy. But let it be considered, this consequence is by no means the certain result of civilization. Civilization, on the contrary, provides the most effectual preventive of this evil. Where classical literature prevails, the manly spirit which it breathes must be diffused. Whenever frivolousness predominates, when refinement degenerates into whatever enervates the mind, literary ignorance is sure to complete the effeminate character. A mediocrity of virtues and of talents is the lot of the great majority of mankind; and even this mediocrity, if cultivated by a liberal education, will infallibly secure its possessor against those excesses of effeminacy which are really culpable. To be of plain manners, it is not necessary to be a clown, or to wear coarse clothes; nor is it necessary to lie on the ground and feed like the savage, to be truly manly. The beggar who, behind the hedge, divides his offals with his dog, has often more of the real sensualist than he who dines at an elegant table. Nor need we hesitate to assert, that he who, unable to preserve a manly elegance of manners, degenerates into the petit maître, would have been, in any age or condition, equally insignificant and worthless. Some, when they talk of the debauchery of the present age, seem to think that the former were all innocence. But this is ignorance of human nature. The debauchery of a barbarous age is gross and brutal; that of a gloomy superstitious one, secret, excessive, and murderous; that of a more polished one, not to make an apology, much happier for the fair sex[15], and certainly in no circumstance so big with political unhappiness. If one disease has been imported from Spanish America, the most valuable medicines have likewise been brought from these regions; and distempers, which were thought invincible by our forefathers, are now cured. If the luxuries of the Indies usher disease to our tables, the consequence is not unknown; the wise and the temperate receive no injury; and intemperance has been the destroyer of mankind in every age. The opulence of ancient Rome produced a luxury of manners which proved fatal to that mighty empire. But the effeminate sensualists of those ages were men of no intellectual cultivation. The enlarged ideas, the generous and manly feelings inspired by liberal study, were utterly unknown to them. Unformed by that wisdom which arises from science and true philosophy, they were gross barbarians dressed in the mere outward tissue of civilization[16]. Where the enthusiasm of military honour characterizes the rank of gentlemen, that nation will rise into empire. But no sooner does conquest give a continued security, than the mere soldier degenerates; and the old veterans are soon succeeded by a new generation, illiterate as their fathers, but destitute of their virtues and experience. Polite literature not only humanizes the heart, but also wonderfully strengthens and enlarges the mind. Moral and political philosophy are its peculiar provinces, and are never happily cultivated without its assistance. But where ignorance characterizes the body of the nobility, the most insipid dissipation, and the very idleness and effeminacy of luxury, are sure to follow. Titles and family are then the only merit; and the few men of business who surround the throne, have it then in their power to aggrandize themselves by riveting the chains of slavery. A stately grandeur is preserved, but it is only outward; all is decayed within, and on the first storm the weak fabric falls to the dust. Thus rose and thus fell the empire of Rome, and the much wider one of Portugal. Though the increase of wealth did indeed contribute to that corruption of manners which unnerved the Portuguese, certain it is, the wisdom of legislature might have prevented every evil which Spain and Portugal have experienced from their acquisitions in the two Indies. Every evil which they have suffered from their acquirements arose, as shall be hereafter demonstrated, from their general ignorance, an ignorance which rendered them unable to investigate, or apprehend, even the first principles of civil and commercial philosophy. And what other than the total eclipse of their glory could be expected from a nobility, rude and unlettered as those of Portugal are described by the author of the Lusiad, a court and nobility, who sealed the truth of all his complaints against them, by suffering that great man, the light of their age, to die in an alms-house! What but the fall of their state could be expected from barbarians like these! Nor can the annals of mankind produce one instance of the fall of empire, where the character of the grandees was other than that ascribed to his countrymen by Camoëns.

[15] Even that warm admirer of savage happiness, the author of the Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissemens, &c. confesses that the wild Americans seem destitute of the feeling of love—"In a little while," says he, "when the heat of passion is gratified, they lose all affection and attachment for their women, whom they degrade to the most servile offices."—A tender remembrance of the first endearments, a generous participation of care and hope, the compassionate sentiments of honour, all those delicate feelings, which arise into affection and kind attachment, are indeed incompatible with the ferocious and gross sensations of the barbarian of any country.

[16] The degeneracy of the Roman literature preceded the fate of that empire, and the reason is obvious. The men of fortune grew frivolous, and superficial in every branch of knowledge, and were therefore unable to hold the reins of empire. The degeneracy of literary taste is, therefore, the surest proof of the general declension.

THE HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA.

No lesson can be of greater national importance than the history of the rise and the fall of a commercial empire. The view of what advantages were acquired, and of what might have been still added; the means by which such empire might have been continued, and the errours by which it was lost, are as particularly conspicuous in the naval and commercial history of Portugal, as if Providence had intended to give a lasting example to mankind; a chart, where the course of the safe voyage is pointed out; and where the shelves and rocks, and the seasons of tempest, are discovered, and foretold.

The history of Portugal, as a naval and commercial power, begins with the enterprises of prince Henry. But as the improvements introduced by this great man, and the completion of his designs, are intimately connected with the political state of his age and country, a concise view of the progress of the power, and of the character, of that kingdom, will be necessary to elucidate the history of the revival of commerce, and the subject of the Lusiad.

During the centuries, when the effeminated Roman provinces of Europe were desolated by the irruptions of northern or Scythian barbarians, the Saracens, originally of the same race, a wandering banditti of Asiatic Scythia, spread the same horrours of brutal conquest over the finest countries of the eastern world. The northern conquerors of the finer provinces of Europe embraced the Christian religion as professed by the monks, and, contented with the luxuries of their new settlements, their military spirit soon declined. Their ancient brothers, the Saracens, on the other hand, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, their rage of war received every addition which may possibly be inspired by religious enthusiasm. Not only the spoils of the vanquished, but their beloved Paradise itself, were to be obtained by their sabres, by extending the faith of their prophet, by force of arms and usurpation of dominion. Strengthened and inspired by a commission which they esteemed divine, the rapidity of their conquests far exceeded those of the Goths and Vandals. A great majority of the inhabitants of every country which they subdued, embraced their religion, imbibed their principles, united in their views; and the professors of Mohammedism became the most formidable combination that ever was leagued together against the rest of mankind. Morocco and the adjacent countries, at this time amazingly populous, had now received the doctrines of the Koran, and incorporated with the Saracens. And the infidel arms spread slaughter and desolation from the south of Spain to Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. All the rapine and carnage committed by the Gothic conquerors were now amply returned on their less warlike posterity. In Spain, and the province now called Portugal, the Mohammedans erected powerful kingdoms, and their lust of conquest threatened destruction to every Christian power. But a romantic military spirit revived in Europe, under the auspices of Charlemagne. Several religious military orders were established. Celibacy, the study of religion, and the exercise of arms, were the conditions of their vow, and the defence of their country and of the faith, their ambition and sole purpose. He who fell in battle was honoured and envied as a martyr. And most wonderful victories crowned the ardour of these religious warriors. The Mohammedans, during the reign of Charlemagne, made a most formidable irruption into Europe, and France in particular felt the weight of their fury; but the honour which was paid to the knights who wore the badge of the cross, drew the adventurous youth of every Christian power to the standards of that political monarch, and in fact (a circumstance however neglected by historians) gave birth to the Crusades, the beginning of which, in propriety, ought to be dated from his reign. Few indeed are the historians of this age, but enough remain to prove that though the writers of the old romance have greatly disguised it, though they have given full room to the wildest flights of imagination, and have added the inexhaustible machinery of magic to the adventures of their heroes, yet the origin of their fictions was founded on historical facts[1]. And, however

[1] Ariosto, who adopted the legends of the old romance, chose this period for the subject of his Orlando Furioso. Paris besieged by the Saracens, Orlando and the other Christian knights assemble in aid of Charlemagne, who are opposed in their armies and in battle by Rodomont, Ferrau, and other infidel knights. That there was a noted Moorish Spaniard, named Ferrau, a redoubted champion of that age, we have the testimony of Marcus Antonius Sabellicus, a writer of note of the fifteenth century.

this period may thus resemble the fabulous ages of Greece, certain it is, that an Orlando, a Rinaldo, a Rugero, and other celebrated names in romance, acquired great honour in the wars which were waged against the Saracens, the invaders of Europe. In these romantic wars, by which the power of the Mohammedans was checked, several centuries elapsed, when Alonzo, king of Castile, apprehensive that the whole force of the Mohammedans of Spain and Morocco was ready to fall upon him, prudently imitated the conduct of Charlemagne. He availed himself of the spirit of chivalry, and demanded leave of Philip I. of France, and of other princes, that volunteers from their dominions might be allowed to distinguish themselves under his banners against the infidels. His desire was no sooner known, than a brave romantic army thronged to his standards, and Alonzo was victorious. Honours and endowments were distributed among the champions, and to one of the bravest of them, to Henry[3], a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries south of Galicia in dowry, commissioning him to extend his dominions by the expulsion of the Moors. Henry, who reigned by the title of count, improved every advantage which offered. The two rich provinces of Entre Minho e Douro, and Traloz Montes, yielded to his arms; great part of Beira was also subdued; and the Moorish king of Lamego became his tributary. Many thousands of Christians, who had lived in miserable subjection to the Moors, or in desolate independency on the mountains, took shelter under the generous protection of count Henry. Great numbers also of the Moors changed their religion, and chose rather to continue in the land where they were born, under a mild government, that be exposed to the severities and injustice of their native governors. And thus, on one of the most beautiful and fertile spots[3] of the world, and in the finest climate, in consequence of a crusade[4] against the Mohammedans, was established the sovereignty of Portugal, a sovereignty which in time spread its influence over the world, and gave a new face to the manners of nations.

Count Henry, after a successful reign, was succeeded by his infant son Don Alonzo-Henry, who, having surmounted several dangers which threatened his youth[5], became the first of the Portuguese kings. In 1159 the Moors of Spain and Barbary united their forces to recover the dominions from which they had been driven by the Christians. According to the lowest accounts of the Portuguese writers, the army of the Moors amounted to 400,000; nor is this number incredible, when we consider what great armies they at other times brought to the field; and that at this time they came to take possession of the lands which they expected to conquer. Don Alonzo, however, with a very small army, gave them battle on the plains of Ourique, and, after a struggle of six hours, obtained a most glorious and complete victory[6], and which was crowned with an event of the utmost importance. On the field of battle Don Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal by his victorious soldiers, and he in return conferred the rank of nobility on the whole army. But the constitution of the monarchy was not settled, nor was Alonzo invested with the regal state, till six years after this memorable day. The government the Portuguese had experienced under the Spaniards and Moors, and the advantages which they saw were derived by their own valour, had taught them a love of liberty, which was not to be complimented away in the joy of victory, or by the shouts of tumult. Alonzo himself understood their spirit too well to venture the least attempt to make himself a despotic monarch; nor did he discover the least inclination to destroy that bold consciousness of freedom which had enabled his army to conquer, and to elect him their sovereign. After six years spent in further victories, in extending and securing his dominions, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, to meet at Lamego. When the assembly opened, Alonzo appeared seated on the throne, but without any other mark of regal dignity. And ere he was crowned, the constitution of the state was settled, and eighteen statutes were solemnly confirmed by oath, as the charter of king and people[7]; statutes diametrically opposite to the jus divinum of kings, to the principles which inculcate and demand the unlimited passive obedience of the subject.

Conscious of what they owed to their own valour, the founders of the Portuguese monarchy transmitted to their heirs those generous principles of liberty which complete and adorn the martial characc-

[2] See the notes to book iii. ver. 197 and 906.

[3] Small indeed in extent, but so rich in fertility, that it was called Medulla Hispanica, The Marrow of Spain.—Vid. Resendii Antiq. Lusit. l. iii.

[4] In propriety most certainly a crusade, though that term has never before been applied to this war.

[5] See the note to book iii. ver. 929.

[6] For an account of this battle, and the coronation of the first king of Portugal, see the note to book iii. ver. 417.

[7] The power of deposing, and of electing their kings, under certain circumstances, is vested in the people by the statutes of Lamego. See the note to book iii. ver. 417.

ter. The ardour of the volunteer, an ardour unknown to the slave and the mercenary, added to the most romantic ideas of military glory, characterised the Portuguese under the reigns of their first monarchs. In almost continual wars with the Moors, this spirit, on which the existence of their kingdom depended, rose higher and higher; and the desire to extirpate Mohammedism, the principle which animated the wish of victory in every battle, seemed to take deeper root in every age. Such were the manners, and such the principles of the people who were governed by the successors of Alonzo the First; a succession of great men, who proved themselves worthy to reign over so military and enterprising a nation.

By a continued train of victories Portugal increased considerably in strength, and the Portuguese had the honour to drive the Moors from Europe. The invasions of these people were now requited by successful expeditions into Africa. And such was the manly spirit of these ages, that the statutes of Lamego received additional articles in favour of liberty; a convincing proof that the general heroism of a people depends upon the principles of freedom. Alonzo IV.[8] though not an amiable character, was perhaps the greatest warrior, politician, and monarch of his age. After a reign of military splendour he left his throne to his son Pedro, who from his inflexible justice was surnamed the Just, or, the Lover of Justice. The ideas of equity and literature were now diffused by this great prince[9], who was himself a polite scholar, and most accomplished gentleman: and Portugal began to perceive the advantages of cultivated talents, and to feel its superiority over the barbarous politics of the ignorant Moors. The great Pedro, however, was succeeded by a weak prince, and the heroic spirit of the Portuguese seemed to exist no more under his son Fernando, surnamed the Careless.

But the general character of the people was too deeply impressed, to be obliterated by one inglorious reign; and under John I.[10] all the virtues of the Portuguese shone forth with redoubled lustre. Happy for Portugal, his father bestowed a most excellent education upon this prince, which added to, and improving, his great natural talents, rendered him one of the greatest of monarchs. Conscious of the superiority which his own liberal education gave him, he was assiduous to bestow the same advantages upon his children; and he himself often became their preceptor in the branches of science and useful knowledge. Fortunate in all his affairs, he was most of all fortunate in his family. He had many sons, and he lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to show affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities.

There is something exceedingly pleasing in the history of a family which shows human nature in its most exalted virtue and most amiable colours; and the tribute of veneration is spontaneously paid to the father who distinguishes the different talents of his children, and places them in the proper lines of action. All the sons of John excelled in military exercises, and in the literature of their age; Don Edward and Don Pedro[11] were particularly educated for the cabinet; and the mathematical genius of Don Henry, one of his youngest sons, received every encouragement which a king and a father could give, to ripen it into perfection and public utility.

History was well known to prince Henry, and his turn of mind peculiarly enabled him to make political observations upon it. The wealth and power of ancient Tyre and Carthage showed him what a maritime nation might hope; and the flourishing colonies of the Greeks were the frequent topic of his conversation. Where the Grecian commerce, confined as it was, extended its influence, the deserts became cultivated fields, cities rose, and men were drawn from the woods and caverns to unite in society. The Romans on the other hand, when they destroyed Carthage, buried, in her ruins, the fountain of civilization, of improvement and opulence. They extinguished the spirit of commerce; the agriculture of the conquered nations, Britannia[12] alone, perhaps, excepted, was totally neglected. And thus, while

[8] For the character of this prince, see the note to book iii. ver. 1045.

[9] For anecdotes of this monarch, see the note to book iii. ver. 1118.

[10] This great prince was the natural son of Pedro the Just. Some years after the murder of his beloved spouse Inez de Castro, (of which see the text and note to book iii. ver. 925.) lest his father, whose severe temper he too well knew, should force him into a disagreeable marriage, Don Pedro commenced an amour with a Galician lady, who became the mother of John I. the preserver of the Portuguese monarchy. See the note to book iv. line 40.

[11] The sons of John, who figure in history, were Edward, Juan, Fernando, Pedro and Henry. Edward succeeded his father, (for whose character see the note to book iv. ver. 405.) Juan, distinguished both in the camp and cabinet, in the reign of his brother Edward had the honour to oppose the wild expedition against Tangier, which was proposed by his brother Fernando, in whose perpetual captivity it ended. Of Pedro afterwards.

[12] The honour of this is due to Agricola. He employed his legions in cutting down forests and in clearing marshes. And for several ages after his time, the Romans drew immense quantities of wheat from their British province.

the luxury of Rome consumed the wealth of her provinces, her uncommercial policy dried up the sources of its sustenance. The egregious errors of the Romans, who perceived not the true use of their distant conquests, and the inexhaustible fountains of opulence which Phœnicia had established in her colonies, instructed prince Henry what gifts to bestow upon his country, and, in the result, upon the whole world. Nor were the inestimable advantages of commerce the sole motives of Henry. All the ardour which the love of his country could awake, conspired to stimulate the natural turn of his genius for the improvement of navigation.

As the kingdom of Portugal had been wrested from the Moors and established by conquest, so its existence still depended on the superiority of the force of arms; and, ere the birth of Henry, the superiority of the Portuguese navies had been of the utmost consequence to the protection of the state. Such were the circumstances which united to inspire the designs of Henry, all which were powerfully enforced and invigorated by the religion of that prince. The desire to extirpate Mohammedism was patriotism in Portugal. It was the principle which gave birth to, and supported, their monarchy: their kings avowed it; and prince Henry, the piety of whose heart cannot be questioned, always professed, that to propagate the gospel was the great purpose of his designs and enterprises. And however this, in the event, was neglected [13], certain it is, that the same principles inspired, and were always professed by king Emmanuel, under whom the eastern world was discovered by Gama.

The crusades to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels, which had already been, however, unregarded by historians, of the greatest political service to Spain and Portugal [14], began now to have some effect upon the commerce of Europe. The Hans Towns had received charters of liberty, and had united together for the protection of their trade against the numerous pirates of the Baltic. A people of Italy, known by the name of the Lombards, had opened a lucrative traffic with the ports of Egypt, from whence they imported into Europe the riches of the east; and Bruges in Flanders, the mart between them and the Hans Towns, was, in consequence, surrounded with the best agriculture of these ages [15]: a certain proof of the dependence of agriculture upon the extent of commerce. Yet though these gleams of light, as morning stars, began to appear; it was not the gross multitude, it was only the eye of a Henry which could perceive what they prognosticated, and it was only a genius like his which could prevent them from again setting in the depths of night. The Hans Towns were liable to be buried in the victories of a tyrant, and the trade with Egypt was exceedingly insecure and precarious, Europe was still enveloped in the dark mists of ignorance, and though the mariner's compass was invented before the birth of Henry, it was improved to no naval advantage. Traffic still crept, in an infant state, along the coasts, nor was the construction of ships adapted for other voyages. One successful tyrant might have overwhelmed the system and extinguished the spirit of commerce, for it stood on a much narrower and much feebler basis, than in the days of Phœnician and Grecian colonization. Yet these mighty fabrics, many centuries before, had been swallowed up in the desolations of unpolitical conquest. A broader and more permanent foundation of commerce than the world had yet seen, an universal basis, was yet wanting to bless mankind, and Henry duke of Viseo was born to give it.

On purpose to promote his designs, prince Henry was by his father stationed the commander in chief of the Portuguese forces in Africa. He had already, in 1413, three years before the reduction of Ceuta [16], sent a ship to make discoveries on the Barbary coast. Cape Nam [17], as its name intimates, was then the ne plus ultra of European navigation; the ship sent by Henry however passed it sixty

[13] Neglected in the idea of the commanders; the idea of Henry however was greatly fulfilled. For the dominion of the Portuguese in the Indian sea cut the sinews of the Egyptian and other Mohammedan powers. But of this afterwards.

[14] See the note on the crusades, Lusiad vii.

[15] Flanders has been the school-mistress of husbandry to Europe. Sir Charles Lisle, a royalist, resided in this country several years during the usurpation of the regicides; and after the Restoration, rendered England the greatest service, by introducing the present system of agriculture. Where trade increases, men's thoughts are set in action; hence the increase of food which is wanted, is supplied by a redoubled attention to husbandry; and hence it was that agriculture was of old improved and diffused by the Phœnician colonies. Some theorists complain of the number of lives which are lost by navigation, but they totally forget that commerce is the parent of population.

[16] At the reduction of Ceuta, and other engagements in Africa, prince Henry displayed a military genius and valour of the first magnitude. The important fortress of Ceuta was in a manner won by his own sword. Yet though ever possessed by the enthusiasm of chivalry, his genius for navigation prevailed, and confined him to the rock of Sagrez.

[17] Nam, in Portuguese, a negative.

leagues, and reached Cape Bojador. Encouraged by this beginning, the prince, while he was in Africa, acquired whatever information the most intelligent of the Moors of Fez and Morocco could give. About a league and one half from the Cape of St. Vincent, in the kingdom of Algarve, Don Henry had observed a small but commodious situation for a sea-port town. On this spot, supposed the Promontorium Sacrum of the Romans, he built his town of Sagres, by much the best planned and fortified of any in Portugal. Here, where the view of the ocean, says Faria, inspired his hopes and endeavours, he erected his arsenals, and built and harboured his ships. And here, leaving the temporary bustle and cares of the state to his father and brothers, he retired like a philosopher from the world, on purpose to render his studies of the utmost importance to its happiness. Having received all the light which could be discovered in Africa, he continued unwearied in his mathematical and geographical studies; the art of ship-building received very great improvement under his direction, and the truth of his ideas of the structure of the terraqueous globe is now confirmed. He it was who first suggested the use of the compass, and of longitude and latitude in navigation, and how these might be ascertained by astronomical observations; suggestions and discoveries which would have held no second place among the conjectures of a Bacon, or the improvements of a Newton. Naval adventurers were now invited from all parts to the town of Sagres, and in 1401 Juan Gonsalez Zarco and Tristran Vaz set sail on an expedition of discovery, the circumstances of which give us a striking picture of the state of navigation, ere it was new-modelled by the genius of Henry.

Cape Bojador, so named from its extent[18], runs about forty leagues to the westward, and for about six leagues off land there is a most violent current, which, dashing upon the shelves, makes a tempestuous sea. This was deemed impassable, for it was not considered, that by standing out to the ocean the current might be avoided. To pass this formidable cape was the commission of Zarco and Vaz, who were also ordered to proceed as far as they could to discover the African coast, which, according to the information given to Henry by the Moors and Arabs, extended at least to the equinoctial line[19]. Zarco and Vaz, however, lost their course in a storm, and were driven on a little island, which, in the joy of their deliverance, they named Puerto Santo, or the Holy Haven. Nor was prince Henry, on their return, less joyful of their discovery, than they had been of their escape: a striking proof of the miserable state of navigation; for this island is only about 160 leagues, the voyage now of three or four days in moderate weather, from the promontory of Sagres.

The discoverers of Puerto Santo, accompanied by Bartholomew Perestrello, were with three ships sent out on further trial. Perestrello, having sowed some seeds, and left some cattle on Holy Haven[20], returned to Portugal. But Zarco and Vaz directing their course westward, in 1419, perceived something like a cloud on the water, and, sailing toward it, discovered an island covered with wood, which from thence they named Madeira[21]. And this rich and beautiful island, which soon yielded a considerable revenue, was the first reward of the enterprises of prince Henry.

If the duke of Viseo's liberal ideas of establishing colonies, those sinews of a commercial state, or his views of African and Indian commerce, were too refined to strike the gross multitude; yet other advan-

[18] Forty leagues appeared as a vast distance to the sailors of that age, who named it cape Bojador, from the Spanish bojar, to compass or go about.

[19] It was known that the Arabian sea washed the eastern side of Africa: it was surmised therefore that a southern promontory bounded that continent. And certain it is, from the concurrent testimony of all the writers who treat of Don Henry's discoveries, that Africa was supposed to terminate near to the equinoctial line. The account of Marco Paolo's map, which, it is said, placed the southern cape in its proper latitude, seems to have been propagated on purpose to discredit prince Henry's reputation. The story stands thus: Anthony Galvin relates, that Fran. de Sousa Tavares told him that Don Ferdinand told him that in 1526, he found, in the monastery of Acobaga, a chart of Africa, 120 years old, which was said to have been copied from one at Venice, which also was believed to have been copied from one of Marco Paolo, which, according to Ramusius, marked the Cape of Good Hope. Marco Paolo is said to have travelled into India and China in the fourteenth century.

[20] Unluckily also were left on this island two rabbits, whose young so increased, that in a few years it was found not habitable, every vegetable being destroyed by the great increase of these animals.

[21] The discovery of Madeira by prince Henry was followed by the first settlement of that island since the days of Carthaginian commerce. The Azores, Canaries, and Cape de Verde islands, were frequented by that trading people; but such was the grossness of the Roman policy, that after the fall of Carthage the navigation to these parts ceased. One Macham, an Englishman, it is said, (Harris's Voyages,) buried his mistress in Madeira, in 1344. Some vessels driven by tempest, hail, perhaps, before the time of Don Henry, described the Madeira islands, but the regular navigation to them was unknown till established by this great prince. Vid. Faria, tom. i. c. 1.

tages resulting from his designs, one would conclude, were self-evident. Nature calls upon Portugal to be a maritime power, and her naval superiority over the Moors, was, in the time of Henry, the surest defence of her existence as a kingdom. Yet though all his labours tended to establish that naval superiority on the surest basis, though even the religion of the age added its authority to the clearest political principles in favour of Henry: yet were his enterprises and his expected discoveries clothed with all the insolence of ignorance, and the bitterness of popular clamour. Barren deserts like Libya, it was said, were all that could be found, and a thousand disadvantages, drawn from these data, were foreseen and foretold. The great mind and better knowledge of Henry, however, were not thus to be shaken. Though twelve years from the discovery of Madeira had elapsed in unsuccessful endeavours to carry his navigation further, he was now more happy; for one of his captains, named Gilianez, in 1434, passed the Cape of Bojador, till then invincible; an action, says Faria, in the common opinion, not inferior to the labours of Hercules.

Gilianez, the next year, accompanied by Gonsalez Baldaya, carried his discoveries many leagues further. Having put two horsemen on shore to discover the face of the country, the adventurers, after riding several hours, saw nineteen men armed with javelins. The natives fled, and the two horsemen pursued, till one of the Portuguese, being wounded, lost the first blood that was sacrificed to the new system of commerce. A small beginning, a very small streamlet, some perhaps may exclaim, but which soon swelled into oceans, and deluged the eastern and western worlds. Let such philosophers, however, be desired to point out the design of public utility, which has been unpolluted by the depravity of the human passions. To suppose that Heaven itself could give an institution which could not be perverted, and to suppose no previous alteration in human nature, is contradictory in proposition; for as human nature now exists, power cannot be equally possessed by all, and whenever the selfish or vicious passions predominate, that power will certainly be abused. The cruelties therefore of Cortez, and that more horrid barbarian Pizarro[18], are no more to be charged upon Don Henry, and Columbus, than the villanies of the Jesuits and the horrors of the Inquisition are to be ascribed to him, whose precepts are summed up in the great command, To do to your neighbour as you would wish your neighbour to do to you. But if it is still alleged that he who plans a discovery ought to foresee the miseries which the vicious will engraft upon his enterprise let the objector be told, that the miseries are uncertain, while the advantages are real and sure; and that the true philosopher will not confine his eye to the Spanish campaigns in Mexico and Peru, but will extend his prospect to all the inestimable benefits, all the improvements of laws, opinions, and manners, which have been introduced by the intercourse of universal commerce.

In 1440 Anthony Gonsalez brought some Moors prisoners to Lisbon. These he took two and-forty leagues beyond Cape Bojador, and in 1442 he returned to Africa with his captives. One Moor escaped

[18] Some eminent writers, both at home and abroad, have of late endeavoured to soften the character of Cortez, and have urged the necessity of war for the slaughters he committed. These authors have also greatly softened the horrid features of the Mexicans. If one, however, would trace the true character of Cortez and the Americans, he must have recourse to the numerous Spanish writers, who were either witnesses of the first wars, or soon after travelled in those countries. In these he will find many anecdotes which afford a light not to be found in our modernised histories. In these it will be found, that Cortez set out to take gold by force, and not by establishing any system of commerce with the natives, the only just reason of effecting a settlement in a foreign country. He was asked by various states, what commodities or drugs he wanted, and was promised abundant supply. He and his Spaniards, he answered, had a disease at their hearts, which nothing but gold could cure; and he received intelligence, that Mexico abounded with it. Under pretence of a friendly conference, he made Montezuma his prisoner, and ordered him to pay tribute to Charles V. Immense sums were paid, but the demand was boundless. Tumults ensued. Cortez displayed amazing generalship, and some millions of those, who in enumerating to the Spaniards the greatness of Montezuma, boasted that his yearly sacrifices consumed 20,000 men, were now sacrificed to the disease of Cortez's heart. Pizarro, however, in the barbarity of his soul, far exceeded him. There is a very bright side of the character of Cortez. If we forget that his avarice was the cause of a most unjust and most bloody war, in every other respect he will appear as one of the greatest of heroes. But Pizarro is a character completely detestable, destitute of every spark of generosity. He massacred the Peruvians, he said, because they were barbarians, and he himself could not read. Atabalipa, amazed at the art of reading, got a Spaniard to write the word Dios (the Spanish for God) on his finger. On trying if the Spaniards agreed in what it signified, he discovered that Pizarro could not read. And Pizarro, in the revenge of the contempt he perceived in the face of Atabalipa, ordered the prince to be tried for his life, for having concubines, and being an idolater. Atabalipa was condemned to be burned; but on submitting to baptism, he was only hanged.

from him, but ten blacks of Guinea and a considerable quantity of gold dust were given in ransom for two others. A rivulet at the place of landing was named by Gonsalez, Rio del Oro, or the River of Gold. And the islands of Adeget, Arguim, and de las Garças, were now discovered.

These Guinea blacks, the first ever seen in Portugal, and the gold dust, excited other passions beside admiration. A company was formed at Lagos, under the auspices of prince Henry, to carry on a traffic with the new-discovered countries; and as the Portuguese considered themselves in a state of continual hostility with the Moors, about two hundred of these people, inhabitants of the islands of Nar and Tider, in 1443, were brought prisoners to Portugal. This was soon revenged. Gonsalo de Cintra was the next year attacked by the Moors, fourteen leagues beyond Rio del Oro, where with seven of his men he was killed.

These hostile proceedings displeased prince Henry, and in 1446 Anthony Gonsalez and two other captains were sent to enter into a treaty of peace and traffic with the natives of Rio del Oro, and also to attempt their conversion. But these proposals were rejected by the barbarians, one of whom, however, came voluntarily to Portugal; and Juan Fernandez remained with the natives, to observe their manners and the products of the country. In the year following, Fernandez was found in good health, and brought home to Portugal. The account he gave of the country and people affords a striking instance of the misery of barbarians. The land, an open, barren, sandy plain, where the wandering natives were guided in their journeys by the stars and flights of birds; their food, milk, lizards, locusts, and such herbs as the soil produced without culture; and their only defence from the scorching heat of the Sun some miserable tents, which they pitched, as occasion required, on the burning sands.

In 1447 upwards of thirty ships followed the route of traffic which was now opened; and John de Castilla obtained the infamy to stand the first on the list of those names whose villanies have disgraced the spirit of commerce, and afforded the loudest complaints against the progress of navigation. Dissatisfied with the value of his cargo, he ungratefully seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, (one of the Canaries,) who had assisted him, and with whom he was in friendly alliance, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. But prince Henry resented this outrage, and, having given them some valuable presents of clothes, restored the captives to freedom and their native country.

The conversion and reduction of the Canaries was also this year attempted; but Spain having claimed a right to these islands[82], the expedition was discontinued. In the Canary islands was found a feudal custom; the chief man or governor was gratified with the first night of every bride in his district.

In 1448 Fernando Alonzo was sent ambassador to the king of Cabo Verde with a treaty of trade and conversion, which was defeated at that time by the treachery of the natives. In 1449 the Azores were discovered by Gonsalo Vello, and the coast sixty leagues beyond Cape Verde was visited by the fleets of Henry. It is also certain that some of his commanders passed the equinoctial line. It was the custom of his sailors to leave his motto, TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE, wherever they came; and in 1525 Loaya, a Spanish captain, found that device carved on the bark of a tree in the isle of St. Matthew, in the second degree of south latitude.

Prince Henry had now with the most inflexible perseverance prosecuted his discoveries for upwards of forty years. His father, John I. concurred with him in his views, and gave him every assistance; his brother king Edward, during his short reign, was the same as his father had been; nor was the eleven years regency of his brother Don Pedro less auspicious to him[84]. But the misunderstanding between Pedro and his nephew Alonzo V. who took upon him the reins of government in his seventeenth year, retarded the designs of Henry, and gave him much unhappiness[85]. At his town of Sagres, from whence he had not moved for many years, except when called to court on some emergency of state, Don Henry, now in his sixty-seventh year, yielded to the stroke of fate, in the year of our Lord 1463, gratified with the certain prospect, that the route to the eastern world would one day crown the enterprises to which he had given birth. He had the happiness to see the naval superiority of his country

[82] Some time before this period, John de Betancour, a Frenchman, under the king of Castile, had made a settlement in the Canaries, which had been discovered, it is said, about 1340, by some Genoese navigators.

[84] The difficulties he surmounted, and the assistance he received, are incontestable proofs, that an adventurer of inferior birth could never have carried his designs into execution.

[85] Don Pedro was villanously accused of treacherous designs by his bastard brother, the first duke of Braganza. Henry left his town of Sagres, to defend his brother at court, but in vain. Pedro, finding the young king in the power of Braganza, fled, and soon after was killed in defending himself against a party who were sent to seize him. His innocence, after his death, was fully proved, and his nephew Alonzo V. gave him an honourable burial.

over the Moors established on the most solid basis, its trade greatly upon the increase, and, what he esteemed his greatest happiness, he flattered himself that he had given a mortal wound to Mohammedism, and had opened the door to an universal propagation of Christianity and the civilization of mankind. And to him, as to their primary author, are due all the inestimable advantages which ever have flowed, or will flow, from the discovery of the greatest part of Africa, of the East and West Indies. Every improvement in the state and manners of these countries, or whatever country may be yet discovered, is strictly due to him; nor is the difference between the present state of Europe and the monkish age in which he was born, less the result of his genius and toils. What is an Alexander[8] crowned with trophies at the head of his army, compared with a Henry contemplating the ocean from his window on the rock of Sagres! The one suggests the idea of the evil demon, the other of a tutelary angel.

From the year 1448, when Alonzo V. assumed the power of government, till the end of his reign in 1471, little progress was made in maritime affairs, and Cape Catharine only was added to the former discoveries. But under his son John II. the designs of prince Henry were prosecuted with renewed vigour. In 1481 the Portuguese built a fort on the Golden Coast, and the king of Portugal took the title of Lord of Guinea. Bartholomew Diaz, in 1486, reached the river, which he named del Infante, on the eastern side of Africa; but deterred by the storms of that region from proceeding further, on his return he had the happiness to be discoverer of the promontory, unknown for many ages, which bounds the south of Afric. This, from the storms he there encountered, he named the Cape of Tempests; but John, elated with the promise of India, which this discovery, as he justly deemed, included, gave it the name of the Cape of Good Hope. The arts and valour of the Portuguese had now made a great impression on the minds of the Africans. The king of Congo, a dominion of great extent, sent the sons of some of his principal officers to be instructed in arts and religion; and ambassadors from the king of Benin requested teachers to be sent to his kingdom. On the return of these his subjects, the king and queen of Congo, with 100,000 of their people, were baptized. An ambassador also arrived from the Christian emperor of Abyssinia, and Pedro de Covillam and Alonzo de Payva were sent by land to penetrate into the east, that they might acquire whatever intelligence might facilitate the desired navigation to India. Covillam and Payva parted at Tor in Arabia, and took different routes. The former having visited Cananor, Calicut, and Goa in India, returned to Grand Cairo, where he heard of the death of his companion. Here also he met the rabbi Abraham of Beja, who was employed for the same purpose by king John. Covillam sent the rabbi home with an account of what countries he had seen, and he himself proceeded to Ormuz and Ethiopia; but, as Camoëns expresses it,

——— to his native shore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, he return'd no more.

Men, whose genius led them to maritime affairs, began now to be possessed by an ardent ambition to distinguish themselves; and the famous Columbus offered his service to the king of Portugal. Every one knows the discoveries of this great adventurer, but his history is generally misunderstood[9]. It is by some believed that his ideas of the sphere of the Earth gave birth to his opinion that there must

[8] It has been said by some French writers, that the conquests of Alexander were intended to civilize, and unite the world in one grand interest; and that for this great purpose he built cities and established colonies in Asia. Those, however, who have studied the true character of that vain-glorious conqueror, the wild delirium of his ambition, and his as wild fondness of Asiatic manners, will allow this refinement of design to hold no place in the motives of the pretended son of Jupiter.

[9] Greatly misunderstood, even by the ingenious author of the Account of the European Settlements in America. Having mentioned the barbarous state of Europe; "Mathematical learning," says he, "was little valued or cultivated. The true system of the Heavens was not dreamed of. There was no knowledge at all of the real form of the Earth, and in general the ideas of mankind were not extended beyond their sensible horizon. In this state of affairs Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, undertook to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world. This man's design arose from the just idea he had formed of the figure of the Earth."—But this is all a mistake. Nor is the author of the Histoire Philosophique, &c. less unhappy. Misled by the common opinion of Columbus, he has thus pompously clothed it in the dress of imagination—Un homme obscur, says he, plus avancé que son siecle, &c.—thus literally, "An obscure man, more advanced than his contemporaries in the knowledge of astronomy and navigation, proposed to Spain, happy in her internal dominion, to aggrandize herself abroad. Christopher Columbus felt, as if by instinct, that there must be another continent, and that he was to discover it. The antipodes, treated by reason itself as a chimera, and by superstition as errour and impiety, were in the eyes of this man of genius as incontestable truth. Full of this idea, one of the grandest which could enter the human mind, he proposed, &c.——The ministers of this princess (Isabel of Spain) esteemed as a visionary, a man who pretended to discover a world——." But

be an immense unknown continent in the west *, such as America is now known to be; and that his proposals were to go in search of it. But the simple truth is, that Columbus, who, as we have certain evidence, acquired his skill in navigation among the Portuguese, could be no stranger to the design long meditated in that kingdom, of discovering a naval route to India, which they endeavoured to find by compassing the coast of Africa. According to ancient geographers and the opinion of that age, India was supposed to be the next land to the west of Spain. And the idea of discovering a western passage to the east, is due to the genius of Columbus; but no more: to discover India and the adjacent islands of spices, already famous over all Europe, was every where the avowed and sole idea of Columbus **, & proposal of this kind to the king of Portugal, whose fleets had already passed the Cape of Good Hope, and who esteemed the route to India as almost discovered, and in the power of his own subjects, could at the court of Lisbon expect no success. And the offered services of the foreigner were rejected, even with some degree of contempt. Columbus, however, met a more favourable reception from Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Castile. To interfere with the route, or discoveries, opened and enjoyed by another power, was at this time esteemed contrary to the laws of nations. Columbus, therefore, though the object was one, proposed, as Magalhaens afterwards did for the same reason, to steer the westward course; and having in 1492 discovered some western islands, in 1493, on his return to Spain, he put into the Tagus with great tokens of the riches of his discovery. Some of the Portuguese courtiers, the same ungenerous minds, perhaps, who advised the rejection of Columbus because he was a foreigner, proposed the assassination of that great man, thereby to conceal from Spain the adverse ages of his navigation. But John, though Columbus rather roughly upbraided him, looked upon him now with a generous regret, and dismissed him with honour. The King of Portugal, however, was alarmed, lest the discoveries of Columbus should interfere with those of his crown, and gave orders to equip a war fleet to protect his rights. But matters were adjusted by embassies, and that celebrated treaty by which Spain and Portugal divided the western and eastern worlds between themselves. The eastern half of the world was allotted for the Portuguese, and the western for the Spanish navigation. A line from pole to pole, drawn a hundred leagues to the westward of the Azores, was their boundary: and thus each nation had one hundred and eighty degrees, within which they might establish settlements and extend their discoveries: and a papal bull, which, for obvious reasons, prohibited the propagation of the gospel in these bounds by the subjects of any other state, confirmed this amicable and extraordinary treaty.

Soon after this, while the thoughts of king John were intent on the discovery of India, his preparations were interrupted by his death. But his earnest desires and great designs were inherited, together with his crown, by his cousin Emmanuel. And in 1497, the year before Columbus made the voyage which discovered the mouth of the river Oronoko, Vasco de Gama sailed from the Tagus on the discovery of India.

this dream of discovering a world never entered the head of Columbus. And be it ours to restore his due honours to the prince of Portugal. By the most indubitable and concurrent testimony of all the Portuguese historians of this period, Henry had undertaken to extend the boundaries which ignorance had given to the world, and had extended them much beyond the sensible horizon, long ere Columbus appeared. Columbus indeed taught the Spaniards the use of longitude and latitude in navigation, but he himself learned these among the Portuguese. Every alteration here ascribed to Columbus, had almost fifty years before been effected by Henry. Even Henry's design of sailing to India was adopted by Columbus. It was every where his proposal. When he arrived in the West Indies, he thought he had found the Ophir of Solomon *, and thence these islands received their general name. And on his return he told John II. that he had been at the islands of India. When he landed in Cuba, he inquired for Cipango, the name of Japan, according to Marco Paolo, and by the mistake of the natives, who thought he said Cibao, he was informed of the richest mines of Hispaniola. And even on his fourth and last voyage in 1504, three years after Gama's return, he promised the king of Spain to find India by a westward passage. But though great discoveries rewarded his toils, his first and last purpose he never completed. It was reserved for Magalhaens to discover the westward route to the eastern world.

* Gomara and other Spanish writers relate, that, while Columbus lived in Madeira, a pilot, the only survivor of a ship's crew, died at his house. This pilot, they say, had been driven to the West Indies or America by tempest, and on his death-bed communicated the journal of his voyage to Columbus. But this story, as it stands at large, is involved in contradiction without proof, and is every where esteemed a fable of malice.

** And so deeply had ancient geography fixed this idea, that Sebastian Cabot's proposal to Henry VII. 1497, was to discover Cathay, and thence India, by the north-west. See Hakluit, tom. iii. p. 7. and Ramusio, Prefat. tom. iii.—Columbus endeavoured, first, to discover India directly by the west, and afterward, by the south-west.

* Peter Martyr (who lived at that time at the court of Spain). Dec. 1. l. 1.

Of this voyage, the subject of the Luiad, many particulars are necessarily mentioned in the notes; we shall therefore only allude to these, but be more explicit on the others, which are omitted by Camoëns, in obedience to the rules of the epopœia.

Notwithstanding the full torrent of popular clamour against the undertaking, Emmanuel was determined to prosecute the views of prince Henry and John II. Three sloops of war and a store-ship manned with only 160 men were fitted out; for hostility was not the purpose of this humane expedition. Vasco de Gama, a gentleman of good family, who, in a war with the French, had given signal proofs of his naval skill, was commissioned admiral and general, and his brother Paul, for whom he bore the sincerest affection, with his friend Nicholas Coello, were at his request appointed to command under him. All the enthusiasm of desire to accomplish his end, joined with the greatest heroism, the quickest penetration, and coolest prudence, united to form the character of Gama. On his appointment to the command, he declared to the king that his mind had long aspired to this expedition. The king expressed great confidence in his prudence and honour, and gave him, with his own hand, the colours which he was to carry. On this banner, which bore the cross of the military order of Christ, Gama, with great enthusiasm to merit the honours bestowed upon him, took the oath of fidelity.

About four miles from Lisbon there is a chapel on the sea-side. To this, the day before their departure, Gama conducted the companions of his expedition. He was to encounter an ocean untried, and dreaded as unnavigable; and he knew the force of the ties of religion on minds which are not inclined to dispute its authority. The whole night was spent in the chapel, in prayers for success, and in the rites of their devotion. On the next day, when the adventurers marched to the ships, the shore of Belem[38] presented one of the most solemn and affecting scenes perhaps recorded in history. The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Lisbon. A numerous procession of priests in their robes sung anthems and offered up invocations to Heaven. Every one beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as rushing upon certain death; and the vast multitude caught the fire of devotion, and joined aloud in the prayers for success. The relations, friends, and acquaintance of the voyagers wept; all were affected; the sigh was general; Gama himself shed some manly tears on parting with his friends; but he hurried over the tender scene, and hastened aboard with all the alacrity of hope. Immediately he gave his sails to the wind; and so much affected were the many thousands who beheld his departure, that they remained immoveable on the shore till the fleet, under full sail, evanished from their sight.

It was on the eighth of July when Gama left the Tagus. The flag ship was commanded by himself, the second by his brother, the third by Coello, and the store-ship by Gonsalo Nunio. Several interpreters, skilled in the Ethiopian, Arabic, and other oriental languages, went along with them. Ten malefactors, men of abilities, whose sentences of death were reversed, on condition of their obedience to Gama in whatever embassies or dangers among the barbarians he might think proper to employ them, were also on board. The fleet, favoured by the weather, passed the Canary and Cape de Verde islands; but had now to encounter other fortune; sometimes stopped by dead calms, but for the most part tost by tempests, which increased their violence and horrours as they proceeded to the south. Thus driven far to sea, they laboured through that wide ocean which surrounds St. Helena, in seas, says Faria, unknown to the Portuguese discoverers, none of whom had sailed so far to the west. From the 28th of July, the day they passed the isle of St. James, they had seen no shore; and now on November the 4th they were happily relieved by the sight of land. The fleet anchored in a large bay[39], and Coello was sent in search of a river, where they might take in wood and fresh water. Having found one convenient for their purpose, the fleet made toward it; and Gama, whose orders were to acquaint himself with the manners of the people wherever he touched, ordered a party of his men to bring him some of the natives by force or stratagem. One they caught as he was gathering honey on the side of a mountain, and brought him to the ships. He expressed the greatest indifference for the gold and fine clothes which they showed him, but was greatly delighted with some glasses and little brass bells. These with great joy he accepted, and was set on shore; and soon after many of the blacks came for, and were gratified with the like trifles; and for which in return they gave great plenty of their best provisions. None of Gama's interpreters, however, could understand a word of their language, or receive any information of India: and the friendly intercourse between the fleet and the natives was soon interrupted by the imprudence of Vekoso[40], a young Portuguese, which occasioned a scuffle,

[38] Or Bethlehem, so named from the chapel.
[39] Now called St. Helen's.
[40] See the note to book v. ver. 274.

wherein Gama's life was endangered. Gama and some others were on shore taking the altitude of the Sun, when, in consequence of Veloso's rashness, they were attacked by the blacks with great fury. Gama defended himself with an oar, and received a dart in his foot. Several others were likewise wounded, and they found their safety in retreat. The shot from the ships facilitated their escape; and Gama, esteeming it imprudent to waste his strength in attempts entirely foreign to the design of his voyage, weighed anchor, and steered in search of the extremity of Afric.

In this part of the voyage, says Osorius, the heroism of Gama was greatly displayed. The waves swelled like mountains in height, the ships seemed now heaved up to the clouds, and now appeared as precipitated by gulfy whirlpools to the bed of the ocean. The winds were piercing cold, and so boisterous, that the pilot's voice could seldom be heard, and a dismal, almost continual darkness, which at that tempestuous season involves these seas, added all its horrours. Sometimes the storm drove them southward, at other times they were obliged to stand on the tack, and yield to its fury, preserving what they had gained with the greatest difficulty.

With such mad seas the daring Gama fought
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led—— Thomson.

During any gloomy interval of the storm, the sailors, wearied out with fatigue, and abandoned to despair, surrounded Gama, and implored him not to suffer himself, and those committed to his care, to perish by so dreadful a death. The impossibility that men so weakened should stand it much longer, and the opinion that this ocean was torn by eternal tempests, and therefore had hitherto been and was impassable, were urged. But Gama's resolution to proceed was unalterable. A formidable conspiracy was then formed against his life; but his brother discovered it, and the courage and prudence of Gama defeated its design[22]. He put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons; and he himself, his

[22] The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus, or of Magalhaens. But this, it is presumed, is one of the opinions hastily taken up, and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magalhaens undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama; with this difference, that the ocean around the Cape of Good Hope, which Gama was to encounter, was believed to be, and had been avoided by Diaz as impassable. Prince Henry suggested that the current of Cape Bojador might be avoided by standing to sea, and thus that cape was first passed. Gama for this reason did not coast, but stood to sea for upwards of three months of tempestuous weather. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magalhaens, are by their different historians described with circumstances of less horrour and danger than those which attacked Gama. All the three commanders were endangered by mutiny; but none of their crews, save Gama's, could urge the opinion of ages, and the example of a living captain, that the dreadful ocean which they attempted was unnavigable. Columbus and Magalhaens always found means, after deterring a conspiracy, to keep the rest in hope; but Gama's men, when he put the pilots in irons, continued in the utmost despair. Columbus was indeed ill obeyed; Magalhaens sometimes little better: but nothing, save the wonderful authority of Gama's command, could have led his crew through the tempest which he surmounted ere he doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Columbus, with his crew, must have returned. The expedients with which he used to soothe them, would, under his authority, have had no avail in the tempest which Gama rode through. From every circumstance it is evident that Gama had determined not to return, unless he found India. Nothing less than such resolution to perish or attain his point could have led him on. But Columbus, ill obeyed indeed, returned from the mouth of the river Orenoko, before he had made a certain discovery whether the land was isle or continent. When Gama met a strong current off Ethiopia, he bore on, though driven from his course. Columbus steering southward in search of continent, met great currents. He imagined they were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of Heaven, which for aught he knew, say the authors of the Universal History, they might touch towards the south. He therefore turned his course, and steered to the west. The passing of the straits of Magellan, however hazardous, was not attended with such danger as Gama experienced at the Cape. The attempt to cross the Pacific was greatly daring, but his voyage in that sea was happy. The navigation of the straits of Magellan and the Pacific are in this country little known, but the course of Gama is at this day infinitely more hazardous than that of Columbus. If Columbus found no pilots to conduct him, but encountered his greatest dangers in sounding his course among the numerous western islands, Gama, though in the Indian ocean assisted by pilots, had as great trials of his valour, and much greater ones of his prudence. The warlike strength, and deep treacherous arts of the Moors, were not found in the west. All was simplicity among the natives there. The prudence and foresight of Gama and Columbus were of the highest rate; Magalhaens was in these sometimes rather inferior. He lost his own, and the lives of the greatest part of his crew, by hazarding a land engagement at the advice of a judicial astrologer. See the note on this line:

To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire. Lusiad x.

brother, Coello, and some others, stood night and day to the helms, and directed the course. At last, after having many days, with unconquered mind, withstood the tempest and an enraged mutiny, (molem perfidiæ) the storm suddenly ceased, and they beheld the Cape of Good Hope.

On November the 20th all the fleet doubled that promontory, and steering northward, coasted along a rich and beautiful shore, adorned with large forests and numberless herds of cattle. All was now alacrity; the hope that they had surmounted every danger revived their spirits, and the admiral was beloved and admired. Here, and at the Bay, which they named St. Blas, they took in provisions, and beheld those beautiful rural scenes described by Camoens. And here the store-sloop, now of no further service, was burnt by order of the admiral. On December the 8th a violent storm drove the fleet from the sight of land, and carried them to that dreadful current [38] which made the Moors deem it impossible to double the Cape. Gama, however, though unhappy in the time of navigating these seas, was safely carried over the current by the violence of a tempest; and having recovered the sight of land, as his safest course, he steered northward along the coast. On the 16th of January they descried, about 230 miles from their last watering place, some beautiful islands, with herds of cattle frisking in the meadows. It was a profound calm, and Gama stood near to land. The natives of this place, which he named Terra de Natal, were better dressed and more civilized than those they had hitherto seen. An exchange of presents was made, and the black king was so pleased with the politeness of Gama, that he came aboard his ship to see him. On the 25th of January, in the dusk of the evening, they came to the mouth of a large river, whose banks were shaded with trees loaded with fruit. On the return of day they saw several little boats with palm-tree leaves making towards them, and the natives came aboard without hesitation or fear. Gama received them kindly, gave them an entertainment, and some silken garments, which they received with visible joy. Only one of them however could speak a little broken Arabic. From him Fernan Martinho learned, that not far distant was a country where ships, in shape and size like Gama's, frequently resorted. Hitherto Gama had found only the rudest barbarians on the coasts of Africa, alike ignorant of India and of the naval art. The information he here received, that he was drawing near to civilized countries, gave the adventurers great spirits, and the admiral named this place The River of Good Signs.

Here, while Gama careened and refitted his ships, the crews were attacked with a violent scurvy, which carried off several of his men. Having taken in fresh provisions, on the 24th of February he set sail, and on the first of March they descried four islands on the coast of Mozambic. From one of these they perceived seven vessels in full sail bearing toward them. These knew Gama's ship by the admiral's ensign, and made up to her, saluting her with loud hoorras and their instruments of music. Gama received them aboard, and entertained them with great kindness. The interpreters talked with them in Arabic. The island, in which was the principal harbour and trading town, they said, was governed by a deputy of the king of Quiloa; and many Saracen merchants, they added, were settled here, who traded with Arabia, India, and other parts of the world. Gama was overjoyed, and the crew with uplifted hands returned thanks to Heaven.

Pleased with the presents which Gama sent him, and imagining that the Portuguese were Mohammedans from Morocco, Zacoeia the governor, dressed in rich embroidery, came to congratulate the admiral on his arrival in the east. As he approached the ships in great pomp, Gama removed the sick out of sight, and ordered all those in health to attend above deck, armed in the Portuguese manner; for he foresaw what would happen when the Mohammedans should discover their mistake. During the entertainment provided for him, Zacoeia seemed highly pleased, and asked several questions about the arms and religion of the strangers. Gama showed them his arms, and explained the force of his cannon, but he did not affect to know much about religion: however, he frankly promised to show him his books of devotion whenever a few days refreshment should give him a more convenient time. In the meanwhile he entreated Zacoeia to send him some pilots who might conduct him to India. Two pilots were next day brought by the governor, a treaty of peace was solemnly concluded, and every office of mutual friendship seemed to promise a lasting harmony. But it was soon interrupted. Zacoeia, as soon as he found the Portuguese were Christians, used every endeavour to destroy them. The life of Gama was attempted. One of the Moorish pilots deserted, and some of the Portuguese, who were on shore to get fresh water, were attacked by seven barks of the natives, but were rescued by a timely assistance from the ships.

[38] This current runs between the cape from thence named Corrientes, and the south-west extremity of Madagascar.

Besides the hatred of the Christian name, inspired by their religion, these Mohammedan Arabs had other reasons to wish the destruction of Gama. Before this period, they were almost the only merchants of the east. Though without any empire in a mother country, they were bound together by language and religion, and, like the modern Jews, were united together, though scattered over various countries. Though they esteemed the current off Cape Corrientes, and the tempestuous seas around the Cape of Good Hope, as impassable, they were the sole masters of the Ethiopian, Arabian, and Indian seas; and had colonies in every place convenient for trade on these coasts. This crafty mercantile people clearly foresaw the consequences of the arrival of Europeans, and every art was soon exerted to prevent such formidable rivals from effecting any settlement in the east. To these Mohammedan traders, the Portuguese, on account of their religion, gave the name of Moors.

Immediately after the skirmish at the watering-place, Gama, having one Moorish pilot, set sail, but was soon driven back to the same island by tempestuous weather. He now resolved to take in fresh water by force. The Moors perceived his intention, about two thousand of whom, rising from ambush, attacked the Portuguese detachment. But the prudence of Gama had not been asleep. His ships were stationed with art, and his artillery not only dispersed the hostile Moors, but reduced their town, which was built of wood, into a heap of ashes. Among some prisoners taken by Paulus de Gama was a pilot, and Zacocia, begging forgiveness for his treachery, sent another, whose skill in navigation he greatly commended.

A war with the Moors was now begun. Gama perceived that their jealousy of European rivals gave him nothing to expect but secret treachery and open hostility; and he knew what numerous colonies they had on every trading coast of the east. To impress them therefore with the terrour of his arms on their first act of treachery was worthy of a great commander. Nor was he remiss in his attention to the chief pilot, who had been last sent. He perceived in him a kind of anxious endeavour to bear near some little islands; and suspecting there were unseen rocks in that course, he confidently charged the pilot with guilt, and ordered him to be severely whipped. The punishment produced a confession, and promises of fidelity. And he now advised Gama to stand for Quiloa, which he assured him was inhabited by Christians. Three Ethiopian Christians had come aboard while at Zacocia's island, and the current opinions of Prester John's country inclined Gama to try if he could find a port, where he might expect the assistance of a people of his own religion. A violent storm, however, drove the fleet from Quiloa; and being now near Mombaza, the pilot advised him to enter that harbour, where, he said, there were also many Christians.

The city of Mombaza is agreeably situated on an island, formed by a river which empties itself into the sea by two mouths. The buildings are lofty and of firm stone, and the country abounds with fruit-trees and cattle. Gama, happy to find a harbour where every thing wore the appearance of civilization, ordered the ships to cast anchor; which was scarcely done, when a galley in which were 100 men in Turkish habit, armed with bucklers and sabres, rowed up to the flag ship. All of these seemed desirous to come aboard, but only four, who by their dress seemed officers, were admitted; nor were these allowed, till stript of their arms. As soon as on board, they extolled the prudence of Gama in refusing admittance to armed strangers; and by their behaviour seemed desirous to gain the good opinion of the adventurers. Their country, they boasted, contained all the riches of India, and their king, they professed, was ambitious of entering into a friendly treaty with the Portuguese, with whose renown he was well acquainted. And that a conference with his majesty and the offices of friendship might be rendered more convenient, Gama was requested and advised to enter the harbour. As no place could be more commodious for the recovery of the sick, and the whole fleet was sickly, Gama resolved to enter the port; and in the mean while sent two of the pardoned criminals as an embassy to the king. These the king treated with the greatest kindness, ordered his officers to show them the strength and opulence of his city; and on their return to the navy, he sent a present to Gama of the most valuable spices, of which he boasted such abundance, that the Portuguese, he said, if they regarded their own interest, would seek for no other India.

To make treaties of commerce was the business of Gama; one so advantageous, and so desired by the natives, was therefore not to be refused. Fully satisfied by the report of his spies, he ordered to weigh anchor, and enter the harbour. His own ship led the way, when a sudden violence of the tide made Gama apprehensive of running aground. He therefore ordered his sails to be furled and the anchors to be dropt, and gave a signal for the others to follow his example. This manœuvre, and the cries of the sailors in executing it, alarmed the Mozambic pilots. Conscious of their treachery, they thought their design was discovered, and leapt into the sea. Some boats of Mombaza took them up,

and refusing to put them on board, set them safely on shore, though the admiral repeatedly demanded the restoration of the pilots. These circumstances, evident proofs of treachery, were further confirmed by the behaviour of the king of Mombaza. In the middle of the night Gama thought he heard some noise, and, on examination, found his ships surrounded by a great number of Moors, who, in the utmost privacy, endeavoured to cut his cables. But their scheme was defeated; and some Arabs, who remained on board, confessed that no Christians were resident either at Quiloa or Mombaza. The storm which drove them from the one place, and their late escape at the other, were now beheld as manifestations of the Divine favour; and Gama, holding up his hands to Heaven, ascribed his safety to the care of Providence[38]. Two days, however, elapsed, before they could get clear of the rocky bay of Mombaza, and having now ventured to hoist their sails, they steered for Melinda, a port, they had been told, where many merchants from India resorted. In their way thither they took a Moorish vessel, out of which Gama selected fourteen prisoners, one of whom he perceived by his mien to be a person of distinction. By this Saracen Gama was informed that he was near Melinda, that the king was hospitable, and celebrated, for his faith, and that four ships from India, commanded by Christian masters, were in that harbour. The Saracen also offered to go as Gama's messenger to the king, and promised to procure him an able pilot to conduct him to Calicut, the chief port of India.

As the coast of Melinda appeared to be dangerous, Gama anchored at some distance from the city, and unwilling to hazard any of his men, he landed the Saracen on an island opposite to the town. This was observed, and the stranger was brought before the king, to whom he gave so favourable an account of the politeness and humanity of Gama, that a present of several sheep, and fruits of all sorts, was sent by his majesty to the admiral, who had the happiness to find the truth of what his prisoner had told him, confirmed by the masters of the four ships from India. These were Christians from Cambaya. They were transported with joy on the arrival of the Portuguese, and gave several useful instructions to the admiral.

The city of Melinda was situated in a fertile plain, surrounded with gardens and groves of orange-trees, whose flowers diffused a most grateful odour. The pastures were covered with herds, and the houses, built of square stones, were both elegant and magnificent. Desirous to make an alliance with such a state, Gama requited the civility of the king with the most grateful acknowledgments. He drew nearer the shore, and urged his instructions as apology for not landing to wait upon his majesty in person. The apology was accepted; and the king, whose age and infirmities prevented himself, sent his son to congratulate Gama, and enter into a treaty of friendship. The prince, who had some time governed under the direction of his father, came in great pomp. His dress was royally magnificent, the nobles who attended him displayed all the riches of silk and embroidery, and the music of Melinda resounded all over the bay. Gama, to express his regard, met him in the admiral's barge. The prince, as soon as he came up, leapt into it, and, distinguishing the admiral by his habit, embraced him with all the intimacy of old friendship. In their conversation, which was long and sprightly, he discovered nothing of the barbarian, says Osorius, but in every thing showed an intelligence and politeness worthy of his high rank. He accepted the fourteen Moors, whom Gama gave to him, with great pleasure. He seemed to view Gama with enthusiasm, and confessed that the make of the Portuguese ships, so much superior to what he had seen, convinced him of the greatness of that people. He gave Gama an able pilot, named Melemo Cana, to conduct him to Calicut; and requested, that on his return to Europe he would carry an ambassador with him to the court of Lisbon. During the few days the fleet stayed at Melinda, the mutual friendship increased, and a treaty of alliance was concluded. And now, on April 22, resigning the helm to his skilful and honest pilot, Gama hoisted sail and steered to the north. In a few days they passed the line, and the Portuguese with ecstasy beheld the appearance of their native sky. Orion, Ursa major and minor, and the other stars about the northern pole, were now a more joyful discovery than the south[39] pole had formerly been to them. Having passed the

[38] It afterwards appeared, that the Moorish king of Mombaza had been informed of what happened at Moramble, and intended to revenge it by the total destruction of the fleet.

[39] A circumstance in the letters of Americ Vespucci deserves remark. Describing his voyage to America, having past the line, says he, e come desideroso d'essere autore che segnassi la stella—— "desirous to be the namer and discoverer of the pole star of the other hemisphere, I lost my sleep many nights in contemplating the stars of the other pole." He then laments, that as his instruments could not discover any star of less motion than ten degrees, he had not the satisfaction to give a name to any one. But as he observed four stars, in form of an almond, which had but little motion, he hoped in his next voyage he should be able to mark them out.—All this is truly curious, and affords a good comment on the temper of the man who had the art to defraud Columbus by giving his own name to

meridian, the pilot now stood directly to the east, through the Indian ocean; and after sailing about three weeks, he had the happiness to congratulate Gama on the view of the mountains of India. Gama, transported with ecstasy, returned thanks to Heaven, and ordered all his prisoners to be set at liberty, that every heart might taste of the joy of his successful voyage.

About two leagues from Calicut Gama ordered the ships to anchor, and was soon surrounded by a number of boats. By one of these he sent one of the pardoned criminals to the city. The appearance of unknown vessels on their coast brought immense crowds around the stranger, who no sooner entered Calicut, than he was lifted from his feet and carried hither and thither by the concourse. Though the populace and the stranger were alike earnest to be understood, their language was unintelligible to each other, till, happy for Gama in the event, a Moorish merchant accosted his messenger in the Spanish tongue. The next day this Moor, who was named Monzaida, waited upon Gama on board his ship. He was a native of Tunis, and the chief person, he said, with whom John II. had at that port contracted for military stores. He was a man of abilities and great intelligence of the world, and an admirer of the Portuguese valour and honour. The engaging behaviour of Gama heightened his esteem into the sincerest attachment. He offered to be interpreter for the admiral, and to serve him in whatever besides he could possibly befriend him. And thus, by one of those unforeseen circumstances which often decide the greatest events, Gama received a friend, who soon rendered him the most critical and important service.

At the first interview, Monzaida gave Gama the fullest information of the clime, extent, customs, religions, and various riches of India, the commerce of the Moors, and the character of the sovereign. Calicut was not only the imperial city, but the greatest port. The king or zamorim, who resided here, was acknowledged as emperor by the neighbouring princes; and as his revenue consisted chiefly of duties on merchandise, he had always encouraged the resort of foreigners to his harbours.

Pleased with this promising prospect, Gama sent two of his officers with Monzaida to wait on the zamorim at his palace of Pandarane, a few miles from the city. They were admitted to the royal apartment, and delivered their embassy; to which the zamorim replied, that the arrival of the admiral of so great a prince as Emmanuel, gave him inexpressible pleasure, and that he would willingly embrace the offered alliance. In the meanwhile, as their present station was extremely dangerous, he advised them to bring the ships nearer to Pandarane, and for this purpose he sent a pilot to the fleet.

A few days after, the zamorim sent his first minister, or catual, attended by several of the nayres, or nobility, to conduct Gama to the royal palace. As an interview with the zamorim was absolutely necessary to complete the purpose of his voyage, Gama immediately agreed to it, though the treachery he had already experienced, since his arrival in the eastern seas, showed him the personal danger which he thus hazarded. He gave the command of the ships during his absence to his brother Paulus and his friend Coello; and in the orders he left them he displayed a heroism superior to that of Alexander when he crossed the Granicus. That of the Macedonian was ferocious and frantic, the offspring of vicious ambition; that of Gama was the child of the strongest reason, and the most valorous mental dignity: it was the high pride of honour, a pride, which the man, who in the fury of battle may be able to rush on to the mouth of a cannon, may be utterly incapable of, even in idea.

The revenue of the zamorim arose chiefly from the traffic of the Moors; the various colonies of these people were combined in one interest, and the jealousy and consternation which his arrival in the eastern seas had spread among them, were circumstances well known to Gama: and he knew also what he had to expect both from their force and their fraud. But duty and honour required him to complete the purpose of his voyage. He left peremptory command, that, if he was detained a prisoner, or any attempt made upon his life, they should take no step to save him, to give ear to no message which might come in his name for such purpose, and to enter into no negotiation on his behalf. Though they were to keep some boats near the shore, to favour his escape if he perceived treachery ere detained by force; yet the moment that force rendered his escape impracticable, they were to set sail, and to carry the tidings of the discovery of India to the king of Portugal. For as this was his only concern, he would suffer no risk that might lose a man, or endanger the homeward voyage. Having left these unalterable orders, he went ashore with the catual, attended only by twelve of his own men; for

America, of which he challenged the discovery. Near fifty years before the voyage of Americo Vespucci the Portuguese had crossed the line; and Diaz fourteen, and Gama near three years before, had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, had discovered seven stars in the constellation of the south pole, and, from the appearance of the four most luminous, had given it the name of The Cross, a figure which it better resembles than that of an almond.

he would not weaken the naval force, though he knew that the pomp of attendance would have been greatly in his favour at the court of India.

As soon as landed, he and the catual were carried in great pomp, in sedas, upon men's shoulders, to the chief temple; and from thence, amid immense crowds, to the royal palace. The apartment and dress of the zamorim were such as might be expected from the luxury and wealth of India. The emperor lay reclined on a magnificent couch, surrounded with his nobility and ministers of state. Gama was introduced to him by a venerable old man, the chief bramin. His majesty, by a gentle nod, appointed the admiral to sit on one of the steps of his sofa, and then demanded his embassy. It was against the custom of his country, Gama replied, to deliver his instructions in a public assembly, he therefore desired that the king and a few of his ministers would grant him a private audience. This was complied with; and Gama, in a manly speech, set forth the greatness of his sovereign Emmanuel, the fame he had heard of the zamorim, and the desire he had to enter into an alliance with so great a prince; nor were the mutual advantages of such a treaty omitted by the admiral. The zamorim, in reply, professed great esteem for the friendship of the king of Portugal, and declared his readiness to enter into a friendly alliance. He then ordered the catual to provide proper apartments for Gama in his house; and having promised another conference, he dismissed the admiral with all the appearance of sincerity.

The character of this monarch is strongly marked in the history of Portuguese Asia. Avarice was his ruling passion; he was haughty or mean, bold or timorous, as his interest rose or fell in the balance of his judgement; wavering and irresolute whenever the scales seemed doubtful which to preponderate. He was pleased with the prospect of bringing the commerce of Europe to his harbours, but he was also influenced by the threats of the Moors.

Three days elapsed ere Gama was again permitted to see the zamorim. At this second audience he presented the letter and presents of Emmanuel. The letter was received with politeness, but the presents were viewed with an eye of contempt. Gama beheld it, and said he only came to discover the route to India, and therefore was not charged with valuable gifts, ere the friendship of the state, where they might choose to traffic, was known. Yet that indeed he brought the most valuable of all gifts, the offer of the friendship of his sovereign, and the commerce of his country. He then entreated the king not to reveal the contents of Emmanuel's letter to the Moors, and the king with great seeming friendship desired Gama to guard against the perfidy of that people. And at this time, it is highly probable, the zamorim was sincere.

Every hour since the arrival of Gama, the Moors had held secret conferences. That one man might not return was their purpose; and every method to accomplish this was meditated. To influence the king against the Portuguese, to assassinate Gama, to raise a general insurrection, to destroy the foreign navy, and to bribe the catual, were determined. And the catual, the master of the house where Gama lodged, accepted the bribe, and entered into their interest. Gama, however, was apprised of all these circumstances, by his faithful interpreter Monzaida, whose affection to the foreign admiral the Moors had hitherto not suspected. Thus informed, and having obtained the faith of an alliance from the sovereign of the first port of India, Gama resolved to elude the plots of the Moors: and accordingly, before the dawn, he set out for the sea shore, in hope to escape by some of the boats which he had ordered to hover about the coast.

But the Moors were vigilant. His absence was immediately known; and the catual, by the king's order, pursued and brought him back by force. The catual, however, for it was necessary for their schemes to have the ships in their power, behaved with great politeness to the admiral, though now detained as a prisoner, and still continued his specious promises to use all his interest in his behalf.

The eagerness of the Moors now contributed to the safety of Gama. Their principal merchants were admitted to a formal audience, when one of their orators accused the Portuguese as a nation of faithless plunderers: Gama, he said, was an exiled pirate, who had marked his course with depredation and blood. If he were not a pirate, still there was no excuse for giving such warlike foreigners any footing in a country already supplied with all that nature and commerce could give. He expatiated on the great services which the Moorish traders had rendered to Calicut, or wherever they settled; and ended with a threat, that all the Moors would leave the zamorim's ports, and find some other settlement, if he permitted these foreigners to have any share in the commerce of his dominions.

However staggered with these arguments and threats, the zamorim was not blind to the self-interest and malice of the Moors. He therefore ordered, that the admiral should once more be brought before him. In the mean while the catual tried many stratagems to get the ships into the harbour;

and at last, in the name of his master, made an absolute demand that the sails and rudders should be delivered up, as the pledge of Gama's honesty. But these demands were as absolutely refused by Gama, who sent a letter to his brother by Monzaida, enforcing his former orders in the strongest manner, declaring that his fate gave him no concern, that he was only unhappy lest the fruits of all their labours and dangers should be lost. After two days spent in vain altercation with the catual, Gama was brought as a prisoner before the king. The king repeated his accusation, upbraided him with non-compliance to the requests of his minister; yet urged him, if he were an exile or pirate, to confess freely; in which case he promised to take him into his service, and highly promote him on account of his abilities. But Gama, who with great spirit had baffled all the stratagems of the catual, behaved with the same undaunted bravery before the king. He asserted his innocence, pointed out the malice of the Moors, and the improbability of his piracy; boasted of the safety of his fleet, offered his life rather than his sails and rudders, and concluded with threats in the name of his sovereign. The zamorim, during the whole conference, eyed Gama with the keenest attention, and clearly perceived in his undaunted mien the dignity of truth, and the consciousness that he was the admiral of a greater monarch. In their late address, the Moors had treated the zamorim as somewhat dependent upon them, and he saw that a commerce with other nations would certainly lessen their dangerous importance. His avarice strongly desired the commerce of Portugal: and his pride was flattered in humbling the Moors. After many proposals, it was at last agreed, that of Gama's twelve attendants, he should leave seven as hostages; that what goods were aboard his vessels should be landed, and that Gama should be safely conducted to his ship; after which the treaty of commerce and alliance was to be finally settled. And thus, when the assassination of Gama seemed inevitable, the zamorim suddenly dropt the demand of the sails and the rudders, rescued him from his determined enemies, and restored him to liberty and the command of his ships.

As soon as he was aboard[27] the goods were landed, accompanied by a letter from Gama to the zamorim, wherein he boldly complained of the treachery of the catual. The zamorim, in answer, promised to make inquiry, and to punish him if guilty; but did nothing in the affair. Gama, who had now anchored nearer to the city, every day sent two or three different persons on some business to Calicut, that as many of his men as possible might be able to give some account of India. The Moors, in the meanwhile, every day assaulted the ears of the king, who now began to waver; when Gama, who had given every proof of his desire of peace and friendship, sent another letter, in which he requested the zamorim to permit him to leave a consul at Calicut, to manage the affairs of king Emmanuel. But to this request, the most reasonable result of a commercial treaty, the zamorim returned a refusal full of rage and indignation. Gama, now fully master of the character of the zamorim, resolved to treat a man of such an inconstant dishonourable disposition with a contemptuous silence. This contempt was felt by the king, who, yielding to the advice of the catual and the entreaties of the Moors, seized the Portuguese goods, and ordered two of the seven hostages, the two who had the charge of the cargo, to be put in irons. The admiral remonstrated by the means of Monzaida, but the king still persisted in his treacherous breach of royal faith. Repeated solicitations made him more haughty; and it was now the duty and interest of Gama to use force. He took a vessel in which were six Nayres or noblemen, and nineteen of their servants. The servants he set ashore to relate the things; the noblemen he detained. As soon as the news had time to spread through the city, he hoisted his sails, and though with a slow motion, seemed to proceed on his homeward voyage. The city was now in an uproar: the friends of the captive noblemen surrounded the palace, and loudly accused the policy of the Moors. The king, in all the perplexed distress of a haughty, avaricious, weak prince, sent after Gama, delivered up all the hostages, and submitted to his proposals; nay even solicited that an agent should be left, and even descended to the meanness of a palpable lie. The two factors, he said, he had put in irons, only to detain them till he might write letters to his brother Emmanuel, and the goods he had kept on shore, that an agent might be sent to dispose of them. Gama, however, perceived a mysterious trifling, and, previous to any treaty, insisted upon the restoration of the goods.

The day after this altercation, Monzaida came aboard the admiral's ship in great perturbation. The Moors, he said, had raised great commotions, and had enraged the king against the Portuguese. The king's ships were getting ready, and a numerous Moorish fleet from Mecca was daily expected. To delay Gama till this force arrived, was the purpose of the court and of the Moors, who were now confident of success. To this information Monzaida added, that the Moors, suspecting his attachment to

[27] Faria y Souza.

to Gama, had determined to assassinate him. That he had narrowly escaped from them; that it was impossible for him to recover his effects, and that his only hope was in the protection of Gama. Gama rewarded him with the friendship he merited, took him with him, as he desired, to Lisbon, and procured him a recompense for his services.

Almost immediately after Monzaida, seven boats arrived, loaded with the goods, and demanded the restoration of the captive noblemen. Gama took the goods on board, but refused to examine if they were entire, and also refused to deliver the prisoners. He had been promised an ambassador to his sovereign, he said, but had been so often deluded, he could trust such a faithless people no longer, and would therefore carry the captives in his power, to convince the king of Portugal what insults and injustice his ambassador and admiral had suffered from the zamorim of Calicut. Having thus dismissed the Indians, he fired his cannon and hoisted his sails. A calm, however, detained him on the coast some days, and the zamorim seizing the opportunity, sent what vessels he could fit out, twenty of a larger size, sixty in all, full of armed men, to attack him. Though Gama's cannon were well played, confident of their numbers, they pressed on to board him, when a sudden tempest, which Gama's ships rode out in safety, miserably dispersed the Indian fleet, and completed their ruin.

After this victory, the admiral made a halt at a little island near the shore, where he erected a cross [*], bearing the name and arms of his Portuguese majesty. And from this place, by the hand of Monzaida, he wrote a letter to the zamorim, wherein he gave a full and circumstantial account of all the plots of the canual and the Moors. Still, however, he professed his desire of a commercial treaty, and promised to represent the zamorim in the best light to Emmanuel. The prisoners, he said, should be kindly used, were only kept as ambassadors to his sovereign, and should be returned to India when they were enabled from experience to give an account of Portugal. The letter he sent by one of the captives, who by this means obtained his liberty.

The fame of Gama had now spread over the Indian seas, and the Moors were every where intent on his destruction. As he was near the shore of Anchediva, he beheld the appearance of a floating isle, covered with trees, advance towards him. But his prudence was not to be thus deceived. A bold pirate, named Timoja, by linking together eight vessels full of men, and covered with green boughs, thought to board him by surprise. But Gama's cannon made seven of them fly; the eighth, loaded with fruits and provisions, he took. The beautiful island of Anchediva now offered a convenient place to careen his ships and refresh his men. While he staid here, the first minister of Zabajo king of Goa, one of the most powerful princes of India, came on board, and in the name of his master, congratulated the admiral in the Italian tongue. Provisions, arms, and money were offered to Gama, and he was entreated to accept the friendship of Zabajo. The admiral was struck with admiration, the address and abilities of the minister appeared so conspicuous. He said he was an Italian by birth, but, in sailing to Greece, had been taken by pirates, and, after various misfortunes, had been necessitated to enter into the service of a Mohammedan prince, the nobleness of whose disposition he commended in the highest terms. Yet, with all his abilities, Gama perceived an artful inquisitiveness, that nameless something which does not accompany simple honesty. After a long conference, Gama abruptly upbraided him as a spy, and ordered him to be put to the torture.—And this soon brought a confession, that he was a Polonian Jew by birth, and was sent to examine the strength of the Portuguese by Zabajo, who was mustering all his power to attack them. Gama on this immediately set sail, and took the spy along with him, who soon after was baptized, and named Jasper de Gama, the admiral being his godfather. He afterwards became of great service to Emmanuel.

Gama now stood westward through the Indian ocean, and after being long delayed by calms, arrived off Magadoxa, on the coast of Africa. This place was a principal port of the Moors; he therefore levelled the walls of the city with his cannon, and burned and destroyed all the ships in the harbour. Soon after this he descried eight Moorish vessels bearing down upon him; his artillery, however, soon made them use their oars in flight, nor could Gama overtake any of them for want of wind. He now reached the hospitable harbour of Melinda. His men, almost worn out with fatigue and sickness, here received, a second time, every assistance which an accomplished and generous prince could bestow. And having taken an ambassador on board, he again gave his sails to the wind, in trust that he might pass the Cape of Good Hope while the favourable weather continued, for his acquaintance with

[*] It was the custom of the first discoverers to erect crosses on places remarkable in their voyage. Gama erected six; one, dedicated to St. Raphael, at the river of Good Signs, one to St. George at Mozambic, one to St. Stephen at Melinda, one to St. Gabriel at Calicut, and one to St. Mary, at the island above named, near Anchediva.

the eastern seas now suggested to him, that the tempestuous season was periodical. Soon after he set sail, his brother's ship struck on a sand bank, and was burnt by order of the admiral. His brother and part of the crew he took into his own ship, the rest he sent on board of Coello; for were more hands now alive than were necessary to man the two vessels which remained. Having taken in provisions at the island of Zanzibar, where they were kindly entertained by a Mohammedan prince of the same sect with the king of Melinda, they safely doubled the Cape of Good Hope on April 20, 1499, and continued till they reached the island of St. Iago in favourable weather. But a tempest here separated the two ships, and gave Gama and Coello an opportunity to show the goodness of their hearts, in a manner which does honour to human nature.

The admiral was now near the Azores, when Paulus de Gama, long worn with fatigue and sickness, was unable to endure the motion of the ship. Vasco, therefore, put into the island of Tercera, in hope of his brother's recovery. And such was his affection, that rather than leave him, he gave the command of his ship to one of his officers. But the hope of recovery was vain. John de Sa proceeded to Lisbon with the flag ship, while the admiral remained behind to soothe the death-bed of his brother, and perform his funeral rites. Coello, in the mean while, landed at Lisbon, and hearing that Gama was not arrived, imagined he might either be shipwrecked, or floating about in distress. Without seeing one of his family, he immediately set sail, on purpose to bring relief to his friend and admiral. But this generous design, more the effect of friendship than of just consideration, was prevented by an order from the king, ere his ship got out of the Tagus.

The particulars of the voyage were now diffused by Coello, and the joy of the king was only equalled by the admiration of the people. Yet while all the nation was fired with zeal to express their esteem of the happy admiral, he himself, the man who was such an enthusiast to the success of his voyage, that he would willingly have sacrificed his life in India to secure that success, was now, in the completion of it, a dejected mourner. The compliments of the court and the shouts of the street were irksome to him, for his brother, the companion of his toils and dangers, was not there to share the joy. As soon as he had waited on the king, he shut himself up in a lonely house near the sea-side at Bethlehem, from whence it was some time ere he was drawn to mingle in public life.

During this important expedition, two years and almost two months elapsed. Of 160 men who went out, only 55 returned. These were all rewarded by the king. Coello was pensioned with 100 ducats a year, and made a fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's household, a degree of nobility in Portugal. The title of Don was annexed to the family of Vasco de Gama; he was appointed admiral of the eastern seas, with an annual salary of 3000 ducats, and a part of the king's arms was added to his. Public thanksgivings to Heaven were celebrated throughout the churches of the kingdom, and feasts, interludes, and chivalrous entertainments, the taste of that age, demonstrated the joy of Portugal.

As the prophetic song in the tenth Lusiad requires a commentary, we shall now proceed to a compendious history of the negotiations and wars of the Portuguese in India; a history, though very little known, yet of the utmost importance to every commercial state, particularly to that nation which now commands the trade of the eastern world.

THE HISTORY OF THE RISE AND FALL

OF

THE PORTUGUESE EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

THE power, interest, and disposition of the Moors, the masters of the eastern seas, pointed out to Emmanuel what course he ought to follow, if he intended to reap either honour or advantage from the discovery of India. The accumulated treachery of the Moors had kindled a war; force was now necessary; a fleet therefore of thirteen sail and 1500 men was fitted out for India, and the command of it given to an experienced officer, Pedro Alvarez de Cabral.

The chief instructions of Cabral were to enter into a treaty of friendship with the zamorim, and to obtain leave to build a fort and factory near Calicut. But if he found that prince still perfidious, and averse to an alliance, he was to proceed to hostilities on the first instance of treachery.

Cabral, in this voyage, was driven to America by a tempest, and was the first who discovered the Brazils. As he doubled the south of Africa, he encountered a most dreadful storm; the heavens were covered with pitchy darkness for many days, and the waves and winds vied with each other in noise and fury. Four ships were lost, and all their crews perished; among whom was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which, as if prophetic of his fate, he had named the Cape of Tempests.

When Cabral reached the coast of Zofala, he had only six ships. Here he engaged and took two Moorish vessels, laden mostly with gold dust. But finding they belonged to the xeque Foteyma, an uncle of the king of Melinda, he not only restored the prizes, but treated the xeque with the greatest courtesy. At Mozambique he agreed with a pilot to conduct him to Quiloa. The king of this place and the admiral had a pompous interview. An alliance was solemnly concluded. But Homeris, brother to the king of Melinda, was at Quiloa; and by him Cabral was informed of a treacherous preparation to attack him. As his destination was for Calicut, he delayed revenge, and proceeded to Melinda. Here he landed the Melindian ambassador, who had been sent to Portugal; and here his generous treatment of Foteyma strengthened the friendship and good offices which had begun with Gama.

When he arrived at Calicut, whither he was conducted by two Melindian pilots, he sent Ayres Correa on shore to settle the manner how the zamorim and the admiral were to meet. Six principal bramins, whose names were brought from Portugal by the advice of Monzaida, were given as hostages for the safety of the admiral; and the Indian noblemen, who had been carried away by Gama, were returned. After much delay with the wavering zamorim, a commercial alliance, by which the Portuguese vessels were to receive their lading before those of any other nation, was solemnly confirmed by oath, and a house was appointed as a factory for the Portuguese. Of this, Correa, with seventy men under his command, in the name of the king his master, took immediate possession.

If the smallest circumstances in the history of an infant colony are not attended to, the secret springs and principles of action escape us, and we are sure to be led into errour. Cabral's fleet was to be laded with spicery; but the Moorish merchants, still intent on the ruin of their rivals the Portuguese, did every thing in their power to retard it, in hope of another rupture. While promises to Cabral trifled away the time, the zamorim desired his assistance to take a large ship belonging to the king of Cochin, who not only intended to invade his dominions, he said, but had also refused to sell him an elephant, which was now aboard that ship. There were two Moorish agents with whom Cabral was obliged to transact business. One of these named Cemireci, pretending great friendship to the admiral, advised him by all means to gratify the zamorim by taking the ship of Cochin. This vessel was large and full of soldiers, but Cabral appointed one of his smallest, commanded by Pedro Ataide, not a sixth part of her size, to attack her. When Ataide first made towards the enemy, the Indian insulted

him with every sign of reproach; but the Portuguese cannon drove her into the port of Cananor, a place forty miles to the north of Calicut. Here she lay all the night, while Ataide watched the mouth of the harbour; and, fearing to be burnt in the port, in the morning she again took to sea. But Ataide soon came up with her, and by the dexterous use of his artillery made her steer what course he pleased, and at last drove her in triumph before him into the harbour of Calicut.

This encounter was of great consequence to the Portuguese. It not only raised a high idea of their valour and art of war, but it discovered a scene of treachery, and gave them a most beneficial opportunity to display their integrity and honour. When Cabral conferred with the captives, he found that the story of the elephant and the invasion were false, and that they had been warned by Cemireci, that the Portuguese, a set of lawless pirates, intended to attack them. On this, Cabral not only restored the ship to the king of Cochin, but paid for what damage she had sustained, and assured him he had been abused by the villany of the Moors.

The zamorim professed the greatest admiration of the Portuguese valour, yet while he pretended to value their friendship at the highest rate, he used every art to delay the lading of their ships. Twenty days was the time stipulated for this purpose; but three months were now elapsed, and nothing done. Cabral several times complained to the zamorim of the infringement of treaty, that many Moorish vessels had been suffered to lade, while he could obtain no cargo. The zamorim complained of the arts of the Moors, and gave Cabral an order, on paying for the goods, to unlade whatever Moorish vessels he pleased, and to supply his own. Cabral, however, was apprehensive of some deep design, and delayed to put this order in execution. Correa, upon this, severely upbraided him with neglect of duty, and he at last seized a vessel which happened to belong to one of the richest of the Moors. A tumult was immediately raised, the Portuguese factory was suddenly beset by four thousand of that people, and before any assistance could come from the ships, Correa, and the greatest part of his companions, were massacred. Cabral, though greatly enraged, waited sufficient time to hear the excuse of the zamorim; but he waited in vain. Ten large Moorish vessels burnt in the harbour, the city of Calicut bombarded one day, and 600 of its inhabitants slain, revenged the death of Correa.

The king of Cochin, when Cabral returned the ship which he had taken, highly pleased with his honour, invited him to traffic in his port. Cabral now sailed thither, and was treated in the most friendly manner. A strong house was appointed for a factory, and a treaty of commerce solemnly concluded. Ambassadors also arrived from the kings of Cananor, Caulan, and other places, intreating the alliance of the Portuguese, whom they invited to their harbours.

About eight hundred years before this period, according to tradition, Perimal, the sovereign of India, having embraced the religion of Mohammed, in which he had been instructed by some Arabian merchants, resolved to end his days as a hermit at Mecca. He therefore divided his empire into different sovereignties, but rendered them all tributary to the zamorim of Calicut. From the port Perimal set sail, and the Arab merchants conceived such a superstitious affection for this harbour, though not so commodious as many others around, that on the arrival of Gama it was the great centre of the Moorish commerce in India. A desire to throw off their dependence on the zamorim, without doubt had its influence in prompting the tributary kings to invite the Portuguese to their harbours. But it was impossible they should have so acted, unless they had conceived a high idea of the Portuguese virtue and valour, which was thus rewarded by the friendship of some powerful princes, who ever after remained true to the cause of Emmanuel.

When Cabral was about to sail from Cochin, he received information from the king, that the zamorim, with a large fleet containing 15,000 soldiers, intended to attack him. Cabral prepared for battle, and the Indian fleet fled. He afterwards touched at Cananor, where he entered into a friendly alliance. The king, suspecting from the small quantity of spicery which he bought, that the admiral was in want of money, entreated him to give a mark of his friendship by accepting, upon credit, of what goods he pleased. But Cabral showed a considerable quantity of gold to the king's messengers, politely thanked him, and said he was already sufficiently loaded. Having left factors on shore, and received ambassadors on board, he proceeded on his homeward voyage. Near Melinda he took a large ship, but finding she belonged to a merchant of Cananor, he set her at liberty, and told the commander, "that the Portuguese monarch was only at war with the zamorim and the Moors of Mecca, from whom he had received the greatest injuries and indignities." The king of Melinda, and other Mohammedan princes, who had entered into alliances with Gama and Cabral, were not of the tribe or confederacy of those who had in different parts attempted the ruin of the Portuguese. That people were now distinguished by the name

of the Moors of Mecca, their principal harbour; and therefore to distress that port became now a principal object of the Portuguese.

Emmanuel, now fully informed by Cabral of the states and traffic of the Indian seas, perceiving that the reinforcement of three vessels, which he had sent under John de Nova[1], could little avail, fitted out twenty ships, the command of which warlike fleet was given to the celebrated Vasco de Gama. At the same time the pope issued a bull, in which he styled Emmanuel, Lord of the Navigation, Conquests, and Trade, of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India.

Gama, having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Sofala, and made a treaty with the Mohammedan sovereign of that rich country. Mozambic was now governed by a new monarch, who entreated an alliance with the Portuguese, which was granted; and the isle where Gama had the battle with the Moors[2], became, for long after, a most convenient watering-place for the Portuguese navies. In revenge of the plots against himself, and the injuries received by Cabral, he battered the city of Quiloa with his cannon, and made the king submit to pay tribute to Emmanuel. As he proceeded for Calicut, he met a large ship of Mecca, which, with many people of distinction who were going on a pilgrimage to the tomb of their prophet, had lately left that harbour. This vessel, after an obstinate struggle, in which 300 Moors were killed[3], he took and burnt. And from some vessels of Calicut, as he approached that port, he took about thirty prisoners. As soon as he anchored near the city, the zamorin sent a message to offer terms of friendship, to excuse the massacre of the Portuguese under Correa, as the sole action of an enraged populace, with which government had no concern; and added, that the fate of the ship of Mecca he hoped would suffice for revenge. Gama, previous to any new treaty, demanded a restitution of the goods of which the Portuguese factory had been plundered, and threatened to put his prisoners to death and batter the city in case of refusal. After waiting some time in vain for an answer, Gama ordered his thirty prisoners to be hanged, and their bodies to be sent ashore, together with a letter, declaring war against the zamorim, in the name of the king of Portugal. And next day having for several hours played his cannon upon the city, he steered his course for the more friendly port of Cochin.

Here the factors who had been left by Cabral gave Gama the highest character of the faith of the king, and his earnest desire to cultivate the friendship of the Portuguese; and the former alliance was mutually confirmed by the king and the admiral. The zamorim, who with rage and regret beheld the commerce of Europe carried to other harbours, sent a bramin to Gama, while he was lading at Cochin, entreating an oblivion of past injuries, and a renewal of the league of amity. The admiral, still desirous to cultivate friendship, gave the command of the fleet to his cousin Stephen de Gama, and with two ships only, in order to try the zamorim's sincerity, sailed for Calicut; yet, lest treachery should be intended, he ordered Vincent Sodre with five ships to follow him. On his arrival at the city, he found that dissimulation was still the character of the sovereign. Four-and-thirty vessels, full of armed men, attacked Gama's ship with great fury; for the other vessel he had sent to hasten the squadron of Sodre. In this situation nothing but a brisk wind could possibly have saved Gama; and a brisk gale in this extremity arose, and carried him beyond the reach of the fleet of Calicut. But having met the reinforcement of Sodre, he immediately returned, and totally destroyed the fleet of the enemy.

Disappointed in war, the zamorin now by entreaties and threats endeavoured to bring the king of Cochin into his interest. But that prince, with the greatest honour, refused to betray the Portuguese; and Gama having promised to leave a squadron to protect his harbour, sailed with thirteen loaded ships for the port of Cananor. On his way thither, as he past within a few miles of Calicut, he was again vigorously attacked by twenty-nine vessels fitted out by the zamorim on purpose to intercept him. Gama ordered three ships, which had the least loading, to begin the engagement, and victory soon declared in his favour. He then proceeded to Cananor, where he entered into a treaty with the sovereign, who bound himself ever to make war on the king of Cochin or to assist the zamorim. And Gama

[1] This officer defeated a large fleet of the zamorim, but could not be supposed to effect any thing of permanency. On his return to Europe, Nova discovered the isle of St. Helena. A Portuguese, who in India had embraced Mohammedism, in contrition for his apostasy became its first inhabitant. He desired to be left ashore to do penance for his crime. Here he continued four years, and by his knowledge of the springs, and the vegetables and fruit-trees which he planted, rendered that isle an useful place of watering and refreshment. He was named Fernando Lopez.

[2] See the first Lusiad.

[3] Twenty children were saved. These were sent to Lisbon, where they were baptized, and educated in the service of Emmanuel. The Portuguese writers mention their capture, and the care taken of them, as the happiest fortune which could possibly have attended them.

leaving left six ships under the command of Sodre, for the protection of Cochin and Cannor, sailed for Portugal, where, after a prosperous voyage, he arrived with twelve ships loaded with the riches of the east.

As soon as Gama's departure was known, the zamorim made great preparations to attack Cochin. It was the purpose of Emmanuel, that Sodre should be left with a squadron to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea, and annoy the Moors of Mecca; but Gama, whose power was discretionary, ordered him not to leave Cochin, unless every thing bore appearance of peace with the zamorim. Sodre, however, though hostility was every day expected, prepared to depart. Diego Correa, the Portuguese agent left at Cochin, urged him in the strongest manner to do his duty and continue at that port; but in vain. While the king of Cochin resolutely refused, though advised by many of his council, to deliver up the Portuguese residents to the zamorim, Sodre, contrary to the orders of Gama, sailed for the Red Sea, in hope of the rich prizes of Mecca; and thus basely deserted his countrymen, and a prince, whose faith to the Portuguese had involved him in a war which threatened destruction to his kingdom.

The city of Cochin is situated on an island, divided from the continent by an arm of the sea, one part of which, at low water, is fordable. At this pass the zamorim began the war, and met some defeats. At last, by the force of numbers and the power of bribery, he took the city, and the king of Cochin fled to the island of Vipia. Yet, though stript of his dominions, he still retained his faith to the Portuguese. He took them with him to this place, where a few men could defend themselves; and though the zamorim offered to restore him to his throne if he would deliver them up, he replied, "that his enemy might strip him of his dominions and his life, but it was not in his power to deprive him of his fidelity."

While Trimumpara, king of Cochin, was thus shut up in a little rock, Sodre suffered a punishment worthy of his perfidy. His ship was beaten to pieces by a tempest, and he and his brother lost their lives. The other commanders considered this as the judgement of Heaven, and hastened back to the relief of Cochin: by stress of weather, however, they were obliged to put into one of the Anchidivian islands. Here they were joined by Francis Albuquerque, who, on hearing the fate of Cochin, though in the rigour of the tempestuous season, immediately set sail for that port. When the fleet appeared in sight of Vipia, Trimumpara, exclaiming "Portugal, Portugal," ran in an ecstasy to the Portuguese: and they, in return, with shouts of triumph, announced the restoration of his crown. The garrison left in Cochin by the zamorim immediately fled. Trimumpara was restored to his throne without a battle, and Albuquerque gave an instance of his masterly policy. Together with the assurances of the friendship of Emmanuel, he made the king of Cochin a present of 10,000 ducats; an act which wonderfully excited the admiration of the princes of India, and was a severe wound to the zamorim.

Francis and Alonzo Albuquerque and Duarte Pacheco were now at Cochin. The princes, tributary to Trimumpara, who had deserted to the zamorim, were severely punished by the troops of Cochin, headed by the Portuguese, and their depredations were carried into the zamorim's own dominions. A treaty of peace was at last concluded, on terms greatly advantageous to the Portuguese commerce. But that honour which had been of the greatest benefit to their affairs was now stained. A ship of Calicut was unjustly seized by the Portuguese agent at Cochin; nor would Francis Albuquerque make restitution, though required by the zamorim. Soon after this, Francis sailed for Europe, but gave another instance of his infamy ere he left India. The zamorim had again declared war against the king of Cochin, and Francis Albuquerque left only one ship, three barges, and about one hundred and fifty men, for the defence of Trimumpara; but this small body was commanded by Pacheco. Francis Albuquerque, and Nicholas Coello, celebrated in the Luiad, sailed for Europe, but were heard of no more.

Anthony Saldanna and Roderic Ravasco were at this time sent from Lisbon on purpose to cruise about the mouth of the Red Sea. The king of Melinda was engaged in a dangerous war with the king of Mombassa, and Saldanna procured him an honourable peace. But Ravasco acted as a lawless pirate on the coast of Zanzibar. Though the innocent inhabitants were in a treaty of peace with Gama, he took many of their ships, for which he extorted large ransoms, and compelled the prince of Zanzibar to pay an annual tribute and own himself the vassal of Emmanuel. The pope's bull, which gave all the east to the king of Portugal, began now to operate. The Portuguese esteemed it as a sacred charter; the natives of the east felt the consequence of it, and conceived a secret jealousy and dislike of their new masters. The exalted policy and honour of many of the Portuguese governors delayed the evil operation of this jealousy, but the remedy was only temporary. The Portuguese believed they had a right to demand the vassalage of the princes of the east, and to prohibit them the navigation of their own seas. When the usurpation of dominion proceeds from a fixed principle, the wisdom of the ablest

governor can only skin over the mortal wound; for even the grossest barbarians are most acutely sensible of injustice, and carefully remember the breaches of honour.

Along with these ideas of their right to claim dominion and to conquer, the Portuguese brought to India an image of the degenerated constitution of Lisbon. The governor acted under a few general instructions, which contained rather advices[4] than orders, against what countries he should direct the force of his arms: and in the executive power he was arbitrary. The revenue and regulations of commerce were also left to his discretion; such was the insecure and capricious plan of the Portuguese commercial establishment in India. It was (of all, the most liable to abuse) the worst of all monopolies, a regal one. Every ship which sailed from Portugal to India was the king's property. Their Indian cargoes were deposited in the custom-house of Lisbon, and managed, for the use of the crown, by the revenue officers. The tribute paid by the vassal princes of Asia was the king's; and the factories and forts were built and supported at his charge[5]. In a word, a military government was established in India, and it was the duty of the governor to superintend his majesty's revenues and commercial monopoly.

The zamorim had now collected a formidable power for the destruction of Cochin. But before we mention the wonderful victories of Pacheco, it will be necessary to give some account of the land and maritime forces of the east. And here it is to be lamented that the Portuguese authors have given us but very imperfect accounts of the military arts of India. Yet it is to be gathered from them, that though fire-arms were not unknown, they were but very little used before the arrival of the Portuguese. Two natives of Milan, who were brought to India by Gama on his second voyage, deserted to the zamorim, and were of great service to him in making of powder and casting of cannon. The Persians despised the use of fire-arms, as unmanly; and the use of artillery on board of a fleet is several times mentioned as peculiar to the Moors of Mecca. The vessels of the zamorim were large barges rowed with oars, and crowded with men, who fought with darts and other missile weapons. We are told by Osorius, that the pilot of Melinda, who conducted Gama to Calicut, despised the astrolabe, as if used to superior instruments. We doubt, however, of his superior knowledge, for we know that he coasted northward to a particular limit, and then stood directly for the rising sun. We are also told by the Jesuits of the perfection of the Chinese navigation, and that they have had the use of the compass for 3000 years; but this is also doubtful. Some have even supposed, that Marco Paolo, or some of the earliest mercantile pilgrims, carried the loadstone to China ere its use in navigation was fully known in Europe. Certain it is, that at this day the Chinese cannot arm the needle with the virtues of the loadstone, and of consequence have the compass in great imperfection. In place of hanging the needle, they lay the loadstone upon cork, and swim it in water. Vertomannus relates, that travelling to Mecca, he saw the Arabs use the compass to direct them through the sandy deserts of Arabia. But of this also we doubt; for there is not a name in any eastern language, except the Chinese, for that instrument; nor do the Arabs know how to make one. They purchase them of Europeans, and the Italian word bussola is the name of the compass among the Turks, and all the natives of the east on this side of China.

While the zamorim was preparing his formidable armament against Cochin, the security which appeared on the mien of Pacheco prompted Trimumpara to suspect some fraud: and he entreated that captain to confess what he intended. Pacheco felt all the resentment of honour, and assured him of victory. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants, and uttered the severest threats against any person who should dare to desert to the zamorim, or to leave the island[6]. Every precaution, by which the passage to the island of Cochin might be secured, was taken by Pacheco. The Portuguese took the sacrament, and devoted themselves to death. The king of Cochin's troops amounted only to 5000; the fleet and army of the zamorim consisted of 37,000 men. Yet this great army, though provided with brass cannon, and otherwise assisted by the two Milanese engineers, was defeated by

[4] See the commission of the Portuguese viceroys and the noticias, in the Appendix. See also the letters of the king, queen, and prince of Portugal, to John de Castro, in Andrada's life of that governor.

[5] See Osorius, Faria, Barros, Castanneda, Commentaries written by Albuquerque's son, Andrada's Life of John de Castro, &c. passim in loco.

[6] Soon after this order, two fishermen were brought before him, who had been following their employment beyond the limits he had prescribed. Pacheco ordered them to be hanged in prison. The king pleaded for their lives, but Pacheco in public was inexorable. In the night, however, he sent the two fishermen to the king's palace, where he desired they might be concealed with the greatest secrecy; and the severity of their fate was publicly believed. Such were the humanity and strict discipline of this brave officer.

Pacheco. Seven times the zamorim raised new armies, some of them more numerous than the first, but all of them were defeated at the fields of Cochin by the stratagems and intrepidity of Pacheco. Though the zamorim in the latter battle exposed his own person to the greatest danger, and was sometimes sprinkled with the blood of his attendants; though he had recourse to poison and every art of fraud, all his attempts, open and private, were baffled. At last, in despair of revenge, he resigned his crown, and shut himself up for the remainder of his days in one of his idol temples. Soon after the kingdom of Cochin was thus restored to prosperity, Pacheco was recalled to Europe. The king of Portugal paid the highest compliments to his valour; and as he had acquired no fortune in India, in reward of his services he gave him a lucrative government in Africa. But merit always has enemies. Pacheco was accused, and by the king's order brought to Lisbon in irons: and those hands which preserved the interest of Portugal in India, were in Portugal chained in a dungeon a considerable time, ere a legal trial determined the justice of this severity. He was at last tried, and honourably acquitted; but his merit was thought of no more, and he died in an alms-house. Merit thus repaid, is a severe wound to an empire. The generous ardour of military spirit cannot receive a colder check, than such examples are sure to give it.

Before the departure of Pacheco, a fleet of thirteen ships, commanded by Lopez Soarez, arrived in India. The new zamorim beheld with regret the ruined condition of his kingdom, his tributary princes not only now independent, but possessed of the commerce which formerly enriched Calicut, the fatal consequence of his uncle and predecessor's obstinacy. Taught by these examples, he desired a peace with the Portuguese; but Soarez would hear nothing till the two Moorish deserters were delivered up. This the zamorim resolutely refused.[1] And Soarez, regardless of the fate of some Portuguese who had been left at Calicut by Cabral, battered the city two days, in place of granting an honourable and commercial peace. Nor was this his only political error. By showing such eagerness to secure the Milanese engineers, he told the zamorim the value of these European artists. And that prince soon after applied to the soldan of Egypt, who sent him four Venetians, able engineers, and masters of the art of the foundery of cannon.

In the stately spirit of conquest Soarez traversed the Indian seas, destroyed many Calicutian and Moorish vessels, and made various princes pay tribute, and confess themselves the vassals of Emmanuel. But the soldan of Egypt began now to threaten hostilities, and a stronger force of the Portuguese was necessary. Francisco d'Almeyda, an officer of distinguished merit, was therefore appointed viceroy of India, and was sent with two-and-twenty ships to assert his jurisdiction. And according to the uncommercial ideas of Gothic conquest with which he set out, he continued to act. On his arrival at Quilon, a meeting between him and the king was appointed. Almeyda attended, but the king did not; for a black cat, as he set out, happened to cross his way, and, intimidated by this evil omen, he declined the interview. On this, Almeyda levelled his city with the ground, and appointed another king, tributary to Emmanuel. Some late treacheries of Mombasa were also revenged by the destruction of that city and the vassalage of its monarch. When the viceroy arrived in India, he defeated the king of Onor, built forts and left garrisons in various places. Trimumpara, king of Cochin, had now retired to spend the evening of his life in a brahmin temple, and his nephew, who with great pomp was crowned by Almeyda, acknowledged himself the tributary of the king of Portugal.

The soldan of Egypt was at this time one of the greatest princes of the world. Much of the lucrative commerce of the east had long flowed to the west through his dominions. His fleets and his armies were thus rendered numerous and powerful, and bound by their political religion, every Mohammedan prince, in a war with the Christians, was his ally. A heavy revenge of the crusades was in meditation, and Europe, miserably divided in itself, invited its own ruin; when, as it is expressed by the abbé Raynal, the liberties of mankind were saved by the voyage of Vasco de Gama. The arrival of the Portuguese in the eastern seas entirely unhinged the strongest fences of the Mohammedan power; and the sinews of the Egyptian and Turkish strength were cut asunder by that destruction of their commerce which followed the presence of the Europeans. And thus also Europe is taught the means which will for ever secure her against the ravages of the Saracens, and other eastern barbarians, whom she has already experienced as more cruel invaders, and whom Greece still feels as more dreadful tyrants, than the Goths and the Vandals[2].

[2] A view of the commerce of the eastern world, and the channels in which it flowed, before the arrival of the Portuguese, is thus accurately given by Faria y Sousa. "Before these our discoveries, the spicery and riches of the eastern world were brought to Europe with great charge and immense trouble. The merchandise of the clove of Malecca, the mace and nutmeg of Banda, the sandal-wood

Enraged with the interruption which his trade had already received, the soldan resolved to prevent its utter ruin. He threatened the extirpation of all the Christians in his dominions, if the court of Rome would not order the king of Portugal to withdraw his fleets for ever from the eastern seas. One Masæus, a monk, was his ambassador to Rome and Lisbon, but in place of promises of compliance, he returned with the severer threats of Emmanuel. War was now determined by the soldan, and a most formidable fleet, sixty vessels of which were larger than the Portuguese, manned with Turks experienced in war, were sent to the assistance of the zamorim. But by the superior naval skill and romantic bravery of Almeyda and his son Lorenzo, this mighty armament was defeated.

At this time Tristan de Cugna, and the celebrated Alphonso Albuquerque, arrived in the east, and carried war and victory from Sofala to India. Allured by the honour and commercial treaties of Gama and Cabral, several princes of India invited these strangers to their harbours. But the alteration of the behaviour and claims of the Portuguese, had altered the sentiments of the natives. Almost every port now opposed the entrance of the Portuguese, and the cargo of almost every ship they loaded was purchased with blood. At the sack of the city of Lamo, some of the soldiers under Cugna cut off the hands and ears of the women, to get their bracelets and ear-rings with more expedition. But though these mercenants, by overloading their boat with their plunder, were all drowned, this stain on the Portuguese character made destructive war against the Portuguese name and interest. When Albuquerque arrived before Ormuz, he summoned the king to become the vassal of Emmanuel, and to be happy under the protection of so great a prince. The king of Ormuz, who expected such a visit, had provided an army of 35,000 men, 8000 of whom were expert archers, auxiliaries of Persia. Yet these were defeated by 460 disciplined men, well played cannon, and the dauntless valour of Albuquerque. And the king of Ormuz submitted to vassalage. Lords of the seas also, the Portuguese permitted no ship to sail without a Portuguese passport. Nor was this regarded, when avarice prompted that the passport was forged[8]. A rich ship of Cananor was on this pretence taken and plundered, and the unhappy crew, to conceal the villany, were sewed up in the sail-cloths and drowned. Vaz, it is true, the commander of this horrid deed, was broken. But the bodies of the Moors were thrown on shore by the tide, and the king of Cananor, the valuable ally of Portugal, in revenge of this treachery, joined the zamorim, and declared war against the Portuguese. Another powerful armament, commanded by Mir Hocem, a chief of great valour, was sent by the soldan. Persia also assisted. And even the mountains of Dalmatia[9], by the connivance of Venice, were robbed of their forests, to build navies in Arabia to militate against the Portuguese.

Almeyda sent his brave son Lorenzo to give battle to Mir Hocem, but Lorenzo fell the victim of his romantic bravery. While the father prepared to revenge the death of his son, his recall, and the appointment of Albuquerque to succeed him, arrived from Europe; but Almeyda refused to resign till he had revenged his son's defeat. On this, a dispute between the two governors arose, of fatal consequence to the Portuguese interest in Asia. Albuquerque was imprisoned, and future governors often

of Timor, the camphire of Borneo, the gold and silver of Luconia, the spices, drugs, dyes, and perfumes, and all the various riches of China, Java, Siam, and the adjacent kingdoms, centred in the city of Malaca, in the golden Chersonesus. Hither all the traders of the countries as far west as Ethiopia and the Red Sea resorted, and bartered their own commodities for those they received; for silver and gold were esteemed as the least valuable articles. By this trade the great cities of Calicut, Cambaya, Ormuz, and Aden, were enriched; nor was Malaca the only source of their wealth. The western regions of Asia had full possession of the commerce of the rubies of Pegu, the silks of Bengal, the pearls of Calicare, the diamonds of Narsinga, the cinnamon and rubies of Ceylon, the pepper and every spicery of Malabar, and wherever in the eastern islands and shores Nature had lavished her various riches. Of the more western commerce Ormuz was the great mart; for from thence the eastern commodities were conveyed up the Persian gulf to Bassora on the mouth of the Euphrates, and from thence distributed in caravans to Armenia, Trebisond, Tartary, Aleppo, Damascus, and the port of Barut on the Mediterranean. Sues on the Red Sea was also a most important mart. Here the caravans loaded and proceeded to Grand Cairo, from whence the Nile conveyed their riches to Alexandria; at which city and at Barut some Europeans, the Venetians in particular, loaded their vessels with the riches of the eastern world, which at immense prices they distributed throughout Europe.[9] While the eastern commerce flowed through these channels, the eastern kingdoms were wonderfully strengthened and enriched by it. By the arrival of the Portuguese every thing was reversed, and the safety of Europe secured.

[8] Sometimes, in place of a pass, the Moorish vessels carried their own letters of condemnation. As thus, "The owner of this ship is a very wicked Moor. I desire the first Portuguese captain to whom this is shown may make prize of her." Vid. Faria.

[9] The timber was brought through the Mediterranean to Cairo, and from thence was carried by camels to the port of Suez.

urged this example on both sides of the question, both to protract the continuance, and press the instant surrender of office. Almeyda, having defeated the zamorim and his Egyptian allies, sailed for Europe[19], crowned with military laurels. But though thus plumed in the vulgar eye, his establishments were contrary to the spirit of commerce. He fought, indeed, and conquered; but he left more enemies of the Portuguese in the east than he found there. The honours he attained were like his, who, having extinguished a few houses on fire, marches out of a city in triumph, forgetful of the glowing embers left in every corner, ready to burst forth in a general flame. It was left for the great Albuquerque to establish the Portuguese empire in Asia on a surer basis, on acts of mutual benefit to the foreign colonists and native princes.

Albuquerque, as soon as he entered upon his government, turned his thoughts to the solid establishment of the Portuguese empire. To extinguish the power of Calicut, and to erect a fortified capital for the seat of government, were his first designs; and in these he was greatly assisted, both by the arms and the counsel of Timoja the pirate, who, very much injured by the Indian princes, was glad to enter into alliance with the Portuguese. Don Fernando Coutinho, previous to the advancement of Albuquerque, had arrived in India, vested with a discretionary power independent of the will of the governor. The natural consequences of this extraordinary policy soon appeared. With thirty vessels and 2400 men, Albuquerque and Coutinho sailed from Cochin to besiege Calicut. It was agreed, that the troops under Coutinho should have the honour to land first. Those under Albuquerque, however, galled by the enemy, leapt first ashore. Coutinho, on this, roughly upbraided him: "To conquer the feeble Indians," he said, "was no such honour as some boasted. And I will tell the king of Portugal," he added, "that I entered the palace of the zamorim with only my cane in my hand." Albuquerque remonstrated the danger of rashness in vain. Coutinho ordered Jasper de Gama, the Polonian Jew, to conduct him to the palace; to which, with 800 men, he marched in confused speed. Albuquerque, whose magnanimity could revenge no insult when his country's interest was at stake in the hour of battle, followed in good order with 600 men, and left others properly stationed, to secure a retreat; for he foresaw destruction. Coutinho, after several attacks, at last, with the loss of many men, entered the palace, and gave his soldiers liberty to plunder. All was now disorder among them. And Albuquerque, who perceived it, entreated Coutinho, by message, to beware of a fiercer attack. He was answered, "He might take care of the troops under his own command." After two hours spent in plundering the palace, Coutinho set fire to it, and marched out. But ere he could join Albuquerque, both parties were surrounded by enraged multitudes. Coutinho and his bravest officers fell; Albuquerque was wounded by arrows in the neck and left arm. At last, struck on the breast by a large stone, he dropped down, to appearance dead. On his shield he was carried off with great difficulty. All was confusion in the retreat, till the body of reserve, placed by Albuquerque, came up and repulsed the enemy. Albuquerque was carried on board without hope of recovery. His health, however, was restored at Cochin, and the zamorim allowed a fort to be built near Calicut, and submitted to the terms of peace proposed by the Portuguese governor.

The island of Goa, on the coast of Decan, a most commodious situation for the seat of empire, and whose prince had been treacherous to Gama, after various desperate engagements, was at last yielded to Albuquerque. According to his design, he fortified it in the best manner, and rendered it of the utmost consequence to the preservation of the Portuguese power. He now turned his thoughts to Malaca, the great mart of the eastern half of the oriental world. Under the government of Almeyda, Sequeira had sailed thither, and while about settling a treaty with the natives, narrowly escaped a treacherous massacre, in which several of his men were slain. Albuquerque offered peace and commerce, but demanded atonement for this injury. His terms were rejected, and this important place, won by most astonishing victories, was now added to the Portuguese dominion.

Albuquerque now devoted his attention to the grand object of his wishes, the permanent establishment of the Portuguese dominion in Asia. His ideas were great and comprehensive; and his plan, perhaps, the best ever produced under an arbitrary government. His predecessor Almeyda had the same object in view, but he thought the conquest and settlement of cities would weaken and divide the Portuguese strength. Superiority at sea he esteemed as the surest method to command all India; and one safe station, where the ships might winter, was all the establishment he desired. Albuquerque, on the contrary, deemed the possession of many harbours, and adjoining territory, as the only effectual means to ensure the continuance of the naval superiority. He esteemed the supply of the regal monopoly, says Osorius, as an inferior consideration; to enlarge and render permanent the revenues of sovereignty

[19] See his fate, in note to book V. ver. 372.

was his grand design. As one tempest might destroy the strength of their navy, while there was only one harbour to afford refuge, he considered the Portuguese dominion not only as very insecure, but also as extremely precarious, while they depended upon military and naval supplies from Lisbon. To prevent and remedy these apparent evils was therefore his ambition; and for these purposes he extended his settlements from Ormuz in Persia to the Chinese sea. He established custom-houses in every port, to receive the king's duties on merchandise; and the vast revenue which arose from these and the tributes of the vassal princes, gave a sanction to his system. At Goa, the capital of this new empire, he coined money, instituted a council-chamber for the government of the city, and here and at all his settlements he erected courts of justice [11], and gave new regulations to such as had been formerly established. And that this empire might be able to levy armies and build fleets in its own defence, he encouraged the marriage of the Portuguese with the natives [12]. His female captives he treated with the utmost kindness, and having married them to his soldiers, gave them settlements in the island of Goa. And hence, during the regency of John de Castro, little more than thirty years after, the island of Goa itself was able to build the fleets and to levy the armies, which, by saving the important fort and city of Dio, preserved the Portuguese interest in India.

In consequence of his plan of empire, Albuquerque constituted Malaca the capital of the eastern part of the Portuguese dominion. Here, as at Goa, he coined money, and by his justice, and affable, generous manner, won the affection and esteem of the people whom he had conquered. He received from and sent ambassadors to the king of Siam and other princes, to whom he offered the trade of Malaca on more advantageous conditions than it had hitherto been. And an immense commerce from China and all the adjacent regions soon filled that harbour. For here, as at Ormuz and Goa, the reduction which he made in the customs, gave an increase of trade which almost doubled the revenue of the king of Portugal. When Albuquerque returned to Goa, he was received, says Faria, as a father by his family. The island was at this time besieged by 20,000 of Hydal Can, the lord of Decan's troops, yet victory declared for Albuquerque. But to display the terrour of the Portuguese arms was only the second motive of this great man. To convince the Indian princes of the value of his friendship was his first care, and treaties of commerce were with mutual satisfaction concluded with the king of Bisnagar, the king of Narsinga, and other powerful princes. The city of Aden, near the mouth of the Red Sea, was of great importance to the fleets of the soldan. Albuquerque twice attacked this place, but could not carry it for want of military stores. By the vessels, however, which he kept on these coasts, he gave a severe wound to the Egyptian and Moorish commerce; and by the establishments which he made in India, entirely ruined it. Mahomet, the expelled tyrant of Malaca, assisted by 20,000 Javans, attempted to recover his throne; but the wish of the people was fulfilled, and Albuquerque, who sailed to its relief, was again victorious. The Persians, to whom Ormuz had been tributary, endeavoured to bring it again under their yoke [13]; but Albuquerque hastened from Malaca, and totally defeated them, to the sincere joy of the inhabitants. Here he fell sick, and, being advised by his physicians to go to India for the recovery of his health, the king of Ormuz, who called him his father, parted from him with tears. On his way to India he received intelligence, that a fleet, arrived from Portugal, had brought his recall; that Lopez Soarez was appointed to succeed him, and that Iago Mendez was come to be governor of Cochin. When he heard this, he exclaimed, "Are these whom I sent prisoners to Portugal for heinous crimes, are these returned to be governors! Old man, Oh, for thy grave! Thou hast incurred the king's displeasure for the sake of the subjects, and the subjects for the sake of the king! Old man, fly to thy grave, and retain that honour thou hast ever preserved!" A profound melancholy now seized

[11] Utimutirajah, a native of Java, and one of the greatest men of Malaca, was, together with his son and son-in-law, detected in a conspiracy against the Portuguese. For this they were publicly tried in the court established by Albuquerque; were condemned, and publicly executed. This is the first instance of the execution of natives under the authority of European courts.

[12] The descendants of these marriages people the coasts of the east at this day. They are called Mestico or Mestizes, are become savages, speak a broken Portuguese, called lingua Franca by the sailors. Many of the black servants brought to Europe are of this race.

[13] When the Persians sent a demand of tribute, Albuquerque said it should be paid; and a large silver basin, under cover, was presented to the ambassador. When uncovered, leaden bullets and points of spears appeared. "There," said Albuquerque, "is the tribute which the kings of Portugal pay." Admiration of the virtues of their enemies was the ancient character of the Persians. Ismael, the sophi from whom Ormuz was rent, soon after professed the highest idea of the valour of Albuquerque. He courted his friendship, and sent ambassadors to Emmanuel. In this correspondence the progress of fire-arms in the east may be traced. In 1515 he solicited that Portuguese artists might be sent to teach his subjects the art of casting cannon. Vid. Osor. l. 2.

him; but finding the certain approaches of death, he recovered his cheerfulness, and with great fervour gave thanks to God, that a new governor was ready to succeed him. On the bar of Goa, in the sixty-third year of his age, he breathed his last[14], after a regency of little more than five years. Yet, in this short space, he not only opened all the eastern world to the commerce of Portugal, but by the regulations of his humane and exalted policy, by the strict distribution of justice which he established, secured its power on a basis, which nothing but the discontinuance of his measures could subvert. Under Albuquerque the proud boast of the historian Faria was justified. "The trophies of our victories," says he, "are not bruised helmets and warlike engines hung on the trees of the mountains; but cities, islands, and kingdoms, first humbled under our feet, and then joyfully worshipping our government." The princes of India, who viewed Albuquerque as their father, clothed themselves in mourning on his death, for they had experienced the happiness and protection which his friendship gave them. And the sincerity of their grief shewed Emmanuel what a subject he had lost. He was buried at Goa, and it became customary for the Mohammedan and Gentoo inhabitants of that city, when injured by the Portuguese, to come and weep at his tomb, utter their complaints to his manes, and call upon his God to revenge their wrongs.

Accustomed to the affable manners of Albuquerque, the reserved haughty dignity assumed by Soarez gave the Indian allies of Portugal the first proof that the mourning which they wore for his predecessor was not without cause. Now, say the Portuguese authors, commenced the period when the soldier no more followed the dictates of honour, when those who had been captains became traders, and rapacious plunderers of the innocent natives. Hitherto the loading of the king's vessels had been the principal mercantile business of the Portuguese. They now more particularly interfered with the commerce of the Moors and Indians. Many quitted the military service, and became private adventurers; and many who yearly arrived from Portugal, in place of entering into the king's service, followed this example. But their commerce was entirely confined to the harbours of the east, for it was the sole prerogative of the king to send cargoes to Europe. This coasting trade in the hands of the Portuguese increased the revenue of the royal custom-houses. But the sudden riches which it promised, drew into it many more adventurers than, it was feared, the military government of India could afford to lose. And thence the discouragement of this trade was esteemed the duty, and became a principal object of the Portuguese viceroys. And indeed in its best state it was only worthy of transported felons. It was governed by no certain laws. The courts established by Albuquerque were either corrupted or without power, and the petty governor of every petty fort was arbitrary in his harbour. Under these disadvantages, so inauspicious to honest industry, the Portuguese adventurers in this coasting trade became mere pirates, and it was usual for them to procure the loading of their ships, says Faria, in the military way, as if upon the forage in an enemy's country. Nor was this coasting trade solely in the hands of private adventurers. The king had a large share in it, and undoubtedly the most advantageous. This is confirmed by Faria (sub ann. 1540 and 1541) who mentions his majesty's goods, as carried from port to port, and committed from one officer to the charge of another. Such was the miserable state of the free trade of the Portuguese in India, a trade, whose superior advantages (for superior advantages must be implied in the argument) have lately been held forth[15] as an example and proof of the expediency of depriving the English East India company of their charter. In the conclusion we shall cite the words of the philosopher to whom we allude. And an attention to the facts of this history will prepare the reader for a discussion of that important question.

Where there are no fixed laws of supreme authority, immediate confusion must follow the removal of the best governor. Such confusion constituted the political character of the regency of Soarez. His military expeditions do him as little honour. Having performed the parade of a new governor, in visiting the forts, and in breaking and raising officers, Soarez prepared, according to his orders, to reduce the coasts of the Red Sea to the obedience of Portugal. Another great Egyptian fleet, commanded by a Turk, named Racz Solyman, had sailed from Suez; and Soarez, with twenty-seven ships,

[14] A little before he died he wrote this manly letter to the king of Portugal. "Under the pangs of death, in the difficult breathing of the last hour, I write this my last letter to your highness; the last of many I have written to you full of life, for I was then employed in your service. I have a son, Blas de Albuquerque; I entreat your highness to make him as great as my services deserve. The affairs of India will answer for themselves, and for me." Osorius says, the latter part of the Gospel of John was, at his desire, repeatedly read to him; and he expired with the greatest composure. Long after his death his bones were brought to Portugal; but it was with great difficulty, and after long delays, ere the inhabitants of Goa would consent to part with his remains.

[15] In Smith's Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.

set sail in search of it. When he came before Aden, he found that strong city defenceless. The governor had offended the court of Egypt, and Solyman, by order of the soldan, had levelled a part of the wall. The governor of Aden, thus at his mercy, artfully offered the keys to Soarez, and entreated his friendship. Secure of the Moor's honesty, Soarez delayed to take possession till he had given battle to the soldan's fleet. This he found in the port of Gidda or Jodda, under protection of the cannon of the walls. He therefore did not engage it; and after burning a few defenceless towns, he returned to Aden. But the breaches of the fort were now repaired, and his own force, which had suffered greatly by tempestuous weather in the Red Sea, was, he deemed, unable to take that city, which now refused to surrender. While Soarez was employed in this inglorious expedition, Goa was reduced to the greatest danger. A quarrel about a Portuguese deserter had kindled a war, and Hydal Can, with an army of 50,000 men, laid siege to that important city. But the arrival of three Portuguese ships raised the siege, at a time when famine had almost brought the garrison to despair. Nor was Malaca happier than Goa; the uncurbed tyranny of the Portuguese had almost driven trade from that harbour, and the dethroned king once more invaded the island with a great army. But Alexis de Menezes, appointed governor of that place, arrived, in the most critical time, with 300 men, and saved Malaca. The trade with China after this greatly increased, and the king of Ceylon, with whom Albuquerque had established a valuable commerce, was compelled by Soarez to pay tribute to the king of Portugal. A surveyor of the king's revenue about this time arrived in India, vested with a power, which interfered with, and lessened that of the governor. Hence complaints and appeals were by every fleet carried to Europe, and by every fleet that returned the removal of officers was brought. Integrity now afforded no protection, and to amass wealth with the utmost expedition, was now the best way to secure its possession. Rapacity prevailed among the Portuguese, and all was discontent among the natives, when in 1518, after a regency of about three years, Soarez was recalled, and in power and title of governor succeeded by Iago Lopez de Sequeyra. Albuquerque left Portuguese Asia in the most flourishing condition. Soarez left every thing embarrassed, and in the decline. Albuquerque was dreadful to his enemies in war, and to his soldiers on the least appearance of disobedience: but at other times, his engaging manners won the hearts of all. And his knowledge of human nature, which formed his political conduct, was of the first rate. Soarez, on the contrary, the man who refused an equitable treaty offered by the zamorim, and was for such acts of incapacity sent prisoner to Lisbon by Albuquerque, betrayed in all his transactions the meanest abilities. All his capacity seemed to reach no further than to preserve that solemn face of dignity, that haughty reserved importance with which men of slender abilities transact the most trifling affairs; a solemnity of which heavy intellects are extremely jealous and careful, which the ignorant revere, and which the intelligent despise.

Sequeyra, the discoverer of Malaca, began his regency with the relief of that important mart; and the king of Bintam, the besieger, after several attempts, was compelled to submit to a treaty dictated by the Portuguese. Forty-eight ships, under the command of the governor, sailed to reduce the strong fort and harbour of Diu or Dio, on the coast of Cambaya, an object of great importance to the Portuguese, but nothing was attempted. Continual skirmishes, however, dyed every shore with blood, while no method of cultivating the friendship of the hostile natives was even in view. Every thing on the contrary tended to inflame them. John de Borba, shipwrecked on the coast of Achem, was generously relieved by the sovereign. George de Brito arrived soon after, and Borba informed him, that in the sepulchres of the kings were immense treasures of gold; and that the present king, his benefactor, had formerly robbed some Portuguese vessels. Brito, at the head of 300 men, immediately began hostilities, but was defeated and killed, and the kings of Achem became the inveterate enemies of the Portuguese, and often gave them infinite trouble. The Maluco islands were now discovered. The kings of these, at strife with each other, were each earnest for the alliance of the Portuguese. But they, led by their usual ideas, soon involved themselves in war and slaughter. Ormuz, where Albuquerque was beloved as a father, was now unable to bear the Portuguese yoke. The tribute was raised, and the king complained that his revenues could not afford to pay it. Sequeyra on this sent Portuguese officers to impose and collect the king's customs. This impolitical step was soon followed by its natural consequence. The insolence and oppression of the officers produced a revolt. Sequeyra, however, defeated the people of Ormuz, and almost doubled the tribute which before they were unable to pay. It is truly astonishing how men should expect that dominion thus supported should continue long; that they could not see that such victories both sowed and nourished the seeds of future war. Even the Portuguese historians adopted the impolitical uncommercial ideas of their governors. Faria y Sousa makes an apology for mentioning the fate of the first Portuguese who traded to China; calls it a matter of

commerce, a subject unworthy of grave history. The political philosopher, however, will esteem it of more importance, and will draw the best of precepts from it. The king of Portugal, desirous of the trade of China, sent an ambassador and one of his captains to propose a commercial alliance. The ambassador was gladly received, and sent by land to Nankin, and the honourable behaviour of Pedro da Andrade gained the important traffic of the harbour of Canton. On this officer's return to India, Sequeyra the governor sent Simon de Andrade, brother to Pedro, with five ships to China; and whatever were his instructions, the absurdity of his actions was only equalled by his gross insolence. As if he had arrived among beings of an inferior order, he assumed an authority like that which is claimed by man over the brute creation. He seized the island of Tamoa, opposite to Canton. Here he erected a fort and a gallows; and while he plundered the merchants, the wives and daughters of the principal inhabitants were dragged from their friends to his garrison, and the gibbet punished resistance. Nor did he stop even here. The Portuguese in India wanted slaves, and Andrade thought he had found the proper nursery. He published his design to buy the youth of both sexes, and in this inhuman traffic he was supplied by the most profligate of the natives. These proceedings, however, were soon known to the emperor of China, and the Portuguese ambassador and his retinue died the death of spies. Andrade was attacked by the Chinese itao, or admiral, and escaped with much loss, by the favour of a tempest, after being forty days harassed by a fleet greatly superior to his own. Next year Alonzo de Melo, ignorant of these transactions, entered the harbour of Canton with four vessels. But his ships were instantly seized, and the crews massacred, as spies and robbers, by the enraged Chinese. And though the Portuguese afterwards were permitted to some trade with China, it was upon very restricted and disgraceful conditions[19], conditions which treated them as a nation of pirates, as men who were not to be trusted unless fettered and watched.

While Sequeyra was engaged in a second attempt upon Dio, Duarte de Menezes arrived in India, and succeeded him in office. Unceasing slaughter on the coasts of Magadascar, the Red Sea, India, and the Maluco islands, comprise the whole history of his regency.

About this time died Emmanuel, king of Portugal. If this history seem to arraign his government, it will also prove how difficult it is for the most vigilant prince always to receive just intelligence. For Emmanuel was both a great and a good king. Of great vigilance in council, of great magnanimity in the execution of all his enterprises: of great capacity in distinguishing the abilities of men, and naturally liberal in the reward of merit. If such a prince as Emmanuel erred, if his administration of Indian affairs in any instance arraign his policy, let it thence be inferred, what exactitude of intelligence is necessary to the happy government of a distant colony.

The mal-administration of Indian affairs was now the popular complaint at the court of Lisbon. The traffic of India, which had raised the caliphs of Egypt to the height of their formidable power, and which had enriched Venice, was now found scarcely sufficient to support the military method of commanding it, practised by the Portuguese. A general of the first abilities was wanted, and the celebrated Vasco de Gama, old as he now was, honoured with the title of count de Vidigueyra, was appointed viceroy by John III. In 1524, Gama arrived the third time in India. Cochin, the faithful ally, and chief trading port of the Portuguese, was threatened by a powerful army of the zamorins, and the Indian seas were infested by numberless fleets of the Moors, whom their enemies called pirates. To suppress these Gama sent different squadrons, which were successful in executing his orders. But while he meditated far greater designs, designs of the same exalted and liberal policy which had been begun by himself, and so gloriously prosecuted by Alboquerque, death, at the end of three months, closed the regency of Gama. It was the custom of the kings of Portugal, to send commissions, or writs of succession, sealed up, to India, with orders which should be first opened when a successor to government was wanted. Gama, who brought with him three of these, finding the approach of dissolution, opened the first writ

[19] The Chinese had too much Dutch policy utterly to expel any merchandize from their harbours. A few days after this, the Portuguese, who brought gold from Africa and spicery from India, were allowed to purchase the silks, porcelain, and tea of China, at the port of Sancian. And an event, which refutes all the Jesuitical accounts of the greatness of the power and perfection of the Chinese government, soon gave them a better settlement. A pirate named Tchang-si-lao made himself master of the little island of Macao. Here he built fleets which blocked up the ports of China, and laid siege to Canton itself. In this crisis of distress the Chinese implored the assistance of the Portuguese, whom they had lately expelled as the worst of mankind. Two or three Portuguese sloops effected what the potent empire of China could not do, and the island of Macao was given them by the emperor, in reward of this eminent service. The porcelain of China is not so brittle, nor the figures upon it more awkward, than the Chinese strength and policy must appear in the light which this event throws upon them.

of succession. And as Henry de Menezes, therein named, was at Goa, he appointed Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, a man of great abilities, to take the command till Menezes arrived. When Menezes arrived at Cochin, he prohibited the usual marks of public joy on his elevation, and said, "it was more necessary to mourn for the loss of their late viceroy." Nor did the public conduct of the new governor, the first, says Faira, who honoured the memory of his predecessor, deviate from this generous principle. A Portuguese vessel at this time committed several depredations on states at peace with Portugal. This ship, by order of Menezes, was taken, and the crew were impaled. A noble instance of justice, of more political service than all the victories of a Soarez. The danger of Cochin required war, and Menezes carried it into the territories of the zamorim, whom he severely humbled. The Portuguese arms cleared the seas of pirates, took the strong city of Dofar, and reduced some valuable islands on the Red Sea. Great preparations were also made for the reduction of Diu, when Menezes, after a regency of thirteen months, died of a mortification in his leg. That he left the military power of the Portuguese much more formidable than he found it, is the least of his praise. Every where, at Ormuz in particular, he curbed the insolence and rapacity of his countrymen, and proved that time only was wanting for him to have restored the situation of India as left by Albuquerque. He convinced the Indian princes that rapacity was not the character of all the Portuguese, for he accepted of no present, though many, as the custom of the country, were offered to him. At his death, which happened in his thirtieth year, thirteen reals and a half, not a crown in the whole, was all the private property found in the possession of this young governor.

Other transactions now succeed. The second and third commissions, brought by Gama, were unopened, and lest he who was first named should be distant, Menezes, on his death-bed, appointed Francis de Sa to assume the command until the arrival of the proper governor. On opening the second commission, Pedro de Mascarenhas was found named. As this officer was at Malaca, a council was held, wherein it was resolved to set aside Francis de Sa, and open the third commission. Sampayo, who in this was appointed, took an oath to resign on the arrival of Mascarene, and immediately he assumed the power of government. Mascarene about this time performed some actions of great military splendour in defence of Malaca. The king of Bintam, with several auxiliary princes, who with numerous armies threatened destruction to the Portuguese settlement, were defeated by this brave officer. The Spaniards about this time took possession of some of the Maluco islands, where the treachery of the Portuguese had made their name odious. Don George de Menezes and don Garcia Enriquez, two captains on this station, put one another alternately in irons. They at last came to a civil war, wherein Garcia was worsted; and Menezes was defeated by the Spaniards, who publicly executed some of his officers, as traitors to Charles V. to whom they owned no allegiance. Oppressed by the tyranny of the Moors, the king of Sunda implored the protection of the Portuguese, offered to pay a considerable tribute, and entreated them to build a fort in his dominions. Yet it was not in the power of Sampayo to restore the tranquillity of the Malucos, or to improve the offers of Sunda. He had engaged in a scheme of policy which fettered his operations. One villany must be defended by another, and the public interest must be secondary in the politics of the most able usurper of power. Sampayo was resolved to withhold the regency from Mascarene, and therefore to strengthen himself at Cochin was his first care. Where his own interest and that of the public were one, Sampayo behaved as a great commander; but where they were less immediately connected, that of the latter was even necessarily neglected, and fell into ruin. It was his interest to crush the zamorim, and he gained considerable victories over Cutial, admiral of the most formidable fleet which had hitherto been fitted out from the ports of Calicut. Sampayo then sailed to Goa, where Francis de Sa refused to acknowledge him as governor. This dispute was submitted to the council of the city, and the man in power was confirmed. Sa was then sent to build a fort in Sunda, but the politics of Sampayo could not spare a force sufficient to overawe the Moors, and Francis de Sa was unable to effect his design.

The artful Sampayo now wrote to the king of Portugal, that a most formidable hostile alliance was in meditation. The northern princes were ready to assist the king of Cambaya, and Solyman, the Turkish admiral, had promised the sultan to drive the Portuguese from India, if he would give him a competent armament. It was the interest of Sampayo to make every preparation for defence, and every excuse for preparation. But he still kept near Cochin. The brave Hector de Sylveyra was sent to Diu and other places, and the reputation of the actions he performed strengthened the authority of the usurper. A fleet of five ships now arrived from Portugal, and brought two new writs of succession. These, according to the royal authority, ought not to have been opened while an unrecalled governor was alive. But,

conscious undoubtedly of their contents[16], these, in defiance of the established rule, were opened by Mexia, inspector of the revenue, and Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, contrary to the former commissions, was found in these new writs prior to Pedro de Mascarene. The fraud of office is here evident; and from the resentment of the king, if we suppose he had one idea of justice, it afterwards appeared that this new commission was surreptitiously obtained. Sampayo, when he took the oath to resign to Mascarene, dispatched a message to Malacca with the tidings. Mascarene immediately assumed his power there, and Sampayo, who now expected his arrival, held a council at Cochin. It is almost needless to name the result. He was present, and in power; and it was resolved that Mascarene should not be acknowledged as governor. Sampayo then retired to Goa, and left Mexia at Cochin to give Mascarene the reception concerted between them. Immediately as Mascarene landed, Mexia's spear ran him through the arm, several of his company were wounded by the armed attendants of Mexia, and a retreat to the fleet saved the lives of Mascarene and his friends.

When the tidings of this reached Goa, Henry Figuera, supposed the friend of the ejected governor, was dispossessed of the command of Coulam, and Mexia was by Sampayo appointed to succeed. Anthony de Sylveyra was sent to take Mascarene at sea, to put him in irons, and to deliver him prisoner to Simon de Menezes, commander of Cannor; all which was performed. This haughty tyranny, however, produced loud complaints. The murmur was general at Goa. Souza, commander of Chaul, remonstrated, and the brave Hector de Sylveyra boldly upbraided Sampayo for his unworthy treatment of Mascarene, to whom a trial had been refused. Sampayo, fierce, and resolute to persist, Hector retired, and summoned the council of Goa. A letter signed by three hundred, who promised to support him as governor, was sent to Mascarene. It was also agreed to seize Sampayo; but he was no stranger to this design, and imprisonment was the fortune of the brave Hector. Menezes, governor of Cannor, as soon as he received information from Goa of the cause why Mascarene was in chains, set him free, and, together with Souza, commandant of Chaul, and Anthony de Azevedo, admiral of the Indian seas, acknowledged him governor. The Portuguese were now on the eve of a war among themselves, when Azevedo and other leaders proposed to accommodate disputes by arbitration. Sampayo with great address managed this affair. He delayed his consent, though on the brink of ruin, till he knew who were named as judges, and till he had procured a pardon for Alonzo Mexia, his friend, who had attempted the life of Mascarene. Yet, though the defenders of this brave officer had influence to remove one of the appointed judges, and to add five others of their own nomination, the arts of Sampayo prevailed. The chief inhabitants of Cochin attended, and, conscious of their former vote in council against Mascarene, declared, that if his title was preferred, they would revolt to the Moors. He who does a man an injury, generally becomes the rancorous enemy of the injured man; and even the friends of him whose power is on the decline, cautiously withdraw from his interest. The council of Goa, who had promised to support, now deserted Mascarene, forward to make their peace where they feared to oppose. Sampayo was declared lawful governor, and Mascarene embarked for Lisbon, where he was honourably received by the king, and, in reward of his merit, appointed governor of Azamor in Africa; on his return from whence he perished at sea.

Sampayo, now undisturbed by a rival, but conscious of the accusations which Mascarene would lay against him, exerted all his abilities to recommend himself to his sovereign. But Almeyda, not Albuquerque, was the pattern he imitated. The principal leaders of the Turkish fleet had been assassinated by the friends of each other, and their war ships were scattered in different places. Sampayo sent Azevedo to destroy all he could find, and Alonzo de Melo was dispatched with a proper force to erect a fort on the island of Sunda. What heavy accusation of his former conduct, devoted to his private interest, was this late execution of these important designs! Other captains were sent upon various expeditions. Hector de Sylveyra, one of the most gallant officers ever sent from Portugal to India, greatly distinguished himself; John Deza destroyed the remains of the zamorim's fleets, commanded by Cutiale, a Chinese admiral; and Sampayo himself spread slaughter and devastation over the seas and shores of India. Every where, says Faria, there was fire and sword, ruin and destruction. In the midst of this bloody career, Nunio de Cunha arrived with a commission to succeed Sampayo. Sampayo pleaded to finish what he had begun, to clear the seas of pirates; and Nunio, according to the honour of that age, granted his request, that it might not be said he had reaped the laurels already grasped by another. Some time after this, Nunio, in his way to Cochin, put into the harbour of Cananor. Sampayo, who

[16] The historian Faria expressly says that Mexia opened them on purpose to kindle strife, and disturb the public tranquillity.

happened to be there, sent his brother-in-law, John Dera, to Nunio, inviting him to come ashore and receive the resignation of the governor. But Nunio perhaps feared a snare; he insisted that Sampayo should come on board. He came, and, having resigned with the usual solemnities, was ordered by Nunio to attend him to Cochin, where, by order of the new governor, his effects were seized, and his person imprisoned. And soon after, amid the insults of the crowd,[7] he was put on board a ship, and sent prisoner to Lisbon, where his life and his property were left to the determination of the sovereign[8], by whom he was condemned and punished for usurpation. The acts and character of this extraordinary man demand the attention of every country possessed of colonies. His abilities were certainly of the first rate; but having made one step of villany, the necessity of self-defence rendered his talents of little benefit, rather of great prejudice to his country. The Portuguese writers, indeed, talk in high terms of his eminent services and military glory. But there is a surer test than their opinion. The Indian princes sincerely mourned over the ashes of Alboquerque, whom they called their father; but there was a general joy on the departure of their tyrant Sampayo; a certain proof that his conduct was of infinite prejudice to the interest of Portugal. However high and dreadful they may seem, men in his situation never dare to punish without respect of the offender's connexions. The tyranny of George de Menezes, governor of Maluco, under Sampayo, disgraces human nature. He openly robbed the houses of the Moorish merchants, cut off the hands of some, and looked on, while a magistrate, who had dared to complain, was, by his order, devoured by dogs[8]. If the embarrassment of Sampayo was the only protection of this miscreant, others, however, had his sanction. Camoëns, that enthusiast of his nation's honour, in an apostrophe to Mascarene, thus characterizes the regency of the usurper: "Avarice and ambition now in India set their face openly against God and justice; a grief to thee, but not thy shame!" And Camoëns is exceeding accurate in the facts of history, though, with the rest of his countrymen, he admired the military renown of Sampayo. But if Sampayo humbled the Moors, it should also be remembered, that, according to Faria, these people had improved the divisions made by his politics, greatly to the hurt of the Portuguese settlements. And when he did conquer, pushed on by the rage to do something eminent, every victory was truly Gothic, and was in its consequence uncommercial. Malaca, while governed by the injured Mascarene, was the only division of Portuguese Asia where commerce flourished. After his departure, all was wretchedness; Portuguese against Portuguese, piracy and rapine here and at the Malucos. In what condition the rest were left by Sampayo will soon appear.

The king of Cochin, the valuable ally and auxiliary of the Portuguese, was confined by the small-pox when Nunio arrived. Nunio offered to wait upon him; but the king declined the interview on account of the infection, though a sight of the new governor, he added, he was sure would cure his fever. Nunio waited upon him, and heard a long list of the injuries and rapine committed by Sampayo and Mexia. These, in true policy, Nunio redressed; and the king, who complained that he had been kept as a slave in his own palace, was now made happy. Nunio visited the other princes in alliance with Portugal, and at every court and harbour found oppression and injustice. At Ormuz in particular, tyranny and extortion had defied resistance. Nunio soothed and relieved the wrongs of the various princes. Proclamation was every where made, inviting the injured Moors and Indians to appear before him, and receive redress. Many appeared, and, to the astonishment of all India, justice was conspicuously distributed.

[7] When Sampayo was arrested, "Tell Nunio," said he, "I have imprisoned others, and am now imprisoned, and one will come to imprison him." When this was reported, "Tell Sampayo," said Nunio, "that I doubt it not; but there shall be this difference between us: he deserves imprisonment, but I shall not deserve it." When the ship which carried Sampayo arrived at the isle of Terceira, an officer, who waited his arrival, put him in irons. When he landed at Lisbon, he was set upon a mule, loaded with chains, and amid the insults of the populace, carried to the castle, and there confined in a dungeon, where not even his wife was permitted to see him. After two years, the duke of Braganza, who admired his military exploits, procured his trial. When he was brought before the king, who was surrounded with his council and judges, his long white beard, which covered his face, and the other tokens of his sufferings, says Faria, might have moved Mascarene himself to forgiveness. He made a long masterly speech, wherein he enumerated his services, pleaded the necessities of public affairs, and urged the examples of others, who had been rewarded. His defence staggered the king's resolution against him, but his usurpation could not be forgiven. He was sentenced to pay Mascarene 10,000 ducats, to forfeit his allowances as governor, and to be banished into Africa. But he was afterwards allowed to return in a private station to Portugal. His friend, Alonzo Mexia, the inspector of the revenue, was also severely punished, if less than his rapacity deserved may be called severe.

[8] This tyrant, on his return to Lisbon, was banished to the Brazils, where, in a rencounter with the natives, he was taken prisoner, and died the death of an American captive. A death proper to awake the remembrance of his own cruelties. See Introduction, p. 529.

Xach Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, prime minister, or rather tyrant of the king of Ormuz, stood accused of the most horrid crimes of office. His rapine had been defended by murder; and the spirit of industry, crushed to the ground, sighed for support amid the desolate streets. Innocence and industry were now protected by Nunio; and Xarafo, though a native of India, was sent in irons to Lisbon to take his trial. Nor was Nunio forgetful of the enemies, while thus employed in restoring to prosperity the allies of Portugal[18]. Hector de Sylveyra, with a large fleet, made a line across the gulph at the mouth of the Red Sea, and suffered not a Moorish or Egyptian vessel to escape. Anthony Galvam, a very enthusiast in honesty, was sent by Nunio to succeed Ataide, governor of the Malucos, a tyrant who trod in the steps of Menezes. All was confusion when Galvam arrived; but he had infinitely more difficulty, says Faria, to suppress the villany of the Portuguese, than to quell the hostile natives. By his wisdom, however, resolution, and most scrupulous integrity, the Malucos once more became a flourishing settlement, and the neighbouring kings, some of whom he had vanquished, entreated his continuance when he received his recall. Anthony Sylveyra spread the terrour of his arms along the hostile coast of Cambaya, and from thence to Bengal. Stephen de Gama, son of the great Vasco, was sent to Maluca, which he effectually secured by the repeated defeats of the neighbouring princes in hostility; and the governor himself attempted Dio. But while he was employed in the reduction of the strongly fortified island of Beth, where the brave Hector de Sylveyra fell, a great reinforcement commanded by Mustapha, a Turk, entered Dio, and enabled that city to hold out against all the vigorous attacks of Nunio[19].

While the governor was thus employed in restoring the strength of the Portuguese settlements, scenes new to the Portuguese opened, and demanded the exertion of all his wisdom and abilities. One of those brutal wars, during which the eastern princes desolate kingdoms and shed the blood of millions, now broke forth. Badur, king of Guzarat or Cambaya, one of those horrid characters common in oriental history, ascended the throne, through the blood of his father and elder brothers. Innumerable other murders, acts of perfidy, and unjust invasion of his neighbours, increased his territories. The Mogul, or king of Delhi, sent a demand of homage and tribute; but Badur flayed the ambassador alive, and boasted that thus he would always pay his tribute and homage. Armies of about 200,000 men were raised on each side, and alternately destroyed, sometimes by the sword, sometimes by famine. New armies were repeatedly mustered, inferior kingdoms were desolated as they marched along, and Badur was at last reduced to the lowest extremity. In his distress he implored the assistance of the Portuguese, and the Mogul had also made large offers to the governor; but Badur's terms were accepted. His territory lay nearest to Goa, and he not only yielded Dio, a city among almost inaccessible rocks, the great object of the Portuguese plan of empire, but gave permission to Nunio to fortify it as he pleased[20]. And the king of Delhi's army soon after withdrew from Cambaya. The king of Decan, entitled Hydal Can, had about this time laid siege to Golconda with an army of near half a million, but Cotamaluco, the prince whom he besieged, found means to defeat him by famine[21]. The Hydal Can

[18] Before his arrival Nunio greatly distinguished himself on the Ethiopian coast. The king of Mombaza, in hatred to the Portuguese, had again reduced the kings of Melinda and Zanzibar to great distress. Nunio laid Mombaza in ashes, and left a garrison at Melinda, which afterwards rendered considerable service to that city.

[19] During this siege Nunio discovered the greatest personal bravery. One day, in attempting a most desperate landing, as his boat hastened from place to place, he was known by the enemy, for he was clothed in red, and stood up in the posture of command. All their artillery was now directed against him, and De Vasco de Lima's head was severed from his shoulders by a cannon ball. A gentleman who had entreated to accompany him, shocked with such danger, exclaimed, "Alas! was it for this I came hither——." To whom, and the others, Nunio replied, with a smile of unconcern, "Humiliate capita vestra." This allusion to a part of the Romish service, amid such imminent danger, was a handsome rebuke of their fears, and in the true high military spirit of Lusian heroism.

[20] One Iago Botello performed the most wonderful voyage, perhaps, upon record, on this occasion. He was an exile in India; and as he knew how earnestly the king of Portugal desired the possession of Dio, he hoped, that to be the messenger of the agreeable tidings would procure his pardon. Having got a draught of the fort, and a copy of the treaty with Badur, he set sail on pretence for Cambaya, in a vessel only sixteen feet and a half long, nine broad, and four and a half deep. Three Portuguese, his servants, and some Indian slaves, were his crew. When out at sea he discovered his true purpose: this produced a mutiny, in which all that were sailors were killed. Botello, however, proceeded, and arrived at Lisbon, where his pardon was all his reward; though, in consequence of his intelligence, a fleet was immediately fitted out, to supply the new acquired garrison. His vessel, by the king's order, was immediately burned, that such evidence of the safety and ease of the voyage to India might not remain.

[21] The Asiatic armies, though immense in number, very seldom come to a general action. To cut off the enemy's provisions, which produces famine and pestilence among such enormous armies, is one of the greatest strokes of Indian generalship.

died suddenly; and Abraham, his son by a slave, one of his principal officers, usurped the throne, and thrust out the eyes of his legitimate son Mulacham, or Mealecan, who was yet in his nonage. Abraham continued the war, and Azadacam, an expert Mohammedan, at the head of a large army, endeavoured to revenge Mulacham, when the people of Decan, desolated by these brutal wars, entreated Nunio to take the dominion of their country, and deliver them from utter ruin. As the Decan forms the continent opposite to Goa, the offer was accepted, and ratified by the consent of Azadacam. Azadacam now fell to the king of Bisnagar, the old enemy of the Decan, and Abraham, now assisted by Cotamaluco, the prince who had been besieged in Golconda, invaded Bisnagar with an army of 400,000 men and 700 elephants. But while human blood flowed in rivulets, Azadacam made his peace with Abraham, and Cotamaluco, in disgust of the favour shown to his enemy, joined the king of Bisnagar. Badur, who owed the possession of his crown to the Portuguese, now meditating their ruin, entered into a league with the Hydal Can. And Azadacam, who had ratified the treaty, by which the miserable inhabitants of Decan put themselves under the protection of the Portuguese dominion, now advised his master to recover his territory by force of arms. A war ensued, but neither Azadacam, nor Soly man Aga with his Persian auxiliaries, could expel the Portuguese. Hydal Can, tired by the groans of the people, ordered hostilities to cease, but was not obeyed by Azadacam, who, to cover his treason, attempted to poison Hydal Can. His treachery was discovered, yet soon after the traitor bought his pardon with gold, for gold is omnipotent in the sordid courts of the east. Nunio, however, compelled Azadacam to a truce; when a new enemy immediately arose. The zamorim, encouraged by Badur, raised an army of about 50,000 men, but was six times defeated by the Portuguese. Badur had now recourse to perfidy. He entreated a conference with Nunio at Dio, and with Souza, the governor of the fort, with intention to assassinate them both. But ere his scheme was ripe, Souza, one day, in stepping into Badur's barge, fell into the water. He was taken up in safety; but some Portuguese, who at a distance beheld his danger, rowed up hastily to his assistance, when Badur, troubled with a villain's fears, ordered Souza to be killed. Four Portuguese gentlemen, seeing Souza attacked, immediately boarded the barge, and rushed on the tyrant. Ingo de Mesqueta wounded him; but though these brave men lost their lives in the attempt, they forced Badur to leap overboard for safety. A commotion in the bay ensued, and the king, unable to swim any longer, declared aloud who he was, and begged assistance. A Portuguese officer held out an oar; but as Badur laid hold of it, a common soldier, moved with honest indignation, struck him over the face with a halbert, and, repeating his blows, delivered the world of a tyrant, whose remorseless perfidy and cruelty had long disgraced human nature.

In this abridged view of the dark barbarous politics, unblushing perfidy, and desolating wars of king Badur, the king of Delhi, and the Hydal Can, we have a complete epitome of the history of India. Century after century contains only a repetition of the same changes of policy, the same desolations, and the same deluges of spilt blood. And who can behold so horrid a picture, without perceiving the inestimable benefits which may be diffused over the east by a potent settlement of Europeans, benefits which true policy, which their own interest demand from their hands, which have in part been given, and certainly will one day be largely diffused? Nunio, as much as possibly he could, improved every opportunity of convincing the natives, that the friendship of his countrymen was capable of affording them the surest defence. Greatly superior to the gross ideas of Gothic conquest, he addressed himself to the reason and the interests of those with whom he negotiated. He called a meeting of the principal inhabitants and merchants of Cambaya, and laid the papers of the dead king before them. By these the treacherous designs of king Badur fully appeared, and his negotiation to engage the grand Turk to drive the Portuguese from India was detected. Coje Zofar, one of the first officers of Badur, and who was present at his death, with several others, witnessed the manner of it: and Moors and Pagans alike acquitted the Portuguese. Letters to this purpose, in Arabic and Persic, signed by Coje Zofar and the chief men of Cambaya, were dispersed by Nunio every where in India and the coasts of Arabia. Nor did this great politician stop here. Superior to bigotry, he did not look to the pope's bull for the foundation of authority. The free exercise of the Mohammedan and Brahmin religions was permitted in every Portuguese territory, and not only the laws, the officers appointed, but even the pensions given by king Badur, were continued. The Portuguese settlements now enjoyed prosperity. A privateering war with the Moors of Mecca, and some hostilities in defence of the princes, his allies, were the sole incumbrances of Nunio, while India was again steeped in her own blood. While the new king of Cambaya was dethroned, while Omaum king of Delhi lost an army of above 400,000 men in Bengal, and while Xercham, the king of that country, together with his own life, lost almost as many in the siege of Calijor, Nunio preserved his territory in the Decan in a state of peace and safety, the wonder and envy of

the other provinces of India. But the armament of the Turk, procured by Badur, now arrived, and threatened the destruction of the Portuguese. Selim, sultan of Constantinople, a few years before, had defeated the soldan of Egypt, and annexed his dominions to the Turkish empire. The Mohammedan strength was now more consolidated than ever. The Grand Turk was at war, and meditated conquests in Europe. The traffic of India was the mother and nurse of his naval strength, and the presents sent by king Badur gave him the highest idea of the riches of Indostan. Seventy large vessels, well supplied with cannon and all military stores, under the command of Solyman, bashaw of Cairo, sailed from the port of Suez, to extirpate the Portuguese from India. The seamen were of different nations, many of them Venetian galley-slaves, taken in war, all of them trained sailors; and 7000 janisaries were destined to act on shore. Some Portuguese renegadoes were also in the fleet; and Coje Zofar[23], who had hitherto been the friend of Nunio, with a party of Cambayans, joined Solyman. The hostile operations began with the siege of Dio; but when Nunio was ready to sail to its relief with a fleet of eighty vessels, Garcia de Noronha arrived with a commission to succeed him as governor. Nunio immediately resigned; and Noronha, in providing a greater force, by a criminal loss of time, reduced the garrison of Dio to the greatest extremity. Here the Portuguese showed miracles of bravery. Anthony de Sylveyra, the commander, was in every place. Even the women took arms. The officers' ladies went from rampart to rampart, upbraiding the least appearance of languor. Juan Roderigo, with a barrel of powder in his arms, passed his companions: "Make way," he cried, "I carry my own and many a man's death." His own, however, he did not, for he returned safe to his station: but above a hundred of the enemy were destroyed by the explosion of the powder, which he threw upon one of their batteries. Of 600 men, who at first were in the garrison, forty were not now able to bear arms; when Coje Zofar, irritated by the insolence of Solyman, forged a letter to the garrison, which promised the immediate arrival of Noronha. This, as he designed, fell into the hands of Solyman, who immediatly hoisted his sails, and, with the shattered remains of his formidable fleet, fled to Arabia, where, to avoid a more dreaded punishment, he died by his own hands.

But while Nunio thus restored the affairs of India, the uncommercial principles of the court of Lisbon accumulated their malignity. He did not amuse the king and nobility with the glare of unmeaning Gothic conquests, and the wisdom of his policy was by them unperceived. Even their historians seem insensible of it, and even the author of the Histoire Philosophique, in his account of Portuguese India, pays no attention to Nunio, though the wisdom and humanity of his politics do honour to human nature; though in the arts of peace he effected more than any of the Portuguese governors; and though he has left the noblest example for imitation which the history of Portuguese Asia affords. Recalled from his prosperous government by the mandate of a court blind to its true interest, chains in place of rewards were prepared in Portugal for this great commander; but his death at sea, after a happy regency of about ten years, prevented the completion of his country's ingratitude.

Noronha, the new viceroy, the third who had been honoured with that superior title[24], began his government with an infamous delay of the succours destined by Nunio for Dio. Coje Zofar, by the same spirit of delay, was permitted, long after the departure of Solyman, to harass the Portuguese of that important place. The Hydal Can, many other princes, and even the zamorim himself, awed by the dignity and justice of Nunio's government, had entreated the alliance of Portugal, and Noronha had the honour to negotiate a general peace; a peace which, on the part of the zamorim, gave the Portuguese every opportunity to strengthen their empire, for it continued thirty years.

These transactions, the privateering war with the Moors; some skirmishes in Ceylon; the design, contrary to the king's commission, to appoint his son to succeed him; his death, and the public joy which it occasioned; comprise the history of the regency of the unworthy successor of the generous Nunio.

Both the Portuguese and the natives gave unfeigned demonstrations of joy on the appointment of Stephen de Gama, the son of the great Vasco. By his first act he ordered his private estate to be publicly valued, and by his second he lent a great sum to the treasury, which by Noronha was left exhausted. He visited and repaired the forts, and refitted the fleets in every harbour. By his officers he defeated the king of Achem, who disturbed Malacca. He restored tranquillity in Cambaya, where the Portuguese territory was invaded by a very powerful army, led by Eramaluco, a prince who had been dethroned

[23] This officer was by birth an Albanese, of catholic parents, and had served in the wars in Italy and Flanders. Having commenced merchant, he was taken at sea by the Turks, and carried to Constantinople, from whence he went to Cambaya, where he embraced Mohammedism, and became the prime minister and favourite of king Badur.

[24] Almeyda and Gama were the only two who had been thus honoured before him.

by king Badur; and his brother Christoval he sent on an expedition into Ethiopia[95]. The Moors of Mecca, as already observed, were the most formidable enemies the Portuguese had hitherto found in the east. In naval art they were greatly superior to the other nations of Asia, and from their numerous fleets, which poured down the Red Sea, the Portuguese had often experienced the greatest injury; and a check to their power was now wanted. The governor himself undertook this expedition, and sailed to the Red Sea with a fleet equipped at his own private expense. Here he gave a severe wound to the naval strength of both the Turks and the Moors[96]. But while every thing was in prosperity under the brave and generous Stephen, he was suddenly superseded by the elevation of Martin Alonzo de Souza. Though no policy can be more palpably ruinous than that which recalls a governor of decided abilities ere he can possibly complete any plan of importance, yet such recalls, ere now, had been frequently issued from the court of Lisbon. But none of them, perhaps, gave a deeper wound to the Portuguese interest than this. Stephen de Gama trod in the steps of his father, of Albuquerque, and of Nunio. Souza's actions were of a different character. He began his government with every exertion to procure witnesses to impeach his predecessor; but though he pardoned a murderer[97] on that condition, every accusation was refuted, and Stephen de Gama was received with great honour at Lisbon. Having refused, however, to give his hand to a bride, chosen for him by John III. he found it convenient to banish himself from his native country, the country which his father had raised to its highest honours. And he retired to Venice, his estate 40,000 crowns less than when he entered upon his short government of two years and one month.

Wars of a new character now took place. By the toleration which Nunio gave to the religions of the natives he rendered the Portuguese settlements happy and flourishing. But gloomy superstition now prevailed, and Souza was under the direction of priests, who esteemed the butcheries of religious persecution as the service of Heaven. The temples of Malabar were laid in ashes, and thousands of the unhappy natives, for the crime of idolatry, were slaughtered upon their ruined altars. This the Portuguese historians mention as the greatest honour of the piety of their countrymen, ignorant of the detestation which such cruelty must certainly bring upon the religion which inspires it; ignorant too, that true religion, under the toleration of a Nunio, possesses its best opportunity to conquer the heart by the display of its superior excellence. Nor was Souza's civil government of the Portuguese less capricious. Highly chagrined to see the military rank unenvied, and his forces weakened by the great numbers who quitted the service on purpose to enrich themselves in the coasting trade, he endeavoured to render commerce both disadvantageous and infamous. He laid the custom-houses under new regulations. He considerably lowered the duties on the traffic of all Moorish and Asiatic merchants, and greatly heightened the rates on the Portuguese traders. And felons and murderers, banished from Lisbon, were by Souza protected and encouraged to become merchants, as only fitter for such employ. Yet while he thus laboured to render the military service as only worthy of Portuguese ambition, he began his regency with a reduction of the pay of the military. At the siege of Batecala, the Portuguese soldiers quarrelled about the booty, and, while fighting with each other, were attacked by the natives, and put to flight. Souza commanded them to return to the charge and revenge their repulse. "Let those who are rich revenge it," exclaimed the soldiers, "we came to make good by plunder the pay of which we are unjustly deprived."—"I do not know you," replied Souza, "you are not the same men I left in India two years ago." To this the soldiery loudly returned, "Yes, the men are the same, but the governor is not the same." Finding the mutiny violent, Souza retired to the ships; but the next day he renewed the siege, and the city was taken, and the streets ran with blood: such was the rage of the army to recompense themselves by plunder. The yearly tribute imposed by Albuquerque upon the king of Ormus

[95] For his melancholy fate, see note to book x. ver. 686.

[96] During this expedition he took the important city and sea-port of Toro in Arabia; after which he marched to mount Sinai, where he knighted several of his officers, a romantic honour admired by Charles V. De Luis de Ataide, having behaved with great courage as a volunteer, at the battle where Charles V. defeated the duke of Saxony, was offered knighthood by the emperor; but he replied, he had already received that honour upon mount Sinai. The emperor, so far from being offended, declared in presence of his officers, that he more envied that honour than rejoiced in his victory. The same spirit of romantic gallantry, arising from religious veneration, seems to have possessed don Stephen himself. He ordered his epitaph to consist of these words, "He that made knights upon mount Sinai ended his course here." Don Alvaro, the son of the great John de Castro, was also one of these knights, and his father thought it so great an honour, that he took for his crest the Catherine-wheel, which his family still continue. There is a chapel dedicated to St. Catherine on mount Sinai, said, by the popish writers, to have been built by angels.

[97] Iago Saurez de Melo, who having fled from the sentence of death in Portugal, was at this time a pirate in the Indian seas, commander of two vessels and 120 men. Of this adventure afterwards.

was 14,000 ducats. It was now raised to 100,000, and the king, unable to discharge such an enormous burthen, was 500,000 ducats in arrear; and a resignation of all the revenues of his crown was proposed, and accepted by Souza. Aradacam, now in open war with his master the Hydal Can Abraham, drew Souza to his party. The design was to dethrone Abraham, who was then in alliance with the Portuguese, and to place Mealecan his brother in his dominions. The Portuguese officers murmured at this shameless injustice; but only Pedro de Faria, trusting to his venerable years, had the courage to remonstrate with the governor. Souza, haughty as he was, listened to the man of fourscore, and confessed that he had saved both his life and his honour. The attempt, however, was highly resented by the Hydal Can, who gathered such a storm to crush the Portuguese, that Souza, foreseeing the tempest which was hovering over him, threatened to open the writs of succession, and resign to the governor next named. He complained that he could not govern men who had neither truth nor honour: he did not consider, however, that his unjust treatment of the common soldiers occasioned their disorder and disobedience. But while he thus meditated a treacherous and cowardly retreat, treacherous because it was to desert his post in the hour of danger, a fleet from Portugal brought the great John de Castro, the successor of the embarrassed undetermined Souza.

The naval and military strength of the Portuguese in India was in a very sickly condition. Great discontent among the few who were honest; all was villany and disorder, rapine and piracy among the rest. On the solicitations of Souza, Meale Can took refuge in Goa. When the Hydal Can made his formidable preparations for war, he demanded as the previous condition of peace, that Meale should be delivered up to him. This Souza refused, but promised to send him to Malaca, where he should remain under guard. Immediately on the accession of Castro, the Hydal Can renewed his proposal for the surrender of Meale, who was yet at Goa; but the new governor rejected this demand with firmness. It was deemed good policy by several of the Portuguese governors to espouse the cause of this injured prince[18]. They esteemed him as an engine, which, under their management, would either overawe the Hydal Can, or dethrone him when they pleased. But the event did not justify this theoretical wisdom. It had been pusillanimity in Castro, had he surrendered a prince who was under protection of the Portuguese faith; but the contrary conduct, the consequence of Souza's policy, produced an invasion of the Portuguese continental territory; and though Castro was victorious, the Hydal Can continued ever ready for hostilities, and occasion was ever at hand. Scarcely had Castro given Hydal Can the first repulse, when Mahumud, the nephew of king Badur, the heir of his crown and fierce disposition, instigated by Coje Zofar, and assisted by the Hydal Can and about 8000 troops from Constantinople, among whom were 1000 janisaries, commenced hostilities, and threatened the total extirpation of the Portuguese: their warlike operations began with the siege of Dio. John de Mascarene, the governor, made a brave defence, and the Portuguese displayed many prodigies of valour. Aradacam, Coje Zofar, and others, of the greatest military reputation, directed the attacks, and perished in their attempts. Whenever a breach was made, the Turks and Indians pressed on by ten thousands, but were always repulsed. Nor were the ladies of the officers less active and courageous than in the former siege. Various reinforcements were sent by the governor, one of which was commanded by his son don Fernando. Unnumbered artillery thundered on every side, and mines were sprung, by one of which Fernando was with his battalion blown up in the air. When Castro received the tidings of this disaster, he was at Goa. He bore it with the greatest composure, and though it was the tempestuous season, he immediately dispatched his other son don Alvaro with another reinforcement to Dio. After eight months had elapsed in this desperate siege, the governor arrived with a large fleet, and without opposition entered the fort. From thence he marched out at the head of 2500 Portuguese, and some auxiliaries of Cochin. The numerous army of Mahumud continued in their trenches, which were defended with ramparts and a profusion of artillery. But the enemy were driven from their works, and pursued with incredible slaughter through the streets of the city. Rume Can, the son of Zofar, rallied about 8000 of his bravest troops, and was totally defeated by Castro[19]. It was necessary to prosecute the war; and the governor,

[18] The Portuguese historians disagree in their accounts of this Hydal Can Abraham. Barros says, he was not of the blood royal. But Faria, who selected his work from Barros, and several other authors, calls him the brother of Meale; whom he unjustly dethroned. When Souza, on pretence of doing justice, endeavoured to place Meale on the throne, the usurper in an artful epistle asked him what right the Portuguese had to dethrone the kings of the east, and then pretend to do justice to an exiled prince? Possession, he said, proved the approbation of God; and the Portuguese, he added, had no other title to dominion in Asia.

[19] During the heat of this engagement, father Caral, with a crucifix on the point of a spear, greatly animated the Portuguese. Rume Can, notwithstanding all the efforts of Castro, put his troops

in great want of money to carry it on, meditated a loan of 20,000 pardaos from the citizens of Goa. He ordered the grave of don Fernando his son to be opened, on purpose to send his bones as a pledge; but the putrid state of the carcase prevented this, and he sent a lock of his own mustachoes as a security for the loan; a security indeed uncommon, but which included in it a signal pawn of his honour. The pledge was respectfully returned, and more money than he required was sent; and even the women stripped themselves of their bracelets and other jewels to supply his want. The ladies of Chaul followed the example, and by the hands of their little daughters sent him their richest jewels. The jewels, however, he returned; and having with great assiduity improved his naval and military strength, he and his captains carried fire and sword over the dominions of the hostile princes, while Hydal Can, with an army of 150,000 men, retired before him. The king of Achem was also defeated at Malaca, and the stubborn villany of the debauched Portuguese soldiers and traders was the only enemy unsubdued. To prevent the ruin of the state, says his historian Andrada, he made it unlawful for a soldier to become merchant. But while he laboured in this much more arduous war, in correcting the abuses of the revenue, and the distribution of justice, grief, it is said, impaired Castro's health, and hastened his end, at a time when Hydal Can and all who had been in arms against the Portuguese were suing for peace. On the approach of death he appointed a council of select persons to take the management of affairs. And so poor was the great Castro, that the first act of this committee was an order to supply the expenses of his death-bed from the king's revenue; for a few reals, not half a dozen, was all the property found in his cabinet[39].

With the eulogium of Castro, Camoëns concludes his prophetic song, and here also the most glorious period of the Portuguese empire in Asia terminates. But the circumstances of its fall, and the noble and partly successful struggles which it sometimes made, when its total extinction seemed inevitable, are highly worthy of the attention of the political philosopher, and form also the necessary conclusion of this history.

Garcia de Sa, an experienced officer, succeeded Castro, and concluded the various treaties of peace, procured by the arms, and in agitation at the death of that great man, highly to the advantage and honour of Portugal. The celebrated St. Francis Xavier was now a principal character in Portuguese Asia. And while the conversion of the east was all he professed, he rendered the throne of Portugal the most political services. His unremitting diligence, and the danger and toil of his journeys from kingdom to kingdom, bespeak a great mind, ardently devoted to his enterprise; and the various princes who received baptism from his hands, and the many thousands who, on his preaching, assumed the Christian name, displayed a success which his admirers esteemed miraculous. Nothing, however, could be easier than such conversion. Xavier troubled his new converts with no restraint, and required from them

at last in great disorder. But though the general could not, the priest led them to victory. A weapon broke off an arm of the crucifix, and Cazal exclaiming aloud, "Sacrilege, sacrilege, revenge the sacrilege," inspired a fury which determined the battle. In many other engagements the leaders promoted their interest in this manner. They often saw the sign of the cross in the air, and at different times some Moorish prisoners inquired after the beautiful young woman, and venerable old man, who appeared in the front of the Portuguese squadrons. And the Portuguese soldiers, who saw no such personages, were thus taught to believe themselves under the particular care of the virgin and St. Joseph.

[39] Castro, though he disdained private emolument, was fond of public magnificence. After his victories he frequently entered Goa in the manner of a Roman triumph. That, after his happy return from Dio, was so remarkably splendid, that the queen of Portugal said, he had conquered like a Christian, but had triumphed like a heathen. The gates and houses were hung with silk and tapestry. The cannon and arms taken from the enemy were carried in the front. The officers in armour, with plumed helmets, followed: Castro, crowned with laurel, and with a laurel bough in his hand, walked upon silk, while the ladies from the windows showered flowers and perfumes upon him; and Cazal, with the maimed crucifix, walked in his surplice immediately before him. Military and church music by turns resounded. And Juzarcan, the general of the Indian horse, and 600 prisoners, guarded and in chains, closed the procession. When he wrote to the king of Portugal the particulars of the relief of Dio, he solicited his recall; but this was rejected, and he was appointed to continue three years longer, with the additional honour of the title of viceroy. His school companion, the infant don Lewis, wrote him an affectionate letter requesting his acquiescence, in which he uses this expression: "After your performance of the royal will, I trust you will cover the tops of the rocks of Cintra with chapels and trophies of your victories, and long enjoy them in profound repose." Cintra, for rocky hills, woods, and rivers, the most romantic situation in nature, was the family estate of Castro. It is said he was the first who brought the orange-tree to Europe, and that he esteemed this gift to his country, as the greatest of his actions. Three orange-trees are still preserved at Cintra, in memorial of the place where he first planted that valuable fruitage. He died, soon after he was named viceroy, in his forty eighth year. His family still remain.

no knowledge of the Christian principles. He baptized them, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and told them they were now sure of Heaven. But while he was thus superficial as an apostle, as a politician he was minute and comprehensive. Several friars of different orders had ere now attempted the conversion of some Indians; but a regular system, of the most extensive operation, was reserved for the son of Ignatius Loyola; and Xavier, his friend and arch-disciple, laid the bold and arduous plan of reducing the whole east to the spiritual vassalage of the papal chair. What is implied in this he well knew, and every offer of religious instruction which he made, was attended with the most flattering proposals of alliances; of alliances, however, which were calculated to render the natives dependent on the Portuguese, and mere tributaries. In this plan of operation the great abilities of Xavier were crowned with rapid success. Kings and kingdoms, won by his preaching, sued for the friendship of the Portuguese. But while the olive of peace seemed ready to spread its boughs over India, the unrelenting villany of the Portuguese soldiers and merchants counteracted the labours of Xavier; and several of the new baptized princes, in resentment of the injuries they received, returned to paganism and hostility. Xavier, who acted as a spy on the military and civil government of India, not only, from time to time, laid these abuses before the king of Portugal, but also interested himself greatly both in the military [31] and civil councils of Portuguese Asia. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of the great Castro, and his political efforts were only baffled by the hardened corruption of the Portuguese manners.

While Xavier thus laboured in the direction of the springs of government, Garcia de Sa died suddenly, and in authority was succeeded by George de Cabral. The zamorin, the king of Pimenta, and eighteen vassal princes, among whom was the late converted king of Tanor, who now had renounced his baptism, joined in a league against the king of Cochin, the faithful ally of Portugal, and took the field with near 200,000 men. Cabral hasted to the assistance of Cochin, and in several expeditions gained considerable advantages over the enemy. The enemy's main army was now in the island of Cochin, and Cabral with 100 sail, and an army of 40,000 Cochinians, had reduced them to the lowest extremity; when, on the very day upon which the eighteen vassal princes were to have been given up as hostages, a new viceroy, don Alonzo de Noronha, arrived, and instantly stopped the operations of Cabral: and by the misunderstanding between the two governors, the whole army of the enemy escaped. Xavier remonstrated, by letter, in the strongest terms to the king of Portugal, and advised the severity of punishment; but to these salutary warnings no attention was paid by the court of Lisbon.

During Sa's government, the coasting trade of the private adventurers became more and more piratical, and continually gave birth to an endless succession of petty but bloody wars. Though the king of Cochin had ever been the faithful ally of Portugal, Cabral ordered, without even the pretence of complaint, one of his richest pagodas [32] to be plundered. This attempt, in the true spirit of the private traders, was defeated; but the royal monopoly, already miserably inadequate both to its means and object, suffered by this breach of faith. It was the cause, says Faria, that the homeward fleet, of only three ships, set out ill laden, and late in the season, when the tempests were coming on.

When Noronha opened his patent of commission, he found that his power had received a limitation unknown before. A council was therein nominated, by whose advice he was enjoined to govern. But it does not appear, from his envious and ruinous transaction with Cabral, or from any other of his measures, that he was either restrained or influenced by their control. Petty wars and usual depredation marked the beginning of his regency; the latter part of it was truly infamous. The Portuguese had valuable settlements in the rich island of Ceylon, and the king of Cota, their ally, was now treacherously invaded, in breach of a solemn peace, by Maduse king of Ceytavaca. In one of the first battles the king of Cota lost his life, and his successor implored the stipulated assistance of the Portuguese. Noronha himself hastened to Ceylon, and his first action was to put to the rack some of the domestics of the king whom he came to defend, in order to make them discover their prince's treasures. He then

[31] In 1547 Malaca was saved by Xavier. The king of Achem, the inveterate enemy of Portugal, fitted out 60 vessels against that port. And when the governor refused to sail in search of the enemy, ere they were fully equipped, Xavier persuaded the merchants to fit out ten vessels. He went on board, and, by his persuasions and prophecies of success, so encouraged this small squadron, that they gained a complete victory over the fleet of Achem.

[32] The Indian pagodas or temples are the repositories of their most valuable treasures. When they intend to build a pagoda, says Faria, they sow the ground with kidney-beans. When these are green, they bring a gray cow to feed among them, and on the spot where she first dungs, they erect the throne of the idol to whom the pagoda, which they build around it, is to be dedicated. Pythagoras's veneration for beans, together with his metempsychosis, was perhaps borrowed from the Indians.

plundered the palace of the late king, and demanded 200,000 ducats to defray his charges, which sum was immediately given to him. He afterwards defeated Madune, and razed his city in search of treasure, and very considerable riches were found. By agreement one half of the booty was due to the king of Cota, but Noronha paid no regard to the faith of treaty. Nor would he leave one Portuguese soldier to defend his injured ally, though earnestly solicited, and though the king of Ceytavaca remained in the mountains ready for revenge on the departure of the viceroy[33].

The Grand Turk, still intent on the extirpation of the Portuguese from India, fitted out three formidable squadrons during the regency of Noronha. The first, commanded by a bold pirate named Pirbee, sailed from Suez with an armament of 16,000 men. He plundered the Portuguese settlement at Mascate, and even the city of Ormus, though the fort held out against him. Having also plundered other coasts, he returned to Constantinople with great riches, which he presented to the sultan. But, as nothing effectual was done towards the extirpation of the Europeans, in place of reward, Pirbee's head was struck off by order of the grand signior.

The strenuous and long continued efforts of the Porte to expel the Portuguese from the eastern seas, display the vast importance of the naval superiority of the Europeans in Asia. Though immediate gain seems to have been the sole motive of the Europeans who first went to India, the Moors and Turks perceived the remote political consequences of their arrival, in the clearest light. Dissatisfied with the undecisive expedition of Pirbee, two other formidable Turkish squadrons were sent against the Portuguese. But both of these were commanded by officers of mean abilities, and were totally defeated by shipwreck and battle. The samorim and the king of Pimenta, whose combined army Noronha had formerly permitted to escape, had continued, during the war in Ceylon and with the Turks, to harass the Portuguese fleets, and the king of Cochin, their ally. Noronha, now at leisure, went in person to revenge these insults, and the rich islands of Algada, subject to the king of Pimenta, after a desperate defence, were destroyed with fire and sword. Our military poet, Camoens, at this time arrived in India, and discovered his valour as a volunteer in this expedition.

While the royal monopoly and the coasting trade were thus reduced and exposed, under the langour and weakness of the military operations, the active spirit of Xavier was untired. Having visited almost every settlement, every where endeavouring to inspire political vigour and unanimity, he was now busied in adding the Chinese language to his other laborious acquirements of the oriental tongues; for the spiritual dominion of China was the grand object of his stupendous plan. But, alarmed at the spreading odium raised by the cruel and unjust actions of Noronha in Ceylon, he hasted thither, for he foresaw the malign influence of the Portuguese insolence and oppression. From Ceylon he went to the Malucos and Japan, and when ready to enter China, his death in the isle of Sancyon closed his unwearied labours of twelve years in the east. To restrain the Portuguese injustice and tyranny, and to win the affection of the natives, were the means by which Xavier endeavoured to establish his stupendous plan of the vassalage of the eastern world. And, had he lived in the more virtuous days of Albuquerque, his views would probably have been crowned with success. By the mean artifices and frauds of the Jesuits who succeeded in his mission, whose narrow minds were earnest for present emolument, what good effects the superior mind of Xavier had produced, were soon counteracted, and totally lost.

After a regency of three years, don Alphonso de Noronha was succeeded by don Pedro de Mascarenhas, a gentleman in his seventieth year. Meale Can was now at Goa. Mascarene adopted the former policy of supporting Meale's title to the throne of Hydal Can, and proclaimed him king of Visapor. But Mascarene's death, ere he had governed thirteen months, closed his regency, and Francisco Barreto, his successor, entering into his views, and desirous of the immense emoluments of an Indian war, prosecuted his designs. The great Castro, by his patronage of Meale, had kept the Hydal Can in awe; but Castro's faith and abilities were now wanting. In breach of a treaty of peace with the Hydal Can, and on pretence of doing justice to an exiled prince, Barreto kindled a war, which proved highly injurious to the Portuguese. Meale was defeated and taken prisoner in his kingdom of Visapor; and several bloody undecisive campaigns displayed the resentment of the Hydal Can[34]. Nor were the affairs of the Malucos less unhappy. Deza, the Portuguese governor, treacherously imprisoned the king of Ternate and his whole family, and ordered them to be starved to death. He was relieved,

[33] By order of the king of Portugal, and by means of Xavier, the extortions of Noronha were afterwards restored to the king of Cota.

[34] See the note on Barreto, in the Life of Camoens.

however, by the neighbouring princes, who took arms in his defence; and the submission of the Portuguese, who deprived Deza of his command, ended the war.

While the military reputation of the Portuguese had almost lost its terrours, while their empire in the east was thus hastening to its fall, John III was succeeded by Sebastian, an infant; and don Constantine de Braganza, of the blood-royal, was appointed deputy-king of India. He governed three years, and never performed one action which did honour to his abilities. The officers he sent out on various expeditions were generally defeated, particularly in a war with the Turks on the coasts of Arabia. He himself shared the same fate, and once saved his life, at the city of Jafanapatan, by inglorious flight. His views were of no importance. He imprisoned Luis de Melo for losing too much time in a victorious expedition on the coast of Malabar. In a descent on Ceylon, the Portuguese seized the tooth of a monkey, a relic held sacred by the pagans, for which, according to Linschoten, 700,000 ducats were offered in ransom; but Constantine ordered it to be burned. The kings of Siam and Pegu pretended the real tooth was saved by a Banian, and each asserting that he was in possession of the genuine one, bloody wars, which much endangered the Portuguese eastern settlements, were kindled; and Constantine, finding himself embarrassed, resigned, contrary to the desire of the council of Lisbon. He is celebrated for his great politeness and affability; and his government is distinguished by the establishment of the inquisition at Goa.

Don Constantine was succeeded by the count de Redondo. Petty wars continued as usual on every coast. In 1564, a Portuguese ship, contrary to the treaty of peace, was attacked by three vessels of Malabar; Redondo complained, and was answered by the zamorim, that some rebels had done it, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise. Irritated by this reply, and on purpose to retort it, he sent Dominic de Mesquita with three ships to scour the coast of Malabar. And Mesquita soon murdered above 2000 Malabrians, the greatest part of whom he sewed up in their own sail cloths and wantonly drowned. Redondo, however, died suddenly, ere the zamorim complained; but such was the rancour of idea among the Portuguese, that Juan de Mendoza, his successor, in answer to the zamorim's complaint, adopted the intended witticism of Redondo, and retorted the zamorim's reply, "it was done by rebels, whom he was welcome to seize and chastise." A spirited reprisal is often the most decisive measure; but this inhuman one, surely, was not dictated by wisdom. A bold woman of quality, whose husband had been murdered by Mesquita, with all the fury ascribed to an ancient druidess, ran from place to place, execrating the Portuguese, and exciting to revenge. Many of the Moors entered into an oath, never to lay down their arms till they had rooted the Portuguese out of India. They suddenly beset the fort of Cananor, and burned above thirty Portuguese ships that rode under its cannon; and a tedious war ensued. Mendoza, after six months, was superseded by don Antonio de Noronha, who ended the war of Cananor with the desolation of the adjacent country. Confusion and bloodshed covered the rich island of Ceylon, and the new converts, the allies of Portugal, were hunted down by the other natives. The king of Achem and other princes began now to meditate a general league for the extirpation of the Portuguese. And the Grand Turk, desirous of acquisition in India, became a zealous auxiliary. But though the first attempt upon Malaca was defeated by the valour of don Leonis, the commander, the league continued in agitation, while the Portuguese seemed to invite and to solicit their own destruction. The rapine of individuals became every year more shameless and general. While an idolatrous devotion to saints and images rendered them insatiable in their cruelty to those of a different worship, they abandoned themselves without restraint to the most lascivious luxury, and every officer had his seraglio of five, six, or eight of the finest women. Indian women of quality were publicly dragged from their kindred by Portuguese ravishers. The inhabitants of Amboyna had received the Portuguese with the greatest friendship. At a banquet given by the natives, a young officer, in the face of all the company, and in presence of her husband, attempted to ravish one of the principal ladies, and was unreproved by his countrymen. The tables were instantly overturned, and the Portuguese expelled the island. And here, as at Ceylon and other parts of India, the popular fury was first glutted with the blood of those natives, now esteemed as traitors, who had embraced the religion of the Portuguese. Immediately another most daring breach of humanity called aloud upon the princes of the east to unite in the defence of each other. Ayero[20], king of Ter-

[20] This is the same prince whom Deza treacherously imprisoned, and attempted to starve. He continued, however, faithful to the Portuguese, till his nephew was murdered by some of their officers. Three of the aggressors were seized by the king's order, and put to death. On renewing the alliance with the Portuguese, he was treacherously murdered by the commandant's nephew. As he was stab-

nate, had always been friendly and tributary to the Portuguese; yet on receiving a treaty of alliance, after having mutually sworn on the arms of Portugal, he was stabbed by order of the Portuguese commandant. Nor did this treachery appease the murderer. In presence of his queen and daughters, who in vain implored permission to bury him, his body was cut into pieces and salted, put into a chest, and thrown into the sea. He had a son, however, Chil Babu, who, in revenge of this, proved the most formidable enemy the Portuguese had ever known in the east. His ambassadors hasted from court to court, and the princes of India, harassed by their cruel awful tyrants, who trampled on every law of humanity and good policy, combined with him in a general league for the utter expulsion of the Portuguese; and so confident were the natives of success, that not only the division of the Portuguese settlements, but the possession of the most beautiful of their wives and daughters, was also settled among them. Five years was this league in forming, and eastern politics never produced a better concerted plan of operation. The various forts and territories of the Portuguese were allotted to the neighbouring princes. Goa, Onor, and Bracalor were to reward the victories of the Hydal Can; Chaul, Damam, and Bacaim were to be taken by Nizamaluco, a king of the Decan; the zamorim was to possess himself of Cannoor, Mangalor, Cochin, and Chale; the king of Achem was to reduce Malaca; and the king of Ternate was to attack the Maluccos. Besides these, many other princes had their appointed lines of action; and this tremendous storm was to burst, in every quarter, at the same instant. Don Luis de Ataide was governor of India when this war began. The Hydal Can, with an army which consisted of 100,000 infantry, 35,000 horse, 2140 elephants, and 350 pieces of cannon, covered the continent opposite to Goa for several leagues, and the disposition of his extensive posts displayed great generalship. Every eminence was fortified, and his batteries, of two leagues in extent, thundered upon Goa. The dispositions of Ataide, however, not only protected that island, but his unexpected inroads often carried terrour and slaughter through this immense encampment. The Hydal Can, though greatly dispirited, began to plant gardens and orchards, and build banqueting-houses, as if resolved to conquer, at whatever distance of time. While Goa was thus besieged, Chaul, a place of less defence, was infested by Nizamaluco, at the head of an army of 150,000 men, Turks, Moors, Ethiopians, Persians, and Indians. The king of Ternate attacked the Maluccos; the queen of Garoopa carried her arms against Onor; and Surat was seized by Agalachem, a prince tributary to the Mogul. And even the ancient Christians of St. Thomas, persecuted by the inquisition of Goa, for non-submission to the see of Rome[28], joined the Pagans and Mohammedans against the natives of Portugal. But where even the embers of haughty valour remain, danger and an able general will awake them into a flame. Don Luis, the viceroy, was advised to withdraw the Portuguese from the exterior part for the support of Goa, the seat of their empire. But this he gallantly refused, and even permitted a fleet with 400 men to sail for Portugal[29]. The zamorim and the king of Achem, having met some repulses at sea, were not punctual in the agreed commencement of hostility. This favoured Ataide; and no sooner did he gain an advantage in one place, than he sent relief to another. He and the best troops hastened from fort to fort, and victory followed victory, till the leaders of this most formidable combination sued for peace. A signal proof of what valour and military art may do against the greatest multitudes of undisciplined militia.

bed, he laid hold of a cannon which bore the arms of Portugal, and exclaimed, "Ah! cavaliers, is it thus you reward the most faithful subject of your king my sovereign!"

[28] See Geddes's History of the Malabrian Church. The Christians of St. Thomas, according to the Portuguese historians, disturbed the new converts, by telling them that the religion the Portuguese taught them was not Christianity. This gave great offence to the Jesuits, who in revenge persecuted the Thomists with all the horrours of the newly established inquisition. The following short account of the Christians of the east may perhaps be acceptable. In the south parts of Malabar, about 200,000 of the inhabitants professed Christianity before the arrival of the Portuguese. They called themselves the Christians of St. Thomas, by which apostle their ancestors had been converted. For 1500 years they had been under the patriarch of Babylon, who appointed their metropolitan or archbishop. Dr. Geddes, in his History of the church of Malabar, relates, that Francisco Roz, a Jesuit missionary, complained to Menezes, the Portuguese archbishop of Goa, that when he showed these people an image of our Lady, they cried out, "Away with that filthiness! we are Christians, and do not adore idols or pagods."

Dom Frey Aleixo de Menezes, archbishop of Goa, did "endeavour to thrust upon the church of Malabar the whole mass of popery, which they were before unacquainted with." To this purpose he had engaged all the neighbouring princes to assist him; "and had secured the major part of the priests present, in all one hundred and fifty-three, whereof two thirds were ordained by himself, and made them abjure their old religion, and subscribe the creed of pope Pius IV."—Millar's History of the Propag. of Christianity.

[29] This was the trading fleet, or regal monopoly, the delay of which might have produced his recall.

A highly honourable peace was concluded with Nizamaluco; but while the Hydal Can was in treaty, and while the zamorim, who was now in arms both by sea and land, proposed conditions to which Ataide would not listen[38], that brave commander was superseded by the arrival of his successor, Antonio de Noronha. When Ataide left India, the Hydal Can was still before Goa, and the new viceroy had the honour to conclude the treaty of peace. But the important fortress of Chale, near Calicut, surrendered to the zamorim, who was still in arms. And the new commission of Noronha involved the east in perplexities unknown before. At the very time when the league began to exert its apparently invincible force, at that very time king Sebastian, now about his sixteenth year, divided his eastern empire, as if it had been in the most flourishing condition, into three governments, independent of each other. Noronha was to command from Cape Gardafu, on the mouth of the Red Sea, to the coast of Pegu, with the title of viceroy of India. From Gardafu to Cape Corrientes, below Madagascar, was given to Francisco Barreto, late governor of Portuguese Asia, now entitled governor of Monomotapa; and from Pegu to China, with the title of governor of Malaca, was appointed to Antonio Moniz Barreto. In this pompous division of empire, Moniz Barreto was to be equipped from India; but Portuguese India could not afford the force which his patent appointed, and Moniz refused to sail to Malaca with an inferior equipment. The celebrated Echebar, the Great Mogul, or emperor of Hindostan, had now possessed himself of the throne of Cambaya[39], and as Baçaim and Damam had formerly belonged to that kingdom, he meditated the recovery of these territories from the Portuguese: but while he was ready to invest Damam, Noronha entered the river with so formidable a fleet, that Echebar consented to a peace which confirmed the Portuguese right of possession, on condition of their alliance. The king of Achem, who according to the league was to have invaded Malaca, now performed his part, and reduced that settlement, which had no governor, to the deepest distress. The arms of Ternate were also prosperous in the Malucos. To the relief of these Noronha sent some supplies, but while he was preparing to send more, an order from Portugal arrived, which empowered don Gasper archbishop of Goa to depose Noronha, and invest Moniz with the government of India. Don Leonis de Pereyra was at the same time appointed governor of Malaca. Moniz urged him to sail to the relief of his settlement, but Leonis refused to go thither with less than the appointed equipment. Though on the private accusations of Moniz, Noronha was degraded for a like refusal; though Noronha was then at war, and Moniz now at peace; and though Leonis abated in his demand, Moniz was immoveable. Leonis therefore sailed for Portugal, where his conduct was justified, yet no punishment allotted to Moniz; such was the unblushing partiality with which the ministers of Sebastian governed the falling empire of Portuguese Asia.

While Malaca was thus deserted by its governor, the king of Achem and the queen of Japara, with numerous fleets and armies, poured all the horrours of war upon that valuable territory. Time after time, as the shattered fleets of the one retired to repair, the new armaments of the other immediately filled their stations. And the king of Ternate, the author of the league, was victorious in the isles of Maluco. The several supplies of relief, sent by Moniz, one of which consisted of 2000 troops, all perished by shipwreck ere they reached their destined ports. The murderer of king Ayero was stabbed by the populace, and the Portuguese were totally expelled from this settlement, which commanded the spice islands. Nor was the government of Francis Barreto, in Monomotapa, less unhappy. He, who had been governor of India, says Faria, accepted of this diminished command for three reasons; because he was poor, because it was the king's will, and because it was a post of great danger. His commission was to make himself master of the mines which supply Sofala and the neighbouring ports with gold and silver: and one Monclaros, a jesuit, accompanied him, without whose concurrence he was prohibited to act. He sailed from Lisbon, with only three ships and a thousand men, in 1569, and having received some supplies at Mozambique, together with tools for miners, camels[40] and other beasts of burden,

[38] "He would make no peace," he said, "but upon such terms as the zamorim might expect, were the Portuguese in the most flourishing condition."

[39] Mahumud, nephew of king Badur, was betrayed into Echebar's hands by one of his officers. The traitor was beheaded by order of Echebar.

[40] Cortez is justly admired for the ready dexterity with which he improved every opinion of the Mexicans to his own advantage. Barreto gave an instance of this art upon this expedition. When the Cafres were suing for peace, and Barreto in great want of provisions, one of the camels having broke loose from its keepers, and after running till tired, happened to be met by Barreto, to whom it instantly kneeled, as is usual for that creature when it receives its burden. The Cafres, who had never before seen such an animal, thought it spoke to the governor, and earnestly asked what it said. "These creatures," replied Barreto, "live upon human flesh; and this one has been sent from its brethren to beg I would not make peace with you, otherwise they must be starved." After much entreaty, Barreto pre-

he proceeded to his visionary government. He landed in the river of Good Signs, and proposed to march to the mines by the route of Sofala. But to this Monclaros would not consent, and by his direction he took a more distant course. After a march of ten days along the river Zambeze, during which his small army suffered greatly by extreme heat and thirst, he saw the mountains and valleys covered with innumerable multitudes of armed men. These, however, were dispersed by his fire-arms; and soon after another army, as numerous as the former, shared the same fate. The Cafres now sued for peace, and offered to discover the mines. But when now on the eve of success, Monclaros commanded him to desist from his ruinous expedition, and immediately to return to Mozambique. And so deeply was Barreto affected with this disappointment and dishonour, that overwhelmed with the fever of indignation, without any other symptom of ail, he breathed out his life in sighs, after the violent mental agitation of two days. Among his papers was found a commission for Vasco Homem, his major, to succeed him; who, persuaded by the Jesuit, immediately returned to Mozambique. But Monclaros having sailed for Portugal, Homem, upbraided by the officers of that station, returned to Monomotapa. He landed at Sofala, and from thence, by a short and easy march, arrived at the place where the mines were expected. After some skirmishes with the Cafres, the king of Chicanga pretended to be friendly, and offered to show the mines. Having led the Portuguese from province to province, he at last brought them to a place where he had ordered some ore to be buried and scattered, and here he told them was a rich silver mine. While the Portuguese were several days busied in digging around, the Cafres escaped; and Homem, his provisions beginning to fail, retired to Sofala, leaving a captain named Cardoso, with 200 men, to make further trial. Fearless of this small party, the Cafres returned, and with confident promises offered to discover the richest and easiest worked mines in their country. Cardoso believed them, and was led into defiles, where he and all his men perished by the weapons of the artful barbarians. Such was the end of the government of Monomotapa, the golden dream, the ill-concerted and ill-conducted plan of the weak ministers of a giddy empire hastening to its fall.

Mosis, after he had governed three years, the term most usually named in the writs of succession, was succeeded by don Iago de Menezes, under whom the bloodshed of the usual petty wars with the Moors and Malabrians continued. His regency is distinguished by no warlike event of note: and after he had held the sword of command about two years, he was superseded by the brave Ataide count de Atouguia, whose art and valour had lately triumphed over the most formidable efforts of the general league.

To suppose that Sebastian or his ministers perceived the precarious and ruinous state of their eastern empire, when they appointed this able officer to that very critical command, were to allow them a merit, which every other part of their conduct relative to India disclaims. Don Sebastian's ideas were totally debauched by the most romantic thirst of military glory, and it was his ambition from his childhood to distinguish himself at the head of an army in Africa. Ataide strenuously opposed this wild expedition, which, he was justly convinced, was ill-adapted to the state of his country. But Sebastian, now in his twenty-fourth year, to be relieved of his disagreeable counsel, ordered him to resume the viceroyship of India. The speech which Sebastian made to Ataide, upon this his second appointment, strongly characterizes the frivolousness which now prevailed at the court of Lisbon. Don Constantine de Braganza, of the blood royal, was one of the weakest governors that ever ruled India. Ataide, on the contrary, had performed most incredible actions; had saved the Portuguese from the greatest dangers they ever surmounted in Asia. Yet Sebastian did not bid him reign as he had formerly done. No, he bid him reign like don Constantine—a man, whose abilities reached no further than perhaps to open a ball gracefully, for his politeness was his only commendation. When errours in government begin, the wise see the secret disease, but it is the next generation which feels the worst of its effects. Camoens, whose political penetration was perhaps unequalled in his age and country, saw the declension of manners, and foretold in vain the fall of empire. Portugal owed its existence to the spirit of chivalry and the ideas of liberty, which were confirmed by the statutes of Lamego. Camoens, in a fine allegory, laments the decay of the ancient virtues. Under the character of a huntsman he paints the wild romantic pursuits of king Sebastian, and wishes that he may not fall the victim of his blind passion. The courtiers he characterises, as the most venal of self-interested flatterers: and the clergy, the men of letters, he says,

—— trimm'd the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power,

mised to persuade the camels to be contented with the flesh of beeves; upon which the Cafres gladly supplied them with as many herds as he desired.

Sleepless at night's mid hour to raze the laws,
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,
Framed ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-lackt swords was dry.

Unperceived by the unlettered nobility, the principles of the constitution gradually expired under the artful increase of the royal perogative. If Sebastian was more resolute than John I, his power was bought by the degeneracy of his subjects, and weakness of the state, the certain price with which monarchs purchase their beloved despotism. The neglect of one man of merit is the signal for the worthless, if rich, to crowd to court. Many of these signals were given in the reigns of Emmanuel, John III, and Sebastian, and thus the labours of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, a Castro, and an Ataide, were frustrated and reversed. These governors, bred in war, enthusiasts in honour, all died poor. Xarafo, the creature of Sampayo, the tyrant of his master the king of Ormuz, justly accused of murders and the most unbounded extortion, was sent in irons to Lisbon. But he carried his treasures with him, and was restored to his employments. Anthony Galvam, the most honest of men, saved the Malucos, returned poor to Portugal, and, like Pacheco, died in an alms-house. But these, the errours and crimes of former reigns, were of little effect compared to the evil consequences of the inattention to, and ignorance of Indian affairs, discovered by the ministers of Sebastian. They ordered don George de Castro, who surrendered the fort of Chale to the zamorim, to be tried and beheaded; and he died on the scaffold at Goa. Yet a year after this, the court of Lisbon issued a commission appointing him to command on another station. The poverty of an Albuquerque, a Nunio, and a Castro, was now the public jest of the Portuguese [41] commandants. Under the shade of silken umbrellas, some of the late viceroys rode to battle, in chairs carried on men's shoulders. All was disunion, gross luxury, and audacious weakness in Portuguese Asia, when Sebastian lost his crown in his African expedition. And what greatly hastened their ruin, the natives now perceived their weakness, and foretold their approaching fall. About fifty years before this period, it was the general opinion of India, that the Portuguese were among men what lions are among beasts: "and for the same reason," said an Indian captive to a Portuguese officer, "nature has appointed that your species should be equally few." But as soon as their luxury began to appear, these sentiments were changed. "Let them alone," said one Indian prince to another, "the frauds of their revenue, and their love of luxury will soon ruin them. What they gain as brave soldiers they will soon lose as avaricious merchants. They now conquer Asia, but Asia will soon conquer them." And a king of Persia asked a Portuguese captain, "how many of the Indian viceroys had been beheaded by the kings of Portugal." "None," replied the officer. "Then you will not long," returned the Persian, "be the masters of India."

When Ataide sailed for India on his second viceroyship, he dreaded the disasters which would follow the precipitate, ill-concerted expedition of Sebastian. And it was his first care, after his arrival in the east, to prevent the evil consequences of the unhappy event. He immediately fitted out a fleet which struck the princes of India with awe and terrour. Any particular destination of this armament was never known; for so formidable did Ataide appear, that the tidings of the death and total defeat of Sebastian in Africa produced no war in India. Sebastian was succeeded by an old weak man, his grand uncle, the cardinal Henry. Two years closed Henry's pusillanimous sway. And Philip II of Spain soon after made himself master of the kingdom of Portugal. The brave Ataide, after having humbled the Hydal Can for a breach of treaty, and concluded a peace, fell into a deep melancholy, of which he died in the third year of his regency; so sincerely was he affected with the fall of his country, which he foresaw and foretold [42]. He was succeeded by Hernan Tellez de Menezes, appointed by the five regents who governed Portugal after the demise of Henry. Under Menezes, Mascate was plundered by the Turks. A squadron was fitted out to its relief; but this the commander never attempted. He avoided the Turkish galleys, but plundered and laid in ashes the rich cities of Pesani, Gandel, and Teis, on the coast of the Naytaques, near Cambaya, with whom the Portuguese were not at war. After a government of six months, Menezes was superseded by don Francisco de Mascarenhas, the first viceroy appointed by Philip. His brave defence of Chaul against Nizamaluco entitled him to this distinction; and Philip

[41] In particular, don A. de Noronha, viceroy in 1568, is recorded for publicly branding such conduct as madness. But the motives of these heroes perhaps displayed the truest policy and highest magnanimity. Of this hereafter.

[42] So clear was his heart from the infection of avarice, says Faria, that while others carried immense treasures from Asia to Portugal, he only brought four jars of water, filled from the four great rivers, Tigris, Euphrates, Indus, and Ganges, which were many years preserved as his trophy in his castle of Panicho.

for obvious reasons loaded him with honours, powers, and emoluments, superior to those enjoyed by any former viceroy. He was commissioned to proclaim Philip in India; but Menezes, though he lost his reward, had already performed this confirmation of the usurper's title [45]. But though Mascarene found Philip peacefully acknowledged, all was confusion and weakness in the Portuguese settlements. Turks and Moguls, the zamorim, and other princes, in little squadrons unconnected with each other, spread all the horrours of piratical war from Melinda to Malaca. The Portuguese squadrons were frequently defeated, and their military reputation was in deep decline. Cochin had long been the faithful and valuable ally of Portugal; but the present king, unable to pay the enormous, ungenerous taxes demanded by Mascarene, resigned his revenues to the Portuguese. Twenty thousand Cochinians bound themselves in an oath to die in defence of their ancient rights, and Mascarene was necessitated to suspend his acquirement, an acquirement which was relinquished by don Duarte de Menezes, who, after the usual regency of three years, succeeded him in command. Malaca, invested by the king of Ujantana, was now desolated by famine. About a hundred people died every day, and mothers exchanged their children, that they might not eat their own offspring. The island of Ceylon was also steeped in blood, and the Portuguese there reduced to the deepest distress. But though don Paulo de Lima displayed the ancient valour of his countrymen in the relief of Malaca and the fort of Colombo in Ceylon, the frequent repulses of the Portuguese emboldened the natives to seize every opportunity of hostility.

Under the government of Menezes, a court of chancery, in 1586, was erected at Goa. The citizens, long oppressed by military tyrants, had requested Philip for such jurisdiction. But what chiefly distinguishes this period, is the alteration of the royal monopoly, and the establishment of a Portuguese East India company. The revenues of India, received by the exchequer of Lisbon, amounted to little more than a million of crowns. This, yearly sent to Portugal in Indian goods on board of his majesty's ships, had long been inadequate to the expense of the armaments almost annually equipped in Portugal for the support of the Indian dominion [46]. And Philip, unwilling to continue such preposterous course, farmed the trade of India to a company of merchants, under regulations of the same spirit by which the Spanish trade to Mexico and the Portuguese commerce with Brazil [47] have ever been governed. As in these the sovereign is sole master of the garrisons and territory, which are protected by his fleets and armies, so Philip remained sovereign of Portuguese India. And as the annual flotas which sail to Mexico and Brazil are under severe restrictions, but have the exclusive privilege of trading to those regions, so the merchants who undertook the annual equipment of the Indian squadron, in reward of the revenue stipulated to be paid, received the exclusive privilege of trading with India. An establishment upon other principles would have been inconsistent with every idea of colonization understood, or ever practised, by the courts of Spain and Portugal.

When this new commercial regulation was known in India, it excited the greatest discontent. And all the authority of the viceroy and of the clergy was hardly sufficient to suppress an insurrection at Goa. By its due operation, the lucrative licentiousness of the private traders would have received some bounds; and a check upon their immense profits gave a general alarm. There were stated voyages performed under the direction of the viceroy to collect the king's revenues in the different settlements. And the commanders of these squadrons, acted now, without restraint, as private merchants, and their profits were almost incredible [48]. The idea of preventing the military to become merchants was now no more. And even the viceroys, after Castro and Ataide, became private traders. Besides their yearly salaries now raised to 18,000 crowns, some of them cleared 3, some 5, and some 800,000 ducats, by their own merchandise. And those who bore the title of don were not now ashamed to command their own

[45] By the statutes of Lamego, the magna charta of Portugal, a foreigner cannot hold the Portuguese sceptre.

[46] According to Faria, the royal revenues, about this time, stood thus: The customs of Dio, above 100,000 crowns; those of Goa, 100,000; those of Malaca, 70,000; the tribute of princes and territories, 200,000; which, together with the king's share of the prizes taken by his own ships, amounted to above a million of crowns yearly. It ought to have been two millions, says our historian, but was thus reduced by the frauds of office, and enormous salaries of the commanders of the various forts, which article alone amounted to more than half a million per annum.

[47] The trade to these places is confined to particular ports, annual flotas and register ships, and even the quantity of goods limited. See Account of the European settlements in America, fifth edit. vol. i. p. 234, &c. and 315.

[48] According to Faria's estimate, the voyage from Goa to China and Japan brought the captain 100,000 crowns, for only the freight of the goods of others which he carried; that from Coromandel to Malaca, 20,000; from Goa to Mozambique, 24,000; and the short voyage to Ceylon, 4000. And the profits of their own trade were equally great.

piratical merchant ships. After Castro, some of the first nobility of Portugal were sent to govern India: and their historians bluntly confess, that they went thither to repair their fortunes. But though the new regulations were in the spirit of the Spanish trade to Mexico, nothing like the regularity of the fleets was attained in India. The viceroy still retained the care of fitting out the homeward ships, and the exigencies of India rendered their number and cargoes ever precarious.

Don Duarte de Menezes was succeeded, in 1588, by Emanuel de Souza Coutinho, who in 1590 resigned the sword to Matthias de Albuquerque, who governed about seven years. In 1597, don Francisco de Gama, count de Vidigueyra, and grandson of the discoverer of India, ascended the throne of Portuguese Asia. But not more degenerate were the times, than were his actions and manners from those of his illustrious ancestor. He was the most detested and most insulted ruler that ever governed India; and the meanness of his abilities, the ferocious ungrateful haughtiness of his carriage, and his gross injustice, merited the signal contempt with which he was treated. The peninsula of Podepatam, between Goa and Cochin, was at this time possessed by a Moorish pirate, named Mahomet Cunnale Marca, who made war alike on the Portuguese and the subjects of the zamorim. The zamorim and the viceroy entered into a treaty to crush this pirate; and the former, with an army of 20,000 men, and don Luis de Gama, brother of the latter, with a fleet of above fifty vessels, laid siege to Marca's peninsula; but both were ignominiously repulsed; and the Portuguese arms under don Luis received the greatest disgrace, says Faria, they had ever, except at Ormuz, experienced in the east. Andreas de Furtado, the only Portuguese officer of this period whose name is recorded with honour, soon after compelled Marca to surrender on condition of life; a condition which was brutally violated by the ungenerous Gama [47]. But what principally marks the fatal regency of this count de Vidigueyra, is the arrival of the first warlike squadron of the Dutch in India, the heralds of the total subversion of the Asiatic empire of Portugal.

For the last twelve years, the Portuguese cruelties in Ceylon had disgraced human nature [48]. And for many years, annual fleets had regularly been sent to the coasts of Malabar and the north of Goa, to make piratical wars, on pretence of the suppression of pirates. Yet, as if all their former cruelties had been too little, a bull of croisade, in 1594, arrived in India, commanding the Portuguese to reduce the infidels to the faith by the force of arms. This was a new pretence to plunder the pagodas, the repositories of the Gentoo treasures, and was procured by the Jesuits, who now governed the springs of action over all Portuguese Asia. Though most adroit in fraudful cabals, that which bears the dishonest name of low cunning was their only talent. Cruel, obstinate, and narrow in their minds, the grossest compulsion, and the horrours of the inquisition [49], were the methods by which they endeavoured to propagate their religion. Avaricious of power and riches, and eager for immediate possession, they thrust themselves into every public transaction. The idle luxurious military easily suffered themselves to be guided by them: and their intrigues and ignorance of the arts of civil and military government embroiled and perplexed every operation. In almost every expedition was a mocciara: and it became usual for the defeated commanders to vindicate themselves by accusing the Jesuits. Impress with the enumeration of the facts from which the above conclusions are drawn, and having mentioned a dispute amicably adjusted by a Jesuit, "The religious," says the historian Sousa, "are successful agents in the promotion of peace between lay governors; but when they take upon themselves the government of secular affairs, they bring every thing to confusion and ruin."

While the Jesuits thus cankered and confounded every spring of government, the civil and military officers, intent only on their own present gain, beheld the public weakness with the most languid indifference. Almost totally engrossed by their immense American empire, and the politics of Europe, the

[47] For instances of these, see the Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

[48] Vid. Notes on the Life of Camoëns.

[49] Don Hieronie de Azevedo commanded in Ceylon during the ruinous wars already mentioned. When he kept the field, and had gained any advantages, he compelled the Indian mothers to cast their children between millstones, and to look on while they were ground to pieces. At other times he ordered his soldiers to hold up the shrieking infants on the tops of their pikes. This he did for a most wretched pun. The natives of Ceylon called themselves Galas, and Gallos is Spanish for a cock. "Hark how these young cocks crow"—is recorded as his usual speech, when the infants screamed on the lance.

[50] So different from Xavier were the Jesuits of this period, that they totally impeded the conversion of the Gentoos, by the most absurd topics of contest. The Gentoos wear a tessera of three threads, (of which see note to book x. line 793) and are bigoted to the use of this their ancient badge. But the Jesuits, who said it was instituted by the devil, obstinately insisted that it should be relinquished by their new converts. The badge and their old religion were therefore continued.

Spanish court paid little attention to Portuguese India. The will of the viceroy, now more arbitrary than ever, was the supreme law; heading in its operation in his presence, and heading where his creatures, who shaped it to their pleasure, were armed with power; but it was feeble and misinterpreted, often contemned and disobeyed, in the distant settlements. The commanders on the different stations ceased to act in concert with each other; and their forts were often in a state of blockade, under all the miseries of famine. It was now usual for commanders and whole bands of the Portuguese, without the consent of their superiors, to undertake piratical expeditions, and to enter into the service of the Asiatic princes[81]; and in many actions they fought against each other with the greatest rancour. Their mother country groaned under the yoke of Spain. Mostly natives of the east, the Portuguese in India lost all affection for Portugal, and indeed the political chain which bound them together was now but a slender thread. Unrestrained by regular government, the will of the captain of the fort was absolute, and his protection of the most audacious plunderers was the support of his power. Detested by the natives, at strife among themselves, every circumstance concurred to invite other merchants to India. In this wretched condition of Portuguese Asia, Houtman, a Dutch merchant, while in jail for debt at Lisbon, planned the establishment of his countrymen in the east. The Hollanders paid his debts; he sailed for Asia, and returned with credentials of his promise, which gave birth to the Dutch India company, an institution of deep commercial wisdom; a regular machine, connected in all its operations, and the very reverse of that blind monster, that divided polypus, the Portuguese despotical anarchy.

The spice islands offered the fairest field for the Dutch operations. Here the Portuguese were both weakest and most detested. And at Amboina and Ternate the strangers were gladly received, and conditions of commerce settled[82]. In 1600, Ayres de Saldanna[83] succeeded the weak count de Vidigueyra; but he was equally remiss, and made no head against the Dutch. One of his captains only, the brave Furtado, for five years carried on a petty war with the Hollanders among the Moluccas; but though he gained several victories, he was unable to expel the new intruders. And new squadrons from Holland arrived yearly, and carried their hostilities from Mozambique to Bengal and other parts of India. The Portuguese valour seemed to revive, and the Dutch, in many engagements, were defeated. Their vanquished fleets, however, carried rich cargoes to Europe, and brought fresh supplies. The Jesuits omitted no device, no fraud, that might inflame the natives against them; even their republican form of government was represented as big with ruin to the Indian princes. But the detestation of the Portuguese name was deep in India; and that rooted odium, to which their villanies and cruelties had given birth, and had long nourished, was now felt to militate against them more than millions in arms. Had the general conduct of the Portuguese governors been like that of Albuquerque, had the princes of In-

[81] About 1586, the Turks with powerful armies invaded Persia. Some years after the immense armies of the Mogul invaded the region beyond the Ganges. And the great kingdoms of Pegu and Siam were alternately laid waste by each other. Portuguese adventurers distinguished themselves in all these wars; nor did they consult the viceroy when they went to war with their shipping and soldiers. Two of these renegadoes, by the most detestable treachery and cruelty, rose to the sovereign rank; and, under the regal title, negotiated with the Portuguese viceroys. Of these hereafter.

The history of one of these renegadoes throws light on Portuguese Asia. Iago Soarez de Melo, guilty of murder, fled from the sentence of death in Portugal. He was several years a pirate in the eastern seas. On his promise to accuse don Stephen de Gama, he was pardoned by M. Alonzo de Souza, the new governor. He afterwards, with above 1000 Portuguese, who renounced allegiance to their sovereign, went to Pegu, where he was appointed general of the army, gratified with immense treasure, and entitled the king's brother. In this height of his fortune, he happened to pass by the house of a rich merchant on the day of his daughter's wedding. He entered in with his armed followers, and was invited to partake of the sumptuous entertainment. Struck with the beauty of the young lady, he attempted to take her away by force; the bridegroom and his kindred, who offered resistance, were slaughtered upon the banqueting tables; and the frantic bride fled from the scene of horror, and ended her life with a cord. Soon after, however, the power of Melo, and the thousand Portuguese who served under him, were not sufficient to protect him from the rage of the people. The king delivered him up, and he was torn in pieces by the multitude.

[82] Nothing but the deep detestation of the Portuguese could have procured such favour; for previous to this, the very first operation of the Dutch had displayed their character. They were detected in offering money of base metal for the cargo of the first ship which they loaded with spicery. Those who offered it were seized by the natives; and the squadron which first arrived at Ternate endeavoured to rescue their countrymen at Java, by force of arms, but were repulsed, and compelled to pay the ransom which the natives demanded.

[83] He renewed the treaty of alliance with the celebrated Echebar, or Akbar, who was now master of all India, as far south as Visapor.

dia mourned over their graves, no strangers had ever established themselves on the ruin of such allies. Though repeatedly defeated in war, the Dutch commerce increased, the harbours of India received them with kindness, and gave them assistance; while the friendless detested Portuguese, though victorious in almost every skirmish, were harassed out and daily weakened. Like beasts of prey in their dens, or mountaineer banditti, they kept their gloomy fortresses, their destruction the wish of the natives, who yet were afraid too openly to provoke the rage of such wolves and tigers. About four years after the arrival of the Dutch, the English also appeared in India. The Dutch, who pleaded the law of nature, without ceremony entered the best harbours, and endeavoured to drive the Portuguese from their settlements. The English, in 1601, under sir James Lancaster, erected several factories in India: but they went to ports open to all, and offered injury to neither Dutch, Portuguese, nor Moorish settlement. Twenty English fleets made the voyage to India without hostility with the natives, when the Portuguese Jesuits brought on a rupture, which ended in the loss of the Portuguese military reputation. Every treacherous art which the Moors practised against Gama was repeated by the Jesuits, and the event was the same: for he who fights with the weapons of fraud, whenever he misses his blow, stands naked and weakened, and every wound he receives is mortal.

In 1604 Saldanna the viceroy was succeeded in office and languid negligence by don Alonzo de Castro; and on Castro's death, in the third year of his government, don Frey Alexio de Menezes, archbishop of Goa, was invested with the authority, though not with the title of viceroy. The patronage of the inquisition, and the reduction of the Christians of St. Thomas, of Ethiopia and Armenia[34], to the see of Rome, were the sole employments of this governor. In 1609, the brave Furtado received the sword of command: he was a soldier; and his first ambition was the expulsion of the Hollanders. He called the council and principal citizens of Goa, and urged them to assist him in striking a decisive blow, which might ruin the Dutch. His speech was heard with joy; but when he had filled the port of Goa with a formidable navy, Roy Lorenzo de Tavora arrived from Portugal, and superseded Furtado, in the third month of his regency. The only circumstance for which Tavora is distinguished is his generous acknowledgment, that he thought it was Furtado who governed, when he saw such warlike preparations, and that he was unhappy to supersede so worthy a governor. And unhappy it was for the Portuguese interest. It was now twelve years since the English, and fifteen since the Dutch, had portended the ruin of the Portuguese; yet, except the armament of Furtado, no regular plan had ever been concerted for the expulsion of such formidable rivals. About this time, captain Best, in a large English ship, and captain Salmon, in a bomb-ketch, lay near Surat; Nunno de Cunha, with four large galliots, and twenty-five frigates, part of the armament prepared by Furtado, was sent by Tavora to take or destroy them. The Mogul had an army at this time upon the shore. The beach and the eminences were covered with spectators. And now those who had deemed the Portuguese invincible at sea, with astonishment beheld nine-and-twenty ships vanquished and put to flight by two vessels[35]. And a few days after,

[34] For the miseries with which the Jesuits distressed Ethiopia, see the note to book x. line 843. Though attended with less bloodshed, their conduct was the same in Armenia. This archbishop was a most zealous patron of this method of conversion. See page 572.

[35] An Indian, who had been aboard the English ships, told Nunno that they had not above a week's provision, and that he had nothing to do but to prevent them to take in fresh water. Nunno replied, that "he would not spend a week's provision upon his own men to purchase a victory that might be gained in an hour." And in the same high spirit he sent Canning, an English prisoner in his custody, to help his countrymen to fight, boasting that "he would soon take him again with more company." As Nunno advanced, with red banners displayed, Best weighed his anchors, and began the fight in the centre of the four large galliots; and captain Salmon, in the bomb-ketch, behaved with equal courage. Withington, a writer of king James's time, thus mentions the engagement: "Captain Salmon of the bomb-ketch, the Osiander, was like a salamander amid the fire, dancing the bay about the Portuguese, frisking and playing like a salmon." The Portuguese writers ascribe these victories to the excellence of the English, and incapacity of their own gunners. Soon after, however, the English commerce in India greatly declined. The Dutch pretended that their hostilities in India were in revenge of the Spanish tyranny in the Netherlands. Portugal also bowed down beneath the same cruel yoke: yet this, in the Dutch logic, was her crime; and thus, because the Portuguese groaned under Spanish oppression, the Spanish oppression in the Netherlands was revenged upon them. The truth is, the Portuguese settlements were little regarded by Spain, and the Dutch intruded upon them as the stronger boars in a German forest shoulder the weaker ones from the best fall of acorns. Though beat off by the herdsmen, the stronger boars persist and return; so the Dutch persisted, till they secured possession. Every thing, however, was different in the first settlement of the English. The author of the Histoire Philosophique, &c. seems to decry the policy of the first captains, who made themselves masters of no port, but bought their cargoes of the native merchants. But he ought to have owned that the hostilities of the Turks, and Moguls, and the treachery of the latter in expelling the English factors, rendered retribution just.

Thomas Best, in a harder conflict, was again victorious. Don Hierome de Azevedo, whose cruelties in Ceylon disgraced the name of man, in 1612 succeeded Tavora in the viceroyship of India. In every view of importance, the history of Portuguese Asia terminates with his government. And the occurrences of his regency are strongly characteristic, not of a falling, but of a fallen empire.

The most fearless insolence and treachery were now the characteristics of the Portuguese commanders on every station. Pereyra, captain of the fort of Mombassa, treacherously bribed the Cafres to murder the king, whose head he sent as a trophy to the viceroy Azevedo. The insolence of don Luis de Gama brought the hostilities of the Turks and Persians upon Ormuz and the adjoining territories. In Ceylon the common soldiers robbed the natives at pleasure, and the commanders added rapes and adulteries; "till the people," says Faria, "sought refuge among the wild beasts of the mountains, to shun the more brutal outrage of men." Near Surat, a Portuguese captain, in breach of the peace, took a rich ship from Mecca, the property of the Mogul, and carried her in triumph into the harbour of Goa. Restitution was refused, and the Mogul, whose dominion was now extended from the kingdom of Delhi to the confines of Calicut, detained all the Portuguese ships in his harbours; and, together with his tributary the king of Decan, laid siege to Damam, Chaul, and Baçaim, and desolated the country around. Even the unwarlike Chinese were exasperated, and the humble submission of the Portuguese to new and severe laws preserved their continuance at Macao. In 1606, a Dutch fleet had blocked up the mouth of the Tagus, and prevented the annual supplies to India; and their power was now greatly increased in the east. The natives, in hatred of the Portuguese, in every part favoured them: the kings of Achem and Ternate often assisted them with powerful armies against Malaca and the Moluccos, and the Hollanders were now frequently victorious. While the eastern world was thus in arms against the Portuguese, insurrections among themselves raged in every settlement. While the goldsmiths and mercers of Goa had a bloody engagement, the peace-officers robbed the shops of both parties. An armament of seven ships and 250 soldiers was found necessary to suppress the murderous tumults at Meliapor. In the tumults of Chaul, Bacaim, Trapor, and Tana, some of the Portuguese were almost daily slaughtered by each other; and while they were murdering one another in Ceylon, the natives issued from the forests and mountains, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. Iago Simoens, for services rendered to the emperor of Monomotapa, had received a grant of all the mines of that country in favour of the king of Portugal, and had built some forts on the river Zambeze. To ensure his success, he solicited a reinforcement from the viceroy, which was sent under the command of Fonseca Pinto, a lawyer. But this reinforcement turned their arms against Simoens, and brought him and his settlement to utter ruin. Fonseca, who was sent as judge to Mozambique, enriched himself by the most flagitious acts of injustice and tyranny [56], an example which was followed by his successors, who, without the authority of Azevedo, condemned an officer to the gibbet, and alternately imprisoned each other.

But with all the sang froid of a materialist, the English perceived, says he, that great riches could not be acquired without great injustice; and that to attain the advantages enjoyed by the Portuguese and Dutch, they must also adopt their measures, and establish themselves by force of arms. But James, he adds, as if he condemned such narrow policy, was too pusillanimous, and too much engaged in controversial divinity to allow warlike operations. The treaty of the English with the potent king of Persia, however, he mentions as an effort of great political wisdom. But sir D. Cotton's embassy into Persia, in the Clarendon state papers, vol. i. p. 36. 62. throws another light upon this affair. The treaty with Persia was the silliest step the English could possibly have taken. According to this authentic record, the great monarch of Persia appears little better than a captain of Italian banditti; and his prime minister raised from the meanest station, as a greater shuffler and villain than his master. The treaty with Persia, indeed, alarmed the Mogul, the Portuguese, and the Dutch, and brought hostilities upon the English, which the pusillanimous James would not allow them to punish as justice required. But it was not two months together in the mind, nor was it in the power of the tyrant of Persia to give any effectual assistance to the English. A Persian struck lord Shirley, the sophi's ambassador, in the presence of James, and each charged the other with imposture. The king of Persia and his minister did nothing but scruple the credentials sent from England, and endeavour to extort presents. While James thus amused himself with his Persian negotiation, as sagacious and fruitless as those he held with the court of Spain and the prince palatine, the commerce of his subjects languished in India. Hopeless of any help from Persia, they entered into a kind of partnership in some of the Dutch settlements. But when the Hollander found his opportunity, the English of Amboyna and other places experienced injuries and cruelties which are yet unatoned, and which for many years rendered them of little or no consequence in the east.

[56] He even sold the provisions, implements, and mining tools which he carried to Simoens, whom he accused to the emperor as a rebel against the viceroy, and urged the emperor to kill him. He seized the goods of Simoens, and sold his slaves and effects. He deposed Ruy de Melo, governor of Mozambique, and also seized his estate, which he appropriated to himself. Melo was acquitted at Goa. Iago de

By concessions and presents the viceroy had now purchased peace with the Mogul, who, influenced by the arts of the Jesuit Pereyra, interdicted commerce with the English and Dutch; and the Portuguese merchant ships which were detained in his harbours were released. During the last thirty years, the strength and commerce of the Turks, had considerably increased on the coasts of Arabia[57]. Their trade with the ports of the Mogul was great, and considerable quantities of the produce of India were now again sent to Europe by Egypt and Constantinople. The subjects of the Mogul refused commerce with the English, and the Turks had offered hostilities to sir Henry Middleton in the Red Sea. Middleton therefore appealed to the force of arms; but he did not act as a pirate. He seized some Mogul vessels near Arden, but for the Indian trade which he took from them, he gave them full value in English goods, according to the estimation of the east, professing that he only desired an equitable commerce. Fearful of such rivals, Azevedo fitted out a fleet of eight ships, some of 8, some of 6, 5, and 400 tons, besides 60 frigates, and some fly boats. But after a faint attack, Azevedo withdrew; and though often braved by the English, reinforced only with four vessels, to the deeper astonishment of India, he declined the combat, and suffered the enemy, unmolested, to proceed homeward with loaded ships.

Nor was Miranda, the admiral of the seas of Malaca, more prosperous. After a hard engagement with a great fleet of Achem, he was totally defeated[58] by a Dutch squadron of eight vessels. The trade with China was now annually interrupted by the Dutch, who, not satisfied with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, had now passed the straits of Magellan, and opened a trade with Japan[59]. A Portuguese adventurer, named Sebastian Gonsalez Tibao[60], who, by betraying the Indian princes who favoured him, established himself in Sundara, was there proclaimed king, and became an independent monarch. Conscious that the king of Arracam, his late ally, whom he had treacherously deserted when invaded by the Mogul, would meditate revenge, he sent an embassy to Azevedo, to whom he offered alliance, and proposed a war with the king of Arracam. Allured by Tibao's report of the immense treasures of that prince, Azevedo, contrary, says Faria, to all laws, human and divine, concluded the desired treaty with the renegado, and invaded Arracam. But here also the Portuguese arms were disgraced, and Tibao, deprived of every foot of territory, was reduced to his original meanness. Even more unfortunate was Philip de Brito e Nicote. By the most ungrateful treachery to the king of Tangu and other Indian princes, he also had raised himself to the sovereign power, had been proclaimed king of Pegu, and his name was the terrour of Siam and the neighbouring regions. The king of Ava, in revenge of his vassal the king of Tangu, with an army of 120,000 men, and a fleet of 4000 vessels, laid siege to Brito in his strong fort of Siriam. Azevedo, in hope that he might prove an auspicious ally, sent an armament of five galliots to the support of Brito; but Brito, ere its arrival, was overpowered, after a brave defence[61]. His wife and soldiers were maimed and sent into slavery; and he himself and his male kindred were impaled on the ramparts of his garrison.

Such were now the civil insurrections, such the wars of the Portuguese[62]; the spirit of Azevedo's trea-

Cunha, another lawyer, was appointed to authority equal with Fonseca, with command to restore Melo. When they arrived, they imprisoned Fonseca, but an officer named Guerra relieved him, and imprisoned Cunha. And he, as Fonseca had done, bribed his keepers, and escaped to Mombassa, where Melo then was. Melo and Cunha now sailed for Mozambique, and Fonseca with immense wealth fled to Goa; but Guerra, who remained, was tried by Cunha, and executed.

[57] By this increase, the customs of Ormuz and Muscate were greatly reduced. Vid. Faria, sub ann. 1616.

[58] So completely was he defeated, that he escaped to shore with only six men.

[59] This country was discovered by the Portuguese, who opened a trade with it, about 1543.

[60] This adventurer went to India a private soldier. He deserted from the service, and became a seller of salt in Bengal. His profits increased, till he found himself master of a squadron of ten vessels, with which he commenced piratical wars; and having assumed regal power, he extended his territories, and made treaties with the neighbouring princes. The king of Arracam, threatened with an invasion from the Mogul, entered into a league with Tibao. But, bribed by the Mogul, he suffered his army to pass him; and while the Moguls plundered one part of the rich kingdom of Arracam, he plundered the cities of the other side.

[61] Brito had no powder to repel the enemy, an officer whom he had sent with money to purchase that article having never returned. He was impaled with his face to his house, and lived two days, says Faria, in that dreadful condition.

[62] Though under the same monarch, the Spanish governor of the Philippine isles sent a party of men, in 1602, who, in defiance of the remonstrances and threats of the Portuguese commander, built a fort at the port of Pinal. Some years after, however, the increase of the Dutch power inclined the governor of Manilla to solicit the assistance of Azevedo, to expel the Dutch from the Moluccs. But the viceroy could only afford an armament which consisted chiefly of transported felons. And these wholly deserted ere they came to action. The admiral having, contrary to his orders, touched at Malaca, gave them the final opportunity.

ties are even more characteristic. Won by Middleton's gallant behaviour, and regardless of the viceroy's resentment, the Mogul, contrary to the late treaty, not only admitted the English to free commerce with his subjects, but the English admiral was entertained, by his order, with all the splendour of eastern pomp. The zamorim, the king of Cochin, and the king of the little island of Paru, prepared for hostilities; Azevedo sent rich presents, and begged for peace: the presents were accepted, but the most contemptuous pretences excused delay, and the conditions were never settled. An embassy, with rich presents, was sent to Abas Xa, king of Persia, who meditated the conquest of Ormuz; but this was also treated with scorn; and the Persians, assisted by the English, soon after wrested Ormuz and its territory from the Portuguese. Idle, undetermined treaties, were renewed with the Mogul, and transacted with the king of Siam, who would not consent to expel the English from his harbours. The reasons he urged speak the deepest contempt: he excused the hostilities of the queen of Patana, his vassal, by saying she was mad; and he liked the English, he said, because they were useful to him, and showed him great respect. The prince of Pandar, a kingdom of Ceylon, though the Portuguese had lately murdered an ambassador from his neighbour the king of Candea, sent proposals of peace and offered tribute to the viceroy; but finding the Portuguese less formidable than he had esteemed, he recanted; and Azevedo concluded the treaty, on condition of only one half of the tribute first proposed. But the most contemptuous treatment is yet unmentioned. The king of Ava, alarmed at the treaty with Siam, and apprehensive of revenge for the death of Brito, sent an embassy to the viceroy. Azevedo accepted his proposals, and Martinho da Costa Falcam, his ambassador, went to ratify the treaty at the court of Ava. But the monarch's fears, and the reputation of the Portuguese valour, were now no more. After many days spent by Falcam in vain solicitations for an audience, the hour of midnight was at last appointed. In the dark he was brought to an apartment, and in the dark also was ordered to deliver his embassy, for the king, they said, was there, and listened. He delivered it, and received no answer. Yet though this haughty silence told him he had been talking to the walls, Falcam still meanly solicited to see the sovereign; and the former refused contempt was renewed. A day, and a place in the street were named, where Falcam might see his majesty as he rode out on his elephant. The day came, but the king never deigned to turn his eye to the place where the ambassador stood. And Falcam, thus loaded with the most contemptuous disgrace, returned to Goa.

On a voyage to Dio, Azevedo fell in with four English vessels. He held a council of war, and it was resolved not to fight, because the state of India, should victory declare against them, could not sustain the loss of the large galleon in which the admiral sailed. Such was the poverty of the Portuguese custom-houses in the east; and the exchequer of Lisbon received an equally small and precarious revenue from the company of merchants who were the proprietors of the goods brought to Portugal. In some of the last fifteen years, not a Portuguese ship sailed from India to Europe; and half of those which ventured out, were either taken by enemies, or, having sailed late in the season, were destroyed by tempest.

While thus degraded and broken down, the Spanish court completed the ruin of the Portuguese eastern empire. The expense of the supplies, lately sent against the Dutch and English, far exceeded the taxes of the company, reaped by Spain; and Azevedo received an order from the court of Madrid, to dispose of every employment, of every office under him, by public sale, that money might be raised to support his government. We now need add few circumstances more, for the history of the fall of the Portuguese empire in Asia is here essentially complete.

While the Indian state was so poor, that it could not afford to risk the loss of a single galleon, Azevedo the viceroy was immensely rich. As he complained one day of the great losses sustained by his trading vessels, near the latter part of his reign, one of his officers told him he was still worth 4 or 500,000 ducats. To this he replied, "I am still worth more than that sum in cattle only."

Though the ministry of Spain seemed to have abandoned India, they beheld the success of the Dutch with great resentment. Because he had not defeated the Dutch and English, Azevedo was recalled, was stripped of his riches, and condemned to a dungeon, in which[6] he ended his life, and in which he was maintained by the Jesuits, who afterwards honourably buried him: a debt, no doubt, of gratitude for the services which he had rendered that society in India.

Even deeper declension followed the reign of Azevedo. The numerous Portuguese forts, almost every where stripped of territory, had been long suffered to fall into decay; for their commanders were only intent on their own sudden aggrandisement. Shipwrecks and dreadful tempests added to the miseries of the

[6] To the instances of Azevedo's cruelties already mentioned, let another be added. He used to muse himself and his soldiers, by throwing his prisoners over the bridge of Malvana, to see the crocodiles devour them. "The crocodiles," says Faria, "were so used to this food, that they would lift their heads above water and crowd to the place, at the sight of the victims."

Portuguese: and the most remarkable events of the government of John count de Redondo, who in 1617 superseded Azevedo, are the solemn fasts held at Goa. In some of these, the citizens lay day and night on the floors of the churches, imploring the divine mercy, in the deepest and most awful silence, while not a sound was to be heard in the mournful streets.

Though Azevedo was punished for not defeating the Dutch and English, so little regard did Spain pay to India, that Hernan de Albuquerque, who after Redondo governed for three years, never received one letter from the court of his sovereign. In 1622, don Francisco de Gama sailed from Lisbon with four ships, and the commission of viceroy. On his voyage, the three vessels which attended, contemptuously left him; and to save himself from a Dutch squadron, he burned his own ship on the coast of Mozambique, from whence, in a galliot, he proceeded to India. After a regency of five years, in which he neither executed nor planned one action of the smallest consequence, he resigned the government to don Luis de Brito, the bishop of Cochin. Malaca, again besieged by the king of Achem, was again reduced to the deepest distress; but the bishop would fit out no armament to its relief, jealous, it was thought, lest the commander of it should be appointed viceroy. On the bishop's death, which happened after his having benumbed every business of state for near two years, the writs of succession were opened, and two governors were found named, one for the civil, the other for the military department. But so vague were the terms of expression, that two gentlemen of different names claimed the sword of command. The dispute was submitted to the council of Goa, and Alvarez Botello was declared governor. By a vigorous effort he relieved Malaca; but he fell soon afterwards in an engagement where the Hollanders were victorious; and Malaca was again invested by the neighbouring princes, assisted by a squadron of twelve Dutch ships. Mosambique, Ceylon, various forts of the Moluccas and on every coast of India, were alternately lost and recovered, were again repeatedly attacked by the enemy, and at last finally abandoned by the Portuguese. In 1632, under the viceroyalty of the count de Linarez, "our European enemies," says Faria, "roved over the seas without opposition, took away many of our ships and ruined our trade. They also every where incensed the Indian princes against us: for we had no agents at any of their courts to vindicate our cause." Yet, deep as such declension appears, Linarez, on his return to Europe, presented the king of Spain with a hat-band, and the queen with a pair of pendants, a gift valued at 100,000 crowns. In 1639, while another archbishop of Goa was governor, a squadron of nine Dutch vessels rode in triumph in the river of Goa, and burnt three galleons in the harbour, without opposition; "for the fort," says Faria, "was destitute both of ammunition and men." In 1640, the kingdom of Portugal, by one of the noblest efforts upon record, threw off the yoke of Spain; and the Portuguese in India acknowledged the duke of Braganza as their sovereign. And in 1642, a viceroy was sent to India by John IV. But though the new monarch paid attention to India, and though the English, during their civil wars, abandoned the commerce of the east, the Dutch were now so formidable, and their operations so well connected and continued, that every exertion to recover the dominion of India was fruitless and lost. Soon after the civil wars, the English arose to more power and consequence, than even the Dutch in Asia; and many of the Portuguese merchants became their agents and naval carriers. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, the court of Lisbon turned its attention to the Brazils, and neglected India. A succession of viceroys was however continued; but of all their numerous settlements on every coast of the eastern world, the ports of Goa and Dio in India, and the isle of Macao in the bay of Canton, only remained in the possession of the Portuguese. And, according to the information procured by the abbé Raynal, (who published his Histoire Philosophique, &c. about ten years ago,) two small vessels, often Chinese, once in the year carry some porcelain to Goa and Dio: but these must touch at Surat and other ports to complete their return of silks and spicery. And one ship, with a powercargo, partly furnished by the two sloops of Macao, and partly purchased from the English, sails once in the year from Goa to Lisbon. Such is the fall of that power, which once commanded the commerce of Africa and Asia, from the straits of Gibraltar to the eastern side of Japan!

But Dio and Goa are unrivalled stations; and the island of Macao, on the coast of China, is a possession of the utmost value, a possession which might be envied by the first power of Europe. Would the Portuguese abolish the inquisition of Goa, says Raynal, and open their ports upon liberal principles, the Portuguese flag might again flow triumphant over the eastern ocean. But though this flourish cannot be realised, while the power of the British and Dutch continue, there is a wide and favourable field open for the increase of the Portuguese Indian commerce; and a beginning that promises future importance has already taken place. In 1775, the late king of Portugal new-modelled the government of his Asiatic settlements. By the new[61] laws the power of the governor is altered, and the

[61] For which see the Noticias, in the Appendix.

title of viceroy is changed to that of captain-general. The inquisition of Goa, formerly more dreadful in its cruelties than even that of Portugal, is utterly abolished; and about six or seven vessels are now annually cleared from Lisbon for India; but the commerce of these fleets is a royal monopoly, and regulated in the same spirit by which the trade to Brazil is now, and has always been, conducted and governed.

The histories of wars, from the earliest times, are much alike; the names of the countries ravaged, the towns destroyed, and captains slain are different; the motives and conduct of the oppressors, and the miseries of the oppressed, are the same. Portugal raised the first commercial empire of the modern world; the history of her fate therefore opens a new field for the most important speculation. The transactions of the Portuguese in India are peculiarly the wars and negotiations of commerce, and therefore offer instructions to every trading country, which are not to be found in the campaigns of a Cæsar or a Marlborough. The prosperity and declension of foreign settlements, resulting from the wisdom or errors of the supreme power at home, from the wisdom or imprudence, the virtues or vices of governors abroad; the stupendous effects of unstained honour and faith; the miserable ruinous embarrassments which attend dishonest policy, though supported by the greatest abilities in the field or in the council; the uncommercial and dreadful consequences of wars unjustly provoked, though crowned with a long series of victories; the self-destructive measures, uncommercial spirit, and inherent weakness of despotic rule: the power, affluence, and stability which reward the liberal policy of humane government; in a word, all those causes which nourish the infancy, all those which as a secret disease undermine, or as a violent poison suddenly destroy the vital strength of a commercial empire: all these are developed and displayed, in the most exemplary manner, in the history of the transactions of Portuguese Asia.

And all these combine to ascertain the great principles upon which that stupendous commonwealth the British East India company must exist or fall. The commerce of India is of most essential value to the British nation. By the Indian goods distributed over Europe, the essential balance of trade is preserved in our favour. But whether the Indian commerce should be conducted by an exclusive company, or laid open to every adventurer, is the question of the day, a question of the very first importance to the British empire. And to this question the example of the Portuguese is of the first consequence. Both in the senate, and in the works of some political writers, this example has been appealed to; an exact knowledge of the commercial principles of Portuguese Asia is therefore highly necessary; particularly, if the most gross misrepresentations of it have already been given, with the professed view of influencing the legislature. And an authenticated state of the principles of the Portuguese Asiatic commerce, were it only to guard us against the visionary and dangerous schemes of theory, cannot but be of some utility to that nation which now commands the commerce of India.

Throughout the foregoing history of Portuguese Asia, the characteristics and principles of the Portuguese military and commercial government have been stated and authenticated. But a retrospect will be necessary, to bring the Portuguese example decisively home; and several facts, as for their proper place, have been hitherto reserved for the following

RECAPITULATION.

When Gama arrived in India, the Moors, great masters of the arts of traffic, were the lords of the eastern seas. They had settlements on every convenient station, from Sofala to China; and, though under different governments, were in reality one great commonwealth. They clearly foresaw what injury their trade would sustain, were Europeans to become acquainted with the Asiatic seas. They exerted every fraudful art, that not one man of Gama's fleet might return to Europe. And when these arts were defeated, with the most determined zeal, they commenced hostilities[a].

Garrisons and warlike fleets were now absolutely necessary to the existence of a naval commerce between Europe and Asia. And on the return of Gama, Cabral was sent with an armed fleet of thirteen vessels. His commission was to make alliances, to establish forts and factories, and to repel hostilities. His commission he executed, and the commanders who succeeded him greatly extended the Portuguese settlements, which were reduced by Albuquerque into a regular plan of empire.

To increase the population and riches, and thence the strength of the mother country, by the exportation of her domestic manufactures, raised from her domestic staples, is the great and only real advantage of foreign settlement. But this was not understood by the Portuguese. To raise a revenue for

[a] To the above let it be added, that the soldan of Egypt, and the Grand Turk, for near a century, continued their strenuous efforts for the utter expulsion of the Portuguese.

the king his master, was the idea of Albuquerque. And the stupendous fabric which he raised does his genius immortal honour: for it must be remembered, that even had he understood the domestic advantages of a free trade, it was not in his power to open it. The king of Portugal was sole merchant, every factory was his, and the traffic between Portugal and India was, in the strictest sense, a regal monopoly. There was a species of free trade indeed allowed in the eastern seas; but from this the mother country received no benefit; and the principles upon which it existed, naturally produced the fall of the Portuguese eastern empire. We need not repeat its piratical anarchy. The greatest and most accomplished of the Portuguese governors saw its fatal tendency, and every method was attempted to restrict and render it infamous.

The tribute of the vassal princes, the territorial levies, and the duties of the various custom-houses, produced under some governors a considerable revenue. But how miserably obvious is this system to every abuse! The foregoing history demonstrates how, period after period, it fell into deeper and deeper disorder. The yearly salary of Almeyda, the first viceroy, was only 15,000 rials, (i. e. 1041*l.* 13*s.* 1½*d.* sterling;) about fourscore or a hundred years after, the salary and profits of three years viceroyalty amounted to about one million and a half of ducats. Faria y Sousa has given, from the archives of Portugal, an exact list of all the ships cleared from Portugal for India, from the discovery of Gama to the year 1640[66]. During the first fifty years, which was the most flourishing period of Portuguese Asia, only nine or ten vessels sailed yearly from Portugal to India. And from that period to the end of the Spanish usurpation, only one or two vessels carried the annual traffic of India to Portugal.

Besides the misconduct which naturally results from that worst of all monopolies, a regal one, many were the other circumstances which included the future ruin of the Portuguese.

The vague terms of the viceroy's commission (for which see the Appendix) and his arbitrary power, from which there was no appeal to any body of laws of supreme authority, naturally produced the unjust wars, the insolence, cruelty, and fearless rapine of the Portuguese governors and their dependent officers.

From every circumstance it appears, that the courts of Lisbon and Madrid never considered the commerce of India as an object worthy of their attention. Sovereignty and revenue were the advantages they expected, and endeavoured to find in the east.

Every historian of Portuguese Asia complains of the sudden recalls of the viceroys; and the stated term of three years viceroyalty is most apparently absurd and ruinous. Every historian of these transactions mentions it as the general practice, that the new viceroy stopped and reversed every preparation and plan of his predecessor.

Though no vessels but those of his majesty carried the commodities of India to Europe, a contraband traffic of the officers and sailors had been, most assuredly, of the earliest commencement. By a statute passed in 1637, it appears that the viceroys had formerly obtained the privilege for themselves, and of granting licenses to others, to carry certain articles and quantities of their own private traffic, on board of his majesty's vessels to Portugal. When this grant commenced, we have not been able to determine. Certain it is, however, that it must have been mentioned, had it been in existence when Castro, Ataide, and other viceroys exerted the most strenuous efforts to discourage the mercantile pursuits of the native Portuguese. Were we allowed to venture a conjecture, we would place this exclusive grant to the viceroy and his creatures in the reign of John IV. who made a faint and vain endeavour to recover the dominion of India. And it outrages probability to suppose it older than the extraordinary but uncertified emoluments recorded as given by Philip II. to the viceroys of India. Whenever it commenced, however, in 1687 the legal right to this private traffic was abolished; but the contraband practice, which certainly began with the first voyage of Cabral, was as certainly continued.

The exclusive company of merchants, who in 1587 contracted to fit out the Indian fleets, appear to

[66] From the commencement of the Indian commerce under Cabral, in 1500, to the death of the great Castro, in 1548, 494 ships sailed from Lisbon for India, of which 41 were lost on the voyage. On an average, therefore, about 19 ships in each two years arrived in India. As many of these were war ships, sent to continue in the east, we cannot suppose that, making allowance for shipwrecks, more than five returned annually to Portugal. From 1548 to the accession of Philip, 173 sailed from Lisbon for India, of which 17 were lost. The yearly average is therefore near five ships sent, and the return, as above proportioned, about three. During 37 years under the crown of Spain, only 285 sailed for India, whereof only 256 arrived. Some years not one ship sailed, either from Lisbon to India, or from India to Lisbon. At this period, say all our authors, the ships were mostly overloaded, and sailed at improper seasons, by which means many were lost, and many were taken by the Dutch and English. And thus, upon an average, at least, from about the year 1616, not more than three vessels in each two years arrived at Lisbon.

have had little influence in the affairs of India. The power of the viceroy and the piratical anarchy were still predominant. While only one or two sailed annually for Portugal, the sloops and other vessels employed in the trade of the private adventurers amounted to a considerable number. Captain Best met a trading fleet of 240 Portuguese vessels on the coast of Cambaya: and when the Mogul declared war against the Portuguese, in 1617, the number of their vessels detained in his harbours (Vid. Far. sub. an.) was 300. Yet were the adventurers in this trade liable to every inconvenience usually suffered by smugglers and freebooters. It is true they carried the commodities of Ethiopia and the coasts around Ormuz, to Malaca and China; and in return distributed the products of the eastern over the western shores of the Indian ocean. But they had no certain protection of their property, and they were surrounded with monopolies. The viceroys and commanders of forts had monopolies of their own in every station between Ethiopia and China. And it is easy to conceive how their creatures must have loaded it over all those who dared to interfere with their profits. To render a foreign trade prosperous, the honest merchant must have every possible encouragement. It is easy to acquire a handsome independence in an honourable channel, the sons of men of property and of connexions will adventure; and where capital stock and real abilities are best rewarded, commerce must greatly increase. If on the other hand, the merchant is fettered with difficulties, only men of desperate fortune will settle in a distant climate. And these, conscious of the restraints under which they labour, conscious that they have much to gain and little to lose, will, in the nature of things, be solely influenced by the spirit of the mere adventurer; by that spirit which utterly ruined the Portuguese in India.

Each of the fleets which sailed annually from Lisbon to India, carried out, upon an average, about 3000 men. Very few of these ever returned to settle in Portugal. They married in the east, and became one people with the descendants of those Portuguese, who, at various periods, had settled and married with the natives, in the numerous colonies of Portuguese Asia. Their great commonwealth, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, was a mere anarchy, and its revenue of so little value to the mother country, that Philip III. abandoned India in the most extraordinary manner: he made an edict, that every office under the government should be sold by public sale, an edict that merit should be neglected, and that only the most worthless and rapacious should be intrusted with the affairs of state.

THE APPLICATION

Of the example of Portuguese Asia cannot be better enforced than by an examination of the popular arguments relative to the British commerce with India. A recent writer on the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, has stood forth as the philosophical champion for the abolition of the monopoly of the English united East India company. His arguments may be reduced to these four positions.

I. Exclusive companies are in every respect pernicious.

II. In the Portuguese commerce with India, for more than a century there was no exclusive company; such monopoly is therefore unnecessary for the support of the Indian commerce.

III. Under a free trade, factors will settle in India of their own accord, and every commercial accommodation of selling and purchasing cargo will naturally follow.

IV. Where forts and garrisons are absolutely necessary, these will be best under the immediate protection of the sovereign, under whose care his native subjects will find themselves perfectly safe and easy.

The fable of Procrustes, and his iron bed, was perhaps designed by the ancients to signify a system builder and his system. The reader will soon be enabled to form his own judgment on the justice of this explanation.

The first position is thus maintained by our author: "Of all the expedients that can well be contrived to stunt the natural growth of a new colony, that of an exclusive company is undoubtedly the most effectual." Vol. ii. p. 171.

Having distinguished monopolies into two kinds, our author thus concludes his chapter: "Such exclusive companies, therefore, are nuisances in every respect, always more or less inconvenient to the countries in which they are established, and destructive to those which have the misfortune to fall under their government." Vol. ii. p. 256.

Thus, and throughout our author's whole work, monopolies are represented as always, every where, and in every respect pernicious. Yet when some historical facts, and the manners of nations, are put in the other balance, the scale, loaded with these assertions, will instantly fly up and kick the beam.

However some men may declaim, there was a time when the founding of abbeys and monasteries was the most political method by which the monarchs of Europe could introduce civilization among their

barbarous subjects. And, however ill adapted to the present times, that old monopoly, the institution of corporations, was at the period highly political, and absolutely necessary to support infant commerce against the surrounding oppressions and uncommercial spirit of the feudal system. The commerce of the Hans Towns began not only with incorporated companies, but also with a general stipulated league of these companies; for such union was absolutely necessary to protect the infancy of their naval commercial intercourse against the numerous bands of savage pirates, who at that time infested the Baltic, the Danish, and the German seas.

When prince Henry of Portugal, at his own private expense, had discovered Madeira, his brother, king Edward, made him proprietor of that island. Henry divided it into districts, which he gave to some of his captains, who in return paid him a revenue. When the same prince had discovered the coast of Guinea, the united efforts of a company appeared to him as the most vigorous method of prosecuting his designs. Under a charter from him, and for which they paid him a revenue, several of his captains erected a commercial company at Lagos, and the vigour of their pursuits answered the expectations of Henry. In the third year of their establishment, fourteen ships sailed from that port upon trade and further discovery; and fifteen were the same year fitted out from Madeira. In 1471, Alonzo V, engrossed by domestic quarrels, and the affairs of Morocco, granted Fernando Gomez a monopoly of the Guinea trade, for the small sum of 500 ducats annually, but upon condition that during the first five years he should extend his discoveries 500 leagues further along the sea coast. This condition highly vindicates the wisdom of this monopoly; as the numerous fleets of Lagos and Madeira justify Henry. Discovery was a most unpopular measure, and neither the attention of Alonzo, nor the finances of the state, could afford to fit out squadrons on expeditions of hope. Even in 1497, two of the four ships which were sent to discover India, were purchased from subjects; (see Appendix;) so unable were the royal dock-yards of Portugal to fit out fleets for discovery.

Without the regular connexion of a company, under the sanction of legislative authority, the Dutch might have as rationally attempted to establish a commerce with the Moon as with India. The natives, it is true, received at first, both the Dutch and the English with joy. But the Portuguese were infinitely too strong for all the unconnected attempts of all the private merchants of Europe, and it was their interest to prevent intruders. Nor did the good-will of the natives arise from any other cause than their deep hatred of the Portuguese. It was the interest of the Moors, Egyptians, and Turks, that no Europeans should navigate the eastern seas; and had the Dutch and English been the first who discovered India, they must have encountered the whole force of the east, and all the rage of the Moors.

A sovereign who desires to open a commerce with a distant country, under the circumstances of India, has only this alternative; he must either give exclusive privileges to a company, or he must put his exchequer to the enormous expense of forts and garrisons, and warlike fleets year after year, to awe the hostile natives. In this last supposition, the trade with such countries may be either reserved as a monopoly of the crown, or laid open and free to all the subjects. Exclusive companies were chosen by the Dutch and English, in their prosecution of the commerce of India. And a crown monopoly was adopted by the kings of Portugal. But no sovereign was ever so deep a theorist as to take upon himself the enormous and uncertain expense of conquering and holding distant and warlike nations, in order that, after enriching themselves with the commerce of such countries, his subjects might be better enabled to pay what future taxes he might think proper to impose upon them.

The second position ascribed to our author is deduced from these sentences: "The Portuguese carried on the trade both to Africa and the East Indies, without any exclusive companies." Vol. ii. p. 248.

"Except in Portugal, and within these few years in France, the trade to the East Indies has, in every European country, been subjected to an exclusive company." Vol. ii. p. 243.

"That such companies are not in general necessary for carrying on the East India trade, is sufficiently demonstrated by the experience of the Portuguese, who enjoyed almost the whole of it for more than a century together, without any exclusive company." Vol. ii. p. 246.

In political philosophy an exclusive company and exclusive trade are exactly the same. Our author himself gives the very worst of characters of a regal monopoly; but it seems to have been utterly unknown to him, that such ever was, and is, the Portuguese commerce between Europe and India; utterly unknown to him, that the Portuguese free trade in the Indian seas was a disgrace to commerce, was ruinous in every principle, was esteemed infamous, only fit for felons, in the days of the Portuguese prosperity; and, in order to its suppression, was taxed greatly beyond the trade carried on by the na-

tives. The continuance or abolition of the East India company is a matter of the first importance. If either method be adopted upon false principles, the consequences will be severely felt. We shall therefore claim some merit in holding up a conspicuous example to future philosophers, how imprudent it is to trust to the self-sufficiency of speculation, when, on the most important topics, they appeal to historical facts as a sufficient demonstration of the ease and safety of their theoretical schemes.

The third position ascribed to our author will be found at great length in his fourth book. In Sweden and Denmark he owns that the encouragement of a monopoly was necessary to their trade with India. But where monopolies are necessary, such countries, he says, ought not to trade directly to the East Indies. He takes it for granted, that the smallness of the national capital stock, which cannot be spared in the slow returns of so distant a trade, produces this necessity. And it were better, he adds, for such countries to buy their Indian goods "somewhat dearer" from other nations. But when a nation is rich enough to trade with India, a free commerce, according to our author, would naturally spring up in the most beautiful order. He states the objection of the impossibility of a private merchant's capital being able to support factors and agents in the different ports of India; to which he thus replies, (vol. ii. p. 246.) "There is no great branch of trade in which the capital of any one private merchant is sufficient for carrying on all the subordinate branches, which must be carried on in order to carry on the principal branch. But when a nation is ripe for any great branch of trade, some merchants naturally turn their capitals towards the principal, and some towards the subordinate branches of it..... If a nation therefore is ripe for the East India trade, a certain portion of its capital will naturally divide itself among all the different branches of that trade. Some of its merchants will find it for their interest to reside in the East Indies, and employ their capitals there in providing goods for the ships which are to be sent out by other merchants, who reside in Europe."

When this scheme of commerce with India cannot be effected, it is a proof, according to our author (p. 247.) that such country, at that particular time, was not ripe for that trade; and had better buy their Indian goods, "even at a higher price," from other nations. But had the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, waited for such theoretical ripeness, they had never yet set one foot in India.

In the most favourable view of such establishment of commerce with the great world of Asia, its perfection cannot spring up in a few years, and would be always precarious. When the Moors were in force, such peaceful establishments were impossible, for they knew their present interest too well to listen to the promises of European speculation; and the present character of the Indian nations gives no prophecy when forts and garrisons will become unnecessary to the European residents in India. Our author seems aware of this, in the sentence which immediately follows the last cited, and which vindicates the fourth position into which we have divided his argument.

But it will be here necessary to give a short analysis of the great principles of our author's system.

The wealth of nations, he says, arises from labour; the value of which, he often tells us, is only to be fixed by the higgling of the market. That share of land rent which is claimed by the sovereign, is his favourite source of revenue. And were every subject allowed a free trade too, the whole nation would be enriched, and this source of revenue, of consequence, greatly enlarged. But monopolies of all kinds, by stunting the use of stock and the consequent increase of riches, stunt the sources of revenue. Monopolies are therefore every where and in every respect prejudicial to sovereign and people. As the sovereign is chiefly interested in the flourishing state of the land-rent revenue, it is most likely to flourish under his care. And over and above, as the population of foreign colonies must enlarge the above natural source of revenue, for all other sources are round about; so the population of foreign colonies is the chief end of colonization.

From this analysis, which challenges the severest test, the proposition to put the forts and territory of British India into the hands of the sovereign, naturally follows. We shall give it in our author's own words:

"The settlements," says he, "which different European nations have obtained in the East Indies, if they were taken from the exclusive companies to which they at present belong, and put under the immediate protection of the sovereign, would render this residence" (i. e. of the voluntary unconnected adventurers before mentioned) "both safe and easy, at least to the merchants of the particular nations to whom those settlements belong."

But ere we examine this bold proposition, our author's great objections against the Dutch and English East India companies require our previous attention. "These," says our author, "though possessed of many considerable settlements, both upon the coast of Africa and in the East Indies, have not yet established in either of those countries such numerous and thriving colonies as those in the islands

and continent of America. (p. 217.) .... In the spice islands, the Dutch burn all the spicery which a plentiful season produces, beyond what they expect to dispose of in Europe with such a profit as they think sufficient. ....They have reduced the population of several of the Moluccas. Under the government even of the Portuguese, however, those islands are said to have been tolerably well inhabited. The English company have not yet had time to establish in Bengal so perfectly destructive a system. The plan of their government, however, has had exactly the same tendency. It has not been uncommon, I am well assured, for the chief, that is the first clerk of a factory, to order a peasant to plough up a rich field of poppies, and sow it with rice or some other grain. The pretence was to prevent a scarcity of provisions; but the real reason to give the chief an opportunity of selling at a better price a large quantity of opium, which he happened then to have upon hand. Upon other occasions the order has been reversed, and a rich field of rice or other grain has been ploughed up, in order to make room for a plantation of poppies." p. 250. And thus, as our author expresses it, p. 253, "monopolies stunt the natural growth of some parts, at least, of the surplus produce of the country, to what is barely sufficient for answering the demand of the company."

Our author's abhorrence of commercial pursuits, and his keen predilection for land-rent revenue, are strongly marked in the following sentence: "A company of merchants are, it seems, incapable of considering themselves as sovereigns, even after they have become such. Trade, or buying in order to sell again, they still consider as their principal business, and, by a strange absurdity, regard the character of the sovereign as but an appendix to that of the merchant, as something which ought to be made subservient to it, or by means of which they may be enabled to buy cheaper in India, and thereby to sell with a better profit in Europe. They endeavour for this purpose to keep out, as much as possible, all competitors.... Their mercantile habits draw them in this manner, almost necessarily, though perhaps insensibly, to prefer, upon all ordinary occasions, the little and transitory profit of the monopolist, to the great and permanent revenue of the sovereign." p. 252.

Such are the evils which attend the Dutch and English East India companies: the advantages which would follow, were such monopolies to be abolished, and the sovereign to be sole master of Indian acquisition are these: all his subjects, who pleased, might turn their stock to the commerce of India. By such means, the population of the colonies, and, of consequence, the regal share of their revenue, would be greatly increased.

And thus, according to our author, commerce is of very inferior consequence; and the importation of the sovereign's revenue the very *summum bonum* of the political wisdom of colonization. But these very suspicious data demand a much deeper investigation than our author has bestowed upon them. In many places he expresses the most cordial affection for the kingly power. Because it is the sovereign's interest that his colonies should prosper, he supposes, therefore, that colonies, if under his immediate protection, will and must flourish [67]. And because a monarch, at the head of a standing army, may despise the rudest and most licentious libellers, he concludes, p. 311, that "a standing army is propitious to the cause of liberty [68]." That perfection of wisdom, magnanimity, and attention, which is most essentially implied in these suppositions, is not, however, to be found in a succession of monarchs. No, not in an individual sovereign, if we may believe an assertion which has escaped from our author, p. 441. "The servants," says he, "of the most careless private person are, perhaps, more under the eye of their master, than those of the most careful prince."

When the Portuguese Indian commerce was farmed by a company of merchants, in 1587, about 87 years after its commencement, the regal monopoly was altered, not abolished; for this commerce was continued, according to every idea ever known in the Spanish or Portuguese colonies. It was carried on in a limited number of register ships; and the sovereign authority of the Indian viceroys was still predominant. Our author confesses, p. 171, that the commerce of register ships is "very nearly upon the same principles as that of an exclusive company." And certainly, with respect to his system, they are exactly the same. In describing the management of trade, where it is the sole property of the sovereign, our author has given, though very undesignedly, a very accurate sketch of the regal monopoly of Portugal. Talking of the mercantile pursuits of princes; "They have scarce ever succeeded", says he, p. 414. "The profusion with which the affairs of princes are always managed, renders it almost im-

[67] This argument, absolutely essential to his system, is supported by our author, vol. ii. p. 251, &c.

[68] What a pity it is, that France and Spain have never found out this secret! What arbitrary imprisonments might be avoided, and what expense of legions of spies might be saved, could they perceive our author's advantages of a standing army!

possible that they should. The agents of a prince regard the wealth of their master as inexhaustible; are careless at what price they buy; are careless at what price they sell; are careless at what expense they transport his goods from one place to another. Those agents frequently live with the profusion of princes, and sometimes too, in spite of that profusion, and by a proper method of making up their accounts, acquire the fortunes of princes. It is thus, we are told by Machiavel, that the agents of Lorenzo of Medicis, not a prince of mean abilities, carried on his trade." And thus, also, the corrupted viceroys of India conducted the trade of the kings of Portugal.

But it may be said, the consequences of the above are inapplicable; for a regal monopoly of revenue, and not of trade, is our author's system. His system is held forth as such indeed, yet we apprehend, its consequences would be the same. A hostile country, of vast extent, bridled and awed, and the revenue of an immense territory, governed by the troops and officers of a distant sovereign, is something exceedingly like the Portuguese plan. The consequences of the Portuguese system, therefore, require our strictest attention.

The Portuguese viceroys, it may be said, were arbitrary, and governed by no code of known laws: and the officers of a British sovereign will not be armed with such power. Yet our author is of opinion that the servants of the India company assume such power, and that it is completely foolish to expect they would not. Monopoly, he says, is the interest of a company and its servants. A free trade and revenue is the interest of a sovereign. But does it follow, as our author's argument implies, that such is the interest of his servants also? By no means. We may well inquire, what is that wonderful virtue, essential to our author's argument, which is conferred by the royal commission; that virtue, which would correct all the selfish passions which influence the clerks of a counting-house, and would save the poppies and the rice of Bengal from an untimely plough? If the territory of British India is to be the king's, he must have men in office to manage it under him, and these will have their private interests to serve, as well as the officers of a company. Whence, then, are we to expect their superior virtue? Not, surely, from their greater opportunities of extortion, and of evading inquiry.—But we shall here adopt a sentence from our author, (vol. ii. p. 253,) only substituting the word *king*, where he writes *counting-house*: "Nothing can be more completely foolish than to expect that the clerks of a great king, at ten thousand miles distance, and consequently almost quite out of sight, should, upon a simple order from their master, give up, at once, doing any sort of business upon their own account, abandon for ever all hopes of making a fortune, of which they have the means in their hands, and content themselves with the moderate salaries which their master allows them." Our author pursues his argument, how the servants of a company establish monopolies of their own; and such, attended with every circumstance of unrestrained enormity, was the conduct of the crown officers of Portuguese Asia.

The superior opportunities of extortion and rapine, enjoyed by the military governors of a very distant and rich country, are self-evident. The clerks of a crown office have infinitely better opportunities of evading detection, and of amassing perquisites, than those of a company. Our author has already been cited to explain how the servants of a prince abuse their trust. "It is perfectly indifferent," says he, vol. ii. p. 253, "to the servants of the India company, when they have carried their whole fortune with them, if, the day after they left it, the whole country was swallowed up by an earthquake." And, in the name of God, will not such disaster be equally indifferent to a royal general, or a royal custom-house officer, whenever he finds it convenient to retire from India?

But this is not applicable, it may be said, to our author's system, which is to plant colonies, like those of America, in India, on purpose to draw a revenue from them; and the prosperity of the country will then be the interest of the royal officers. But a hard question here obtrudes itself. Will it be the desire of fixed residents to export a revenue, or to be careful of it? Though many of the Portuguese were natives of the east, war was their harvest; and, like the savages of Louisiana, who cut down the tree when they desire the fruit, their rapacity destroyed the roots and sources of revenue. The nature of their situation, explained by our author in the case of Lorenzo of Medicis, vindicates this assertion, and every period of Portuguese Asia enforces its truth. Though all the artillery of arguments, drawn from the abuses committed by the servants of a company, may thus, with accumulated force, be turned against the servants of a prince; arguments of deeper import still remain.

Whenever a society emerges from what is called the shepherd state, luxuries become its inseparable attendants. And imported luxuries, however neglected and undervalued in our author's estimate, offer not only a plentiful, but the safest mode of taxing the wages of labour, the profits of stock, and the rent of land. The industry of the manufacturer and husbandman can never thus be impeded or in-

jured, which they most certainly are, for a time, by every new tax upon labour and land. The luxuries imported by the East India company have afforded a revenue[69] which has been equal to the land-tax of England. The question then is, whether would this valuable revenue be diminished or increased, were every port open, and every adventurer free to fit out what ships he pleased, to traffic with India?

But were this allowed, what an army of custom-house officers must there be in waiting at every port of the kingdom! for who knows what port a vessel from India once in seven years may choose to enter? What a door for smuggling the luxuries of India would this open! And we need not add, what a diminution of revenue!

Besides the great revenue which it pays, the East India company forms one of the most active sinews of the state. Public funds are peculiar to England. The credit and interest of the nation depend upon their support[70]; and the East India company is not the least of these. It has often supported government with immense loans, and its continuance includes the promise of future support on the like emergencies.

And must this stupendous and important fabric be demolished, to make way for an untried theory[71]?

For a free trade, which, while it increased our imported luxuries, would greatly diminish the revenue which arises from them:

For a trade, which would injure our own manufactures[72], were the present restrictions abolished;

For a trade, which could not be established in India for many years, and which, perhaps, is in its nature impracticable:

"For a transition, which, though possible, must be attended with innumerable difficulties, considering what convulsions, even the smallest stroke of legislative authority upon private property generally produces, notwithstanding all the precautions which may be used[73];"

For a system, which must render the sovereign the military despot of an immense and rich territory[74], and make him the sole master of an unconstitutional revenue; a revenue, which, in the hands of a corrupt ministry, would easily defeat the noblest check against arbitrary power provided by the British constitution, the right of taxation in the house of commons.

America, passively submissive at the feet of a junto in power, could not, for several centuries, afford the means of corruption, which India, already deeply enslaved, would freely yield, for at least a few years.

In every probability, for only a few years—however highly our author may think of the great and

[69] The revenue paid by the goods of the company, and the ventures of their servants, together with the former annual donation, have been above two millions yearly. The land-tax falls short of two millions.

[70] "The credit and the interest of the nation depend on the support of the public funds.—While the annuities, and interest for money advanced, are there regularly paid, and the principal insured by both prince and people, (a security not to be had in other nations,) foreigners will lend us their property, and all Europe be interested in our welfare; the paper of the companies will be converted into money and merchandise, and Great Britain can never want cash to carry her schemes into execution. In other nations, credit is founded on the word of the prince, if a monarchy; or on that of the people, if a republic; but here it is established on the interests of both prince and people, which is the strongest security."—Guthrie.

[71] "In the progress of society, additional props and balances will often become necessary. That of pulling down a whole edifice, to erect a new building, generally ends in the destruction of the community, and always leads to convulsions which no one could foresee." See Governor Johnstone's Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies.

[72] Silks, muslins, callicoes, embroidery, cottons, toys, and many of the Indian manufactures, would greatly injure those of this country, were a free importation allowed. The woven manufactures of India, imported by the company, are restricted to foreign markets.

[73] This sentence in inverted commas is from a pamphlet, entitled Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East Indies—written by Governor Johnstone.

[74] "The immense power which would be added to the crown, by our dominions in the east falling immediately under its management, must be a serious consideration, with every one who believes the preponderating weight which that part of the constitution already possesses; and who wishes, at the same time, to preserve the just balance. Every intelligent mind must foresee the immense additional influence that would accrue, by the command of such a number of troops, the administration of such extensive revenues, and the disposal of so many offices. The author of these Reflections is persuaded, we might expect the same effects that followed the annexation of the rich orders of St. Iago, Calatrava, and Alcantara, to the crown of Spain; which, a celebrated Spanish historian says, contributed more towards enslaving that country, than all the other insidious arts and expedients of Ferdinand and Isabella."—Gov. Johnstone's Thoughts, &c.

permanent revenue of the sovereign; and however he may despise the little and transitory profit of the merchant, we will venture to support the very opposite opinions.

Our author laments, that merchants will never consider themselves as sovereigns, when they have really become such. Commerce was despised, and sovereignty was the ambition of the Portuguese. Immense extension of dominion, greatly superior to the settlements of both the Dutch and English, became therefore their object: and uncommercial often unjust wars naturally followed this search for revenue. And this system as naturally produced the deepest ruin. Wars after wars will ever be produced by a sovereignty assumed in a distant region. The Spanish method of extirpation is the only preventive. Some territory is necessary to settlements in India. But such extension as would depress the grand system of the Indian commerce, must, like the Portuguese sovereignty, end in ruin. The plan of sovereignty directly leads to war with the jealous natives of India. Such revenue, therefore, cannot be permanent, and most probably will not be great for a length of years. Our author upbraids the India company, because their colonies in India are not so populous and thriving as those in America. But were the Indian colonies as safe from the natives, as his scheme of unconnected settlers requires; as populous, and their revenue as great, as his idea of perfection may possibly include, how long would he ensure the permanency of their revenue against the interruption of a revolt or rebellion, or such colonies themselves from a sudden and final dismemberment?—Alas! at this present hour we feel a most melancholy proof of the difficulties and disappointments of raising a revenue in a distant country. May God never curse Great Britain, by fixing her views and hopes on such distant, such little and transitory support!

If properly watched and defended, if not sacrificed to the dreams and dotage of theory, the grand machine of her commerce will ever render Great Britain both prosperous and formidable. In this grand machine the East India company forms a principal wheel. The concentred support which it gives to the public credit; the vast and most rational home tax which its imported luxuries afford, a tax which forms a constitutional source of revenue, ever in our own hands, never to be affected by the politics of distant colonies; the population which it gives to the mother country, by the domestic industry employed upon the staple commodities † which it exports; and the essential balance of trade given

† The first source of the wealth of nations, however neglected in our author's estimate, most certainly consists in its staples; and the plenty of these, and the degrees of their importance, in administering to the wants and desires of mankind, fix the natural difference between the riches of countries. And to this source, the labour necessary to fit these staples to their respective uses is dependent and secondary, if the fruit may be called dependent on, and secondary to, the root of the tree. It is therefore the great duty of the statesman to protect, direct and cherish the manufacture of staples; and by making colonies contribute to this purpose, he produces the natural, advantageous, and permanent use of foreign acquisition. This, however, is so far from being a part of our author's system, that he even reprobates the idea, that the legislature should give any protection or direction to any branch of manufacture. He calls it a power with which no minister can safely be trusted. Vol. ii. p. 26. "It is," he says, "in some measure to direct people in what manner they ought to employ their capitals," of which, he tells us, p. 35, they are much better judges than any statesman or lawgiver. Nay, he even asserts, p. 37, &c. that were any branch of manufacture, for he excepts none, to fall into utter decay, by the freedom of foreign importation, the country would lose nothing by it. The manufacturers, he owns, might sustain the loss of their tools and workshops *, but they would immediately turn their capitals and industry into other channels, which would be of equal advantage to their country. Nay, further, government bounty to the introduction of a new manufacture is hurtful; for that will diminish the revenue, and, of consequence, the national capital: p. 38.

Thus says theory. But let it be asked, if branches of our manufacture must thus, for the good of the nation, be suffered to fall into decay, what must become of the staples, for our author excepts no

* Some people are apt to apprehend the greatest inconveniency, from setting a number of artificers adrift in search of new employment. But this is nothing, according to our author, who tells us, that 100,000 soldiers and seamen, discharged at the last peace, immediately found employment. Very true; for the labourer took to his spade, the tailor to his needle, the shoe-maker to his awl, and the seaman to the merchant service. But were only 10,000 weavers thrown out of employ, the case would be widely altered. But the certainty of finding an unknown employment, fully as advantageous as the branch perfectly known, forms a part of our author's system. It was a silly notion, he tells us, vol. ii. p. 136, to defend Portugal, last war, for the sake of its trade. "Had that trade been lost," says he, "it would only have thrown the Portuguese merchants out of business for a year or two, till they found out as good a method of employing their capitals." Some politicians have thought, the more channels of commerce, the more success; but our author does not care how many were shut up; for this good reason, new ones are sure to be found. But this is like knocking a man down, because he is sure to get up again.

and secured by the exportation of its imports, are the great and permanent consequences of the commercial system, consequences which can never arise from the importation of the greatest revenue. And soon would all these advantages be lost, were the India company to relinquish the mercantile character, and, according to our author's plan[76], assume that of the sovereign. Nor can we take leave of our author, without remarking, that he has been rather unhappy in fixing upon the Portuguese as his favourites. His three great reasons for this predilection are obvious[77]; and that these reasons were extremely rash and ill-founded is also equally evident. His reasons are—the Portuguese had no exclusive African or Indian companies—A most unlucky mistake! And

The population and revenue of the Portuguese colonies are exactly in the spirit of his system.

But the kingdom of Portugal suffered the severest evils from its vain sovereignty of India; and the exclusive companies of England and Holland, however reprobated by our author, have long been, and still are, by their vast commerce, of the most essential advantage to their mother countries.

materials upon which the abandoned manufacture was employed? Their former value must be greatly diminished, if sold unworked to foreigners; and if unsold, annihilated. And thus the national capital will be most effectually injured. Our author talks very confidently of the ease with which individuals will find a proper field for their industry; but, surely, where a number of the staples are thus reduced, the field for domestic industry must be proportionably narrowed; for it is hard to make bricks without straw. "Every individual," says our author, p. 32. "is continually exerting himself to find out the most advantageous employment for whatever capital he can command." But this position, absolutely necessary to our author's system, we flatly deny. There is not only a torpor on the general mind of such districts as are ignorant of commerce, which requires to be roused into action by those of superior intelligence; but there is also a stubborn attachment in such minds to their ancient usages, which half a century can hardly remove. Our author might have seen both this stupor and obstinacy strongly exemplified in the vast difficulty of introducing modern agriculture into a certain country. But, "No regulation of commerce," says he, p. ib. "can increase the quantity of industry in any society beyond what its capital can maintain." It is our author's great leading principle, that no nation ought to attempt any branch either of manufacture or commerce, till its capital be ripe for such branch; and till such time, it is their interest, he says, to buy the articles of such branches from their neighbours. But here let it be asked, how is the capital to be increased in this state of torpor? Elizabeth, and some of her predecessors, imagined that bounties and regulations of commerce would rouse to action, and thence to the increase of capital. At great expense they introduced the manufactures of the continent into their own dominions. And hence England became what she now is. But a view of the state of our author's native country will bring his theory to the fullest and fairest trial. According to his system, Scotland ought to be the most flourishing commercial country in Europe; for certain it is, and he himself often tells it, that the trade of North Britain is under much fewer regulations and restrictions than that of England, Holland, or any of her commercial neighbours. There was a time, indeed, before and in the fifteenth century, when her Jameses assumed the unsafe trust of directing the channels of industry; when they pensioned foreign artificers to settle in their kingdom, and made regulations of commerce. The consequence was, the Scots were the masters of their own fisheries, and the shipping of Scotland were then greatly superior to their present number. Soon after, however, our author's plan, that government should leave every subject to the course of his own industry, took place in the fullest latitude. And the consequence of government ceasing to watch over and direct the channels of commerce, as fully appeared. The Scottish navy fell into deep decline; and their fishery, perhaps the most valuable in the* world, was seized by those monopolists the Dutch, who now enjoy it. A most excellent proof how the unencouraged and undirected Scots turned their capitals and industry to the best advantage! Neglected by government, the Scottish commerce long and deeply languished, till Mr. Pelham, of late, endeavoured to rouse it into action. But the people still follow our author's precept, of buying, from their neighbours, the greatest part of the manufactures they use. And the consequence of all is, many thousands of the Scots find a field for their ingenuity and industry in every commercial country of the world, except in their own.

[76] Yet, strange as it may seem, our author, vol. ii. p. 415. condemns the East India company for adopting the ideas of sovereigns. It has made them bad traders, he there says, and, he adds, has almost brought them to bankruptcy.

[77] According to our author, vol. ii. p. 248. it is owing to the genius of exclusive companies that the colonies of other nations in India have been less populous than those of Portugal. He who reads this work, however, will find another cause for the Portuguese population; and never were any colonies so vexed with monopolies within monopolies, as those of Portuguese Asia. Our author, with the same knowledge of his subject, always represents the Portuguese colonies as of more advantage to the mother country than those of England in America. The latter, he says, "have been a source of expense and not of revenue. But the Portuguese colonies have contributed revenue towards the defence of the mother country, or the support of her civil government."—Vol. ii. p. 194.

* Of such value is this fishery, that the arrival of the first fleet of busses is celebrated in Holland with public rejoicings, similar to those of the Egyptians on the overflow of the Nile.

Having thus followed our author's argument for laying open the India trade, through every gradation of his reasoning, a retrospect may not now perhaps be improper. He founds his argument on the absolute perniciousness of all monopolies, in every circumstance: the safety of laying open the East India trade, he asserts, is sufficiently demonstrated by the experience of the Portuguese. Were the exclusive India companies abolished, European merchants, he says, would voluntarily settle in India, by whom every office of factorship would be discharged. And where forts are necessary, these and the settlements, he asserts, would be most advantageous and prosperous under the immediate protection of the sovereign. In support of this last argument, he appeals to the abuses committed by the servants of a company. And the advantages which he deduces from his system, are, a free trade with India, in which every subject may employ his capital, and the importation of a royal revenue; which last circumstance he estimates as of infinitely more real importance than all the benefits resulting from commerce. But we have proved, by historical evidence, that monopolies and exclusive associations were absolutely necessary in the infancy of trade, and that their effects were rapid, extensive, and highly prosperous. We have likewise brought demonstration, both from the history and the archives of Portugal, confirmed by every principle of Spanish or Portuguese commerce, that his appeal to the experience of the Portuguese is founded upon a most egregious and capital errour. Every page of the history of Portuguese Asia, and the present state of India, demonstrate the impossibility of the scheme of unconnected and unprotected settlers. And from the example of the Portuguese, confirmed by every experience, certain it is that every argument against the servants of a company may be turned, with redoubled force, against the officers of a crown. And were even this system, whose basis is overturned by historical facts, were it even founded on truth, the consequences which he deduces from it are neither certain nor advantageous. By an appeal to undeniable principles, we have held up to view the unavoidable disadvantages[*] of laying open the Indian commerce; and from other principles, equally fixed and evident, it amounts to demonstration, that a despotic revenue, raised in a distant country, must ever be productive of war, transitory, unconstitutional, and dangerous. On the contrary, we have evinced, that the benefits arising from the commerce of India, on the great principles of its present establishment, are important, domestic, and permanent. In an auspicious trade, therefore, we must submit to that necessity of circumstances which we cannot alter; we must not shut our eyes against the broad glare of the light of facts, and amputate the limbs and dislocate the joints of commerce, in order to shorten or to lengthen it to the standard of theory, as Procrustes is fabled to have fitted his unhappy captives to the standard of his iron bed.

Every institution relative to man is not only liable to corruption, but, such is the imperfection of human nature, is sure to be corrupted. Both the servants of a company, and the officers of a king, are liable to the influence of self-interest. But the monarch's ear is hard of access, and often guarded; and the regulations of a regal monopoly, or despotic revenue, are variable at his will. Appeal here must be hopeless. But, under a company, governed by fixed institutions, there exists not only a legal claim of redress, but a legal right of opposition. If errours and corruption, therefore, be natural to every system of human government, let the system most open to inspection and correction be preserved, and let its errours and corruptions be corrected. And happily the British parliament is possessed of the power of such inspection and correction; and happily also such authority is the very reverse of a regal power to raise a foreign revenue, this parliamentary power is constitutional.

The abbé Raynal, in his reflections on the fate of the Portuguese, informs his reader, that while the court of Lisbon projected the discovery of India, and expected inexhaustible riches, the more moderate and enlightened foresaw and foretold the evils which would follow success. And time, says he, the supreme judge of politics, hastened to fulfil their predictions. He, however, who is acquainted with the Portuguese historians must perceive the errours of this representation. The objections against the voyage of Gama were by no means of the enlightened kind. They were these: nothing but barren deserts, like Libya, were to be found; or, if the discovered lands were rich, the length of the voyage would render it unprofitable: or, if profitable, the introduction of wealth would beget a degeneracy of manners fatal to the kingdom. Foreign settlements would produce a depopulation and neglect of agriculture; or, if foreign colonies were necessary, Ethiopia offered both nearer and better settlements. And the wrath of the sobhan of Egypt, and a combination of all Europe against Portugal, completed

[*] That the India trade could not be carried on, with advantage to the nation, otherwise than by a company, is clearly proved by sir Josiah Child, whose arguments have had their due weight with former parliaments.

the prophecy of the threatened evils. But it was neither foreseen nor foretold, that the unexampled misconduct of the Portuguese would render the most lucrative commerce of the world a heavy, and at last insupportable expense on the treasury of Lisbon or Madrid; nor was it foretold, that the shameless villany, the faithless piracies and rapine of their countrymen would bring down destruction upon their empire. Of the objections here enumerated, few are named by our author. Nor does the evil of the increase of wealth, the depopulation and neglect of agriculture, which he mentions as the consequences of the navigation to India, do honour to the political wisdom, either of those who foretold them, or of those who adopt the opinion. The great population of Holland arises from its naval trade; and had the science of commerce been as well understood at the court of Lisbon as at Amsterdam, Portugal, a much finer country, had soon become more populous, and every way more flourishing than Holland is now.

Mines of gold, though most earnestly desired, are the least valuable parts of foreign acquisition. The produce of mines, like the importation of revenue, neither puts into motion nor cherishes domestic industry. To increase the population of the mother country is the only real wealth; and this can only be attained by increasing the means of employment, in such manner as will naturally inspire the spirit of industry. The staple commodities of a country must therefore be manufactured at home, and from hence agriculture will of necessity be improved. He, therefore, who foretels the neglect of agriculture on the increase of commerce, foretels an event contrary to the nature of things; and nothing but an infatuation, which cannot at a distance be foreseen, may possibly fulfil the prediction. To export the domestic manufacture, and import the commodities of foreign countries, are the great, the only real uses of foreign settlements. But did Spain and Portugal derive these advantages from their immense acquisitions in the east and west? Every thing contrary. The gold of Mexico and Peru levied the armies of Charles V. but established or encouraged no trade in his kingdom. Poverty and depopulation, therefore, were not the natural consequences of the discoveries of Columbus; but the certain result of the evil policy of Spain. We have seen how the traffic of India was managed by Portugal. That commerce, which was the foundation of the maritime strength of the Mohammedan powers, and which enriched Venice, was not only all in the power of the Portuguese; but it was theirs also to purchase that traffic on their own terms, with the commodities of Europe. But sovereignty, with its revenue, and not commerce, was the sole object of the Portuguese ambition.

Many have pronounced, that the same evils which overwhelmed the Portuguese are ready to burst upon the British empire. Ignorance of the true principles of commerce, that great cause of the fall of the Portuguese empire, does not at present, however, threaten the British; nor is the only natural reason of that fall applicable to Great Britain. The territory of Portugal is too small to be the head of so extensive an empire as once owned its authority. Auxiliaries may occasionally assist; but permanency of dominion can only be insured by native troops. The numerous garrisons of Portugal in Brazil, in Africa, and Asia, required more supplies than the uncommercial seat of empire could afford, without depriving itself of defence in case of invasion. In the event, the foreign garrisons were lost for want of supplies; and the seat of empire, on the shock of one disaster, fell an easy prey to the usurpation of Spain. Great Britain, on the contrary, by the appointment of nature, reigns the commercial empress of the world. The unrivalled island is neither too large nor too small. Ten millions of inhabitants are naturally sufficient to afford armies to defend themselves against the greatest power; nor is such radical strength liable to fall asunder by its own weight. Neither is nature less kind in the variety of the climate of the British isles. That variety in her different provinces alike contributes to the production of her invaluable staples and hardy troops. Won and defended from the Mohammedans in wars esteemed religious, the circumstances of Portugal produced a high and ardent spirit of chivalry, which raised her to empire; but when success gave a relaxation to the action of this spirit, the general ignorance and corruption of all ranks sunk her into ruin. The circumstances of the British empire are greatly different. Her military spirit is neither cherished by, nor dependent upon, causes which exist in one age and not in another. Nor is the increase of wealth big with such evils as some esteem. Portugal did not owe her fall to it, for she was not enriched by the commerce of India. If Great Britain ever suffer by enormous wealth, it must be by a general corruption of manners. This, however, is infinitely more in the power of government than the many surmise. To remedy an evil, we must trace its source. And never was there national corruption of manners, which did not flow from the vices and errours of government. Where merit is the only passport to promotion, corruption of manners cannot be general. Where the worthless can purchase the offices of trust, universal profligacy must follow. Mankind, it may be said, are liable to be corrupted, and wealth affords the opportunity. But this axiom

will greatly mislead us from the line of truth, if taken in a general sense. The middle rank of men is infinitely more virtuous than the lowest. Profligacy of manners is not, therefore, the natural consequence of affluence; it is the accident which attends a vulgar mind, in whatever external situation. And when vulgar minds are preferred to the high offices of church or state, it is the negligence or wickedness of government, and not the increase of wealth, which is the source of the national corruption. Some articles of traffic have an evil influence on a people. But neither is this in justice to be charged on the increase of national trade. The true principles of commerce, on the contrary, require the restriction of many[79], and perhaps the prohibition of some articles. And ignorance of the true spirit of commerce, and neglect in the legislature, are therefore the real sources of these evils.

While our popular declaimers foresee nothing but ruin in the increase of commerce and wealth, they overlook, or know not, the greatest danger to which foreign acquisition lies open, and which it even invites. The rapacity of distant governors, so strongly exemplified by the Portuguese, has a direct tendency to the production of every evil which can affect a commercial empire. Every governor feels two objects soliciting his attention, objects frequently incompatible, at least not easily to be reconciled —the public, and his own private interest. If institutions cannot be devised to render it the true interest of governors, to make that of the public their first care, stability cannot be preserved. The voluntary poverty of Albuquerque and of Nunio was nobly adapted to the high and romantic ideas of Spanish honour, and without doubt had a wide effect. But no government has a right to require such an example; and in British India it would be useless and absurd, for we have no visionary principles on which it could possibly operate. He who devotes his life to the service of his country, merits a reward adequate to his station. An estimate of the reward which true policy will give, may be drawn from the fate of the Dutch settlement at Brazil. Prince Maurice of Nassau, the general of a Dutch West India company, expelled the Portuguese from one half of this rich and extensive country. In reward of his service he was appointed governor; but his mercantile masters, earnest for immediate gain, and ignorant of what was necessary for future security, were offended at the grandeur in which he lived, the number of fortresses which he built, and the expense of the troops which he kept. They forced him by ill-treatment to resign, and the ideas of the mere counting-house were now adopted. The expense of troops and of fortresses was greatly reduced; even that of the court of justice was retrenched; in their commerce with their new subjects, every advantage of the sordid trader was taken, and payment was enforced with the utmost rigour. Cent. per cent. was now divided in Holland, and all was happy in the idea of the burgo-masters, the lords of this colony; when the Portuguese, invited by the defenceless condition, and joined by the discontented subjects of the Dutch, overwhelmed them with ruin. Though the states now interested themselves vigorously, all the great expense of their armaments was lost. Brazil was recovered by the Portuguese, and this Dutch West India company was utterly extinguished.

Nor can we close our observations without one more. Nunio acquired an extensive territory in India. Harassed by the horrible wars of their native princes, the regions around Goa implored the Portuguese to take them under protection. And, safe and happy, while all around was steeped in blood, the territory under the dominion of Nunio was the envy and wonder of India. Taught by this example, every humane breast must warm on the view of the happiness which the British India company may diffuse over the east; a happiness which the British[80] are peculiarly enabled to bestow. Besides the many in-

[79] That private vices, the luxury and extravagance of individuals, are public benefits, has been confidently asserted, yet no theoretical paradox was ever more false. Luxuries, indeed, employ many hands, but all hands in employment conduce not alike to the service of the state. Those employed on the natural staples are of the first-rate service; but those engaged on luxuries often require materials which contribute to turn the balance of trade against the country where they reside; and as the sale of their labours depends upon fashion and caprice, not upon the real wants of life, they are apt to be thrown out of employ, and to become a dangerous burden on the commonwealth. Nor is all which is spent by individuals gained, as some assert, by the public. National wealth consists of the labour of the people, added to the value of the materials laboured upon. Every bankruptcy, therefore, annihilates the value of as much labour as its deficiency of payment amounts to; and thus the public is injured. Nor is this all; where private luxury is cherished as a public benefit, a national corruption of manners, the most dreadful political disease, will be sure to prevail, sure to reduce the most flourishing kingdom to the most critical weakness.

[80] The form of the government, and the national character of the British, peculiarly enable them to diffuse the blessings which flow from the true spirit of commerce. The Dutch have a penuriousness in their manners, and a palpable selfishness in their laws, ill relished by the neighbours of their settlements. They want a mixture of the blood of gentlemen; or, to drop the metaphor, they want that liberal turn of idea and sentiment which arises from the intercourse and conversation of the merchant

stances of Portuguese tyranny and misconduct already enumerated, there was a defect in their government, which must ever prove fatal to a commercial empire. All the stupendous fabrics of Portuguese colonization were only founded on the sands, on the quick-sands of human caprice and arbitrary power. They governed by no certain system of laws. Their governors carried to India the image of the court of Lisbon; and against the will of the ruler there was no appeal to a supreme civil power. Confidence in the high justice of a Nunio may give nations habituated to oppression a temporary spirit of industry; but temporary it must be, as a hasty journey made in the uncertain intervals of a tempest. The cheerful vigour of commerce can only be uniform and continued, where the merchant is conscious of protection, on his appeal to known laws of supreme authority. On the firm basis of her laws, the colonies of Great Britain have wonderfully prospered, for she gave them an image of her own constitution. And, even where the government of the natives cannot be new-modelled, an easy appeal to the supremacy of civil laws must place commerce upon the surest foundation. It is not the spirit of Gothic conquest; it is not the little cunning finesse of embroiling the Indian princes among themselves; of cajoling one, and winning another; it is not the grovelling arts of intrigue, often embarrassed, always shifting, which can give lasting security. An essential decisive predominancy of the justice of laws like the British can alone secure the prosperity of the most powerful commercial system, or render its existence advantageous or even safe to the seat of empire.

with the man of property, educated in independence. India, perhaps the most fertile country in the world, has suffered more by famine than any other. For the thousands who have died of hunger in other countries, India has buried millions of her sons, who have thus perished. Amazingly populous, the failure of a crop of rice is here dreadful. It is the true spirit of commerce to prevent famine, by bringing provision from one country to another. And may this true spirit of it be exerted by the British in India!

THE

LIFE OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

When the glory of the arms of Portugal had reached its meridian splendour, Nature, as if in pity of the literary rudeness of that nation, produced one great poet, to record the numberless actions of high spirit performed by his countrymen. Except Osorius, the historians of Portugal are little better than dry journalists. But it is not their ineleguance which rendered the poet necessary. It is the peculiar nature of poetry to give a colouring to heroic actions, and to express an indignation against the breaches of honour, in a spirit which at once seizes the heart of the man of feeling, and carries with it an instantaneous conviction. The brilliant actions of the Portuguese form the great hinge which opened the door to the most important alteration in the civil history of mankind. And to place those actions in the light and enthusiasm of poetry, that enthusiasm which particularly assimilates the youthful breast to its own fires, was Luis de Camoëns, the poet of Portugal, born.

Different cities claimed the honour of his birth. But, according to N. Antonio, and Manoel Correa his intimate friend, this event happened at Lisbon, in 1517. His family was of considerable note, and originally Spanish. In 1370, Vasco Perez de Camoens, disgusted at the court of Castile, fled to that of Lisbon, where king Ferdinand immediately admitted him into his council, and gave him the lordships of Sardoal, Punnete, Marano, Amenda, and other considerable lands; a certain proof of the eminence of his rank and abilities. In the war for the succession, which broke out on the death of Ferdinand, Camoens sided with the king of Castile, and was killed in the battle of Aljubarrota. But though John I. the victor seized a great part of his estate, his widow, the daughter of Gonalo Tevoyo, grand master of the order of Christ, and general of the Portuguese army, was not reduced beneath her rank. She had three sons, who took the name of Camoëns. The family of the eldest intermarried with the first nobility of Portugal, and even, according to Castera, with the blood royal. But the family of the second brother, whose fortune was slender, had the superior honour to produce the author of the Lusiad.

Early in his life the misfortunes of the poet began. In his infancy, Simon Vaz de Camoëns, his father, commander of a vessel, was shipwrecked at Goa, where, with his life, the greatest part of his fortune was lost. His mother, however, Anne de Macedo of Santarene, provided for the education of her son Luis at the university of Coimbra. What he acquired there, his works discover: an intimacy with the classics, equal to that of a Scaliger, but directed by the taste of a Milton or a Pope.

When he left the university, he appeared at court. He was handsome[1], had speaking eyes, it is said, and the finest complexion. Certain, it is, however, he was a polished scholar, which, added to the natural ardour and gay vivacity of his disposition, rendered him an accomplished gentleman. Courts are the scenes of intrigue, and intrigue was fashionable at Lisbon. But the particulars of the amours of Camoëns rest unknown. This only appears: he had aspired above his rank, for he was banished from the court; and in several of his sonnets he ascribes this misfortune to love.

He now retired to his mother's friends at Santarene. Here he renewed his studies, and began his poem on the Discovery of India. John III. at this time prepared an armament against Africa. Camoëns, tired of his inactive obscure life, went to Ceuta in this expedition, and greatly distinguished his valour in several rencounters. In a naval engagement with the Moors, in the straits of Gibraltar, in the conflict of boarding he was among the foremost, and lost his right eye. Yet neither the hurry of actual service,

[1] The French translator gives us so fine a description of the person of Camoëns, that it seems to be borrowed from the Fairy Tales. It is universally agreed, however, that he was handsome, and had a most engaging mien and address. He is thus described by Nicolas Antonio: Mediocri statura fuit, et carne plena, capillis usque ad croci colorem flavescentibus, maxime in juventute. Eminebat et frons, et medius nasus, cætera longus, et in fine crassiusculus.

nor the dissipation of the camp, could stifle his genius. He continued his Lusiadas, and several of his most beautiful sonnets were written in Africa, while, as he expresses it,

One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.

The fame of his valour had now reached the court, and he obtained permission to return to Lisbon. But while he solicited an establishment which he had merited in the ranks of battle, the malignity of evil tongues, as he calls it in one of his letters, was injuriously poured upon him. Though the bloom of his early youth was effaced by several years residence under the scorching heavens of Africa, and though altered by the loss of an eye, his presence gave uneasiness to the gentlemen of some families of the first rank, where he had formerly visited. Jealousy is the characteristic of the Spanish and Portuguese; its resentment knows no bounds; and Camoëns now found it prudent to banish himself from his native country. Accordingly, in 1553, he sailed for India, with a resolution never to return. As the ship left the Tagus, he exclaimed, in the words of the sepulchral monument of Scipio Africanus, Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea! "Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones!" But he knew not what evils in the east would awake the remembrance of his native fields.

When Camoëns arrived in India, an expedition was ready to sail to avenge the king of Cochin on the king of Pimenta. Without any rest on shore after his long voyage he joined this armament, and in the conquest of the Alagada islands displayed his usual bravery. But his modesty, perhaps, is his greatest praise. In a sonnet he mentions this expedition: We went to punish the king of Pimenta, says he, e succedemos bem, "and we succeeded well." When it is considered that the poet bore no inconsiderable share in the victory, no one can conclude more elegantly, more happily than this.

In the year following, he attended Manuel de Vasconcello in an expedition to the Red Sea. "Here," says Faria, "as Camoëns had no use for his sword, he employed his pen." Nor was his activity confined in the fleet or camp. He visited Mount Felix, and the adjacent inhospitable regions of Africa, which he so strongly pictures in the Lusiad, and in one of his little pieces, where he laments the absence of his mistress.

When he returned to Goa, he enjoyed a tranquillity which enabled him to bestow his attention on his epic poem. But this serenity was interrupted, perhaps by his own imprudence. He wrote some satires which gave offence; and by order of the viceroy, Francisco Barreto, he was banished to China.

Men of poor abilities are more conscious of their embarrassment and errors than is commonly believed. When men of this kind are in power, they affect great solemnity; and every expression of the most distant tendency to lessen their dignity is held as the greatest of crimes. Conscious also how severely the man of genius can hurt their interest, they bear an instinctive antipathy against him, are uneasy even in his company, and, on the slightest pretence, are happy to drive him from them. Camoëns was thus situated at Goa; and never was there a fairer field for satire than the rulers of India at this time afforded. Yet, whatever esteem the prudence of Camoëns may lose in our idea, the nobleness of his disposition will doubly gain. And so conscious was he of his real integrity and innocence, that in one of his sonnets he wishes no other revenge on Barreto, than that the cruelty of his exile should ever be remembered[a].

The accomplishments and manners of Camoëns soon found him friends, though under the disgrace of banishment. He was appointed commissary of the estates of the defunct in the island of Macao, on the coast of China. Here he continued his Lusiad; and here also, after five years residence, he acquired a

[a] Castera, who always condemns Camoëns, as if guilty of sacrilege, when the slightest reproach of a grandee appears, tells us, "that posterity by no means enters into the resentment of our poet; and that the Portuguese historians make glorious mention of Barreto, who was a man of true merit." The Portuguese historians, however, knew not what true merit was. The brutal uncommercial wars of Sampayo are by them mentioned as much more glorious than the less bloody campaigns of a Nunio, which established commerce and empire. But the actions of Barreto shall be called to witness for Camoëns.

We have already seen his ruinous treaty with Meale Can, which ended in the disgrace of the Portuguese arms. The king of Cinde desired Barreto's assistance to crush a neighbouring prince, who had invaded his dominions. Barreto went himself to relieve him; but having disagreed about the reward he required, (for the king had made peace with his enemy,) he burned Tata, the royal city, killed above 8000 of the people he came to protect; for eight days he destroyed every thing on the banks of the Indus, and loaded his vessels, says Faria, with the richest booty hitherto taken in India. The war with Hydal Can, kindled by Barreto's treachery, continued. The city of Dabul was destroyed by the viceroy, who, soon after, at the head of 17,000 men, defeated Hydal Can's army of 30,000. Horrid desolation followed these victories, and Hydal Can continued the implacable enemy of Portugal while he lived. Such was Barreto, the man who exiled Camoëns!

fortune, though small, yet equal to his wishes. Don Constantine de Braganza was now viceroy of India, and Camoëns, desirous to return to Goa, resigned his charge. In a ship, freighted by himself, he set sail, but was shipwrecked in the gulf near the mouth of the river Mecon, in Cochin-China. All he had acquired was lost in the waves; his poems, which he held in one hand, while he saved himself with the other, were all he found himself possessed of when he stood friendless on the unknown shore. But the natives gave him a most humane reception: this he has immortalized in the prophetic song in the tenth Lusiad[3]; and in the seventh he tells us, that here he lost the wealth which satisfied his wishes:

Agora da esperança ja adquirida, &c.

Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave
For ever lost;——
My life, like Judah's heaven-doom'd king of yore,
By miracle prolong'd——

On the banks of the Mecon, he wrote his beautiful paraphrase of the Psalm, where the Jews, in the finest strain of poetry, are represented as hanging their harps on the willows by the rivers of Babylon, and weeping their exile from their native country. Here Camoëns continued some time, till an opportunity offered to carry him to Goa. When he arrived at that city, don Constantine de Braganza, whose characteristic was politeness, admitted him into intimate friendship; and Camoëns was happy till count Redondo assumed the government. Those who had formerly procured the banishment of the satirist were silent while Constantine was in power; but now they exerted all their arts against him. Redondo, when he entered on office, pretended to be the friend of Camoëns; yet, with all that unfeeling indifference with which he planned his most horrible witticisms on the zamorim, he suffered the innocent man to be thrown into the common prison. After all the delay of bringing witnesses, Camoëns, in a public trial, fully refuted every accusation of his conduct while commissary of Macao, and his enemies were loaded with ignominy and reproach. But Camoëns had some creditors; and these detained him in prison a considerable time, till the gentlemen of Goa began to be ashamed, that a man of his singular merit should experience such treatment among them. He was set at liberty; and again he assumed the profession of arms, and received the allowance of a gentleman volunteer, a character at that time common in Portuguese India. Soon after, Pedro Barreto, appointed governor of the fort at Sofala, by high promises allured the poet to attend him thither. The governor of a distant fort, in a barbarous country, shares, in some measure, the fate of an exile. Yet, though the only motive of Barreto was, in this unpleasant situation, to retain the conversation of Camoëns at his table, it was his least care to render the life of his guest agreeable. Chagrined with his treatment, and a considerable time having elapsed in vain dependence upon Barreto, Camoëns resolved to return to his native country. A ship, on the homeward voyage, at this time touched at Sofala, and several gentlemen[4] who were on board were desirous that Camoëns should accompany them. But this the governor ungenerously endeavoured to prevent, and charged him with a debt for board. Anthony de Cabral, however, and Hector de Sylveyra, paid the demand; and Camoëns, says Faria, and the honour of Barreto, were sold together.

After an absence of sixteen years, Camoëns, in 1569, returned to Lisbon, unhappy even in his arrival, for the pestilence then raged in that city, and prevented his publication for three years. At last, in 1572, he printed his Lusiad, which, in the opening of the first book, in a most elegant turn of compliment, he addressed to his prince, king Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. "The king," says the French translator, "was so pleased with his merit, that he gave the author a pension of 4000 reals, on condition that he should reside at court. But this salary, says the same writer, was withdrawn by cardinal Henry, who succeeded to the crown of Portugal, lost by Sebastian at the battle of Alcazar.

But this story of the pension is very doubtful. Correa, and other cotemporary authors, do not mention it, though some late writers have given credit to it. If Camoëns, however, had a pension, it is

[3] Having named the Mecon:

Este recebera placido, e brando,
No seu regaço o Canto, que molhado, &c.

Literally thus: "On his gentle hospitable bosom (*sic brando portico*) shall he receive the song, wet from woeful unhappy shipwreck, escaped from destroying tempests, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him, whose lyre shall be more renowned than enriched." When Camoëns was commissary, he visited the islands of Ternate, Timor, &c. described in the Lusiad.

[4] According to the Portuguese Life of Camoëns, prefixed to Cedron's, the best edition of his works, Diego de Couto, the historian, one of the company in this homeward voyage, wrote annotations upon the Lusiad, under the eye of its author. But these unhappily have never appeared in public.

highly probable that Henry deprived him of it. While Sebastian was devoted to the chase, his grand uncle, the cardinal, presided at the council-board; and Camoëns, in his address to the king, which closes the Lusiad, advises him to exclude the clergy from state affairs. It was easy to see that the cardinal was here intended. And Henry, besides, was one of those statesmen who can perceive no benefit resulting to the public from elegant literature. But it ought also to be added, in completion of his character, that under the narrow views and weak hands of this Henry, the kingdom of Portugal fell into utter ruin; and on his death, which closed a short inglorious reign, the crown of Lisbon, after a faint struggle, was annexed to that of Madrid. Such was the degeneracy of the Portuguese, a degeneracy lamented in vain by Camoëns, and whose observation of it was imputed to him as a crime.

Though the great patron[8] of one species of literature, a species the reverse of that of Camoëns, certain it is that the author of the Lusiad was utterly neglected by Henry, under whose inglorious reign he died in all the misery of poverty. By some it is said he died in an alms-house. It appears, however, that he had not even the certainty of subsistence which these houses provide. He had a black servant, who had grown old with him, and who had long experienced his master's humanity. This grateful Indian, a native of Java, who, according to some writers, saved his master's life in the unhappy shipwreck where he lost his effects, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal on whom God had bestowed those talents, which have a tendency to erect the spirit of a downward age. To the eye of a careful observer, the fate of Camoëns throws great light on that of his country, and will appear strictly connected with it. The same ignorance, the same degenerated spirit, which suffered Camoëns to depend on his share of the alms begged in the streets by his old hoary servant, the same spirit which caused this, sunk the kingdom of Portugal into the most abject vassalage ever experienced by a conquered nation. While the grandees of Portugal were blind to the ruin which impended over them, Camoëns beheld it with a pungency of grief which hastened his exit. In one of his letters he has these remarkable words, Em fim acabery a vida, e verrão todos que fuy afeiçoada a minha patria, &c. "I am ending the course of my life, the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned, not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." In another letter, written a little before his death, he thus, yet with dignity, complains: "Who has seen, on so small a theatre as my poor bed, such a representation of the disappointments of fortune? And I, as if she could not herself subdue me, I have yielded and become of her party; for it were wild audacity to hope to surmount such accumulated evils."

In this unhappy situation, in 1579, in his sixty-second year, the year after the fatal defeat of don Sebastian, died Luis de Camoëns, the greatest literary genius ever produced by Portugal; in martial courage, and spirit of honour, nothing inferior to her greatest heroes. And in a manner suitable to the

8 Cardinal Henry's patronage of learning and learned men is mentioned with cordial esteem by the Portuguese writers. Happily they also tell us what that learning was. It was to him the Romish friars of the east transmitted their childish forgeries of inscriptions and miracles (for some of which, see note on line 843, book x). He corresponded with them, directed their labours, and received the first accounts of their success. Under his patronage it was discovered that St. Thomas ordered the Indians to worship the cross; and that the Moorish tradition of Perimal (who, having embraced Mohammedism, divided his kingdom among his officers, whom he rendered tributary to the zamorim,) was a malicious misrepresentation; for that Perimal, having turned Christian, resigned his kingdom, and became a monk. Such was the learning patronised by Henry, who was also a zealous patron of the inquisition at Lisbon, and the founder of the inquisition at Goa, to which place he sent a whole apparatus of holy fathers to suppress the Jews and reduce the native Christians to the see of Rome. Nor must the treatment experienced by Buchanan at Lisbon be here omitted, as it affords a convincing proof that the fine genius of Camoëns was the true source of his misfortunes. John III. earnest to promote the cultivation of polite literature among his subjects, engaged Buchanan, the most elegant Latinist, perhaps, of modern times, to teach philosophy and the belles lettres at Lisbon. But the design of the monarch was soon frustrated by the cardinal Henry and the clergy. Buchanan was committed to prison, because it was alleged he had eaten flesh in Lent; and because, in his early youth, at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he had written a satire against the Franciscans; for which, however, ere he would venture to Lisbon, John had promised absolute indemnity. John, with much difficulty, procured his release from a loathsome jail, but could not effect his restoration as a teacher. He could only change his prison; for Buchanan was sent to a monastery to be instructed by the monks, the men of letters patronised by Henry. These are thus characterized by their pupil Buchanan,—nec inhumanis, nec malis, sed omnis religionis ignaris. "Not uncivilised, not flagitious, but ignorant of every religion." A satirical negative compliment, followed by a charge of gross barbarism. In this confinement, Buchanan wrote his elegant version of the Psalms. Camoëns, about the same time, sailed for India. The blessed effects of the spirit which persecuted such men are well expressed in the proverb, "A Spaniard stript of all his virtues makes a good Portuguese."

poverty in which he died was he buried. Soon after, however, many epitaphs honoured his memory; the greatness of his merit was universally confessed, and his Lusiad was translated into various languages[6]. Nor ought it to be omitted, that the man so miserably neglected by the weak king Henry, was earnestly inquired after by Philip of Spain, when he assumed the crown of Lisbon. When Philip heard that Camoëns was dead, both his words and his countenance expressed his disappointment and grief.

From the whole tenour of his life, and from that spirit which glows throughout the Lusiad, it evidently appears that the courage and manners of Camoëns flowed from true greatness and dignity of soul. Though his polished conversation[7] was often courted by the great, he appears so distant from servility, that his imprudence in this respect is by some highly blamed. Yet the instances of it by no means deserve that severity of censure with which some writers have condemned him. Unconscious of the feelings of a Camoëns, they knew not that a carelessness in securing the smiles of fortune, and an open honesty of indignation, are almost inseparable from the enthusiasm of fine imagination. The truth is, the man possessed of true genius feels his greatest happiness in the pursuits and excursions of the mind, and therefore makes an estimate of things, very different from that of him whose unremitting attention is devoted to his eternal interest. The profusion of Camoëns is also censured. Had he dissipated the wealth he acquired at Macao, his profusion indeed had been criminal; but it does not appear that he ever enjoyed any other opportunity of acquiring independence. But Camoëns was unfortunate, and the unfortunate man is viewed

—— through the dim shade his fate casts o'er him:
A shade that spreads its evening darkness o'er
His brightest virtues, while it shows its foibles.
Crowding and obvious as the midnight stars,
Which in the sunshine of prosperity
Never had been descried ——

Yet, after the strictest discussion, when all the causes are weighed together, the misfortunes of Camoëns will appear the fault and disgrace of his age and country, and not of the man. His talents would have secured him an apartment in the palace of Augustus, but such talents are a curse to their possessor in an illiterate nation. In a beautiful digressive exclamation, at the end of the fifth Lusiad, he gives us a striking view of the neglect which he experienced. Having mentioned how the greatest heroes of antiquity revered and cherished the Muse, he thus characterizes the nobility of his own age and country:

Alas! on Tago's hapless shores alone
The Muse is slighted and her charms unknown.
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.

And what particularly seems to have touched him—

Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms[8]
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:

[6] According to Gedron, a second edition of the Lusiad appeared in the same year with the first. There are two Italian and four Spanish translations of it. A hundred years before Castera's version it appeared in French. Thomas de Faria, bishop of Targa in Africa, translated it into Latin, and printed it without either his own or the name of Camoëns: a mean but vain attempt to pass his version upon the public as an original. Le P. Nicieron says there were two other Latin translations. It is translated also into Hebrew, with great elegance and spirit, by one Luzzetto, a learned and ingenious Jew, author of several poems in that language, and who, about thirty years ago, died in the Holy Land.

[7] Camoëns has not escaped the fate of other eminent wits. Their ignorant admirers contrive anecdotes of their humour, which in reality disgrace them. Camoëns, it is said, one day heard a potter singing some of his verses in a miserable mangled manner, and by way of retaliation broke a parcel of his earthen ware. "Friend," said he, "you destroy my verses, and I destroy your goods." The same foolish story is told of Ariosto; nay, we are even informed, that Rinaldo's speech to his horse in the first book,

Ferma Baiardo mio, &c.

was the passage mistuned; and that, on the potter's complaint, the injured poet replied, "I have only broken a few base pots of thine, not worth a groat; but thou hast murdered a fine stanza of mine, worth a mark of gold." But both these silly tales are borrowed from Plutarch's Life of Arcesilaus, where the same dull humour is told of Philoxenus. "He heard some brickmakers mistune one of his songs, and in return he destroyed a number of their bricks."

[8] The political evils impending over his country, which Camoëns almost alone foresaw, gave not, in

For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom.
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal ——

In such an age, and among such barbarous nobility, what but wretched neglect could be the fate of Camoëns! After all, however, if he was imprudent on his first appearance at the court of John III., if the honesty of his indignation led him into great imprudence, as certainly it did, when at Goa he satirized the viceroy and the first Goths in power; yet let it also be remembered, that "The gifts of imagination bring the heaviest task upon the vigilance of reason; and to bear those faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmness and of cool attention which doth not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet difficult as Nature herself seems to have rendered the task of regularity to genius, it is the supreme consolation of dullness and of folly to point with Gothic triumph to those excesses which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed. Perfectly unconscious that they are indebted to their stupidity for the consistency of their conduct, they plume themselves on an imaginary virtue, which has its origin in what is really their disgrace. Let such, if such dare approach the shrine of Camoëns, withdraw to a respectful distance; and should they behold the ruins of genius, or the weakness of an exalted mind, let them be taught to lament, that Nature has left the noblest of her works imperfect[9]."

And poetry is not only the noblest, but also not the least useful, if civilization of manners be of advantage to mankind. No moral truth may be more certainly demonstrated, than that a Virgil or a Milton are not only the first ornaments of a state, but also of the first consequence, if the last refinement of the mental powers be of importance. Strange as this might appear to a Burleigh[10] or a Locke, it is

their fulfilment, a stronger proof of his superior abilities, than his prophecy of don Francisco de Gama—

Nem as Filhas do Tejo, que deixassem
As telas douro fino, e que o cantassem.—

"No nymph of Tagus shall leave her golden embroidered web, and sing of him"—affords of his knowledge of men. Camoëns was superior to a mean resentment; he most undoubtedly perceived that ignorance, unmanly arrogance, and insignificance of abilities, which 18, and 38 years after his death, disgraced the two vicerovalties of his hero's grandson. Justice to the memory of Camoëns, and even to the cause of polite literature itself, requires some short account of this nobleman, who appears to have treated our author with the most mortifying neglect. He was named don Francisco de Gama, count de Vidigueyra. Facts will best give his character. He had not one idea that the elegant writer who immortalized his ancestor had the least title to his countenance. Several years after the death of Camoëns, he was made viceroy of India by the king of Spain. Here he carried himself with such state, says Faria, that he was hated by all men. When he entered upon his government, he bestowed every place in his gift upon his parasites, who publicly sold them to the best bidders. And though Cunnale, the pirate, who had disgracefully defeated don Luis de Gama, the viceroy's brother, had surrendered, upon the sole condition of life, to the brave Furtado, Cunnale, his nephew Cinale, and 40 Moors of rank, were brought to Goa. But the Moors were no sooner landed, than the lawless rabble tore them in pieces, and Cunnale and his nephew were publicly beheaded by order of the viceroy. And thus, says Faria, government and the rabble went hand in hand in murder and the breach of faith. Over the principal gate of Goa stood a marble statue of Vasco de Gama. This, in hatred of the grandson, the enraged inhabitants broke down in the night, and in the morning the quarters were found gibbeted in the most public parts of the city. And thus the man who despised the wreath with which Camoëns crowned his grandfather, brought that grandfather's effigies to the deepest insult which can be offered to the memory of the deceased. Nor were his own effigies happier. On his recall to Europe, the first object that struck him, when he went on board the ship appointed to carry him, was a figure hanging by the neck at the yard-arm, exactly like himself in feature and habit. He asked what it meant; and was resolutely answered, "It represents you, and these are the men who hung it up." Nor must another insult be omitted. After being a few days at sea, he was necessitated to return to the port from whence he had sailed, for fresh provisions, for all his live stock, it was found, was poisoned. After his return to Europe, he used all his interest to be reinstated in India, which, in his old days, after twenty years solicitation at the court of Madrid, he at last obtained. His second government, however, is wrapped in much obscurity, and is distinguished by no important action or event.

[9] This passage in inverted commas is cited, with the alteration of the name only, from Dr. Langhorne's Account of the Life of William Collins.

[10] Burleigh, though an able politician, and deep in state intrigue, had no idea, that to introduce polite literature into the vernacular tongue was of any benefit to a nation; though her vernacular literature was the glory of Rome when at the height of empire, and though empire fell with its declension. Spenser, the man who greatly conduced to refine the English Muse, was by Burleigh esteemed a ballad-maker, unworthy of regard. Yet the English polite literature, so greatly indebted to Spenser, is at this day, in the esteem which it commands abroad, of more real service to England than all the reputation or intrigues of Burleigh.—And ten thousand Burleighs, according to sir W. Temple, are born for one

philosophically accounted for by Bacon; nor is Locke's opinion either inexplicable or irrefutable. The great genius of Aristotle, and that of his great resembler, sir Francis Bacon, saw deeper into the true spirit of poetry and the human affections than a Burleigh. In ancient Greece, the works of Homer were called the lesson or philosophy of kings; and Bacon describes the effects of poetry in the most exalted terms. What is deficient of perfection in history and nature, poetry supplies; it thus erects the mind, and confers magnanimity, morality, and delight; "and therefore," says he, "it was ever thought to have

Spenser. Ten thousand are born, says a William, with abilities requisite to form a great statesman, for one who is born with the talents or genius of a great poet. Locke's ideas of poetry are accounted for in one short sentence—he knew nothing about the matter. An extract from his correspondence with M. Molyneux, and a citation from one of his treatises, shall demonstrate the truth of this assertion.

Molyneux writes to Locke:

"Mr. Churchill favoured me with the present of sir R. Blackmore's King Arthur. I had read Prince Arthur before, and read it with admiration, which is not at all lessened by this second piece. All our English poets (except Milton) have been ballad-makers in comparison to him. Upon the publication of his first poem, I intimated to him, through Mr. Churchill's hands, how excellently I thought he might perform a philosophic poem, from many touches he gave in his Prince Arthur, particularly from Mopsa's song. And I perceive by his preface to King Arthur he has had the like intimations from others, but rejects them as being an enemy to all philosophic hypothesis."

Mr. Locke answers:

"I shall, when I see sir R. Blackmore, discourse him as you desire. There is, I with pleasure find, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine."

Molyneux replies:

"I perceive you are so happy as to be acquainted with sir Richd. Blackmore; he is an extraordinary person, and I admire his two prefaces as much as I do any part of his books. The first, wherein he exposes 'the licentiousness and immorality of our late poetry,' is incomparable; and the second, wherein he prosecutes the same subject, and delivers his thoughts concerning hypotheses, is no less judicious; and I am wholly of his opinion relating to the latter. However, the history and phænomena of Nature we may venture at; and this is what I propose to be the subject of a philosophic poem. Sir R. Blackmore has exquisite touches of this kind, dispersed in many places of his books; (to pass over Mopsa's song) I'll instance one particular in the most profound speculations of Mr. Newton's philosophy, thus curiously touched in King Arthur, book ix. p. 243.

> The constellations shine at his command,
> He form'd their radiant orbs, and with his hand
> He weigh'd, and put them off with such a force
> As might preserve an everlasting course*.

"I doubt not but sir R. Blackmore, in these lines, had a regard to the proportionment of the projective motion of the vis centripeta, that keeps the planets in their continued courses.

"I have by me some observations, made by a judicious friend of mine, on both of sir R. Blackmore's poems. If they may be any ways acceptable to sir R., I shall send them to you."

Mr. Locke again replies:

"Though sir R. B.'s vein in poetry be what every body must allow him to have an extraordinary talent in; and though, with you, I exceedingly valued his first preface, yet I must own to you, there was nothing that I so much admired him for, as for what he says of hypotheses in his last. It seems to me so right, and is yet so much out of the way of the ordinary writers and practitioners in that faculty, that it shows as great a strength and penetration of judgment as his poetry has shown flights of fancy."

As the best comment on this, let an extract from Locke's Essay on Education fully explain his ideas:—

"If he have a poetic vein, 'tis to me the strangest thing in the world that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved. Methinks the parents should labour to have it stifled and suppressed as much as may be; and I know not what reason a father can have to wish his son a poet, who does not desire to have him bid defiance to all other callings or business; which is not yet the worst of the case; for if he proves a successful rhymer, and gets once the reputation of a wit, I desire it may be considered, what company and places he is like to spend his time in, nay, and estate too; for it is very seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. 'T is a pleasant air, but barren soil, and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence. Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on. Men of estates almost constantly go away losers; and 't is well if they escape at a cheaper rate than their whole estates, or the greatest part of them. If therefore you would not have your son the fiddle to every jovial company, without whom the sparks could not relish their wine, nor know how to spend an afternoon idly; if you would not have him waste his time and estate to divert others, and contemn the dirty acres left him by his ancestors, I do not think you will much care he should be a poet."

This ignorance of poetry is even worse than the Dutch idea of it. But this, and his opinion of Blackmore, fully prove, that Locke, however great in other respects, knew no difference between a Shakespeare, that unequalled philosopher of the passions, and the dullest Grub-street plodder; between a Milton and the tavern rhymers of the days of the Second Charles. But Milton's knowledge of the affections

* These lines, however, are a dull wretched paraphrase of some parts of the Psalms.

some participation of divineness".* The love of poetry is so natural to the stronger affections, that the most barbarous nations delight in it. And always it is found, that as the rude war-song and eulogy of the dead hero refine, the manners of the age refine also. The history of the stages of poetry is the philosophical history of manners; the only history in which, with certainty, we can behold the true character of past ages. True civilization, and a humanised taste of the mental pleasures, are therefore synonymous terms. And most certain it is, where feeling and affection reside in the breast, these must be most forcibly kindled and called into action by the animated representations and living fire of the great poetry. Nor may Milton's evidence be rejected; for though a poet himself, his judgment is founded on nature. According to him, a true taste for the great poetry gives a refinement and energy to all other studies, and is of the last importance in forming the senator and the gentleman. That the poetry of Camoëns merits this high character in a singular manner, he that reads it with taste and attention must own: a dissertation on it, however, is the duty of the translator.

discovered in the cultivation of the Muses an use of the first importance. A taste formed by the great poetry, he esteems as the ultimate refinement of the understanding. "This (says he, in his Tractate on the Education of Youth,) would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter .... whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honour and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, other gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought, than what we now sit under."—Milton evidently alludes to the general dulness of the furious sectaries of his own time. The furious bigots of every sect have sermons remarkable for their inelegance as for their rage. And the cultivation of polite literature has ever been found the best preventive of gloomy enthusiasm and religious intolerance. In Milton, and every great poet, the great and sublime philosopher are united, though Milton was perhaps the only man of his age who perceived this union or sameness of character. Lord Clarendon seems to have considered poetry merely as a puerile sing-song. Waller, he says, addicted himself to poetry at thirty, the time when others leave it off. Nor was Charles I. less unhappy in his estimate of it. In the dedication of sir John Denham's works to Charles II. we have this remarkable passage: "One morning, waiting upon him (Charles I.) at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, and asking when I made them, I told him two or three years since; he was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more, alleging, that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better." Yet this monarch, who could perceive nothing but idle puerility in poetry, was the zealous patron of architecture, sculpture, and painting; and his favourite, the duke of Buckingham, laid out the enormous sum of 400,000l. on paintings and curiosities. But had Charles's bounty given a Shakespeare or a Milton to the public, he would have done his kingdoms infinitely more service than if he had imported into England all the pictures and all the antiques in the world.

The reader who is desirous to see a philosophical character of the natural and acquired qualifications necessary to form a great poet, will find it delineated, in a masterly manner, in Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, an eastern tale, by Dr. Johnson.

His high idea of poetry is thus philosophically explained by the great Bacon:

"So likewise I finde some particular writings of an elegant nature, touching some of the affections, as of anger, of comfort, upon adverse accidents, of tenderness of countenance, and other. But the poets and writers of histories are the best doctors of this knowledge; where we find painted forth with the life, how affections are kindled and incited, and how pacified and restrained: and how againe contained from act and farther degree: how they disclose themselves, how they worke, how they vary, how they gather and fortify, how they are inwrapped one within another, and how they doe fight and encounter one with another, and other the like particularities; amongst the which this last is of special use in moral and civile matters."

Here poetry is ranked with history; in the following its effect on the passions is preferred:—

"The use of this fained history (poetry) hath been to give some shadowe of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points in which nature doth deny it: the world being in proportion inferior to the soul: by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatnesse, a more exact goodnesse, and a more absolute variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feyneth acts and events greater and more heroicall; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice; therefore poesy faynes them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence: because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged; therefore poesy endueth them with more rarenesse, and more unexpected and alternative variations. So then it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and delectation; and therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divinenesse, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shewes of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth humble and bow the mind unto the nature of things."

DISSERTATION ON THE LUSIAD,

AND

OBSERVATIONS UPON EPIC POETRY.

VOLTAIRE, when he was in England, previous to the publication of his Henriade, published in English an Essay on the Epic Poetry of the European nations[1]. In this he highly praised and severely

[1] In his French editions of this Essay, he has made various alterations, at different times, in the article of Camoëns. The original English, however, shall be here cited, and the French alterations attended to as they occur. Nor is it improper to premise, that some most curious falsities will be detected; the gross misrepresentation of every objection refuted; and demonstration brought, that when Voltaire wrote his English Essay, his knowledge of the Lusiad was entirely borrowed from a very slight acquaintance with the bald, harsh, unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

"While Trissino" says Voltaire "was clearing away the rubbish in Italy, which barbarity and ignorance had heaped up for ten centuries, in the way of the arts and sciences, Camoëns in Portugal steered a new course, and acquired a reputation which lasts still among his countrymen, who pay as much respect to his memory, as the English to Milton.

"He was a strong instance of the irresistible impulse of nature, which determines a true genius to follow the bent of his talents, in spite of all the obstacles which would check his course.

"His infancy lost amidst the idleness and ignorance of the court of Lisbon; his youth spent in romantic loves, or in the war against the Moors; his long voyages at sea, in his riper years; his misfortunes at court, the revolutions of his country,—none of all these could suppress his genius.

"Emmanuel the second king of Portugal, having a mind to find a new way to the East Indies by the ocean, sent Velasco de Gama with a fleet, in the year 1497, to that undertaking; which, being new, was accounted rash and impracticable, and which of course gained him a great reputation when it succeeded.

"Camoëns followed Velasco de Gama in that dangerous voyage, led by his friendship to him, and by a noble curiosity, which seldom fails to be the character of men born with a great imagination.

"He took his voyage for the subject of his poem; he enjoyed the sensible pleasure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend, and the things he was an eye witness of.

"He wrote his poem, part on the Atlantic sea, and partly on the Indian shore. I ought not to omit, that on a shipwreck on the coasts of Malabar, he swam ashore, holding up his poem in one hand, which otherwise had been perhaps lost for ever.

"Such a new subject, managed by an uncommon genius, could not but produce a sort of epic poetry unheard of before. There no bloody wars are fought, no heroes wounded in a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away, and the world overturned for her cause; no empire founded; in short, nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry.

"The poet conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges, round the coasts of Afric. He takes notice in the way of many nations who live upon the African shore. He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal. The simplicity of his subject is raised by some fictions of different kinds, which I think not improper to acquaint the reader with.

"When the fleet is sailing in the sight of the Cape of Good Hope, called then the Cape of the Storms, a formidable shape appears to them, walking in the depth of the sea; his head reaches to the clouds; the storms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him; his arms are extended over the waves. 'I is the guardian of that foreign ocean unploughed before by any ship. He complains of being obliged to submit to fate, and to the audacious undertaking of the Portuguese, and foretels them all the misfortunes which they must undergo in the Indies.' I believe, that such a fiction would be thought noble and proper in all ages, and in all nations.

"There is another, which perhaps would have pleased the Italians as well as the Portuguese, but no other nation besides: it is the enchanted island, called the Island of Bliss, which the fleet finds in her way home, just rising from the sea, for their comfort and for their reward:—Camoëns describes that place, as Tasso did some years after, his island of Armida. There a supernatural power brings in all the beauties, and presents all the pleasures which Nature can afford, and which the heart may wish for; a goddess, enamoured with Velasco de Gama, carries him to the top of a high mountain, from whence she shows him all the kingdoms of the Earth, and foretels the fate of Portugal.

attacked the Lusiad. Yet this criticism, though most superficial and erroneous, has been generally esteemed throughout Europe, as the true character of that poem. The great objections upon which he condemns it, are, an absurd mixture of Christian and Pagan mythology, and a want of unity in the action and conduct. For the mixture of mythology, a defence shall be offered, and the wild exaggerations of Voltaire exposed. And an examen of the conduct of the Lusiad will clearly evince, that the Eneid itself is not more perfect in that connection, which is requisite to form one whole, according to the strictest rules of epic unity.

The term epopœia is derived from the Greek, ἔπος, discourse, and hence the epic may be rendered the narrative poem. In the full latitude of this definition, some Italian critics have contended, that the poems of Dante and Ariosto were epic. But these consist of various detached actions, which do not constitute one whole. In this manner Telemachus and the Faerie Queene are also epic poems. A definition more restricted, however, a definition descriptive of the noblest species of poetry, has been given by

" After Camoëns hath given loose to his fancy, in the lascivious description of the pleasures which Gama and his crew enjoyed in the island, he takes care to inform the reader, that he ought to understand by this fiction, nothing but the satisfaction which the virtuous man feels, and the glory which accrues to him by the practice of virtue; but the best excuse for such an invention is, the charming style in which it is delivered (if we believe the Portuguese); for the beauty of the elocution makes sometimes amends for the faults of the poet, as the colouring of Rubens makes some defects in his figures pass unregarded.

" There is another kind of machinery continued throughout all the poem, which nothing can excuse, in any country whatever; 'tis an injudicious mixture of the heathen gods with our religion. Gama in a storm addresses his prayers to Christ, but 'tis Venus who comes to his relief; the heroes are Christians, and the poet heathen. The main design which the Portuguese are supposed to have (next to promoting their trade,) is to propagate Christianity; yet Jupiter, Bacchus, and Venus, have in their hands all the management of the voyage. So incongruous a machinery casts a blemish upon the whole poem; yet shows at the same time, how prevailing are its beauties, since the Portuguese like it with all its faults.

" Camoëns hath a great deal of true wit, and not a little share of false; his imagination hurries him into great absurdities. I remember, that after Velasco de Gama hath related his adventures to the king of Melinda, 'Now,' says he, 'O king, judge if Ulysses and Æneas have travelled so far, and undergone so many hardships.' As if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil.

" His poem, in my opinion, is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another; and almost in every page there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with. Among his most lucky thoughts, I must take notice of two, for the likeness which they bear to two most celebrated passages of Waller, and sir John Denham.

" Waller says, in his Epistle to Zelinda;

Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I can sing.

" Camoëns says, in speaking of the voyages of the Argonautes and of Ulysses, that the undertaking of the Portuguese shall give credit to all those fables, in surpassing them.

" Sir John Denham, in his poem on Cooper's-Hill, says to the Thames;

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" Camoëns addresses the nymphs of Tagus in the like manner; 'O nymphs, if *ever* I sung of you, inspire me now with new and strong lays; let my style flow like your waves; let it be deep and clear, as your waters, &c.'"

Such is the original criticism of Voltaire on the Lusiad. And never, perhaps, was there such a random reverie, such a mass of misrepresentations and falsities as the whole of it exhibits. The most excuseable parts of it are superficial in the highest degree. Both the poet and the hero are misnamed by him. The name of the hero has been corrected, that of *Camoëns* remains still in Voltaire, the only author who ever spelled it in this manner. There never was an Emmanuel the Second of Portugal. Camoëns was not shipwrecked on the coast of Malabar, but on the river Meeon in Cochin-China. " That Gama went a new way to the East Indies by the ocean," though corrected in the edition of 1768, affords a most striking proof of Voltaire's very careless perusal of the Lusiad, at the time when he first presumed to condemn it. For it is often repeated in the poem, that there was no way to India by the ocean before. That the infancy of Camoëns was lost amidst the idleness and ignorance of the court of Lisbon, is certainly false. His youth could not have been spent in idleness or ignorance, for his works display a most masterly accuracy in every branch of ancient literature.

Though Voltaire has corrected his error in sending Camoëns to the East Indies along with Gama, such an original unparalleled romance ought to be recorded. Gama sailed on the discovery of India in 1497. Camoëns was born in 1517, and was not seven years of age when Gama died. These facts were immediately objected to Voltaire, but at first he would not yield. Contrary to the testimony of

Aristotle; and the greatest critics have followed him, in appropriating to this species the term of epopœia, or epic. The subject of the epopœia, according to the great father of criticism, must be one. One action must be invariably pursued, and heightened through different stages, till the catastrophe close it in so complete a manner, that any further addition would only inform the reader of what he

Camoëns himself, and every circumstance of his life, an hypothesis * must defend this favourite supposition. In his Amsterdam edition of 1738, Voltaire boldly asserts that Camoëns was a Spaniard, born in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabel, that he came to Lisbon in the first year of Emmanuel, and was in intimate friendship with Gama, whom he accompanied in his first voyage. Certain it is, however, by the archives of Portugal, that Camoëns was in the east about seventy-two years after this voyage; and that, according to this hypothesis of Voltaire, he must have been near a hundred years old when he published his Lusiad. Voltaire, however, at last, confesses that Camoëns did not accompany Gama. Yet such is his accuracy, that even in the edition of 1768, in an essay which he calls Idée de la Henriade, a few pages before this confession, the old assertion is still retained. Le Camoëns, qui est le Virgile de Portugais, a célebré un événement dont il avait été temoin lui-même.—"Camoëns, the Portuguese Virgil, has celebrated an event of which he himself had been witness."†

No anecdotes ever threw more light upon a character than these throw upon that of Voltaire. The assertion that the epic poet "enjoyed the sensible pleasure, which nobody had known before him, to celebrate his friend and the things he was an eye-witness of," can only be accounted for by the supposition, that Voltaire was pleased with the idea, and in a little time mistook his strong impression for the remembrance of a fact. The laboured absurd hypothesis, which would defend this fanciful errour, cannot be placed in so fair a light. And the errour confessed, and still retained, is a true Voltairism. Yet the idea of his accuracy, which these accounts of the poet must inspire, will even be heightened by the examination of his criticism on the poem. The narrative of a voyage constitutes great part of the Odyssey, and of the Eneid; and forms the body of the Lusiad. Yet the Lusiad, says Voltaire, contains "nothing of what was deemed before the only subject of poetry." It forms, indeed, "a sort of epic poetry unheard-of before:" but here Voltaire's objection points out its true praise. "No heroes," says he, "are wounded a thousand different ways, no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cause."—And must the fate of Helen, and the thousand different wounds described by Homer, be copied by every epic poet? If this sentence has any meaning, this is included. Yet what is this puerility of criticism in comparison of Voltaire's assertions, that in the Lusiad "no bloody wars are fought, no empire founded?"—If the destruction of Troy be allowed to be in the Eneid, there are wars enough in the poem of Camoëns. The effect of fire-arms on people who never before beheld those dreadful engines, and a hostile town burnt by a fleet, are finely described in that part which is called the action of the epic poem. But Voltaire was as utter a stranger to the first book of the Lusiad, as to the one subject of the poem, the founding of the Portuguese empire in the east. "No battle fought, no empire founded!" What insult to the literary world is this! A late correction will never disprove his ignorance when he wrote this. Should a pretended critic on Virgil tell his reader that the poet conducted Eneas to the mouth of the Thames, could we believe he was acquainted with his author? Yet Voltaire tells us, that Camoëns "conducts the Portuguese fleet to the mouth of the Ganges round the coasts of Afric."——Camoëns, indeed, conducts his fleet to Calicut on the coast of Malabar. But though the scene of the action of the four last books lies upon this coast, Voltaire was not happy enough to dip into any of the numerous passages which fix the geography. He has, therefore, given the voyage of Gama a dimension almost as much beyond the real one given by Camoëns, as the West Indies are distant from England. Such errours are convincing proofs that Voltaire only *dipt* here and there into the Lusiad, even after the critics set him right in some places; for this gross errour is still retained. But a misrepresentation, not founded on ignorance, now offers itself. "Gama in a storm," says Voltaire,

* This honest hypothesis, which makes Camoëns a Spaniard, is of a piece with another of the same ingenious author. In his unhappy Essay on Epic Poetry ‡, he asserted, that Milton built his Paradise Lost upon an Italian comedy, written by one Andreino. This was immediately denied, and even some Italian literati declared, that no such author or comedy was known in Italy. Voltaire, however, would not yield, and very gravely he tells the reader. Il n'est pas etonnant——"it is not at all astonishing, that having carefully searched in England for whatever related to that great man (Milton) I should discover circumstances of his life, of which the public were ignorant."—This, therefore, is the authority from which we are to believe that Milton borrowed his Paradise Lost from a comedy which nobody ever saw. From the same researches in England Voltaire also learned other circumstances, of which the public were totally ignorant. The writing by which Milton sold his Paradise Lost to one Simmonds, a bookseller, is still extant. But Voltaire discovered, that he sold it to Tompson for thirty pistoles. "enfin Tompson lui donna trente pistoles de cet ouvrage." Lord Sommers and Dr. Atterbury, (he adds,) resolving that England should have an epic poem, prevailed on the heirs of Tompson (he means Tonson, perhaps) to print a splendid edition of it. And Addison wrote (says he) and the English were persuaded, that they had an epic poem.

† Yet, in the same essay, he gives a true Voltairism; he condemns this very assertion. Talking of the plagiaries ascribed to Virgil, "All that,' says he, "ought to be flatly denied.—'T is just as some people say Milton hath stolen his poem from an Italian stroller called Andreino."

already perceives. Yet in pursuing this one end, collateral episodes not only give that variety so essential to good poetry, but, under judicious management, assist in the most pleasing manner to facilitate and produce the unravelment, or catastrophe. Thus the anger of Achilles is the subject of the Iliad. He withdraws his assistance from the Greeks. The efforts and distresses of the Grecian army in his

" addresses his prayers to Christ, but 't is Venus who comes to his relief."—A bold assertion still also retained, but there is no such passage in the Lusiad. Gama, in a tempest, prays to " the holy Power, to whom nothing is impossible, the sovereign of earth, sea, and land, who led Israel through the waves, who delivered Paul, and who protected the children of the second father of the world from the deluge." But Christ is not once mentioned in the whole passage. To say that Gama was a good Catholic, and intended Christ under these appellations, is unworthy of poetical criticism, for the whole ridicule consists in the opposition of the names of Christ and Venus. Such is the candour of Voltaire! Nor is it difficult to trace the source of this unfair representation. Pansbaw thus translates the mention of Paul,

Thou who didst keep and save *thy servant* Paul—

Monsieur Voltaire wanted no more. *Thy servant* Paul was to him enough to vindicate the ridicule he choosed to bestow. But unhappily for the misguided critic, the original says only, Tuque livraste Paulo—"Thou who deliveredst Paul."—And thus we are furnished with a sure hint of the medium by which our critic studied the Lusiad. To this last unblushing falsity, that Gama prays to Christ, is added in the edition of 1768, Bacchus et la Vierge Marie se trouveront tout naturellement ensemble. " Bacchus and the Virgin Mary are very naturally found together." If words have meaning, this informs the reader, that they are found together in the Lusiad. Yet the truth is, in the whole poem there is no such personage as the Virgin Mary.

After these gross falsities, Voltaire adds: A parler serieusement, un merveilleux si absurde defigure tout l'ouvrage aux yeux de lecteurs sensés. " To speak seriously, such an absurdity in the marvellous disfigures the whole work in the eyes of sensible readers." To such as take Voltaire's word for it, it must indeed seem disfigured; but what literary murder is this! Nor does it end here. A simile must enforce the shameless misrepresentation. " It is like the works of Paul Veronese, who has placed Benedictine fathers and Swiss soldiers among his paintings from the Old Testament." And to this also is added, Le Camoëns tombe presque toujours dans les telles disparates. " Camoëns almost continually falls into such extravagancies." Yet with equal justice may this sentence be applied to Virgil; and peculiarly unhappy is the instance which Voltaire immediately gives: " I remember," says he, " Vasco de Gama says to the king of Melinda, ' O king, judge if Ulysses and Eneas have travelled so far, and undergone so many hardships:' as if that barbarous African was acquainted with Homer and Virgil." This sentence is still retained in Voltaire's last edition of his works. But, according to history, the Melindians were a humane and polished people; their buildings elegant, and in the manner of Spain. The royal family and grandees were Mohammedan Arabs, descended of those tribes, whose learning, when it suits his purpose, is the boast of Voltaire. The prince of Melinda, with whom Gama conversed, is thus described by the excellent historian Osorius: In omni autem sermone princeps ille non hominis barbari specimen dabat, sed ingenium et prudentiam eo loco dignam præ se ferebat—" In the whole conversation the prince betrayed no sign of the barbarian; on the contrary, he carried himself with a politeness and intelligence worthy of his rank." It is also certain that this prince, whom Voltaire is pleased to call a barbarous African, had sufficient opportunity to be acquainted with Homer; for the writings of Homer are translated into the Syriac, in a dialect of which the interpreters of Gama talked with the prince of Melinda *.

" The Lusiad, in my opinion," says Voltaire, " is full of numberless faults and beauties, thick sown near one another, and almost in every page there is something to laugh at, and something to be delighted with." This sentence, though omitted in the French editions, had some source, and that source we shall easily trace. Nor is the character of the king of Melinda so grossly falsified by Voltaire, as the character of the Lusiad of Camoëns is here misrepresented. Except the polite repartee of Veloso, (of which see book v. lin. 280,) there are not above two or three passages in the whole poem, which even border upon conceit. The most uniform simplicity of manly diction is the true character of the Poe-

* The Arabs have not only innumerable volumes of their own, but their language is also enriched with translations of several Greek writers. The fate of Euclid is well known. And to mention only two of their authors,—Ben-Shohna, who died in 1473, a little before the arrival of Gama, wrote an universal history, which he calls Rawdhat a'mecadhir si ilm alawail walawachir; that is, The meadow of the eye of antient and modern knowledge. And Abul Pharajius, who lived in the thirteenth century, wrote a history in Arabic, in ten chapters, the first of which treats of the patriarchs, from Adam to Moses; the second of the judges and kings of Israel; the third of the Jewish kings; the fourth of the kings of Chaldea; the fifth of the kings of the Magi; the sixth of the ancient Pagan Greeks; the seventh of the Romans; the eighth of the Constantinopolitan emperors; the ninth of the Arabian Mohammedan kings; and the tenth of the Moguls. The same author acquaints us, that Homer's two works are elegantly translated into the Syriac; which language is sister to that spoken by the Arabs of Melinda. Camoëns, who was in the country, knew the learning of the Arabians. Voltaire, led by the desire to condemn, was hurried into absurdities from which a moment's consideration would have preserved him.

absence, and the triumphs of Hector, are the consequences of his rage. In the utmost danger of the Greeks, he permits his friend Patroclus to go to battle. Patroclus is killed by Hector. Achilles, to revenge his fall, rushes to the field. Hector is killed, the Trojans defeated, and the rage of Achilles is soothed by the obsequies of his friend. And thus also the subject of the Eneid is one. The remains of the Trojan nation, to whom a seat of empire is promised by the oracle, are represented as endangered by a tempest at sea. They land at Carthage. Eneas, their leader, relates the fate of Troy to the hospitable queen; but is ordered by Jupiter to fulfil the prophecies, and go in search of the promised seat of that empire which was one day to command the world. Eneas again sets sail, many adventures befal him. He at last lands in Italy, where prophecies of his arrival were acknowledged. His fated bride, however, is betrothed to Turnus. A war ensues; and the poem concludes with the death of the rival of Eneas. In both these great poems, a machinery suitable to the allegorical religion of those times is preserved. Juno is the guardian of the Greeks, Venus of the Trojans. Narrative poetry without fiction can never please. Without fiction it must want the marvellous, which is the very soul of poesy; and hence a machinery is indispensable in the epic poem. The conduct and machinery of the Lusiad are as follow: The poem opens with a view of the Portuguese fleet before a prosperous gale on the coast of Ethiopia. The crews, however, are worn with labour, and their safety depends upon their fortune in a friendly harbour. The gods of ancient or poetical mythology are represented as in council. The fate of the eastern world depends upon the success of the fleet. (But as we trace the machinery of the Lusiad, let us remember that, like the machinery of Homer and Virgil, it is also allegorical.) Jupiter, or the lord of fate, pronounces that the Lusians shall be prosperous. Bacchus, the evil demon or genius of Mohammedism, who was worshipped in the east, foreseeing that his empire and altars would be overturned, opposes Jove, or Fate. The celestial Venus, or heavenly Love, pleads for the Lusians. Mars, or divine Fortitude, encourages the lord of fate to remain unaltered; and Maia's son, the messenger of Heaven, is sent to lead the navy to a friendly harbour. The fleet arrives at Mozambic. Bacchus, like Juno in the Eneid, raises a commotion against the Lusians. A battle ensues, and the victorious fleet pursue their voyage under the care of a Moorish pilot; who advises them

tuguese Lusiad. Where then did Voltaire find the false wit, and something to laugh at almost in every page? If there be a translation which strictly deserves this character, we cannot suppose that Voltaire hit this character, and at the same time was so wide of the original, merely by chance. No, he dipt into Fanshaw's Lusiad, where, in every page, there are puns, conceits, and low quaint expressions, uncountenanced by the original. Some citations from Fanshaw will soon justify this character of his work. Yet, however decisive this proof may be, it is not the only one. The resemblance found by Voltaire between sir John Denham's address to the Thames, and that of Camoëns to the nymphs of the Tagus, does not exist in the original. This sentence, "Let my style flow like your waves, let it be deep and clear as your waters"—contains indeed the same allusion as that expressed in the lines cited by Voltaire from Denham. But no such idea or allusion exists in the Portuguese. Though Voltaire still retains this sentence, its want of authenticity has been detected by several critics. But it was left for the present translator to discover the source of this wide mistranslation. He suspected the allusion might be in Fanshaw, and in Fanshaw he found it. The nymphs of the Tagus are in sir Richard's version thus addressed:

If I in low, yet tuneful verse, the praise
Of your sweet river always did proclaim,
Inspire me now with high and thundering lays,
Give me them clear and flowing like his stream.

He who has read Camoëns and Fanshaw, will be convinced where Voltaire found the "something to laugh at in every page." He who has read neither the original nor that translation, will now perceive that Voltaire's opinion of the Lusiad was drawn from a very partial acquaintance with the unfaithful and unpoetical version of Fanshaw.

And, as if all his misrepresentations of the Lusiad were not enough, a new and most capital objection is added in the late editions of Voltaire. Mais de tous les defautes de ce poëme, &c. "But of all the faults of this poem, the greatest is the want of connection, which reigns in every part of it. It resembles the voyage which is its subject. The adventures succeed one another," [a wonderful objection!] "and the poet has no other art, than to tell his tales well." Indeed! but the reader cannot now be surprised at any of our critic's misrepresentations, a critic, who in many instances has violently condemned the Lusiad *upon circumstances which have no place in that poem.*

After publication of the first edition of the Lusiad, the translator was informed of the following anecdote:—When Voltaire's Essay on Epic Poetry was at the press in London, he happened to show a proof-sheet of it to colonel Bladon, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries. The colonel, who had been in Portugal, asked him if had read the Lusiad: Voltaire confessed he had never seen it, and could not read Portuguese. The colonel put Fanshaw's translation into his hands, and in less than a fortnight after, Voltaire's critique made its appearance.

to enter the harbour of Quiloa. According to history, they attempted this harbour, where their destruction would have been inevitable; but they were driven from it by the violence of a sudden tempest. The poet, in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil, ascribes this to the celestial Venus,

——— whose watchful care
Had ever been their guide———,

They now arrive at Mombassa. The malice of the evil demon or genius of Mohammedism, still excites the arts of treachery against them. Hermes, the messenger of Heaven, in a dream, in the spirit of Homer, warns the hero of the poem of his danger, and commands him to steer for Melinda. There he arrives, and is received by the prince in the most friendly manner. Here the hero receives the first certain intelligence or hope of India. The prince of Melinda's admiration of the fortitude and prowess of his guests, the first who had ever dared to pass the unknown ocean by Cape Corrientes, (see book v. line 612,) artfully prepares the reader for a long episode. The poem of Virgil contains the history of the Roman empire to his own time. Camoëns perceived this, and trod in his steps. The history of Portugal, which Gama relates to the king of Melinda, is not only necessary to give their new ally a high idea of the Lusian prowess and spirit, but also naturally leads to, and accounts for, the voyage of Gama: the event which, in its consequences, sums up the Portuguese honours. It is as requisite for Gama to tell the rise of his nation to the king of Melinda, as it is for Enëas to relate to Dido the cause of his voyage,—the destruction of Troy. Pleased with the fame of their nation, the king of Melinda vows lasting friendship with the Lusians, and gives them a faithful pilot. As they sail across the great Indian ocean, the machinery is again employed. The evil demon implores Neptune and the powers of the sea to raise a tempest to destroy the fleet. The sailors on the night-watch fortify their courage by relating the valiant acts of their countrymen; and an episode, in the true poetical spirit of chivalry, is introduced. Thus Achilles in his tent is represented as singing to his lyre the praises of heroes. And in the epic conduct, this narrative and the tales told by Nestor, either to restrain or inflame the rage of the Grecian chiefs, are certainly the same.

The accumulation of the tempest in the meanwhile is finely described. It now descends. Celestial Venus perceives the danger of her fleet. She is introduced by the appearance of her star, a stroke of poetry which would have shined in the Eneid. The tempest is in its utmost rage,

The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all nature struggled to expire,
When now the silver star of Love appear'd;
Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;
Fair through the horrid storm the gentle ray
Announced the promise of the cheerful day.
From her bright throne celestial Love beheld
The tempest born———

And in the true spirit of Homer's allegory (see the note on book vi. line 716) she calls her nymphs, and by their ministry stills the tempest. Gama now arrives in India. Every circumstance rises from the preceding one; and, as fully pointed out in the notes, the conduct in every circumstance is as exactly Virgilian, as any two tragedies may possibly be alike in adherence to the rules of the drama. Gama, having accomplished his purpose in India, sets sail for Europe, and the machinery is for the last time employed. Venus, to reward her heroes, raises a Paradisaical island in the sea. Voltaire, in his English Essay, has said, that no nation but the Portuguese and Italians could be pleased with this fiction. In the French he has suppressed this sentence, but has compared it to a Dutch brothel allowed for the sailors. Yet this idea of it is as false as it is gross. Every thing in the island of Love resembles the statue of Venus de Medicis. The description is warm indeed, but it is chaste as the first loves of Adam and Eve in Milton; and entirely free from that grossness (see the note on book ix. line 780) often to be found in Dante, Ariosto, Spenser, and in Milton himself. After the poet has explained the allegory of the island of Love, the goddess of the ocean gives her hand and commits her empire to Gama, whom she conducts to her palace, where, in a prophetic song, he hears the actions of the heroes who were to establish the Portuguese empire in the east. In epic conduct nothing can be more masterly. The funeral games in honour of Patroclus, after the Iliad has turned upon its great hinge, the death of Hector, are here most happily imitated, after the Lusiad has also turned upon its great hinge, the discovery of India. The conduct is the same, though not one feature is borrowed. Ulysses and Enëas are sent to visit the regions of the dead; and Voltaire's hero must also be conveyed to Hell and Heaven. But how

superior is the spirit of Camoëns! He parallels these striking adventures by a new fiction of his own. Gama in the island of Bliss, and Æneas in Hell, are in epic conduct exactly the same; and in this unborrowing sameness he artfully interweaves the history of Portugal: *artfully*, as Voltaire himself confesses. The episode with the king of Melinda, the description of the painted ensigns, and the prophetic song, are parallel in manner and purpose with the episode of Dido, the shield of Æneas, and the vision in Elysium. To appease the rage of Achilles, and to lay the foundation of the Roman empire, are the grand purposes of the Iliad and Æneid: the one effected by the death of Hector; the other by the alliance of Latinus and Æneas, rendered certain by the death of Turnus. In like manner, to establish the Portuguese Christian empire in the east is the grand design of the Lusiad, rendered certain by the happy return of Gama. And thus, in the true spirit of the epopœia, ends the Lusiad, a poem where every circumstance rises in just gradation, till the whole is summed up in the most perfect unity of epic action.

The machinery of Homer (see the note on book vi. line 716) contains a most perfect and masterly allegory. To imitate the ancients was the prevailing taste when Camoëns wrote; and their poetical manners were every where adopted. That he esteemed his own as allegorical, he assures us in the end of the ninth book, and in one of his letters. But a proof, even more determinate, occurs in the opening of the poem. Castera, the French translator, by his over refinement, has much misrepresented the allegory of the Lusiad. Mars, who never appears but once in the first book, he tells us, signifies Jesus Christ. This explanation, so open to ridicule, is every way unnecessary; and surely never entered the thought of Camoëns. It is evident, however, that he intended the guardian powers of Christianity and Mohammedism under the two principal personages of his machinery. Words cannot be plainer:

> Where'er this people should their empire raise,
> She knew her altars should unnumber'd blaze;
> And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
> Be humanised and taught her lore divine:
> Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,
> And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.

And the same idea is on every opportunity repeated and enforced. Pagan mythology had its celestial as well as terrestrial Venus[1]. The celestial Venus is therefore the most proper personage of that mythology to figure Christianity. And Bacchus, the conqueror of the east, is, in the ancient poetical allegory, the most natural protector of the altars of India. Whatever may be said against the use of the ancient machinery in a modern poem, candour must confess, that the allegory of Camoëns, which arms the genius of Mohammedism[2] against the expedition of his heroes, is both sublime and most happily interesting. Nor must his choice of the ancient poetical machinery be condemned without examination. It has been the language of poetry these three thousand years, and its allegory is perfectly understood. If not impossible, it will certainly be very difficult to find a new, or a better machinery for an epic poem. That of Tasso is condemned by Boileau[4], yet that of Camoëns may plead the authority of that celebrated critic, and is even vindicated, undesignedly, by Voltaire himself. In an essay prefixed to his Henriade, Le mot d'Amphitrite, says he, dans notre poesie, ne signifie que la mer, & non l'épouse de Neptune—"the word Amphitrite in our poetry signifies only the sea, and not the wife of Neptune." And why may not the word Venus in Camoëns signify divine love, and not the wife of Vulcan? "Love," says Voltaire, in the same essay, "has his arrows, and

[1] The celestial Venus, according to Plato, was the daughter of Ouranus or Heaven, and thence called Urania. The passage stands in the Symposion of that author as follows:

Πανδημος γαρ αρμοττει τε και ἐστιν ἡμιν Ἐρωτας ἀφροδιτας· ουρανιαν δε μουσης μιν ουσαν, ἡ και ἐστι πρεσβυτατη και ἐρωτος ἀμουσοτατη· ἡ δε δη πανδημος ἐστιν ἡ νεωτερα, ἡ και ὑβρεως μετεχουσα· ἡ δη τοιαυτη ἐστιν ἡ ὑπ' ἐκεινων ἐρωμενη, ὁσοι και ἁπερ ἀν ἐρωσι, ταυτα ποιουσιν.

This Urania-Venus, according to Pausanias and other writers, had sumptuous temples in Athens, Phœnicia, &c. She was painted in complete armour; her priestesses were virgins; and no man was allowed to approach her shrine. Xenophon says, she presided over the love of wisdom and virtue, which are the pleasures of the soul, as the terrestrial Venus presided over the pleasures of the body.

[2] For several collateral proofs, see the note on book v. line 439, and text in Lusiad VIII. where Bacchus, the evil demon, takes the form of Mohammed, and appears in a dream to a priest of the Koran.

[4] On account of his magic. But magic was the popular belief of Tasso's age, and has afforded him a fine machinery, though his use of it is sometimes highly blameable; as where he makes an enchanter oppose the arch-angel Michael, armed with the authority of the true God, &c. &c.

Justice a balance, in our most Christian writings, in our paintings, in our tapestry, without being esteemed as the least mixture of Paganism." And if this criticism has justice in it, why not apply it to the Lusiad as well as to the Henriade[8]? Candour will not only apply it to the Lusiad, but will also add the authority of Boileau. He is giving rules for an epic poem:

Dans le vaste récit d'une longue action,
Se soutient par la fable, et vit de fiction.
Là pour nous enchanter tout est mis en usage:
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage;
Chaque vertu devient une divinité;
Minerve est la prudence, et Venus la beauté.
Ce n'est plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnère,
C'est Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.
Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'est Neptune, en courroux, qui gourmande les flots....
Sans tous ces ornemens le vers tombe en langueur;
La poesie est morte, ou rampe sans vigueur:
Le poëte n'est plus qu'un orateur timide,
Qu'un froid historien d'une fable insipide.

Every idea of these lines strongly defends the Lusiad. Yet, it must not be concealed, a distinction follows which may appear against it. Boileau requires a profane subject for the epic Muse. But his reason for it is not just:

De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystéres terribles
D'ornemens égayés ne sont point susceptibles.
L'evangile à l'esprit n'offre de tous côtés
Que penitence à faire, et tourmens meritès:
Et de vos fictions le melange coupable
Même à ses vérités donne l'air de la fable.

The *mysteres terribles* afford, indeed, no subject for poetry. But the Bible offers to the Muse something besides "penitence" and "merited torments." The Paradise Lost, and the works of the greatest painters, evince this. Nor does this criticism, false as it is, contain one argument which excludes the heroes of a Christian nation from being the subject of poetry. Modern subjects are indeed condemned by Boileau; and ancient fable, with its Ulysses, Agamemnon, &c.—nous heureux semblent nés pour les vers—are recommended to the poet. But, happy for Camoëns, his feelings directed him to another choice. For, in contradiction of a thousand Boileaus, no compositions are so miserably uninteresting as our modern poems, where the heroes of ancient fable are the personages of the action. Unless, therefore, the subject of Camoëns may thus seem condemned by the celebrated French critic, every other rule he proposes is in favour of the machinery of the Lusiad. And his own example proves, that he thought the Pagan machinery not improper in a poem where the heroes are modern[9]. But there is an essential distinction in the method of using it. And Camoëns has strictly adhered to this essential difference. The conduct of the epic poem is twofold; the historical, and allegorical. When Paganism was the popular belief, Dionæ might wound Mars or Venus[7]; but when the names of these deities became merely allegorical, such also ought to be the actions ascribed to them. And Camoëns has strictly adhered to this rule. His heroes are Christians; and *Santa Fe*, Holy Faith, is often mentioned in the historical parts where his heroes speak and act. But it is only in the allegorical parts where the

[8] Thus, when the Henriade is to be defended, the arrows of Cupid convey no mixture of Paganism. But when the island of Love in the Lusiad is to be condemned, our *honnête* critic must ridicule the use of these very arrows—C'est là que Venus, aidée des conseils du Pere Eternel, et secondée en même tems des fleches de Cupidon: "It is there that Venus, aided by the counsels of the Eternal Father, and at the same time seconded by the arrows of Cupid, renders the Nereides amorous of the Portuguese." But this, one of his latest additions, is as unlucky as all the rest. The Eternal Father is the same Jove who is represented as the Supreme Father in the first book, (St. 23. Portuguese.) and in book ix. st. 18, is only said to have ordained Venus to be the good genius of the Lusitanians. There is not a word about the assistance of his counsel; that was introduced by Voltaire, solely to throw ridicule upon an allegory, which, by the by, when used in the Henriade, has not the least fault, in his opinion; but is there every way in the true style of poetry.

[9] He uses the Pagan mythology in his poem on the passage of the Rhine by the French army in 1672.

[7] Thus it was the belief of the first ages of Christianity, that the Pagan gods were fallen angels. Mil-

Pagan or the poetical mythology is introduced. And in his machinery, as in his historical parts, there is no mixture of Pagan and Christian personages. The deliverance of the Lusian fleet, ascribed to the celestial Venus, so ridiculed by Voltaire, is exactly according to the precepts of Boileau. It is the historical opposition or concert of Christian and Pagan ideas which forms the absurd, and disfigures a poem. But this absurd opposition or concert of personages has no place in the Lusiad, though it is found in the greatest of modern poets. From Milton both the allowable and blameable mixture of Christian and Pagan ideas may be fully exemplified. With great judgment, he ranks the Pagan deities among the fallen angels. When he alludes to Pagan mythology, he sometimes says, "as fables feign;" and sometimes he mentions these deities in the allegory of poetical style; as thus,

—— When Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city ——

And thus, when Adam smiles on Eve;

—— as Jupiter
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers ——

Here the personages are mentioned expressly in their allegorical capacity, the use recommended by Boileau. In the following the blameable mixture occurs. He is describing Paradise ——

—— Universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Led on th' eternal spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpin, gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gathered: which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world ——
—— might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive ——

The mention of Pan, the Graces and Hours, is here in the pure allegorical style of poetry. But the story of Proserpin is not in allegory; it is mentioned in the same manner of authenticity as the many scripture histories introduced into the Paradise Lost. When the angel brings Eve to Adam, she appears

—— in naked beauty more adorn'd
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to th' unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

ton, with admirable judgment, has adopted this system. His Mammon, the architect of Pandemonium, he also calls Vulcan:

Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient Greece, and in Ausonian lands—
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove—
On Lemnos, th' Egean isle: Thus they relate
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before.

Moloch and Vulcan are therefore mentioned together with great propriety in the Paradise Lost. The belief of the first Christians, with respect to demons, was unabated in the age of Camoëns; for the oracles of the Pagan deities were then believed to have been given by evil spirits. Bacchus might therefore, in a Christian poem of such ages, represent the evil demon; and it was on this principle that Tasso felt no impropriety in calling Pluto his king of Hell, the grand foe of mankind, and making him talk of the birth of Christ. In like manner, when Camoëns says that the Christian altar raised (Book II.) to deceive the Lusians was the illusion of Bacchus, he says no more than what was agreeable to the popular belief of the Heathen oracles, and no more than what poetry allows when a storm is ascribed to Neptune, or arrows given to Cupid.

Here we have the Heathen gods, another origin of evil, and a whole string of fables, alluded to as real events, on a level with his subject[8].

Nor is poetical use the only defence of our injured author. In the age of Camoëns, Bacchus was esteemed a real demon: and celestial Venus was considered as the name by which the Ethnics expressed the divine love. But if the cold hyper-critic will still blame our author for his allegory, let it be repeated, that of all Christian poets Camoëns is in this the least reprehensible. The Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise of Dante, form one continued unallegorical texture of Pagan and Scriptural names, descriptions, and ideas. Ariosto is continually in the same fault. And, if it is a fault to use the ancient poetical machinery in a poem where the heroes are Christians, Voltaire himself has infinitely more of the *melange coupable* than Camoëns. The machinery of his Henriade is, as confessed by himself, upon the idea of the Pagan mythology. He cites Boileau:

> C'est d'un scrupule vain s'allarmer sottement,
> Et vouloir aux lecteurs plaire sans agrément,
> Bien-tot ils defendront de peindre la prudence,
> De donner a Thémis ni bandeau, ni balance.....
> Et par-tout des discours, comme un idolatrie,
> Dans leur faux zele iront chasser l'allegorie.

But he suppresses the verses which immediately follow, where the introduction of the true God is prohibited by the critic,

> Et fabuleux Chrétiens, n'allons point dans nos songes,
> Du Dieu de vérité faire un Dieu de mensonges.

Yet the God of truth, according to the Christian idea, in direct violation of this precept, is a considerable person in the Pagan allegorical machinery of the Henriade. But the couplet last cited, though as direct against the Henriade as if it had been written to condemn it, is not in the least degree applicable to the machinery of the Lusiad; a machinery infinitely superior in every respect to that of Voltaire[9], though Camoëns wrote at the revival of learning, ere criticism had given her best rules to the modern Muse.

The poem of Camoëns, indeed, so fully vindicates itself, that this defence of it perhaps may seem unnecessary. Yet one consideration will vindicate this defence. The poem is written in a language unknown in polite literature. Few are able to judge of the original, and the unjust clamour raised against it by Rapin and Voltaire[10], has been received in Europe as its true character. Lord Kaimes and

[8] Nor are these the only instances: the death of Hercules, and several others in Milton, fall under the censure of an injudicious mixture of sacred and profane mythology and history.

[9] The machinery of the Henriade is briefly thus: The soul of St. Louis acts the part of Venus in the Eneid, and always protects the hero. When D'Aumale is wounded, and in danger of being killed, La Discorde sees it, and covering him with her iron immense impenetrable buckler, flies away with him to the gates of Paris, where she cures his wounds. She then comforts Mayenne, the chief of the league against Henry. She then flies in a whirlwind to the Vatican, where she meets La Politique. They then find humble Religion in a desert, and clothing themselves in her sacred vestments, return to Paris, where they ride about in a bloody chariot, along with the authors of the league. These soon after are represented as at a magical sacrifice, an obvious imitation of that of Camoëns, (Lusiad VIII.) where they have a Jew for their priest: and Henry appears to them riding in a chariot of victory. St. Louis then takes Henry, in a dream, through Heaven and Hell. La Discorde goes in search of Love, who is her brother; and Love takes a journey to France, where, by the charms of Mademoiselle d'Etree, he entices Henry to neglect the war. St. Louis then sends the Genius of France to rouse Henry. He returns to the siege of Paris, but, on the point of carrying the city by storm, the angel of France prevents him. D'Aumale, on the part of the league, fights a duel; and all the monsters of Hell fly to his assistance. But the heavens now open, and an angel descends on the throne of the air, with the olive of peace, and the sword of God's vengeance. D'Aumale falls, and the infernal monsters fly away. But St. Louis will not allow Henry to take the city. The saint goes to the throne of God, and prays for Henry's conversion. The Eternal consents; Truth descends from Heaven to the hero, who turns Roman Catholic. St. Louis then appears, with an olive bough in his hand, and leads Henry to the gates of Paris, which now open at his call, and receive him in the name of God. And thus the machinery and the poem conclude together.

Nor is the ridicule of this machinery more evident, than the want of unity of action which characterizes the Henriade. Henry's journey to England, though it fills near three parts of the poem, has no connection with the other parts of the action; and the events do not arise from each other; for St. Louis prevents the effects of every victory. And the catastrophe is brought about by Henry's conversion, independent of every exertion of his generalship or valour, which are properly the subject of the poem.

[10] It is an unhappy thing to write in an unread tongue. Never was author so misrepresented by ignorance as the poet of Portugal. Rapin, that cold-blooded critic, tells us, that to write a good epic, il faut observer de la proportion dans le dessein, "it is necessary to observe proportion in the design, justness in the thought, and not to fall into rambling."—He then asserts, that Camoëns trespasses against all

other authors very cordially condemn its mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology"; even condemn it in terms as if the Lusiad, the poem which of all other modern ones is the most unexceptionable in this,

these rules—that he wants discernment and conduct—that he thought of nothing but to express the pride of his nation, for his style, he says, est fier et fastueux, "fierce and stiled." In another place he says, "poetical diction ought to be clear, natural, and harmonious, and obscurity is its greatest blemish;" to which, having named Camoëns, he adds, ses vers sont si obscurs, qu'ils pourroient passer pour des mysteres—"his verses are so obscure that they may pass for mysteries."—Perhaps the old French version may deserve this character; but certain it is from hence, that Rapin never read the original. Perspicuity, elegant simplicity, and the most natural unstrained harmony, is the just characteristic of the style of Camoëns. The appeal is to the world. And the first linguist of the age has given the style of Camoëns a very different character from this of Rapin: Camoensium Lusiadem, cujus poesis adeò venusta est, adeò polita, ut nihil esse possit jucundius; interdum verò, adeò elata, grandiloqua, ac sonora, ut nihil fingi possit magnificentius.—Jones, Poeseos Asiat. Comment.

Montesquieu's high idea of the Lusiad is cited in the note on book v. line 338. We shall only add the suffrage of the great Cervantes, who in his Don Quixote, c. iv. l. 6, most warmly expresses his idea of the excellence of the genius of Camoëns.

"Lord Kaimes thus follows Voltaire: "Portugal was rising in power and splendour" [it was hastening to the very last stages of declension] "when Camoëns wrote the Lusiad; and with respect to the music of verse it has merit. The author, however, is far from shining in point of taste." [Most masterly description and boundless variety, however, are his characteristics. He has given the two finest fictions in poetry. And according to Voltaire the story of Inez is equal to the best written parts of Virgil.] "He makes a strange jumble of Heathen and Christian deities. 'Gama,' observes Voltaire, 'in a storm addresses his prayers to Christ, but it is Venus who comes to his relief.' Voltaire's observation is but too well founded." [And is it indeed, in the name of truth?] "In the first book, Jove summons a council of the gods, which is described at great length, for no earthly purpose but to show that he favoured the Portuguese: Bacchus, on the other hand, declares against them on the following account, that he himself had gained immortal glory as conqueror of India, which would be eclipsed if the Indies should be conquered a second time by the Portuguese. A Moorish commander having received Gama with smiles, but with hatred in his heart, the poet brings down Bacchus from Heaven to confirm the Moor in his wicked purposes, which would have been perpetrated, had not Venus interposed in Gama's behalf. In the second canto Bacchus feigns himself to be a Christian, in order to deceive the Portuguese, but Venus implores her father Jupiter to protect them."

Such is the view of the Lusiad given by a professed critic. It is impossible to make any remark on it without giving offence to false delicacy. But to that goddess the translator of the injured Camoëns will offer no sacrifice. We have fully proved, and Bacon has been cited to explain the philosophical reason of it, that the spirit of poetry demands something supernatural. Lucan has been severely censured, by the greatest of ancient and modern critics, for the want of poetical clothing or allegory. The spirit of poetry exists in personification:

Tout prend un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage ——

and an allegorical machinery is essential to the epopœia. In this manner Virgil and Homer conduct their poems. (See the note on b. vi. l. 716.) But our critic perceives nothing of this kind in Camoëns. Though the whole conduct of the Lusiad depends upon the council held by Jove, upon the allegorical parts taken by the personages of the machinery;

Her spreading honours thus the one inspir'd,
And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd—

and though this allegory is finely sustained throughout the whole poem, where celestial Love is ever mindful (See B. ix.) that Jove, or Fate, had decreed that her altars should be reared in consequence of the success of her heroes; though all this is truly Homeric, is what the world ever esteemed the true epic conduct, our critic can see no "earthly purpose" in the council of Jove, but to show that he favoured the Lusians; no reason for the opposition of Bacchus, but that he had been conqueror of India, and was averse it should be conquered a second time. In the same ignorance of the epic conduct is the vacant account of Bacchus and the Moor. But let our critic be told, that through the sides of Camoëns, if his blow will avail, he has murdered both Homer and Virgil. What condemns the council of Jove in the Lusiad, condemns the councils of Jove in these models of the epopœia *. What condemns Bacchus and the Moor, condemns the part of Juno in the Æneid, and every interposition of Juno and Neptune in Homer. To make the Lusians believe that Mombasa was inhabited by Christians, the Moors took the ambassadors of Gama to a house, where they shewed them a Christian altar. This is history. Camoëns, in the true spirit of the epic poetry, ascribes this appearance to the illusion of Bacchus. Hector and Turnus are both thus deceived. And Bacchus, as already proved, was esteemed a fallen angel when our poet wrote. Nor are the ancients alone thus reprobated in the sentence passed upon Camoëns. If

* It is truly astonishing, that one who has read the epic poets should have made this objection. A school-boy need not to be told how often a council of the gods occurs in the Iliad, Odyssey, and Æneid. A part of Mr. Pope's note on the fifth Odyssey may with propriety be here cited. "This book, as well as the first," says he, "opens with an assembly of the gods. This is done to give an air of importance to his poem, and to prepare the mind of the reader to expect every thing that is great and noble, when Heaven is engaged in the care and protection of his heroes."

were in this mixture the most egregiously insufferable.—Besides, whatever has the sanction of the celebrated name of Voltaire will be remembered, and, unless circumstantially refuted, may one time, perhaps, be appealed to [48], as decisive, in the controversies of literary merit [49].

Other views of the conduct of the Luciad now offer themselves. Besides the above remarks, many observations on the machinery and poetical conduct are in their proper places scattered throughout the notes. The exuberant exclamations of Camoëns are there defended. Here let it only be added, that the unity of action is not interrupted by these parentheses, and that if Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness be not an imitation of them, it is in the same manner and spirit. Nor will we scruple to pronounce, that such addresses to the Muse would have been admired in Homer, are an interesting improvement on the epopœia, and will certainly be imitated, if ever the world shall behold another real epic poem.

The Luciad, says Voltaire, contains "a sort of epic poetry unheard-of before. No heroes are wounded a thousand different ways; no woman enticed away and the world overturned for her cause."—But the very want of these, in place of supporting the objection intended by Voltaire, points out the happy judgment and superior excellence of Camoëns. If Homer has given us all the fire and hurry of battles, he has also given us all the uninteresting tiresome detail. What reader but must be tired with the deaths of a thousand heroes, who are never mentioned before nor afterward in the poem. Yet in every battle we are wearied out with such gazette returns of the slain and wounded——

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατα κτείνετο δῖος
Ἕκτωρ Πριαμίδης, ἐπεὶ οἱ Ζεὺς κῦδος ὄπαζε.
Ἄστακόν μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ Ἀρέτωνα, καὶ Ὄρσιλοχον,
Καὶ Δίολον Κλονίον, καὶ Ὄφελτιον, δῖ' Ἀγέλαον,
Αἴσυμνόν τ' Ὄφρύν τε, καὶ Ἱππόνοον μεμαῶτα
Τὸν δ' ἔγχει ἐσσεύας ἀπαμύνετο ἶπτα κέλευθα
Πλησίον, ἀλλήλοις, &c. Il. lib. xi. En. 299.

his machinery must be condemned, with what accumulated weight must his sentence fall upon the greatest of our modern poets! But the mystery is easily explained. There are a race of critics, who cannot perceive the noble prosopopœia of Milton's angels, who prefer Voltaire's Henriade to the Paradise Lost, who reduce a Virgil to a Lucan, a Camoëns to a mere historian; who would strip Poetry of all her ornaments, because they cannot see them, of all her passions, because they cannot feel them; in a word, who would leave her nothing but the neatness, the cadence, and the tinkle of verse.

[48] Voltaire's description of the apparition near the Cape of Good Hope, is just as wide of the original as bombast is from the true sublime: yet it has been cited by several writers. In Camoëns a dark cloud hovers over the fleet, a tremendous noise is heard, Gama exclaims in amazement, and the apparition appears in the air,

—— rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare.

Every part of the description in Camoëns is sublime and nobly adapted for the pencil. In Voltaire's last edition the passage is thus rendered—C'est une fantôme que s'élève—"it is a phantom which rises from the bottom of the sea, his head touches the clouds; the tempests, the winds, the thunders are around him, his arms are stretched afar over the surface of the waters."—Yet not one picturesque idea of this is in the original. If the phantom's arms are stretched upon the surface of the waters, his shoulders and his head, which touch the clouds, must only be above the tide. Yet, though this imagerie, with tempests, winds, and thunders hanging around him, would be truly absurd upon canvass, a celebrated Italian writer has not only cited Voltaire's description, as that of the original, but has mended that of the Frenchman by a stroke of his own. "The feet of the phantom," says signor Algarotti, "are in the unfathomable abyss of the sea." (See his Treatise on Newton's Theory of Light and Colours.) And certainly, if his shoulders and head reached from the surface of the waters to the clouds, the length which the signor has given to his parts under the water was no bad calculation. Nor is Algarotti the only absurd retailer of Voltaire's misrepresentations. An English traveller, who lately published an account of Spain and Portugal, has quite completed the figure. Ses bras s'étendent au loin sur la surface des eaux, says Voltaire; and our traveller thus translates it, "His arms extend over the whole surface of the waters." And thus the burlesque painter is furnished with the finest design imaginable for the mock sublime. A figure up to the arm-pits in the water, its arms extending over the *whole* surface of the sea, its head in the clouds, and its feet in the unfathomable abyss of the ocean! Very fine indeed, it is impossible to mend it further.

[49] As we have paid attention to the strictures of Voltaire, some is also due to the praises which he bestows upon the Luciad. Though he falsely asserts that it wants connection, he immediately adds, Tout cela prouve enfin, que l'ouvrage est plein des grandes beautés—"This only proves, in fine, that the work is full of grand beauties, since these two hundred years it has been the delight of an ingenious

Thus servilely imitated by Virgil,

> Cædicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspem:
> Partheniumque Rapo, et pœdurum viribus Orsen:
> Messapus Cloniumque, Lycaoniumque Ericetem:
> Illum, infrænis equi lapsu tellure jacentem;
> Hunc, peditem pedes. Et Lycius processerat Agis,
> Quem tamen haud expers Valerus virtutis avitæ
> Dejicit: Atronium Salius; Saliumque Nealcen—— Æn. l. x. 747.

With such catalogues is every battle extended; and what can be more tiresome than such uninteresting descriptions and their imitations! If the idea of the battle be raised by such enumeration, still the copy and original are so near each other, that they can never please in two separate poems. Nor are the greater parts of the battles of the Eneid much more distant from those of the Iliad. Though Virgil with great art has introduced a Camilla, a Pallas, and a Lausus, still in many particulars, and in the fights, there is, upon the whole, such a sameness with the Iliad, that the learned reader of the Eneid is deprived of the pleasure inspired by originality. If the man of taste, however, will be pleased to mark how the genius of a Virgil has managed a war after a Homer, he will certainly be tired with a dozen of epic poems in the same strain. Where the siege of a town and battles are the subject of an epic, there will of necessity, in the characters and circumstances, be a resemblance to Homer; and such poem must therefore want originality. Happy for Tasso, the variation of manners, and his masterly superiority over Homer in describing his duels, have given his Jerusalem an air of novelty. Yet with all the difference between Christian and Pagan heroes, we have a Priam, an Agamemnon, an Achilles, &c. armies slaughtered, and a city besieged. In a word, we have a handsome copy of the Iliad in the Jerusalem Delivered. If some imitations, however, have been successful, how many other epics of ancient and modern times have hurried down the stream of oblivion! Some of their authors had poetical merit, but the fault was in the choice of their subjects. So fully is the strife of war exhausted by Homer, that Virgil and Tasso could add to it but little novelty; no wonder, therefore, that so many epics on battles and sieges have been suffered to sink into utter neglect. Camoëns, perhaps, did not weigh these circumstances; but the strength of his poetical genius directed him. He could not but feel what it was to read Virgil after Homer; and the original turn and force of his mind led him from the beaten track of Helens and Lavinias, Achilleses, and Hectors, sieges and slaughters, where the hero hews down and drives to flight whole armies with his own sword. To constitute a poem worthy of the name of epic in the highest and strictest sense, some grand characteristics of subject and conduct, peculiarly its own, are absolutely necessary. Of all the moderns, Camoëns and Milton have alone attained this grand peculiarity in an eminent degree. Camoëns was the first genuine and successful poet who wooed the modern epic Muse, and she gave him the wreath of a first lover: "A sort of epic poetry unheard-of before;" or, as Voltaire calls it in his last edition, une nouvelle espèce d'epopée. And the grandest subject it is (of profane history) which the world has ever beheld [14]. A voyage esteemed too great for man to dare; the adventures of this voyage, through unknown oceans, deemed unnavigable; the eastern world happily discovered, and for ever indissolubly joined and given to the western; the grand Portuguese empire in the east founded; the humanization of mankind, and universal commerce the consequence! What are the adventures of an old fabulous hero's arrival in Britain, what are Greece and Latium in arms for a woman, compared to this! Troy is in ashes, and even the Roman empire is no more. But the effects of the voyage, adventures, and bravery of the hero of the Lusiad, will be felt and beheld, and perhaps increase in importance, while the world shall remain.

nation."—The fiction of the apparition, he owns, will please in every age; and of the episode of Inez, he says, Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendrissants et mieux ecrits—"There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."

[14] The drama and the epopœia are in nothing so different as in this: the subjects of the drama are inexhaustible, those of the epopœia are perhaps exhausted. He who chooses war and the warlike characters, cannot appear as an original. It was well for the memory of Pope, that he did not write the epic poem he intended. It would have been only a copy of Virgil. Camoëns and Milton have been happy in the novelty of their subjects; and these they have exhausted. There cannot possibly be so important a voyage as that which gave the eastern world to the western. And did even the story of Columbus afford materials equal to that of Gama, the adventures of the hero, and the view of the extent of his discoveries, must now appear as servile copies of the Lusiad. The view of Spanish America, given in the Auracana, is not only a mere copy, but is introduced even by the very machinery of Camoëns.

Happy in his choice, happy also was the genius of Camoëns in the method of pursuing his subject. He has not, like Tasso, given it a total appearance of fiction; nor has he, like Lucan, excluded allegory and poetical machinery. Whether he intended it or not, for his genius was sufficient to suggest its propriety, the judicious precept of Petronius is the model of the Lusiad. That elegant writer proposes a poem on the Civil War: Ecce Belli Civilis, says he, ingens opus—Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages deorumque ministeria, et fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potiùs furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides—No poem, antient or modern, merits this character in any degree comparative to the Lusiad. A truth of history is preserved, yet, what is improper for the historian, the ministry of Heaven is employed, and the free spirit of poetry throws itself into fictions which make the whole appear as an effusion of prophetic fury, and not like a rigid detail of facts given under the sanction of witnesses. Contrary to Lucan, who, in the above rules drawn from the nature of poetry, is severely condemned by Petronius, Camoëns conducts his poem "per ambages deorumque ministeria."[15] The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the fleet near the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; the invention his own! In the island of Venus, the use of which fiction in an epic poem is also his own, he has given the completest assemblage of all the flowers which ever adorned the bowers of love. And never was the furentis animi vaticinatio more conspicuously displayed than in the prophetic song, the view of the spheres, and the globe of the Earth. Tasso's imitation of the island of Venus is not equal to the original; and though "Virgil's myrtles dropping blood are nothing to Tasso's enchanted forest[16]," what are all Ismeno's enchantments to the grandeur and horrour of the appearance, prophecy, and evanishment of the spectre of Camoëns[17]?—It has been long agreed among the critics, that the solemnity of religious observances gives great dignity to the historical narrative of the epopœia. Camoëns, in the embarkation of the fleet, and in several other places, is peculiarly happy in the dignity of religious allusions. Manners and character are also required in the epic poem. But all the epics which have appeared, are, except two, mere copies of the Iliad in these. Every one has its Agamemnon, Achilles, Ajax, and Ulysses, its calm, furious, gross, and intelligent hero. Camoëns and Milton happily left this beaten track, this exhausted field, and have given us pictures of manners unknown in the Iliad, the Eneid, and all those poems which may be classed with the Thebaid. The Lusiad abounds with pictures of manners, from those of the highest chivalry, to those of the rudest, fiercest, and most innocent barbarism. In the fifth, sixth, and ninth books, Leonardo and Veloso are painted in stronger colours than any of the inferior characters in Virgil. But striking character, indeed, is not the excellence of the Eneid. That of Monzaida, the friend of Gama, is much superior to that of Achates. The base, selfish, perfidious, and cruel character of the zamorim and the Moors, are painted in the strongest colours; and the character of Gama himself, is that of the finished hero. His cool command of his passions, his deep sagacity, his fixed intrepidity, his tenderness of heart, his manly piety, and his high enthusiasm in the love of his country, are all displayed in the superlative degree. And to the novelty of the manners of the Lusiad, let the novelty of fire-arms also be added. It has been said, that the buckler, the bow and the spear, must ever continue the arms of poetry. Yet, however unsuccessful others may have been, Camoëns has proved that fire-arms may be introduced with the greatest dignity and finest effect in the epic poem.

As the grand interest of commerce and of mankind forms the subject of the Lusiad, so with great propriety, as necessary accompaniments to the voyage of his hero, the author has given poetical pictures of the four parts of the world. In the third book a view of Europe; in the fifth, a view of Africa; and in the tenth, a picture of Asia and America. Homer and Virgil have been highly praised for their judgment in their selection of subjects which interested their countrymen, and Statius has been as severely condemned for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoëns be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce. And in a particular manner the epic poem of that country which has the control and possession of the commerce of India.

An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment,

[15] See Letters on Chivalry and Romance.

[16] The Lusiad is also rendered poetical by other fictions. The elegant satire on king Sebastian, under the name of Acteon; and the prosopopœia of the populace of Portugal venting their murmurs upon the beach when Gama sets sail, display the richness of our author's poetical genius, and are not inferior to any thing of the kind in the classics.

and a constant tenour of the grand simplicity of diction, complete the character of the Lusiad of Camoëns: a poem, which, though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited neglect, and from the critics most flagrant injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit, than when he confessed that he dreaded Camoëns as a rival; or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed this elegant sonnet to the hero of the Lusiad:

SONNETTO.

Vasco, le cui felici, ardite antenne
In contro al sol, che ne riporta il giorno
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne;

Non più di te per aspro mar sostenne
Quel, che fece al Ciclope oltraggio, e scorno;
Ne chi tolse l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno;
Ne diè più bel soggetto a colte penne.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che tuoi spalmati legni andar men lungi,
Ond' a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

SONNET.

Vasco, whose bold and happy bowsprit bore
Against the rising morn; and, homeward fraught,
Whose sails came westward with the day, and brought
The wealth of India to thy native shore:

Ne'er did the Greek such length of seas explore,
The Greek, who sorrow to the Cyclop wrought;
And he, who, victor, with the Harpies fought,
Never such pomp of naval honours wore.

Great as thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoëns ow'st thy noblest fame;
Further than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While Time and Fame together glide along.

It only remains to give some account of the version of the Lusiad which is now offered to the public. Besides the translations mentioned in the Life of Camoëns, M. Duperron de Castera, in 1735, gave in French prose a loose unpoetical paraphrase of the Lusiad [17]. Nor does sir Richard Fanshaw's English

[17] Castera was every way unequal to his task. He did not perceive his author's beauties. He either suppresses or lowers the most poetical passages, and substitutes French tinsel and impertinence in their place. In the necessary illustrations in the notes, the citations from Castera will vindicate this character.

Soon after the first publication of the English Lusiad, a new French prose translation of Camoëns was published by M. de la Harpe. He confesses that he received a literal translation of his author, from a person well acquainted with the original. This, he says, he proposed to animate with the fire of poetry; and he owns he has sometimes abridged his text. His style, however, is much less poetical than even Castera's, whom he severely condemns. A literal prose translation of poetry is an attempt as absurd as to translate fire into water. What a wretched figure do the most elegant odes of Horace make in a literal prose translation! And no literal translation for the use of schools was ever more unlike the original, in spirit, vigour and elegance, than the sometimes literal, and sometimes mangled version of M. de la Harpe, which seems to be published as a sacrifice to the wounded vanity of his admired Voltaire. La Harpe stands forth, against Castera, as the defender of Voltaire's criticism on the Lusiad. Castera, indeed, has sometimes absurdly defended his author; but a translator of the Lusiad, who could not perceive the many gross misrepresentations of Voltaire, must have hurried over his author with very little attention. He adopts the spirit of all Voltaire's objections, and commends only where he commends. Want of unity in the epic conduct is Voltaire's very rash character of Camoëns. And la Harpe as rashly asserts that the poem ends in the seventh book when Gama arrives in India. But he might as well have asserted that the Æneid ends with the landing of Æneas in Italy. Both

version, published during the usurpation of Cromwell, merit a better character. Though stanza be rendered for stanza, though at first view it has the appearance of being exceedingly literal, this version is nevertheless exceedingly unfaithful. Uncountenanced by his original, Fanshaw—"teems with many a dead-born jest [18]."—Nor had he the least idea of the dignity of the epic style [19], or of the true spirit of

heroes have much to accomplish after their arrival in the desired country. And the return of Gama, after having subdued every danger, is exactly parallel to the death of Turnus. And this return, without which Gama's enterprise is incomplete, is managed by Camoëns, at the close of his poem, in the concise and true spirit of Virgil. A translator of the Lusiad, who could not perceive this, is indeed most ingeniously superficial. But La Harpe's sentence on the Paradise Lost, which he calls digne d'un siecle de barbarie—"worthy of an age of barbarity," will give the English reader a just idea of his poetical taste.

[18] Pope, Odyss. xx.

[19] Richard Fanshaw, esq., afterwards sir Richard, was English ambassador both at Madrid and Lisbon. He had a taste for literature, and translated from the Italian several pieces, which were of service in the refinement of our poetry. Though his Lusiad, by the dedication of it to William earl of Strafford, dated May 1, 1655, seems as published by himself, we are told by the editor of his Letters, that, "during the unsettled times of our anarchy, some of his MSS., falling by misfortune into unskilful hands, were printed and published without his consent or knowledge, and before he could give them his last finishing strokes: such was his translation of the Lusiads."

The great respect due to the memory of a gentleman who, in the unpropitious age of a Cromwell, endeavoured to cultivate the English Muses, and the acknowledgment of his friend, that his Lusiad received not his finishing strokes, may seem to demand that a veil should be thrown over its faults. And not a blemish should have been pointed out by the present translator, if the reputation of Camoëns were unconcerned, and if it were not a duty he owed his reader to give a specimen of the former translation. We have proved that Voltaire read and drew his opinion of the Lusiad from Fanshaw. And Rapin most probably drew his from the same source. Perspicuity is the characteristic of Camoëns; yet Rapine says, his verses are so obscure they appear like mysteries. Fanshaw is indeed so obscure, that the present translator, in dipping into him, into parts which he had even then translated, has often been obliged to have recourse to the Portuguese to discover his meaning. Sancho Penza was not founder of proverbs. He has thrust many into his version. He can never have enough of conceits, low allusions, and expressions. When gathering of flowers, as bominas apanhando, is simply mentioned (C. 9. st. 24) he gives it, "gather'd flowers by pecks." And the Indian regent is avaricious (C. 8. st. 95)

Meaning a better penny thence to get.

But enough of these have already appeared in the notes. It is necessary now to give a few of his stanzas entire, that the reader may form an idea of the manner and spirit of the old translation. Nor shall we select the specimens. The noble attitude of Mars, in the first book, is the first striking description in the poem, and is thus rendered:

Lifting a little up his helmet-sight
('Twas adamant) with confidence enough,
To give his vote himself he placed right
Before the throne of Jove, arm'd valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt-end of his pyke
A great thumpe on the floor of purest stuffe)
The Heavens did tremble, and Apollo's light
It went and came, like colour in a fright.

And the appearance of Indians in canoes approaching the fleet, is the very next description which occurs:

For streight out of that isle which seem'd most neer
Unto the continent, behold a number
Of little boats in companie appeer,
Which (clapping all wings on) the long sea sunder!
The men are rapt with joy, and with the meer
Excess of it, can only look, and wonder.
"What nation's this," within themselves they say,
"What rites, what laws, what king do they obey?"

Their coming thus in boats with fins; nor flat,
But apt t' o're-set (as being pincht and long)
And then they'd swim like rats *. The sayles, of mat
Made of palm-leaves wove curiously and strong.
The men's complexion the self-same with that
Hee gave the Earth's burnt parts (from Heaven flung),
Who was more brave than wise; that this is true
The Po doth know and Lampetusa rue.

It may be necessary to add, the version of Fanshaw, though the Lusiad very particularly requires them, was given to the public without one note.

* Not in the original.

poetical translation. For this, indeed, no definite rule can be given. The translator's feelings alone must direct him; for the spirit of poetry is sure to evaporate in literal translation.

Literal translation of poetry is in reality a solecism. You may construe your author, indeed, but if with some translators you boast that you have left your author to speak for himself, that you have neither added nor diminished, you have in reality grossly abused him, and deceived yourself. Your literal translation can have no claim to the original felicities of expression, the energy, elegance, and fire of the original poetry. It may bear, indeed, a resemblance, but such an one as a corpse in the sepulchre bears to the former man, when he moved in the bloom and vigour of life.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres——

was the taste of the Augustan age. None but a poet can translate a poet. The freedom which this precept gives will therefore, in a poet's hands, not only infuse the energy, elegance, and fire of his author's poetry into his own version, but will give it also the spirit of an original.

He who can construe may perform all that is claimed by the literal translator. He who attempts the manner of translation prescribed by Horace ventures upon a task of genius. Yet, however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the translator acknowledges, that in this spirit he endeavoured to give the Lusiad in English. Even further liberties, in one or two instances, seemed to him advantageous—But a minuteness in the mention of these [*] will not, in these pages, appear with a good grace. He shall only add, in this new edition, that some of the most eminent of the Portuguese literati, both in England and on the continent, have approved of these freedoms; and the original is in the hands of the world.

It is with particular pleasure that the translator renews his acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have patronised his work. On his first proposals to give the Lusiad in English, the ingenious Mr. Magellan, of the family of the celebrated navigator, was zealous to promote its success. To many Portuguese gentlemen he owes the assistance of books and information, conferred in the most liberal manner; and their approbation of his first edition reconciles him to a review of his labours. Both to public and private libraries he is much indebted; particularly to the valuable collection of Thomas Pearson, esq. of the East India company's service. The approbation expressed by several gentlemen of the East India company, on the appearance of the poem on the discovery of India in its English dress, gave the translator the sincerest satisfaction. To governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under every obligation which the warmest zeal to promote the success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the Lusiad in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, esq. he confesses many obligations. And while thus he recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the

[*] Some liberties of a less poetical kind, however, require to be mentioned. In Homer and Virgil's lists of slain warriors, Dryden and Pope have omitted several names which would have rendered English versification dull and tiresome. Several allusions to antient history and fable have for this reason been abridged. e. g. In the prayer of Gama (Book vi.) the mention of Paul, "thou who deliveredst Paul, and defendedst him from quicksands and wild waves—"

Das scyrtes arruinas et ondas feas—

is omitted. However excellent in the original, the prayer in English, such is the difference of languages, would lose both its dignity and ardour, if burdened with a further enumeration. Nor let the critic, if he find the meaning of Camoëns in some instances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder in the translator. He who chooses to see a slight alteration of this kind, will find an instance, which will give him an idea of others, in Can. 8. st. 48, and another in Can. 7. st. 41. It was not to gratify the dull few, whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says; it was to give a poem that might live in the English language which was the ambition of the translator. And for the same reason he has not confined himself to the Portuguese or Spanish pronunciation of proper names. It is ingeniously observed in the Rambler, that Milton, by the introduction of proper names, often gives great dignity to his verse. Regardless, therefore, of Spanish pronunciation, the translator has accented Granada, Evora, &c. in the manner which seemed to him to give most dignity to English versification. In the word Sofala he has even rejected the authority of Milton, and followed the more sonorous usage of Fanshaw. Thus sir Richard: "Against Sofala's batter'd fort." And thus Milton: "And Sofala thought Ophir—." Which is the most sonorous there can be no dispute. If the translator, however, is found to have trespassed against good taste in these liberties in the pronunciation of proper names, he will be very willing to acknowledge and correct his errour.

man, and good wishes for the translation, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator.

But, though previous to publication the translator was thus flattered with the approbation of some names, for whom the public bear the greatest respect; though he introduced to the English reader a poem truly Virgilian, he confessed he had his fears for its fate. And however the approbation of some of the greatest names in the English polite literature may have since gratified his faultering hopes, the consciousness of his inability, and the character of the age, gave no false foundation to his uneasy apprehensions. We are not, indeed, in the condition of ancient Rome, when, in the declension of her literature, the Latin tongue was despised, and the Greek only admired. Yet, though a masterly treatise in some branches of literature would immediately receive the reward due to merit; ere the just reputation of his poetry be fixed, the author perhaps may be where the applause of the world cannot come. Long after Shakespeare wrote, and thirty years after the Paradise Lost was published, Shaftsbury pronounced that the English Muses were lisping in their cradles. And Temple, a much greater authority in poetical taste, esteems Sidney the greatest of all modern poets. Nor was his neglect of Milton singular. Even though that immortal author's reputation be now fixed, I have known a learned gentleman who could not endure a line of the Paradise Lost; who yet, with seeming rapture, would repeat whole pages of Ovid. There is a charm in the sound of a language which is not debased by familiar use. And as it was in falling Rome, nothing in his vernacular tongue will be highly esteemed by the scholar of dull taste. A work which claims poetical merit, while its reputation is unestablished, is beheld, by the great majority, with a cold and a jealous eye. The present age, indeed, is happily auspicious to science and the arts; but poetry is neither the general taste, nor the fashionable favourite of these times[n]. Often, in the dispirited hour, have these views obtruded upon the translator. While he has left his author upon the table and wandered in the fields, these views have clothed themselves almost imperceptibly in the stanza and allegory of Spenser. Thus connected with the translation of Camoëns, unfinished as they are, they shall close the introduction to the English Lusiad.

Hence, vagrant minstrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence, nor ween to shed thy poison here:
My hinds despise thy lyre's ignoble charm;
Seek in the sloggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There while thy idle chaunting soothes their ear,
The noxious thistle chokes their sickly corn;
Their apple boughs, ungraft'd, sour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenced dales with fleeces torn
Unguarded from the fox, their lambkins stray forlorn.
Such ruin withers the neglected soil,
When to the song the ill-starr'd swain attends.
And well thy meed repays thy worthless toil;
Upon thy houseless head pale want descends
In bitter shower: and taunting scorn still rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In wretchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life——What fitter may beseem,
Who poisons thus the fount, should drink the poison'd stream.
And is it thus, the heart-stung minstrel cried,
While indignation shook his silver'd head,
And is it thus, the gross-fed lordling's pride,
And hind's base tongue the gentle bard upbraid!
And must the holy song be thus repaid
By sun-bask'd ignorance, and churlish scorn!
While listless drooping in the languid shade

n "Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright."—Goldsmith.

Of cold neglect, the sacred Bard must mourn,
Though in his hallowed breast Heaven's purest ardours burn!
Yet how sublime, O Bard, the dread behest,
The awful trust to thee by Heaven assign'd!
'T is thine to humanize the savage breast,
And form in Virtue's mould the youthful mind;
Where lurks the latent spark of generous kind,
'T is thine to bid the dormant ember blaze:
Heroic rage with gentlest worth combin'd
Wide through the land thy forming power displays—
So spread the olive boughs beneath Dan Phœbus' rays.
When Heaven decreed to soothe the feuds that tore
The wolf-eyed barons, whose unlettered rage
Spurn'd the fair Muse; Heaven bade on Avon's shore
A Shakespeare rise and soothe the barbarous age:
A Shakespeare rose; the barbarous heats assuage—
At distance due how many lands attend!
Enlarged and liberal from the narrow cage
Of blinded zeal new manners wide extend,
And o'er the generous breast the dews of Heaven descend.
And fits it you, ye sons of hallowed power,
To hear, unmoved, the tongue of scorn upbraid
The Muse neglected in her wintry bower,
While proudly flourishing in princely shade
Her younger sisters lift the laurel'd head—
And shall the pencil's boldest mimic rage,
Or softest charms, fore-doomed in time to fade,
Shall these be vaunted o'er th' immortal page,
Where passion's living fires burn unimpair'd by age!
And shall the warbled strain or sweetest lyre,
Thrilling the palace roof at night's deep hour;
And shall the nightingales in woodland choir
The voice of Heaven in sweeter raptures pour!
Ah no, their song is transient as the flower
Of April morn: In vain the shepherd boy
Sits listening in the silent autumn bower;
The year no more restores the short-lived joy;
And never more his harp shall Orpheus' hands employ.
Eternal silence in her cold deaf ear
Has closed his strain; and deep eternal night
Has o'er Apelles' tints, so bright while-ere,
Drawn her blank curtains—never to the sight
More to be given——But cloth'd in Heaven's own light
Homer's bold painting shall immortal shine;
Wide o'er the world shall ever sound the might,
The raptured music of each deathless line:
For death nor time may touch their living soul divine.
And what the strain, though Perez swell the note,
High though its rapture, to the Muse of fire!
Ah what the transient sounds, devoid of thought,
To Shakespeare's flame of ever-burning ire,
Or Milton's flood of mind, till time expire
Fore-doom'd to flow; as Heaven's dread energy
Unconscious of the bounds of place——

APPENDIX.

Copia das patentes dos vice reis, e capitães generaes da India, conforme se achão no Concelho Ultramarino em Lisboa.

"D. N... por graça de Deos rey de Portugal e dos Algarves, d'aquem e d'alem-mar em Africa, senhor de Guiné, e da conquista, navegação e commercio da Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, e da India, &c.

"Faço saber aos que esta minha carta-patente virem, que attendendo á qualidade, merecimento, e mais partes que concorrem na pessoa de N.... Hei por bem de o nomear (como por esta nomeio) no emprego de vice-rey, e capitão-general de mar e terra, dos estados da India, e suas dependencias, por tempo de trez annos, e o mais que eu for servido, em quanto lhe não nomear successor; e com o dito governo averá o soldo de 24,000 cruzados pagos em cada hum anno na forma das minhas ordens: e gozara de todas as honras, poderes, mando, jurisdição, e alçada, que tem, e deque gozárão os providos no dito governo; e do mais que por minhas ordens lhe for concedido, como vice-rey e capitão-general, meu lugartenente, e immediato á minha real pessoa. Peloque mando ao vice-rey seu antecessor, ou á pessoa que estiver governando dê posse do mesmo governo geral do estado da India ao dito N.... E outrosim ordeno a todos os officiais de guerra, justiça e fazenda, que em tudo lhe obedeção, e cumprão suas ordens, e mandados, como a seu vice-rey e capitão-general: e o tizoureiro, ou recebedor da minha fazenda, a quem o recebimento das rendas da India tocar, lhe fará pagamento do referido soldo aos quarteis, por esta carta-patente somente, sem para isto ser necessaria outra proviáo minha, a qual se registará para o dito effeito nos livros da sua despeza, para se lhe levar em conta. E o dito N.... jurará em minha chancellaria, na forma costumada, deque se fará assento nas costas desta minha carta-patente; e antes de partir desta corte, fará em minhas reaes mãos preito e omenagem pelo dito governo do estado da India, e suas conquistas dependentes. E por firmeza de tudo lhe mandei passar esta carta-patente por mim assignada, e sellada com o sello grande de minhas armas, &c.

"Dada na cidade de Lisboa, &c. El Rey."

NOTICIAS.

1. Os vice-reys da India tinhão huma jurisdição suprema, como se vê das suas patentes: e erão unicamente sujeitos, no fim do seu governo, a huma devaça de rezidencia, que el rey mandava tirar do seu procedimento, por hum ministro civil. Nesta devaça devião jurar todas as ordens do estado; principiando-se pela camera (ou seja concelho municipal); e continuando-se pelos officiaes das mais repartiçoens civis, como a relação de Goa, os ministros e officiaes da fazenda, os generaes e officiais militares, sem excepção de pessoa alguma.

Esta devaça era remettida em direitura a Lisboa. Porem, se o novo vice-rey [tendo precedido queixas á corte do seo antecessor] trazia ordens particulares; podia mandalo logo prezo a Lisboa, achando-o culpado.

2. Na India avia alem do vice-rey e de dous secretarios de estado, os tribunaes seguintes em Goa: a inquizição para as couzas da religião: o tribunal do ordinario para os mais negocios ecclezisticos: uma junta das missoens, independente do bispo, mas sujeita á inspecão dos vice-reys, na qual junta prezidia o superior dos jezuitas: huma relação (tribunal superior de judicatura) com hum chanceller-mór para os negocios civis, com appelação para o tribunal supremo do reino (em Portugal): hum concelho da fazenda, e o senado da camera.

3. O vice-rey era regedor das justiças & como tal era prezidente da sobredita relação & do referido concelho da fazendà: não se podendo dispender couza alguma sem hum despacho, ou portaria do mesmo vice-rey. Este, como lugartenente d'el rey, governava sem limitação sobre os militares; conferia patentes até o posto de capitaens inclusivè: nomeava interinamente todos os mais postos superiores; e conferia todos os governos da sua dependencia, que não vinhão providos pela corte. Nos casos ar-

minaes, assim civis, como militares, a relaç o e o conselho de guerra da India tinhão o direito supremo de vida e morte: e o vice-rey, como presidente, tinha o direito de desempate nos cazos de igualdade de votos.

4. Alem dos referidos estabelecimentos, o senado da camera tinha os mesmos direitos de policia, que tem todos os do reino: e alem disso o direito de representação a o mesmo vice-rey; e de se queixar, em corpo de tribunal, em directura á sua magestade a Lisboa.

5. Quando avia vacancia de vice-reys, por cauza de morte, o arcebispo o chanceler da relação, e o official militar de maior patente, tomavão o governo do estado; e mercêdavão promiscuamente todas as funçoens, assignando todos juntos as ordens que davão.

6. O commercio da Asia pertencia inteiramente a el rey, e tudo se fazia por conta da coroa, em navios proprios: paro o que tinhão estabelecido, por parte da mesma coroa, e á sua custa, differentes feitorias em todos os estabelecimentos da Asia, administrados por feitores e officiais da fazenda real, debaixo da jurisdição dos vice-reys; os quais davão contas no fim de 3 annos da sua administração, ao concelho da fazenda da India: e este as dava ao concelho-ultramarino de Lisboa, na sequita moição. Este comercio se fazia em frotas, que partião da India e depozitavão tudo nos Armazens reaes da caza assim chamada (da India) em Lisboa: donde se vendia por conta da fazenda real, aos nacionaes, e aos estranjeiros.

7. Os vice-reys obtiverão a liberdade de fazerem comercio para o reino; porem não podião exceder de huma porção limitade, que se lhes arbitrou. A mesma faculdade se estendeo depois disso a muitas outras pessoas, tanto civis, como militares, porem com grandes limitaçoens e rezervas; exceptuando sempre as pedras preciosas, perolas e aljofar, cujo comercio se deu exclusivamente ás rainhas de Portugal, para seu patrimonio: assim como tambem o da pimenta. O comercio dos outras especiarias, do salitre, sandalo, e porcelana, sempre foi rezervado á coroa.

8. Prohibio-se em fim aos vice-reys e a todos os officiaes civis e militares de fazerem commercio algum por huma lei que foi promulgada no anno de 1687.

9. O governo da India foi alterado no anno de 1775. Abolio-se o vice-reynado, ficando em capitaens generaes. Deu-se uma nova forma á arrecadação da Fazenda, estabelecendo-se hum erario regio, na forma do erario de Lisboa. Abolio-se a inquizição, e o tribunal da relação: ficando a administraçao da justiça, nas mãos dos ouvidores geraes, com appellação para Lisboa. Mandou-se estabelecer no mesmo estado o mesmo regulamento militar, que se practica em Portugal: e pagar as tropas por conta da coroa em dinheiro; por quanto esta despeza era feita d'antes pelos capitaens que exercião monopolios carrozos, pagando aos soldados o sustento e o fardamento por sua conta.

Copy of the king's letters patent, given to the vice-roys, supreme commanders of Portuguese East-India, according to the original kept in the king's office, called Concelho Ultramarino *in Lisbon.*

"Don N.... by the grace of God king of Portugal and Algarves, on this side of the sea, and on that of Africa: lord of Guinea, and of the conquest, navigation, and commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia, Persia, and India, &c.

"Be it known to all to whom this my letter patent may come, that, attentive to the qualities, merits, and talents of N.... I am pleased to name him (as I do hereby) to the office of vice-roy and generalissimo of the sea and land, in the states of India, and dependencies thereon, for the space of three years, and till such time after as I shall appoint another to succeed him; and on account of this government I appoint him a salary of 24,000[1] cruzados, to be paid to him every year according to this my commission: and he shall enjoy all the honours, powers, command, jurisdiction, and authority, which now holds the present vice-roy, and formerly did his predecessors in the same government, and besides whatever further grants I may allow to him as vice-roy, generalissimo, and my locum-tenens immediate to my royal person. On account of which I order the till now vice-roy of India, or whosoever holds in his stead the government of that state, to deliver up to the said N.... the same government at his arrival. And moreover I order all the officers of war, of the king's-bench, and of the exchequer, to obey him in every respect, and execute his orders or commands, as their vice-roy and generalissimo: and the lord treasurer or high receiver of the revenue in that state, shall make him payment of the aforesaid salary quarterly, according to this present letter patent, without waiting for any further orders mine

[1] Two thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds sterling.

which payment being registered in the book of the expenses of state, shall be reckoned as one of them. And the said N.... shall swear in the high court of my chancery in the accustomed form; an attestation of which shall be taken on the back of this letter patent: and before his departure from shore, he shall swear obedience, and do homage on my royal hands, for the said government of India and its dependencies: and as a test and confirmation of the whole, I have ordered this my letter patent to be passed, which shall be signed by me, and sealed with the great seal of my arms, &c.

"Given at Lisbon, &c. The King."

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The vice-roys of India held a supreme jurisdiction, as appears by their letters patent, and were only subject at the end of their government to an inquest on the discharge of their official duty and personal behaviour, which the king always ordered to be made by a civil magistrate. Into this inquest were to be sworn all ranks of the state, the members of the supreme council of the India administration, and those of all the other councils and courts, the king's bench of judges at Goa, the ministers and officers of the India exchequer and king's revenue, as well as all the generals and military officers of the state, without exception to any person soever.

The result of this general inquest was to be sent directly to the king's council at Lisbon: and there to be judged accordingly. But if the new vice-roy, in consequence of any complaints having been made to the king's privy council against his predecessor, had got particular orders from the king, he then could, on finding him guilty by the aforesaid inquest, commit him to prison, and send him under confinement to Lisbon, to be judged by the king's privy council, or by the king himself.

2. There were in India, besides the vice-roy and two secretaries of state, who acted with him as a kind of privy council, the following tribunals in Goa, viz. The inquisition of the affairs of religion: an ecclesiastical or spiritual court, with the bishop at their head, for the affairs which fall under the cognizance of the church: a board of council for the propagation of the Gospel, without any dependence upon the bishop, but only subject to the inspection of the vice-roys, of which council the superior of the Jesuits was president: the king's bench, consisting of a chancellor and a certain number of high judges, named by the king, for the civil affairs, from whom there could be no appeal but to the supreme king's bench of the high judges at Lisbon: a council or court of the exchequer for the king's revenue: and a kind of a court, [like the common council of London,] but very few in number, for the police of Goa.

3. The vice-roy being, on account of his office, a kind of high chancellor of the state, was in consequence thereof president of the supreme king's bench of high or great judges, and of the court of the exchequer already mentioned: nor could any expense or disbursement be made by this last, without consent and permission signed by himself. He, as a locum-tenens of the king, had an unlimited authority and command over the whole military departments: he conferred all the military commissions in the army, not above those of captains; and even appointed any superior officers, till these offices were filled up by the king's nomination; and, finally, he nominated and gave all other commissions and charges under him, which were not provided by the king. In all criminal cases, both civil and military, the above king's bench of high judges, and the council of war, or court martial, held the decisive authority of life and death: but the vice-roys had the casting-vote, as presidents of both, in case of an equality of votes.

4. Besides the aforesaid civil establishments, the municipal court, under the name of senate of the camera, [which was like the common council of London, though composed of much fewer members] was vested with the same authority and exclusive power, in regard to matters of police, as that of Portugal; it had also the right of addressing and petitioning the vice-roys, and even of applying by common consent, as a civil body, for redress, to the king himself, at Lisbon.

5. On the death of the vice-roy, during his government, the archbishop of Goa, the chancellor of the king's bench or council of justice, and the military officer of highest rank and of oldest commission, were to take the government of the state, and to exercise conjointly all its functions; all three arguing together whatever orders they gave.

6. The whole commerce of Asia belonged solely to the king; and was carried on, on account of the crown, in the king's ships. To this end there were established different factories, by the authority, and at the expense of the crown, in all the settlements of Asia, with proper officers and clerks, under the jurisdiction of the vice-roys; who at the end of every three years were to render an account of their management to the India exchequer, by which it was sent to the high council ultramarine at Lisbon in the next monçoon *. This commerce was carried on by fleets, which sailed from India, and depo-

* *Monçoon* means here the stated times in which the Portuguese India ships used to sail to Lisbon.

sited their cargoes in the royal warehouses of the East India house at Lisbon; from whence they were sold on behalf of the royal revenue, both to the Portuguese and to foreigners[3].

7. In course of time the vice-roys obtained leave to trade, on their own account, from India to Portugal; but they were not allowed to exceed a limited and determined portion. Afterwards the same power was extended to many other persons, both of the civil and of the military profession: but this was to be done within great limitations and restrictions. The commerce of precious stones, and pearls of every size, was always excepted. The trade of these, and of pepper, was the exclusive right of the queens of Portugal, as a part of their patrimony[4]. The trade of the other spices, of nitre, sandalo[5], and that of porcelain, was always reserved to the crown.

8. In fine, the vice-roys of India, and all officers, both civil and military, were prohibited carrying on any kind of commerce between India and Portugal, by a law which was published in the year 1687.

9. The government of the Portuguese East India was lately altered, in the year 1773. The title of vice-roy was abolished, and changed into that of captain-general. A new form of levying the duties and managing the king's revenue was established. A new royal treasury or exchequer was erected, like that of Lisbon, known by the name of *royal erarium*. The court of inquisition was abolished, as well as the supreme tribunal of the king's bench, the administration of justice being put into the hands of auditors general, from whom there may be an appeal to the high tribunal at Lisbon. The same military regulations, as now practised in Portugal, were extended to India: and the troops were ordered to be paid in ready money, on account of the crown; the pay of the soldiers having formerly passed through the hands of the captains, who exercised considerable monopolies in the management of it, by paying them in provisions and clothes, &c. from their own warehouses.

Ambitious of giving his historical narrative the last confirmation, the translator applied for assistance to some gentlemen, who, on the appearance of the English Lusiad, honoured him with their correspondence. He entreated that, if possible, a copy of the commission of the viceroys might be procured, together with an abstract of the laws and constitution of Portuguese Asia. And the foregoing papers, of which he has given a translation, were remitted to him from the continent. During the Spanish usurpation, the affairs of India fell into the deepest anarchy. When John IV. ascended the throne of Portugal, he endeavoured to restore regularity to the government of his eastern empire; and from the regulations of that monarch and his successors the above notices were carefully extracted. There is no copy of the viceroy's commission of older date than the beginning of the reign of John IV. the former papers relative to the government of India having probably been removed to Madrid. But the commission itself bears a proof that it was in the usual form; and the regulations of John, which remain upon record, appear, by the testimony of history, to be only a confirmation of the former government of India, with a great diminution of the viceroy's salary, and perhaps some few novel establishments which did not affect the spirit of the constitution. By the latest alterations, it appears that the constitution of Lisbon ever was, and is, the grand model of the government of Portuguese Asia.

*** Whatever circumstances have a tendency to elucidate the manners and policy of former times, or to give us an accurate idea of the energy and strength of her various governments, when Europe began to emerge from the inactivity of the Gothic ages, are highly worthy of the careful investigation of the philosopher and politician. Roused into action by prince Henry of Portugal, the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century became the great era of maritime discovery. The three grand expeditions were those of Gama, Columbus, and Magalhaens. And the object of all was the same, the discovery of India. The force of the various fleets which attempted this arduous undertaking will give us an idea of the state of maritime affairs in the reigns when they were fitted out. In 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, a Portuguese captain, with three ships, attempted the discovery of India by the coast of Africa; but, harassed by tempests, his crew mutinied, and having discovered the river del Infante, on the eastern side of Africa, he returned to Europe. About fourteen years after, this expedition was happily completed by Gama; and the force with which he went out is thus circumstantially described by Hernan Lopez de Castaneda, a cotemporary writer, and careful journalist of facts.

[3] Besides the East India warehouses at Lisbon, there were other warehouses at Antwerp, with a consul, and at Rotterdam and Amsterdam, with two respective factors, for the disposal of the India goods sent to them from Lisbon.

[4] The queens of Portugal have a kind of patrimony assigned to them by the state: it consists of different cities, towns, and villages, whose duties and customs belong to the queen's household or revenue. They have a secretary of state, with a council of their own, an exchequer for their own revenue: and all the justices of peace, judges, and officers of the queen's state are of her majesty's nomination.

[5] A kind of red wood, for dying with, like the Brazil wood.

"Emmanuel, earnest to prosecute what his predecessor don John had begun for the discovery of India, ordered Fernan Lorenzo, treasurer of the house of the Myna (on the golden coast) to build, with the timber that was bought in King John's time, two ships, which, after they were finished, he named the Angel Gabriel, being of one hundred and twenty tons burden, and the Saint Raphael, of one hundred tons. And to accompany these ships the king bought of a pilot who was born in Lagos, named Berrio, a caravel of fifty tons, which bore the name of the Pilot. Beside these, he bought a ship of two hundred tons of one Ayres Correa. . . . . The king also appointed Bartholomew Diaz to go along with him in a caravel to the Myna. And because the ships of war could not carry provisions sufficient for the voyage, the king gave orders that the ship of Correa should be laden with provisions, and accompany the fleet to the bay of St. Blass, where it would be necessary to take in fresh water; and the store-ship was to be there unloaded and burnt. The captain-general went in the ship called St. Gabriel, having for pilot one Pedro de Alanquer, who had been pilot to Bartholomew Diaz, when he discovered the river called El ryo del Infante. Paulus de Gama, brother of the captain-general, went in the ship called St. Raphael; Nicolas Coello went in the caravel named Berrio; and Gonsalo Gomez commanded the storeship." The number of the crews of this squadron, according to Castaneda, was 148 men; according to others 160. Gama and his brother, and the ten malefactors who were on board, were perhaps not included in Castaneda's account.

The voyage of Columbus has been called the most daring and grand ever attempted by man. Columbus himself, however, seems to have had a very different idea of it; for certain it is, he expected to reach India by the westward passage in the space of not many weeks. The squadron with which he attempted this discovery consisted of only three vessels. Dr. Robertson calls the largest which Columbus commanded, "of no considerable burden;" and the two others, "hardly superior in burden or force to large boats." The crew consisted of ninety men, and a few adventurers. And the expense of fitting out this equipment did not exceed 4000*l.* sterling, for which queen Isabella pawned her jewels.

The enterprise of Magalhaens was infinitely more daring than that of Columbus. India and the continent of America were now both discovered, and now known to be at vast distance from each other. To find a route to India beyond the great American continent was the bold design of Magalhaens; which he attempted, according to Faria, with 230 men and five ships; which, with respect to its purpose, Dr. Robertson calls, "a proper squadron."

When Gama sailed from Lisbon, it was unknown that a great and potent commonwealth of Mohammedan merchants, deeply skilled in all the arts and views of commerce, were scattered over the eastern world. Gama, therefore, did not sail to India with a warlike fleet, like that which first followed him under Cabral, but with a squadron every way proper for discovery. The Portuguese historians ascribe the shipwreck of many Portuguese vessels on the voyage between Europe and India to the avarice of their owners, in building them of an enormous bulk, of 4, 5, and 600 tons. The fleet of Gama was therefore not only of the most perfect size which the art of ship-building could then produce, but was also superior in number, and nearly of the draught of water with the vessels which at this day are sent out on voyages of discovery[*]. The disposition of Gama's voyage is also worthy of notice: the captain who had already passed the great southern promontory of Africa, to accompany him to a certain latitude; the pilot who had sailed with that captain, to go the whole voyage; the size of Coello's caravel, proper to enter creeks and rivers; and the appointment of the store-ship; are circumstances which display a knowledge of and attention to maritime affairs, greatly superior to any thing discovered by the court of Spain in the equipments of Columbus and Magalhaens. The warlike strength of Gama's fleet was greatly superior to that of the first voyage of Columbus, and little inferior to that of Magalhaens; though Magalhaens, who had been in India, well knew the hostile disposition of the natives. In the art of war the Indians were greatly inferior to the Moors, and the Moors were as inferior to the Portuguese. And the squadron of Gama not only defeated the whole naval force of the first maritime state of India, but in every attack was victorious over the superior numbers of the Moors. These circumstances are clearly evinced in our history of the discovery of India; and this comparative discussion will not only give an accurate idea of the progress which the Portuguese had made in navigation, but is also, perhaps, necessary in support of the reputation of this work. Had an author of ordinary rank represented the

[*] Capt. Cook's two vessels have, by the latest experience, been found the fittest for discovery. The one was of 462 tons burden, the other of 336; and built to draw little water. And certain it is that vessels of such burden are now built, which draw as little water as those of 120 tons in the infancy of modern navigation.

squadron of Gama as "extremely feeble, consisting only of three vessels", of neither burden nor force adequate to the service"—such condemnation of our narrative had been here annotated. But when a celebrated and justly admired historian, in a work published about one year and a half after the first appearance of the Lusiad, has given such representation of the equipment of Gama, directly contrary to the light in which it is there placed, the foregoing detail will not appear, it is hoped, an unnecessary or rude vindication. We have followed the ample and circumstantial accounts of the Portuguese writers, and not the imperfect and cursory abstracts of the Spanish historians when they allude to the affairs of their sister kingdom.

*** To our former accounts of Portuguese literature let the following be added:—In 1741, an heroic poem was published in Portuguese by the count de Ericeyra. It is named Henriqueida, and celebrates the establishment of the kingdom of Portugal. Though it has some extravagancies, it contains an ardent spirit of true poetry. And in the preface and notes the author has given many judicious criticisms, and by his opinion of Milton discovers a strength of mind greatly superior to that frivolousness, that poverty of taste, which the French generally betray, when they criticise the works of that great poet. The translator has been favoured with the following account of this noble author by a learned and ingenious gentleman of Portugal; for whose favours he here returns his acknowledgments.

"Dom Francisco Xavier de Menezes, fourth count of Ericeyra, was one of the most learned men of this age, and a great ornament to Portugal; he was born at Lisbon the 29th of January, 1673, and died in the same city the 21st of December, 1743. To the qualities of a soldier, a politician, a philosopher, a mathematician, an historian, and a poet, he joined that of a man of honour and probity. He was director and censor of the Royal Academy of Portuguese History; he spoke the Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages with as much ease and elegance as his own, and wrote in them all with accuracy. Although he never went out of Portugal, he was known and admired in all Europe, and obtained the esteem and the praises of pope Innocent XIII. and Lewis XIV. of France, as well as some of the most eminent men of that age, such as Muratori, Bianchini, Crescimbeni, Dumont, Garelli, Le Clerc, Bayle, Despreaux, Renaudot, Bignon, Salazar, Feijoo, Mayans, &c. With all these he appears to have kept a literary correspondence; was member of the Arcadian Academy of Italy, and of the Royal Society of London, and much respected by the Russian Academy. He composed a great number of excellent pieces in prose and verse, many of which have been published."

[7] See Hist. Americ. vol. i. p. 143.

THE LUSIAD[1].

TRANSLATED BY MICKLE.

BOOK I.

Arms and the heroes, who from Lisbon's shore,
Through seas where sail was never spread before[2],

Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And wears her woods above the watery waste,

[1] In the original, *Os Lusiadas*, The Lusiads, from the Latin name of Portugal, derived from Lusus or Lyssa, the companion of Bacchus in his travels, and who settled a colony in Lusitania. See Plin. l. iii. c. 1.

[2] M. Duperron de Castera, the French translator of the Lusiad, has given a long note on this passage, which, he tells us, must not be understood literally. His arguments are these: Our author, says he, could not be ignorant that the African and Indian oceans had been navigated before the times of the Portuguese. The Phœnicians, whose fleets passed the straits of Gibraltar, made frequent voyages in these seas, though they carefully concealed the course of their navigation, that other nations might not become partakers of their lucrative traffic. It is certain that Solomon and Hiram king of Tyre, sent ships to the east by the Red Sea. It is also certain that Hanno, a Carthaginian captain, made a voyage round the whole coast of Africa, as is evident from the history of the expedition, written by himself in the Punic language, a Greek translation of which is now extant. Besides, Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Ptolomy, and Strabo assure us, that Monambic and the adjacent islands, and some parts of India, were known to the Romans: and these words of Macrobius.—Sed nec monstruosis carnibus abstinetis, inserentes poculis testiculos castorum et venenata corpora viperarum; quibus admiscetis quidquid India nutrit—sufficiently prove that they carried on a considerable traffic with the east. From all which, says M. Castera, we may conclude that the Portuguese were rather the restorers than the discoverers of the navigation to the Indies.

In this first book, and throughout the whole poem, Camoëns frequently describes his heroes as passing through seas which had never before been navigated; and

Que só dos feros focas se navega.
Where but sea-monsters cut the waves before.

That this supposition afforded our author a number of poetical images, and adds a solemn grandeur to his subject, might perhaps with M. Castera be esteemed a sufficient apology for the poetical license in such a violation of historical truth. Yet whatever liberties an epic or tragic poet may commendably take in embellishing the actions of his heroes, an assertion relative to the scene where his poem opens, if false, must be equally ridiculous as to call Vespasian the first who had ever assumed the title of Cæsar. But it will be found that Camoëns has not fallen into such absurdity. The poem opens with a description of the Lusitanian fleet, after having doubled the Cape of Good Hope, driving about in the great Ethiopian ocean so far from land that it required the care of the gods to conduct it to some hospitable shore. Therefore, though it is certain that the Phœnicians passed the Ne plus ultra of the ancients; though it is probable they traded on the coast of Cornwall, and the isles of Scilly; though there is some reason to believe that the Madeiras and Carribees were known to them; and though it has been supposed that some of their ships might have been driven by storm to the Brazils or North America; yet there is not the least foundation in history to suppose that they traded to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. There is rather a demonstration of the contrary; for it is certain they carried on their traffic with the east by a much nearer and safer way, by the two ports of Elath and Eziongeber on the Red Sea. Neither is it certainly known in what particular part, whether in the Persian gulf, or in the Indian ocean, the Tarshish and Ophir of the ancients are situated. Though it is certain that Hanno doubled the Cape of Good Hope, it is also equally certain that his voyage was merely a coasting one, like that of Nearchus in Alexander's time, and that he never ventured into the great ocean, or went so far as Gama. The citation from Macrobius proves nothing at all relative to the point in question; for it is certain that the Romans received the merchandise of India by the way of

With prowess more than human forc'd their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day— [past,
What wars they wag'd, what seas, what dangers
What glorious empire crown'd their toils at last,
Vent'rous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the song adorn[2]; 10
What kings, what heroes of my native land
Thunder'd on Asia's and on Afric's strand;—
Illustrious shades, who loveil'd in the dust
The idol-temples and the shrines of lust;
And where, erewhile, foul demons were rever'd,
To holy faith unnumber'd altars rear'd[3]:
Illustrious names, with deathless laurels crown'd,
While time rolls on in every clime renown'd!
Let Fame with wonder name the Greek no more,
What lands he saw, what toils at sea he bore; 20

Syria and the Mediterranean, in the same manner as the Venetians imported the commodities of the east from Alexandria before the discoveries of the Portuguese. It remains, therefore, that Gama, who sailed by the compass, after having gone further than his contemporary Bartholomew Diaz, was literally the first who ever spread sail in the great southern ocean, and that the Portuguese were not the restorers, but literally the discoverers of the present route of navigation to the East Indies.

[2] "He interweaves artfully the history of Portugal."—Voltaire.

[3] In no period of history does human nature appear with more shocking features than in the Spanish conquest of South America. To the immortal honour of the first Portuguese discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse. To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives as to themselves was the principle they professed, and the strictest honour, and that humanity which is ever inseparable from true bravery, presided over their transactions. Nor did they ever proceed to hostilities till provoked, either by the open violence or by the perfidy of the natives. Their honour was admired, and their friendship courted by the Indian princes. To mention no more, the name of Gama was dear to them, and the great Albuquerque was beloved as a father, and his memory honoured with every token of affection and respect by the people and princes of India. It was owing to this spirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characterized that nation, that the religion of the Portuguese was eagerly embraced by many kings and provinces of Africa and India; while the Mexicans with manly disdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, professing they would rather go to Hell to escape these cruel tyrants, than go to Heaven, where they were told they should meet them. Zeal for the Christian religion was esteemed, at the time of the Portuguese grandeur, as the most cardinal virtue; and to propagate Christianity and extirpate Mohammedism were the most certain proofs of that zeal. In all their expeditions this was professedly a principal motive of the Lusitanian monarchs; and Camoëns understood the nature of epic poetry too well to omit, that the design of his hero was to deliver the law of Heaven to the eastern world; a circumstance which gives a noble air of importance and of interest to the business of his poem.

No more the Trojan's wandering voyage boast,
What storms he brav'd on many a per'lous coast:
No more let Rome exult in Trajan's name,
Nor eastern conquests Ammon's pride proclaim;
A nobler hero's deeds demand my lays
Than e'er adorn'd the song of ancient days;
Illustrious Gama, whom the waves obey'd,
And whose dread sword the fate of empire sway'd.
And you, fair nymphs of Tagus, parent stream,
If e'er your meadows were my pastoral theme, 30
While you have listen'd, and by moonshine seen
My footsteps wander o'er your banks of green,
O come auspicious, and the song inspire
With all the boldness of your hero's fire:
Deep and majestic let the numbers flow,
And, rapt to Heaven, with ardent fury glow;
Unlike the verse that speaks the lover's grief,
When heaving sighs afford their soft relief,
And humble reeds bewail the shepherd's pain:
But like the warlike trumpet be the strain 40
To rouse the hero's ire; and far around,
With equal rage, your warriors' deeds resound.
And thou, O born the pledge of happier days[4],
To guard our freedom and our glories raise,

[4] King Sebastian, who came to the throne in his minority. Though the warm imagination of Camoëns anticipated the praises of the future hero, the young monarch, like Virgil's Pollio, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterprising genius promised indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpose to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been deposed by Muley Moluco. On the 4th of August 1578, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he gave battle to the usurper on the plains of Alcazar. This was that memorable engagement, to which the Moorish emperor, extremely weakened by sickness, was carried in his litter. By the impetuosity of the attack, the first line of the Moorish infantry was broken, and the second disordered. Muley Moluco on this mounted his horse, drew his sabre, and would have put himself at the head of his troops, but was prevented by his attendants. On this act of violence, his emotion of mind was so great that he fell from his horse, and one of his guards having caught him in his arms, conveyed him to his litter, where, putting his fingers on his lips to enjoin them silence, he immediately expired. Hamet Taba stood by the curtains of the carriage, opened them from time to time, and gave out orders as if he had received them from the emperor. Victory declared for the Moors, and the defeat of the Portuguese was so total, that not above fifty of their whole army escaped. Heron de Mendoça and Sebastian de Mesa relate, that Don Sebastian, after having two horses killed under him, was surrounded and taken: but the party who had secured him quarrelling among themselves whose prisoner he was, a Moorish officer rode up and struck the king a blow over the right eye, which brought him to the ground, when despairing of ransom, the others killed him. Faria y Sousa, an exact and judicious historian, reports, that Lewis de Brito meeting the king with the royal standard wrapped round him, Sebastian cried out, "Hold it fast, let us die upon it." Brito affirmed that after he himself was

Gives to the world to spread religion's sway,
And pour o'er many a land the mental day,

taken prisoner, he saw the king at a distance unguarded. Don Lewis de Lima afterwards met him making towards the river; and this, says the historian, was the last time he was ever seen alive. About twenty years after this fatal defeat there appeared a stranger at Venice, who called himself Sebastian king of Portugal. His person so perfectly resembled Sebastian, that the Portuguese of that city acknowledged him for their sovereign. Philip II. of Spain was now master of the crown and kingdom of Portugal. His ambassador at Venice charged this stranger with many atrocious crimes, and had interest to get him apprehended and thrown into prison as an impostor. He underwent twenty-eight examinations before a committee of the nobles, in which he clearly acquitted himself of all the crimes that had been laid to his charge; and he gave a distinct account of the manner in which he had passed his time from the fatal defeat at Alcazar. It was objected, that the successor of Muley Moluco sent a corpse to Portugal which had been owned as that of the king by the Portuguese nobility who survived the battle. To this he replied, that his valet-de-chambre had produced that body to facilitate his escape, and that the nobility acted upon the same motive: and Mesa and Basna confess that some of the nobility, after their return to Portugal, acknowledged that the corpse was so disfigured with wounds that it was impossible to know it. He showed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the person of the king whose name he assumed. He entered into a minute detail of the transactions that had passed between himself and the republic, and mentioned the secrets of several conversations with the Venetian ambassadors in the palace of Lisbon. The committee were astonished, and showed no disposition to declare him an impostor; the senate however refused to discuss the great point, unless requested by some prince or state in alliance with them. This generous part was performed by the prince of Orange, and an examination was made with great solemnity, but no decision followed, only the senate set him at liberty, and ordered him to depart their dominions in three days. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the most barbarous indignities. After they had often exposed him, mounted on an ass, to the cruel insults of the brutal mob, he was shipped on board a galley as a slave. He was then carried to St. Lucar, from thence to a castle in the heart of Castille, and never was heard of more. The firmness of his behaviour, his singular modesty and heroical patience, are mentioned with admiration by Le Clede. To the last he maintained the truth of his assertions:—a word never slipt from his lips which might countenance the charge of imposture, or justify the cruelty of his persecutors. All Europe was astonished at the ministry of Spain, who, by their method of conducting it, had made an affair so little to their credit, the topic of general conversation; and their assertion, that the unhappy sufferer was a magician, was looked upon as a tacit acknowledgement of the truth of his pretensions.

Thy future honours on thy shield behold,
The cross, and victor's wreath, embost in gold:
At thy commanding frown we trust to see
The Turk and Arab bend the suppliant knee:
Beneath the morn, dread king, thine empire lies[6],
When midnight veils thy Lusitanian skies;
And when descending in the western main
The Sun still rises on thy lengthening reign[7]:
Thou blooming scion of the noblest stem,
Our nation's safety, and our age's gem,—
O young Sebastian, hasten to the prime
Of manly youth, to Fame's high temple climb:
Yet now attentive hear the Muse's lay
While thy green years to manhood speed away:
The youthful terrours of thy brow suspend,
And, O propitious, to the song attend,
The numerous song, by patriot-passion fir'd,
And by the glories of thy race inspir'd:
To be the herald of my country's fame,
My first ambition and my dearest aim:
Nor conquests fabulous, nor actions vain,
The Muse's pastime, here adorn the strain:
Orlando's fury, and Rogero's rage,
And all the heroes of the Aonian page,
The dreams of bards surpass'd the world shall view,
And own their boldest fictions may be true;
Surpass'd and dimm'd by the superior blaze
Of Gama's mighty deeds, which here bright Truth displays.
Nor more let History boast her heroes old;
Their glorious rivals here, dread prince, behold:
Here shine the valiant Nunio's deeds unfeign'd,
Whose single arm the falling state sustain'd;
Here fearless Egas' wars, and, Fuas, thine,
To give full ardour to the song combine;
But ardour equal to your martial ire
Demands the thundering sounds of Homer's lyre,
To match the twelve so long by bards renown'd[8],
Here brave Magricio and his peers are crown'd
(A glorious twelve!) with deathless laurels, won
In gallant arms before the English throne.

[6] When we consider the glorious successes which had attended the arms of the Portuguese in Africa and India, and the high reputation of their military and naval prowess, for Portugal was then empress of the ocean, it is no matter of wonder that the imagination of Camoëns was warmed with the view of his country's greatness, and that he talks of its power and grandeur in a strain, which must appear as mere hyperbole to those whose ideas of Portugal are drawn from its present broken spirit and diminished state.

[7] Imitated perhaps from Eutilius, speaking of the Roman empire,

Volvitur ipse tibi, qui conspicit omnia, Phœbus,
Atque tuis ortos in tua condit equos;

or more probably from these lines of Buchanan, addressed to John III. king of Portugal, the grandfather of Sebastian,

Inque tuis Phœbus regnis orienque cadensque
Vix longum fesso conficit axe diem.
Et quocunque vago se circumvolvit Olympo
Affulget ratibus flamma ministra tuis.

[8] The twelve peers of Charlemagne, often mentioned in the old romances. For the episode of Magricio and his eleven companions, see the Sixth Lusiad.

Unmatch'd no more the Gallic Charles shall stand,
Or Cæsar's name the first of praise command:
Of nobler acts the crown'd Alcides see,
Thy valiant sires, to whom the bended knee
Of vanquish'd Afric bow'd. Nor less in fame,
He who confin'd the rage of civil flame,
The godlike John, beneath whose awful sword
Rebellion crouch'd and trembling own'd him lord.
Those heroes too, who thy bold flag unfurl'd,
And spread thy banners o'er the eastern world,
Whose spears subdued the kingdoms of the morn,
Their names and glorious wars the song adorn;
The daring Gama, whose unequall'd name
Proud monarch shines o'er all of naval fame: 100
Castro the bold, in arms a peerless knight,
And stern Pacheco, dreadful in the fight:
The two Alcydas, names for ever dear,
By Tagus's nymphs embalm'd with many a tear;
Ah, still their early fate the nymphs shall mourn,
And bathe with many a tear their hapless urn:
Nor shall the godlike Albuquerk restrain
The Muse's fury; o'er the purpled plain
The Muse shall lead him in his thundering car
Amidst his glorious brothers of the war, 110
Whose fame in arms resounds from sky to sky,
And bids their deeds the power of death defy.
And while to thee I tune the dulcet lay,
Assume, O potent king! thine empire's sway;
With thy brave host through Afric march along,
And give new triumphs to immortal song:
On thee with earnest eyes the nations wait,
And cold with dread the Moor expects his fate;
The barbarous mountaineer on Taurus' brows
To thy expected yoke his shoulder bows; 120
Fair Thetis woos thee with her blue domain,
Her nuptial son, and fondly yields her reign;
And from the bowers of Heaven thy grandsires[9] see
Their various virtues bloom afresh in thee;
One for the joyful days of peace renown'd,
And one with war's triumphant laurels crown'd:
With joyful hands to deck thy manly brow,
They twine the laurel and the olive-bough;
With joyful eyes a glorious throne they see,
In Fame's eternal dome, reserv'd for thee[10]. 130
Yet while thy youth'ful hand delays to wield
The sceptre'd power, or thunder of the field,
Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown,
And all the terrours of the burning zone,
Till their proud standards, rear'd in other skies,
And all their conquests meet thy wondering eyes[11].

Now far from land, o'er Neptune's dread abode,
The Lusitanian fleet triumphant rode;
Onward they trac'd the wide and lonesome main,
Where changeful Proteus leads his scaly train; 140
The dancing vanes before the zephyrs flow'd,
And their bold keels the trackless ocean plough'd;
Unplough'd before the green-tinged billows roar,
And curl'd and whiten'd round the nodding prows.
When Jove, the god who with a thought controls
The raging seas, and balances the poles,
From Heav'n beheld, and will'd in sovereign state,
To fix the eastern world's depending fate:
Swift at his nod th' Olympian herald flies,
And calls th' immortal senate of the skies; 150
Where, from the sov'reign throne of Earth and Heaven,
Th' immutable decrees of Fate are given.
Instant the regents of the spheres of light,
And those who rule the paler orbs of night,
With those, the gods whose delegated sway
The burning South and frozen North obey;
And they whose empires see the day-star rise,
And evening Phœbus leave the western skies;
All instant pour'd along the milky road,
Heaven's crystal pavements glittering as they trode:
And now, obedient to the dread command, 161
Before their awful lord in order stand.
Sublime and dreadful on his regal throne,
That glow'd with stars, and bright as lightning shone,
Th' immortal sire, who darts the thunder, sate,
The crown and sceptre added solemn state; [rays
The crown, of Heaven's own pearls, whose ardent
Flam'd round his brows, outshone the diamond's blaze:
His breath such gales of vital fragrance shed,
As might, with sudden life, inspire the dead: 170
Supreme control threw'd in his awful eyes
Appear'd, and mark'd the monarch of the skies.
On seats that burn'd with pearl and ruddy gold,
The subject gods their sovereign lord enfold,
Each in his rank, when, with a voice that shook
The towers of Heaven, the world's dread ruler spoke:
"Immortal heirs of light, my purpose hear,
My counsels ponder, and the Fates revere:
Unless Oblivion o'er your minds has thrown
Her dark blank shades, to you, ye gods, are known
The Fates' decree, and ancient warlike fame 181
Of that bold race which boasts of Lusus' name;
That bold adventr'rous race, the Fates declare,
A potent empire in the east shall rear,
Surpassing Babel's or the Persian fame,
Proud Græcia's boast, or Rome's illustrious name.
Oft from these brilliant seats have you beheld
The sons of Lusus on the dusty field,
Though few, triumphant o'er the numerous Moors,
Till from the beauteous lawns on Tagus's shores 190
They drove the cruel foe. And oft has Heaven
Before their troops the proud Castilians driven;
While Victory her eagle-wings display'd
Where'er their warriors wave the shining blade.
Nor rests unknown how Lusus' heroes stood
When Rome's ambition dyed the world with blood;
What glorious laurels Viriatus[12] gain'd,
How oft his sword with Roman gore was stain'd;

[9] John III. king of Portugal, celebrated for a long and peaceful reign; and the emperor Charles V. who was engaged in almost continual wars.

[10] Anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,
Qua locus Erigonen inter, Chelasque sequentes
Panditur: ipse tibi jam brachia contrahit ardens
Scorpius, et cœli justa plus parte reliquit. Virg.

[11] Some critics have condemned Virgil for stopping his narrative to introduce even a short observation of his own. Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been blamed for the same reason, as being no part of the subject of his poem. The address of Camoëns to don Sebastian has not escaped the same censure; though in some measure undeservedly, as the poet has had the art to intersperse therein some part of the general argument of his poem.

[12] This brave Lusitanian, who was first a shepherd and a famous hunter, and afterwards a captain of banditti, exasperated at the tyranny of the Romans, encouraged his countrymen to revolt and

And what fair palms their martial ardour crown'd,
When led to battle by the chief renown'd,
Who feign'd a demon, in a deer conceal'd [12],
To him the counsels of the gods reveal'd.
And now ambitious to extend their sway
Beyond their conquests on the southmost bay
Of Afric's swarthy coast, on floating wood
They brave the terrours of the dreary flood,
Where only black-wing'd mists have hover'd o'er,
Or driving clouds have sail'd the wave before;
Beneath new skies they hold their dreadful way
To reach the cradle of the new-born day:
And Fate, whose mandates unrevok'd remain,
Has will'd that long shall Lusus' offspring reign
The lords of that wide sea, whose waves behold
The Sun come forth enthron'd in burning gold.

But now, the tedious length of winter past,
Distress'd and weak, the heroes faint at last.
What gulfs they dar'd, you saw, what storms they
brav'd,
Beneath what various heavens their banners wav'd!
Now Mercy pleads, and soon the rising land
To their glad eyes shall o'er the waves expand.
As welcome friends the natives shall receive,
With bounty feast them, and with joy relieve.
And when refreshment shall their strength renew,
Thence shall they turn, and their bold route pursue."
So spoke high Jove: the gods in silence heard,
Then, rising, each, by turns, his thoughts prefer'd:
But chief was Bacchus of the adverse train [14];
Fearful he was, nor fear'd his pride in vain,
Should Lusus' race arrive on India's shore,
His ancient honours would be known no more;
No more in Nysa [15] should the native tell
What kings, what mighty hosts before him fell.
The fertile vales beneath the rising Sun
He view'd as his, by right of victory won,
And deem'd that ever in immortal song
The conqueror's title should to him belong.
Yet Fate, he knew, had will'd, that, loos'd from Spain,
Boldly adventurous through the polar main,
A warlike race should come, renown'd in arms,
And shake the eastern world with war's alarms,
Whose glorious conquest and eternal fame
In black oblivion's waves should whelm his name.
Urania-Venus [16], queen of sacred love,
Arose, and fix'd her asking eyes on Jove:
Her eyes, well pleas'd, in Lusus' sons could trace
A kindred likeness to the Roman race,
For whom of old such kind regard she bore [17];
The same their triumphs on Barbaria's shore,
The same the ardour of their warlike flame,
The manly music of their tongue [18] the same.

shake off the yoke. Being appointed general, he defeated Vetilius the prætor, who commanded in Lusitania, or further Spain. After this he defeated, in three pitched battles, the prætors C. Plautius Hypsæus, and Claudius Unimanus, though they led against him very numerous armies. For six years he continued victorious, putting the Romans to flight wherever he met them, and laying waste the countries of their allies. Having obtained such advantages over the proconsul Servilianus, that the only choice which was left to the Roman army was death or slavery; the brave Viriatus, instead of putting them all to the sword, as he could easily have done, sent a deputation to the general, offering to conclude a peace with him on this single condition, that he should continue master of the country now in his power, and that the Romans should remain possessed of the rest of Spain.

The proconsul, who expected nothing but death or slavery, thought these very favourable and moderate terms, and without hesitation concluded a peace, which was soon after ratified by the Roman senate and people. Viriatus, by this treaty, completed the glorious design he had always in view, which was to erect a kingdom in the vast country he had conquered from the Republic. And had it not been for the treachery of the Romans, he would have become, as Florus calls him, the Romulus of Spain: he would have founded a monarchy capable of counterbalancing the power of Rome.

The Senate, still desirous to revenge their late defeat, soon after this peace ordered Q. Servilius Cæpio to exasperate Viriatus, and force him by repeated affronts to commit the first acts of hostility. But this mean artifice did not succeed. Viriatus would not be provoked to a breach of the peace. On this the conscript fathers, to the eternal disgrace of their republic, ordered Cæpio to declare war, and to proclaim Viriatus, who had given no provocation, an enemy to Rome. To this baseness Cæpio added still a greater; he corrupted the ambassadors which Viriatus had sent to negotiate with him, who, at the instigation of the Roman, treacherously murdered their protector and general while he slept.—Univ. Hist.

[12] Sertorius, who was invited by the Lusitanians to defend them against the Romans. He had a tame white hind, which he had accustomed to follow him, and from which he pretended to receive the instructions of Diana. By this artifice he imposed upon the superstition of that people.
Vid. Plut.

[14] The French translator has the following note on this place: Le Camoëns n'a pourtant fait en cela que suivre l'exemple de l'Ecriture, comme on le voit dans ces paroles du premier chapitre de Job. Quidam autem die cum venissent, &c. Un jour que les enfans du Seigneur s'étoient assemblé devant son trone, Satan y vint aussi, &c.

[15] An ancient city in India, sacred to Bacchus.

[16] We have already observed, that an allegorical machinery has always been esteemed an essential requisite of the epopœia, and the reason upon which it is founded has been pointed out. The allegorical machinery of the Lusiad has now commenced; and throughout the poem the hero is guarded and conducted by the Celestial Venus, or Divine Love. The true poetical colouring is thus supported and preserved: but in illustration of this, see the Preface, and the note on the allegory of Homer, near the end of the Sixth Lusiad.

[17] See the note in the Second Book on the following passage:
As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore, &c.

[18] Camoëns says,
E na lingoa, na qual quando imagina,
Com pouca corrupçao crê que he Latina.
Qualifications are never elegant in poetry. Fanshaw's translation, and the original, both prove this.
——— their tongue
Which she thinks Latin with small drosse among.

Affection thus the lovely goddess sway'd.
Nor less what Fate's unblotted page display'd;
Where'er this people should their empire raise,
She knew her altars would unnumber'd blaze,
And barbarous nations at her holy shrine
Be humaniz'd, and taught her lore divine.
Her spending honours thus the one inspir'd,
And one the dread to lose his worship fir'd.
Their struggling factions shook th' Olympian state
With all the clamorous tempest of debate.
Thus when the storm with sudden gust invades
The ancient forest's deep and lofty shades,
The bursting whirlwinds tear their rapid course,
The shatter'd oaks crash, and with echoes hoarse
The mountains groan, while whirling on the blast
The thickening leaves a gloomy darkness cast.
Such was the tumult in the blest abodes,
When Mars, high tow'ring o'er the rival gods,
Stepp'd forth; stern sparkles from his eye-balls glanc'd;
And now, before the throne of Jove advanc'd,
O'er his left shoulder his broad shield he throws,
And lifts his helm above his dreadful brows:
Bold and enrag'd he stands, and, frowning round,
Strikes his tall spear-staff on the sounding ground;
Heaven trembled, and the light turn'd pale [19]—Such
His fierce demeanour o'er Olympus spread: [dread
When thus the warrior,—[20] O eternal sire,
Thine is the sceptre, thine the thunder's fire,
Supreme dominion thine; then, father, hear.
Shall that bold race which once to thee was dear,
Who, now fulfilling thy decrees of old, [bold,
Through these wild waves their fearless journey
Shall that bold race no more thy care engage,
But sink the victims of unhallow'd rage!
Did Bacchus yield to reason's voice divine,
Bacchus the cause of Lusus' sons would join;
Lusus, the lov'd companion of his cares,
His earthly toils, his dangers, and his wars:
But envy still a foe to worth will prove,
To worth though guarded by the arm of Jove.
"Then thou, dread lord of fate, unmov'd remain,
Nor let weak change thine awful counsels stain,
For Lusus' race thy promis'd favour show:
Swift as the arrow from Apollo's bow
Let Maia's son explore the watery way,
Where spent with toil, with weary hopes, they stray;
And safe to harbour, through the deep untried,
Let him, impower'd, their wandering vessels guide;
There let them hear of India's wish'd-for shore,
And balmy rest their fainting strength restore." [21]
He spoke: high Jove assenting bow'd the head,
And floating clouds of nectar'd fragrance shed:
Then lowly bending to th' eternal sire,
Each in his duteous rank, the gods retire.
Whilst thus in Heaven's bright palace fate was weighing,
Right onward still the brave armada stray'd:
Right on they steer by Ethiopia's strand
And pastoral Madagascar's [22] verdant land.

Before the balmy gales of cheerful spring, [wing;
With Heav'n their friend, they spread the canvas
The sky cerulean, and the breathing air,
The lasting promise of a calm declare.
Behind them now the cape of Praso bends,
Another ocean to their view extends,
Where black-topp'd islands, to their longing eyes,
Lav'd by the gentle waves [23], in prospect rise.
But Gama [captain of the vent'rous band,
Of bold emprize, and born for high command,
Whose martial fires, with prudence close allied,
Fraur'd the smiles of fortune on his side) [pear'd,
Bears off those shores which waste and wild ap-
And eastward still for happier climates steer'd:
When gathering round and blackening o'er the tide,
A fleet of small canoes the pilot spied;
Hoisting their sails of palm-tree leaves, inwove
With curious art, a swarming crowd they move:
Long were their boats, and sharp to bound along
Through the dash'd waters, broad their oars and strong:
The heading rowers on their features bore
The swarthy marks of Phaëton's [24] fall of yore,
When flaming lightnings scorch'd the banks of Po,
And nations blacken'd in the dread o'erthrow.
Their garb, discover'd as approaching nigh,
Was cotton strip'd with many a gaudy dye:
'T was one whole piece; beneath one arm, confin'd;
The rest hung loose and flutter'd on the wind;
All, but one breast, above the loins was bare,
And swelling turbans bound their jetty hair:
Their arms were bearded darts and falchions broad,
And warlike music sounded as they row'd.
With joy the sailors saw the boats draw near,
With joy beheld the human face appear: [plore,
What nations these, their wondering thoughts ex-
What rites they follow, and what god adore.
And now with hands and kerchiefs wav'd in air
The barb'rous race their friendly mind declare.
Glad were the crew, and ween'd that happy day
Should end their dangers and their toils repay.
The lofty masts the nimble youths ascend,
The ropes they haul, and o'er the yard-arms bend;
And now their bowsprits pointing to the shore,
(A safe moon'd bay,) with slacken'd sails they bore:

[19] The thought in the original has something in it wildly great, though it is not expressed in the happiest manner of Camoëns,

O Ceo tremeo, e Apollo detorrado
Hum pouco a luz perdeo, como infiado.

[20] Called by the ancient geographers Menuthia, and Cerne Ethiopica; by the natives, the Island of the Moon; and by the Portuguese, the Isle of St. Laurence, on whose festival they discovered it.

[21] The original says, The sea showed them new islands, which it encircled and laved. Thus rendered by Fanshaw:

Neptune decks'd new isles which he did play
About, and with his billows danc't the hay.

[22] —— ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaëtontis amati,
Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum
Dum canit, et mœstum musa solatur amorem:
Canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam,
Linquentem terras, et sidera voce sequentem.
Virg. Æn. x. l. 189.

The historical foundation of the fable of Phaëton is this: Phaëton was a young enterprising prince of Libya. Crossing the Mediterranean in quest of adventures, he landed at Epirus, from whence he went to Italy to see his intimate friend Cygnus. Phaëton was skilled in astrology, from whence he arrogated to himself the title of the son of Apollo. One day in the heat of summer, as he was riding along the banks of the Po, his horses took fright at a clap of thunder, and plunged into the river, where, together with their master, they perished. Cygnus, who was a poet, celebrated the death of his friend in verse, from whence the fable.

Vid. Plutar. in Vit. Pyrr.

With cheerful shouts they furl the gather'd sail,
That less and less flaps quivering on the gale;
The prows, their speed stopp'd, o'er the surges nod,
The falling anchors dash the foaming flood:
When sudden as they stopp'd, the swarthy race
With smiles of friendly welcome on each face,
The ship's high sides swift by the cordage climb:
Illustrious Gama, with an air sublime,
Soften'd by mild humanity, receives,
And to their chief the hand of friendship gives;
Bids spread the board, and, instant as he said,
Along the deck the festive board is spread:
The sparkling wine in crystal goblets glows,
And round and round with cheerful welcome flows.
While thus the vine its sprightly glee inspires,
From whence the fleet, the swarthy chief inquires;
What seas they pass'd, what 'vantage would attain,
And what the shore their purpose hop'd to gain?
"From furthest west," the Lusian race reply,
"To teach the golden eastern shores we try.
Through that unbounded sea whose billows roll
From the cold northern to the southern pole;
And by the wide extent, the dreary vast
Of Afric's bays, already have we past;
And many a sky have seen, and many a shore,
Where but sea-monsters cut the waves before.
To spread the glories of our monarch's reign,
For India's shore we brave the trackless main,
Our glorious toil, and at his nod would brave
The dismal gulfs of Acheron's black wave.
And now, in turn, your race, your country tell,
If on your lips fair truth delights to dwell;
To us, unconscious of the falsehood, show,
What of these seas and India's site you know."

"Rude are the natives here," the Moor replied,
"Dark are their minds, and brute-desire their guide:
But we, of alien blood and strangers here,
Nor hold their customs nor their laws revere.
From Abram's race our holy prophet [92] sprung,
An angel taught, and Heaven inspir'd his tongue;
His sacred rites and mandates we obey,
And distant empires own his holy sway.
From isle to isle our trading vessels roam,
Mozambic's harbour our commodious home.
If then your sails for India's shores expand,
For sultry Ganges or Hydaspes' strand,
Here shall you find the pilot skill'd to guide
Through all the dangers of the per'lous tide.
Though wide-spread shelves and cruel rocks unseen,
Lurk in the way, and whirlpools rage between.
Accept, mean while, what fruits these islands hold,
And to the regent let your wish be told.
Then may your mates the needful stores provide,
And all your various wants be here supplied."

So spake the Moor, and bearing smiles untrue,
And signs of friendship, with his bands withdrew.
O'erpower'd with joy unhop'd the sailors stood,
To find such kindness on a shore so rude.
Now, shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
The red-brow'd Sun withdraws his beamy rays;
Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.
Calm Twilight [93] now his drowsy mantle spreads,
And shade on shade the gloom still deepening sheds.

The Moon, full-orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave.
The snowy splendours of her modest ray [play:
Stream o'er the glistening waves, and quivering
Around her, glittering on the Heaven's arch'd brow,
Unnumber'd stars, inchas'd in azure, glow,
Thick as the dew-drops of the April dawn,
Or May-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn:
The canvass whitens in the silvery beam,
And with a mild pale red the pendants gleam:
The masts' tall shadows tremble o'er the deep;
The peaceful winds a holy silence keep;
The watchman's carol, echo'd from the prows,
Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.
Aurora now, with dewy lustre bright,
Appears ascending on the rear of night.
With gentle hand, as seeming oft to pause,
The purple curtains of the morn she draws;
The Sun comes forth, and soon the joyful crew,
Each aiding each, their joyful tasks pursue.
Wide o'er the decks the spreading sails they throw;
From each tall mast the waving streamers flow;
All seems a festive holiday on board
To welcome to the fleet the island's lord.
With equal joy the regent sails to meet.
And brings fresh cates, his offerings, to the fleet:
For of his kindred race their line he deems,
That savage race who rush'd from Caspia's streams,
And triumph'd o'er the east, and Asia won,
In proud Byzantium fix'd their haughty throne.
Brave Vasco hails the chief with honest smiles,
And gift for gift with liberal hand he piles.
His gifts, the boast of Europe's arts disclose,
And sparkling red the wine of Tagus flows.
High on the shrouds the wondering sailors hung,
To note the Moorish garb and barbarous tongue:
Nor less the subtle Moor, with wonder fired,
Their mien, their dress, and lordly ships admired:
Much he inquires, their king's, their country's name,
And, if from Turkey's fertile shores they came:
What God they worshipp'd, what their sacred lore,
What arms they wielded, and what armour wore.
To whom brave Gama: "Nor of Hagar's blood
Am I, nor plough from Ismael's shores the flood;
From Europe's strand I trace the foamy way,
To find the regions of the infant day.
The God we worship stretch'd yon heaven's high bow,
And gave these swelling waves to roll below;
The hemispheres of night and day he spread.
He scoop'd each vale, and rear'd each mountain's head:
His word produc'd the nations of the Earth,
And gave the spirits of the sky their birth.

[92] Mohammed, who was descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham by Hagar.

[93] Camoëns, in this passage, has imitated Homer in the manner of Virgil: by diversifying the scene he has made the description his own. The passage alluded to is in the Eighth Iliad:

Ὡς δ' ὅτε πὰρ πολιὴν ἄστρα φαεινὰ φαέθοντος
Φαίνετ' ἀμηχανίης, &c.

Thus elegantly translated by Pope:

As when the Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

On Earth, by him, his holy love was given,
On Earth he came to raise mankind to Heaven.
And now behold, what must your eyes desire,
Our shining armour, and our arms of fire;
For who has once in friendly peace beheld,
Will dread to meet them on the battle-field."
Straight as he spoke, the warlike stores display'd
Their glorious show, where, fire on fire inlaid,
Appear'd of glittering steel the carabines;
There the plumed helms and ponderous brigandines;
O'er the broad bucklers sculptur'd orbs embost,
The crooked falchions' dreadful blades were crost:
Here clasping greaves, and plated mail-quilts strong,
The long-bows here, and rattling quivers hung;
And like a grove the burnish'd spears were seen,
With darts, and halberts double-edged between;
Here dread grenadoes, and tremendous bombs,
With deaths ten thousand lurking in their wombs;
And far around, of brown and dusky red,
The pointed piles of iron balls were spread.
The bombardeers now to the regent's view
The thundering mortars and the cannon drew;
Yet at their leader's nod, the sons of flame
(For brave and generous ever are the same)
Withheld their hands, nor gave the seeds of fire
To rouse the thunders of the dreadful tire,
For Gama's soul disdain'd the pride of show,
Which sets the lion o'er the trembling roe.
His joy and wonder oft the Moor expreist,
But rankling hate lay brooding in his breast;
With smiles obedient to his will's controul,
He veils the purpose of his treacherous soul.
For pilots conscious of the Indian strand
Brave Vasco sues, and bids the Moor command
What bounteous gifts shall recompense their toils:
The Moor prevents him with assenting smiles,
Resolved that deeds of death, not words of air,
Shall first the hatred of his soul declare:
Such sudden rage his rankling mind possest,
When Gama's lips Messiah's name confest [98].
O depth of Heaven's dread will, that rancorous hate
On Heaven's best lov'd in every clime should wait!
Now smiling round on all the wondering crew,
The Moor attended by his bands withdrew:

His nimble barges soon approach'd the land.
And shouts of joy receiv'd him on the strand. [held,
From Heaven's high dome the vintage-god be-
(Whom nine long months his father's thigh concea'd [99])
Well-pleas'd he mark'd the Moor's determin'd hate,
And thus his mind resolv'd in self-debate:
"Has Heaven, indeed, such glorious lot ordain'd!
By Lusus' race such conquest to be gain'd
O'er warlike nations, and on India's shore,
Where I, arrival'd, claim'd the palm before!
I, sprung from Jove! and shall these wandering few,
What Ammon's son unconquer'd left, subdue!
Ammon's brave son, who led the god of war
His slave auxiliar at his thundering car!
Must these possess what Jove to him deny'd,
Possess what never sooth'd the Roman pride!
Must these the victor's lordly flag display
With hateful blaze beneath the rising day.
My name dishonour'd, and my victories stain'd,
O'erturn'd my altars, and my shrines profan'd!
No—be it mine to fan the regent's hate;
Occasion seiz'd commands the action's fate.
'Tis mine—this captain, now my dread no more,
Shall never shake his spear on India's shore."
So spake the power, and with the lightning's flight
For Afric darted through the fields of light.
His form divine he cloth'd in human shape [100],
And rush'd impetuous o'er the rocky cape:
In the dark semblance of a Moor he came,
For art and old experience known to fame:
Him all his peers with humble deference heard,
And all Mozambic and its prince rever'd:
The prince in haste he sought, and thus express
His guileful hate in friendly counsel dress:
"And to the regent of this isle alone
Are these adventurers and their fraud unknown?
Has fame conceal'd their rapine from his ear?
Nor brought the groans of plunder'd nations here?
Yet still their hands the peaceful olive bear
Where'er they anchor'd on a foreign shore:
But nor their seeming, nor their oaths I trust,
For Afric knows them bloody and unjust.
The nations sink beneath their lawless force,
And fire and blood have mark'd their deadly course.
We too, unless kind Heaven and thou prevent,
Must fall the victims of their dire intent;
And, gasping in the pangs of death, behold
Our wives led captive, and our daughters sold.
By stealth they come, ere morrow dawn, to bring
The healthful beverage from the living spring:
Arm'd with his troops the captain will appear;
For conscious fraud is ever prone to fear.
To meet them there, select a trusty band,
And in close ambush take thy silent stand;
There wait, and sudden on the heedless foe
Rush, and destroy them ere they dread the blow.
Or say, should some escape the secret snare
Sav'd by their fate, their valour, or their care,
Yet their dread fraud shall celebrate our isle,
If fate consent, and thou approve the guile.

[98] This, and of consequence, the reason of the Moor's hate, together with the fine description of the armoury, is entirely omitted by Castera. The original is, the Moor conceived hatred, "knowing they were followers of the truth which the son of David taught." Thus rendered by Fenshaw:

Knowing they follow that unerring light
The son of David holds out in his book.

By this Solomon must be understood, not the Messiah, as meant by Camoëns.

"Zacocia (governor of Mozambic) made no doubt but our people were of some Mohammedan country.—The mutual exchange of good offices between our people and these islanders promised a long continuance of friendship, but it proved otherwise. No sooner did Zacocia understand the strangers were Christians, than all his kindness was turned into the most bitter hatred; he began to meditate their ruin, and sought by every means to destroy the fleet."—Osorius Silvensis Episc. de Rebus Emman. Regis Lusit. gestis.

[99] According to the Arabians, Bacchus was nourished during his infancy in a cave of Mount Meros, which in Greek signifies a thigh. Hence the fable.

[100] Alecto torvam faciem et furialia membra
Exuit: in vultus sese transformat anilis,
Et frontem obscuram rugis arat.——
Virg. Æn. vii. 415.

Give them a pilot to their wandering fleet,
Bold in his art, and tutor'd in deceit; [guide
Whose hand adventurous shall their helms mis-
To hostile shores, or whelm them in the tide."
So spoke the god, in semblance of a sage
Renown'd for counsel and the craft of age.
The prince, with transport glowing in his face,
Approv'd, and caught him in a kind embrace;
And instant at the word his bands prepare
Their bearded darts and iron fangs of war,
That Lusus' sons might purple with their gore
The crystal fountain which they sought on shore:
And still regardful of his dire intent,
A skilful pilot to the bay he sent,
Of honest mien, yet practis'd in deceit,
Who far at distance on the beach should wait,
And to the 'scap'd, if some should 'scape the shore,
Should offer friendship and the pilot's care;
But when at sea, on rocks should dash their pride,
And whelm their lofty vanes beneath the tide.
Apollo now had left his watery bed,
And o'er the mountains of Arabia spread
His rays that glow'd with gold; when Gama rose,
And from his bands a trusty squadron chose:
Three speedy barges brought their casks to fill
From gurgling fountain, or the crystal rill:
Full-arm'd they came, for brave defence prepar'd,
For martial care is ever on the guard:
And secret warnings ever are impress
On wisdom such as wak'd in Gama's breast.
And now, as swiftly springing o'er the tide
Advanc'd the boats, a troop of Moors they spy'd;
O'er the pale sands the sable warriors crowd,
And toss their threatening darts, and shout aloud.
Yet seeming artless, though they dar'd the fight,
Their eager hope they plac'd in artful flight,
To lead brave Gama where unseen by day
In dark-brow'd shades their silent ambush lay.
With scornful gestures o'er the breach they stride,
And push their level'd spears with barbarous pride;
Then fix the arrow to the bended bow,
And strike their sounding shields, and dare the foe.
With generous rage the Lusian race beheld,
And each brave breast with indignation swell'd,
To view such foes like snarling dogs display
Their threatening tusks, and brave the sanguine
Together with a bound they spring to land, [fray:
Unknown whose step first trod the hostile strand.
Thus[28], when to gain his beauteous charmer's smile,
The youthful lover dares the bloody toil,
Before the nodding bull's stern front he stands,
He leaps, he wheels, he shouts, and waves his hands!
The lordly brute disdains the stripling's rage,
His nostrils smoke, and, eager to engage,
His horned brows he levels with the ground,
And shoots his flaming eyes, and, wheeling round,
With dreadful bellowing rushes on the foe,
And lays the boastful gaudy champion low.
Thus to the fight the sons of Lusus sprung,
Nor slow to fall their ample vengeance hung:
With sudden roar the carabines resound,
And bursting echoes from the hills rebound;
The lead flies hissing through the trembling air,
And death's fell demons through the flashes glare.
Where, up the land, a grove of palms enclose,
And cast their shadows where the fountain flows,
The lurking ambush from their treacherous stand
Behold the combat burning on the strand:
They see the flash with sudden lightnings flare,
And the blue smoke slow rolling on the air:
They see their warriors drop, and, starting, hear
The lingering thunders bursting on their ear.
Amaz'd, appall'd, the treacherous ambush fled,
And rag'd[29], and curst their birth, and quak'd with dread.
The bands that vaunting show'd their threaten'd
With slaughter gor'd, precipitate in flight; [might,
Yet oft, though trembling, on the foe they turn
Their eyes, that red with lust of vengeance burn:
Aghast with fear and stern with desperate rage
The flying war with dreadful howls they wage,
Flints[30], clods, and javelins hurling as they fly,
As rage and wild despair their hands supply.
And soon dispers'd, their hands attempt no more
To guard the fountain or defend the shore:
O'er the wide lawns no more their troops appear;
Nor sleeps the vengeance of the victor here;
To teach the nations what tremendous fate
From his dread arm on perjur'd vows should wait,
He wix'd the time to awe the eastern world,
And on the breach of faith his thunders hurl'd.
From his black ships the sudden lightnings blaze,
And o'er old ocean flash their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds involv'd the smoke ascends,
The bursting tumult Heaven's wide concave rends:
The bays and caverns of the winding shore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar:
The bombs, far-flaming, hiss along the sky,
And whirling through the air the bullets fly:
The wounded air with hollow deafen'd sound
Groans to the direful strife, and trembles round.
Now from the Moorish town the sheets of fire,
Wide blaze succeeding blaze, to Heaven aspire.
Black rise the clouds of smoke, and, by the gales
Borne down, in streams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And, slowly floating round the mountain's head,
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landscape spread.
Unnumber'd sea-fowl, rising from the shore,
Beat round in whirls at every cannon's roar:

[28] This simile is taken from a favourite exercise in Spain, where it is usual to see young gentlemen of the best families, adorned with ribbons, and armed with a javelin or kind of cutlass, which the Spaniards call machete, appear the candidates of fame in the lists of the bull fight. Though Camoëns in this description of it has given the victory to the bull, it very seldom so happens, the young caballeros being very expert at this valorous exercise, and ambitious to display their dexterity, which is a sure recommendation to the favour and good opinion of the ladies.

[29] ——— e maldizia
O velho inerte, e a may, que o filho cria.
Thus translated by Fanshaw,
——— curst their ill luck,
Th'old devil, and the dam that gave them suck.

[30] Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat. Virg. Æn. 1.
The Spanish commentator on this place relates a very extraordinary instance of the furor arma ministrans. A Portuguese soldier, at the siege of Diu in the Indies, being surrounded by the enemy, and having no ball to charge his musket, pulled out one of his teeth, and with it supplied the place of a bullet.

Where o'er the smoke the masts' tall heads appear,
Hovering they scream, then dart with sudden fear;
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with dismal clang their native sky.
Thus fled in rout confus'd the treacherous Moors
From field to field, then, hast'ning to the shores,
Some trust in boats their wealth and lives to save,
And wild with dread they plunge into the wave;
Some spread their arms to swim, and some beneath
The whelming billows, struggling, pant for breath,
Then whirl'd aloft their nostrils spout the brine; 691
While showering still from many a corslet
The leaden hail their sails and vessels tore,
Till struggling hard they reach'd the neighb'ring
Due vengeance thus their perfidy repay'd, [shore:
And Gama's terrours to the east display'd.
Imbrown'd with dust a beaten pathway shows
Where 'midst umbrageous palms the fountain flows;
From thence at will they bear the liquid health;
And now sole masters of the island's wealth. 700
With costly spoils and eastern robes adorn'd,
The joyful victors to the fleet return'd.
With Hell's keen fires, still for revenge athirst,
The regent burns, and weens, by fraud accurst,
To strike a surer, yet a secret blow,
And in one general death to whelm the foe.
The promis'd pilot to the fleet he sends,
And deep repentance for his crime pretends.
Sincere the herald seems, and while he speaks,
The winning tears steal down his hoary cheeks. 710
Brave Gama, touch'd with generous woe, believes,
And from his hand the pilot's hand receives:
A dreadful gift! instructed to decoy,
In gulfs to whelm them, or on rocks destroy.
The valiant chief, impatient of delay,
For India now resumes the watery way;
Bids weigh the anchor and unfurl the sail,
Spread full the canvass to the rising gale:
He spoke; and proudly o'er the foaming tide,
Borne on the wind, the full-wing'd vessels ride; 720
While as they rode before the bounding prows,
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.
The while brave Vasco's unsuspecting mind
Yet fear'd not aught the crafty Moor design'd:
Much of the coast he asks, and much demands
Of Afric's shores and India's spicy lands.
The crafty Moor, by vengeful Bacchus taught,
Employ'd on deadly guile his baneful thought;
In his dark mind he plann'd on Gama's head
Full to revenge Mozambic and the dead. 730
Yet all the chief demanded he reveal'd,
Nor aught of truth, that truth he knew, conceal'd:
For thus he worn'd to gain his easy faith,
And, gain'd, betray to slavery or to death.
And now securely trusting to destroy,
As erst false Simon soar'd the sons of Troy,
"Behold, disclosing from the sky," he cries,
"Far to the north, you cloud-like isle arise:
From ancient times the natives of the shore
The blood-stain'd image on the cross adore." 740
Swift at the word the joyful Gama cried,
"For that fair island turn the helm aside.
O bring my vessels where the Christians dwell,
And thy glad lips my gratitude shall tell:"
With sullen joy the treacherous Moor comply'd,
And for that island turn'd the helm aside.
For well Quiloa's swarthy race he knew,
Their laws and faith to Hagar's off-spring true;
Their strength in war, through all the nations round,
Above Mozambic and her powers renown'd; 750
He knew what hate the Christian name they bore,
And hop'd that hate on Vasco's bands to pour.
Right to the land the faithless pilot steers,
Right to the land the glad armada bears;
But heavenly love's fair queen[31], whose watchful
care
Had ever been their guide, beheld the snare.
A sudden storm she rais'd: loud howl'd the blast,
The yard-arms rattled, and each groaning mast
Bended beneath the weight. Deep sunk the prows,
And creaking ropes the creaking ropes oppose; 760
In vain the pilot would the speed restrain;
The captain shouts, the sailors toil in vain;
Aslope and gliding on the leeward side
The bounding vessels cut the roaring tide:
Soon far they past; and now the slacken'd sail
Trembles and bellies to the gentle gale:
Till many a league before the tempest tost
The treacherous pilot sees his purpose crost:
Yet vengeful still, and still intent on guile,
"Behold," he cries, "you dim emerging isle: 770
There live the votaries of Messiah's lore
In faithful peace and friendship with the Moor."
Yet all was false, for there Messiah's name,
Revil'd and scorn'd, was only known by fame.
The grovelling natives there, a brutal herd,
The sensual lore of Hagar's son preferr'd.
With joy brave Gama hears the artful tale,
Bears to the harbour, and bids furl the sail.
Yet watchful still fair love's celestial queen
Prevents the danger with a hand unseen; 780
Nor past the bar his vent'rous vessels guides;
And safe at anchor in the road he rides.
Between the isle and Ethiopia's land
A narrow current laves each adverse strand;
Close by the margin where the green tide flows,
Full to the bay a lordly city rose:

[31] When Gama arrived in the east, the Moors were the only people who engrossed the trade of those parts. Jealous of such formidable rivals as the Portuguese, they employed every artifice to accomplish the destruction of Gama's fleet, for they foresaw the consequences of his return to Portugal. As the Moors were acquainted with these seas and spoke the Arabic language, Gama was obliged to employ them both as pilots and interpreters. The circumstance now mentioned by Camoens is an historical truth. The Moorish pilot, says de Barros, intended to conduct the Portuguese into Quiloa, telling them that place was inhabited by Christians; but a sudden storm arising, drove the fleet from that shore, where death or slavery would have been the certain fate of Gama and his companions. The villany of the pilot was afterwards discovered. As Gama was endeavouring to enter the port of Mombaze his ship struck on a sand-bank, and finding their purpose of bringing him into the harbour defeated, two of the Moorish pilots leaped into the sea and swam ashore. Alarmed at this tacit acknowledgment of guilt, Gama ordered two other Moorish pilots who remained on board to be examined by whipping, who, after some time, made a full confession of their intended villany. This discovery greatly encouraged Gama and his men, who now interpreted the sudden storm which had driven them from Quiloa as a miraculous interposition of Divine Providence in their favour.

With fervid blaze the glowing evening pours
Its purple splendours o'er the lofty towers;
The lofty towers with milder lustre gleam,
And gently tremble in the glassy stream.
Here reign'd a hoary king of ancient fame,
Mombaze the town, Mombaze the island's name.
As when the pilgrim, who with weary pace
Through lonely wastes untrod by human race,
For many a day disconsolate has stray'd,
The turf his bed, the wild-wood boughs his shade,
O'erjoy'd beholds the cheerful seats of men
In grateful prospect rising on his ken;
So Gama joy'd, who many a dreary day
Had trac'd the vast, the boisterous watery way,
Had seen new stars unknown to Europe rise,
And brav'd the horrours of the polar skies:
So joy'd his bounding heart, when, proudly rear'd,
The splendid city o'er the wave appear'd,
Where Heaven's own lore, he trusted, was obey'd,
And holy faith her sacred rites display'd.
And now swift crowding through the horned bay
The Moorish barges wing'd their foamy way:
To Gama's fleet with friendly smiles they bore
The choicest products of their culture'd shore:
But there fell rancour veil'd its serpent head,
Though festive roses o'er the gifts were spread.
For Bacchus, veil'd in human shape, was here,
And pour'd his counsel in the sovereign's ear.
O piteous lot of man's uncertain state!
What woes on life's unhappy journey wait!
When joyful hope would grasp its fond desire,
The long-sought transports in the grasp expire.
By sea what treacherous calms, what rushing storms,
And death attendant in a thousand forms!
By land what strife, what plots of secret guile,
How many a wound from many a treacherous smile!
O where shall man escape his numerous foes,
And rest his weary head in safe repose!

LUSIAD II.

The fervent lustre of the evening ray
Behind the western hills now died away,
And night ascending from the dim-brow'd east,
The twilight gloom with deeper shades increas'd;
When Gama heard the creaking of the oar,
And mark'd the white waves length'ning from the shore.
In many a skiff the eager natives came,
Their semblance friendship, but deceit their aim.
And now by Gama's anchor'd ships they ride,
And, "Hail, illustrious chief," their leader cried,
"Your fame already these our regions own,
How your bold prows from worlds to us unknown
Have brav'd the horrours of the southern main,
Where storms and darkness hold their endless reign,
Whose whelmy waves our westward prows have bare'd
From oldest times, and ne'er before were dar'd
By boldest leader:—Earnest to behold
The wondrous hero of a toil so bold,
To you the sovereign of these islands sends
The holy vows of peace, and hails you friends.
If friendship you accept, whate'er kind Heaven
In various bounty to these shores has given,
Whate'er your wants, your wants shall here supply,
And safe in port your gallant fleet shall lie;
Safe from the dangers of the faithless tide,
And sudden bursting storms, by you untry'd;
Yours every bounty of the fertile shore,
Till balmy rest your wearied strength restore.
Or if your toils and ardent hopes demand
The various treasures of the Indian strand,
The fragrant cinnamon, the glowing clove,
And all the riches of the spicy grove;
Or drugs of power the fever's rage to bound,
And give soft languor to the smarting wound;
Or if the splendour of the diamond's rays,
The sapphire's azure, or the ruby's blaze,
Invite your sails to search the eastern world,
Here may these sails in happy hour be furl'd:
For here the splendid treasures of the mine,
And richest offspring of the field, combine
To give each boon that human want requires,
And every gem that lofty pride desires:
Then here, a potent king your generous friend, [end."
Here let your perfidious toils and wand'ring searches
He said: brave Gama smiles with heart sincere,
And prays the herald to the king to bear
The thanks of grateful joy: "But now," he cries,
"The blackening evening veils the coast and skies,
And through these rocks unknown forbids to steer:
Yet when the streaks of milky dawn appear
Edging the eastern wave with silver hoar,
My ready prows shall gladly point to shore;
Assur'd of friendship, and a kind retreat,
Assur'd and proffer'd by a king so great."
Yet mindful still of whence his hopes had cheer'd[1],
That here his nation's holy shrines were rear'd,
He asks, if certain as the pilot told,
Messiah's love had flourish'd there of old,
And flourish'd still? The herald mark'd with joy
The gloss with, and watchful to decoy,
"Messiah here," he cries, "has altars more
Than all the various shrines of other lore."
O'erjoy'd brave Vasco heard the pleasing tale,
Yet fear'd that fraud its viper-sting might veil
Beneath the glister of a show so fair;
He half believes the tale, and arms against the snare.
With Gama sail'd a bold adventurous band[2],
Whose headlong rage had urg'd the guilty hand:

[1] After Gama had been driven from Quiloa by a sudden storm, the assurances of the Mozambic pilot, that the city was chiefly inhabited by Christians, strongly inclined him to enter the harbour of Mombaze; Nec alium locum, says Osorius, magis opportunum curandis atque reficiendis ægrotis posse reperiri. Jam eo tempore bona pars eorum, qui cum Gama ascenderant, variis morbis consumpta fuerat, et qui evaserant, erant gravi invaletudine debilitati. . . . Tellus abundat fructibus et oleribus, et frugibus, et pecorum et armentorum gregibus, et aquis dulcibus. Unter præterea mira cæli temperie. Homines vivunt admodum laute, et domos more nostro ædificant.—Misit rex nuncios, qui Gamam nomine illum salutarent. . . . . Aiunt deinde regionem illam esse opulentissimam, earumque rerum omnium plenissimam, quarum gratia multi in Indiam navigabant. Regem adeo esse in illos voluntate propensum ut nihil esset tam difficile, quod non se eorum gratia facturum polliceretur.—Osor.

[2] Erant enim in ea classe decem homines capite damnati, quibus fuerat ea lege vita concessa, ut quibuscunque in locis a Gama relicti fuissent, regiones lustrarent, hominumque mores et instituta cognoscerent.—Osor.

During the reign of Emmanuel, and his predecessor John II, few criminals were executed in

Stern justice for their crimes had ask'd their blood,
And pale in chains condemn'd to death they stood;
But sav'd by Gama from the shameful death,
The bread of peace had seal'd their plighted faith.
The coast unknown, when order'd to explore,
And dare each danger of the hostile shore:
From this bold band he chose the noblest two,
The port, the city, and its strength to view,
To mark if fraud its secret head betray'd,
Or if the rites of Heaven were there display'd.
With costly gifts, as of their truth secure,
The pledge that Gama deem'd their faith was pure,
These two his heralds to the king he sends:
The faithless Moors depart as smiling friends.
Now through the wave they cut their foamy way,
Their cheerful songs resounding through the bay:
And now on shore the wondering natives greet,
And fondly hail the strangers from the fleet.
The prince their gifts with friendly vows receives,
And joyful welcome to the Lusians gives:
Where'er they pass, the joyful tumult lends,
And through the town the glad applause attends.
But he whose cheeks with youth immortal shone,
The god whose wondrous birth two mothers own,
Whose rage had still the wandering fleet annoy'd,
Now in the town his guileful rage employ'd.
A Christian priest he seem'd; a sumptuous shrine[3]
He rear'd, and tended with the rites divine:
O'er the fair altar waved the cross on high,
Upheld by angels leaning from the sky;
Descending o'er the Virgin's sacred head
So white, so pure, the Holy Spirit spread
The dove-like pictured wings, so pure, so white;
And, hovering o'er the chosen twelve, alight
The tongues of hallow'd fire. Amazed, oppress,
With sacred awe their troubled looks confess'd
The inspiring Godhead, and the prophet's glow,
Which gave each language from their lips to flow.
Where thus the guileful power his magic wrought,
De Gama's heralds by the guides are brought:
On bended knees low to the earth they fall,
And to the Lord of Heaven in transport call;
While the feign'd priest awakes the censer's fire,
And clouds of incense round the shrine aspire.
With cheerful welcome here, caress'd, they stay,
Till bright Aurora, messenger of day,
Walk'd forth; and now the Sun's resplendent rays,
Yet half emerging o'er the waters, blaze,
When to the fleet the Moorish cars again
Dash the curl'd waves, and waft the guileful train:
The lofty decks they mount. With joy elate,
Their friendly welcome at the palace-gate,
The king's sincerity, the people's care,
And treasures of the coast the spies declare:
Nor pass'd untold what most their joys inspired,
What most to hear the valiant chief desired,
That their glad eyes had seen the rites divine,
Their country's worship, and the sacred shrine.
The pleasing tale the joyful Gama hears;
Dark fraud no more his generous bosom fears:
As friends sincere, himself sincere, he gives
The hand of welcome, and the Moor's receives.
And now, as conscious of the destin'd prey,
The faithless race, with smiles and gestures gay,
Their skills forsaking, Gama's ships ascend,
And deep to strike the treacherous blow attend.
On shore the truthless monarch arms his bands,
And for the fleet's approach impatient stands;
That soon as anchor'd in the port they rode,
Brave Gama's decks might reek with Lusian blood:
Thus weening to revenge Mozambic's fate,
And give full surfeit to the Moorish hate.
And now, their bowsprits bending to the bay,
The joyful crew the ponderous anchors weigh,
Their shouts the while resounding. To the gale
With eager hands they spread the fore-mast sail.
But love's fair queen the secret fraud beheld:
Swift as an arrow o'er the battle-field,
From Heaven she darted to the watery plain,
And call'd the sea-born nymphs, a lovely train,
From Nereus sprung; the ready nymphs obey,
Proud of her kindred birth[4], and own her sway.

Portugal. These great and political princes employed the lives which were forfeited to the public in the most dangerous undertakings of public utility. In their foreign expeditions the condemned criminals were sent upon the most hazardous emergencies. If death was their fate, it was the punishment they had merited: if successful in what was required, their crimes were expiated; and often, as in the voyage of Gama, they rendered their country the greatest atonement for their guilt, which men in their circumstances could possibly make. Besides the merit of thus rendering forfeited lives of service to the community, the Portuguese monarchs have the honour of carrying this idea still further. They were the first who devised that most political of all punishments, transportation to foreign settlements. India and the Brazils received their criminals; many of whom became afterwards useful members to society. When the subject thus obtrudes the occasion, a short digression, it is hoped, will be pardoned. While every feeling breast must be pleased with the wisdom and humanity of the Portuguese monarchs, indignation and regret must rise on the view of the present state of the penal laws of England. What multitudes every year, in the prime of their life, end their days by the hand of the executioner! That the legislature might devise means to make the greatest part of these lives useful to society, is a fact which surely cannot be disputed;—though perhaps the remedy of an evil so shocking to humanity may be at some distance.

[3] On it, the picture of that shape he plac't,
In which the Holy Spirit did alight,
The picture of the dove, so white, so chaste,
On the blest Virgin's head, so chaste, so white.

In these lines, the best of all Fanshaw, the happy repetition "so chaste, so white," is a beauty which, though not contained in the original, the present translator was unwilling to lose.

[4] The French translator has the following note on this place: Cet endroit est l'un de ceux qui montrent combien l'auteur est habile dans la mythologie, et en même tems combien de pénétration son allegorie demande. Il y a bien peu de gens, qui en lisant ici, &c.—"This is one of the places which discover our author's intimate acquaintance with mythology, and at the same time how much attention his allegory requires. Many readers, on finding that the protectress of the Lusians sprung from the sea, would be apt to exclaim, 'Behold the birth of the terrestrial Venus! How can a nativity so disgraceful be ascribed

She tells what ruin threats her fav'rite race;
Unwonted ardour glows on every face;
With keen rapidity they bound away,
Dash'd by their silver limbs, the billows gray
Foam round: fair Doto, fir'd with rage divine,
Darts through the wave; and onward o'er the brine
The lovely Nyse and Nerine[5] spring
With all the vehemence and the speed of wing.

The curving billows to their breasts divide,
And give a yielding passage through the tide.
With furious speed the goddess rush'd before;
Her beauteous form a joyful Triton bore,
Whose eager face, with glowing rapture fired,
Betray'd the pride which such a task inspired.
And now arriv'd where to the whistling wind
The warlike navy's bending masts reclin'd,
As through the billows rush'd the speedy prows,
The nymphs, dividing, each her station chose.
Against the leader's prow, her lovely breast
With more than mortal force the goddess press'd;
The ship recoiling trembles on the tide,
The nymphs in help pour round on every side,
From the dread bar the threaten'd keels to save;
The ship bounds up, half lifted from the wave,
And, trembling, hovers o'er the watery grave.
As when alarm'd, to save the hoarded grain,
The care-earn'd store for winter's dreary reign,
So toil, so tug, so pant, the labouring emmet train;
So toil'd the nymphs, and strain'd their panting force
To turn the navy from its fatal course[6]:
Back, back the ship recedes; in vain the crew
With shouts on shouts their various toils renew;
In vain each nerve, each nautic art they strain,
And the rough wind distends the sail in vain:
Enraged, the sailors see their labours cross;
From side to side the reeling helm is toss;
High on the poop the skilful master stands;
Sudden he shrieks aloud, and spreads his hands—
A lurking rock its dreadful rifts betrays.
And right before the prow its ridge displays;
Loud shrieks of horror from the yard-arms rise,
And a dire general yell invades the skies.
The Moors start, fear-struck, at the horrid sound,
As if the rage of combat roar'd around.
Pale are their lips, each look in wild amaze
The horrour of detected guilt betrays.
Pierc'd by the glance of Gama's awful eyes,
The conscious pilot quits the helm and flies,
From the high deck he plunges in the brine;
His mates their safety to the waves consign;
Dash'd by their plunging falls, on every side
Foams and boils up around the rolling tide.
Thus the hoarse tenants of the sylvan lake[7],
A Lycian race of old, to flight betake;

to the celestial Venus, who represents religion?" I answer, that Camoëns had not his eye on those fables, which derive the birth of Venus from the foam of the waves, mixed with the blood which flowed from the dishonest wound of Saturn: he carries his views higher; his Venus is from a fable more noble. Nigidius relates, that two fishes one day conveyed an egg to the sea shore: this egg was hatched by two pigeons whiter than snow, and gave birth to the Assyrian Venus, which, in the Pagan theology, is the same with the celestial: she instructed mankind in religion, gave them the lessons of virtue and the laws of equity. Jupiter, in reward of her labours, promised to grant her whatever she desired. She prayed him to give immortality to the two fishes who had been instrumental in her birth, and the fishes were accordingly placed in the zodiac. . . . . This fable agrees perfectly with religion, as I could clearly show; but I think it more proper to leave to the ingenious reader the pleasure of tracing the allegory." Thus Castera.—Besides the above, mythology gives two other accounts of the origin of the sign Pisces. When Venus and Cupid fled from the rage of Typhon, they were saved by two fishes, who carried them over the river Euphrates. The fishes, in return, were placed in the zodiac. Another fable says that that favour was obtained by Neptune for the two dolphins, who first brought him his beloved Amphitrite. This variety in the Pagan mythology is, at least, a proof that the allegory of a poet ought not, without full examination, to be condemned on the appearance of inconsistency.

[5] Cloto, or Clotho, as Castera observes, has by some errour crept into almost all the Portuguese editions of the Lusiad. Clotho was one of the Fates, and neither Hesiod, Homer, nor Virgil have given such a name to any of the Nereides; but in the ninth Æneid Doto is mentioned,

——— Magnique jubebo
Æquoris esse Deas: quales Nereïs Doto
Et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.

The Nereides, in the Lusiad, says Castera, are the virtues divine and human. In the first book they accompany the Portuguese fleet;

——— before the bounding prows
The lovely forms of sea-born nymphs arose.

"And without doubt," says he, "this allegory, in a lively manner, represents the condition of mankind. The virtues languish in repose; adversities animate and awake them. The fleet sailing before a favourable wind is followed by the Nereides, but the Nereides are scattered about in the sea. When danger becomes imminent, Venus, or Religion, assembles them to its safety." That this manner of allegory is in the true spirit of Homer, see the note on the allegorical machinery of that great father of poetry, near the end of the Sixth Lusiad. The following, from Castera, is indeed highly pedantic: "Doto," continues he, "is derived from the verb δίδωμι, *I give*. According to this etymology Doto is Charity, Nyse is Hope, and Nerine, Faith. For the name Nyse comes from νίω, *I swim*. For the action of Hope agrees with that of swimming, and is the symbol of it. Nerine is a term composed of νῆρι, an old word, which signifies *the waters of the sea*, and of γίνω, *I file*; as if one should say, The file of the sea waters, a mysterious expression, applicable to Faith, which is the file of our soul, and which is rendered perfect by the waters of baptism." Our French paraphrast wisely adds, that perhaps some persons may despise this etymology, but that for his part, he is unwilling to reject it, as it tends to unravel the allegory of his author.

[6] Imitated from Virgil:

Cymothoë simul, et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo, ——— *Virg. Æn.* I.

[7] Latona, says the fable, flying from the serpent Python, and faint with thirst, came to a pond

At every sound they dread Latona's hate,
And doubled vengeance of their former fate;
All, sudden plunging, leave the margin green,
And but their heads above the pool are seen.
So plung'd the Moors, when, horrid to behold!
From the bas'd rock's dread jaws the billows roll'd,
Opening in instant fate the fleet to whelm, 211
When ready Vasco caught the staggering helm:
Swift as his lofty voice resounds aloud
The ponderous anchors dash the whitening flood,

where some Lycian peasants were cutting the bulrushes. In revenge of the insults which they offered her in preventing her to drink, she changed them into frogs. This fable, says Castera, like almost all the rest, is drawn from history. Philocorus, as cited by Boccace, relates, that the Rhodians having declared war against the Lycians, were assisted by some troops from Delos, who carried the image of Latona on their standards. A detachment of these going to drink at a lake in Lycia, a crowd of peasants endeavoured to prevent them. An encounter ensued; the peasants fled to the lake for shelter, and were there slain. Some months afterwards their companions came in search of their corpses; and finding an unusual quantity of frogs, imagined, according to the superstition of their age, that the souls of their friends appeared to them under that metamorphosis.

Is it allowable in epic poetry to introduce a comparison taken from a low image? This is a question which has exercised the abilities of critics and translators, till criticism has degenerated into trifling, and learning into pedantry. To some it may perhaps appear needless to vindicate Camoëns, in a point wherein he is supported by the authority of Homer and Virgil. Yet as many readers are infected with the sang froid of a Rollin or a Perrault, an observation in defence of our poet cannot be thought impertinent. If we examine the finest effusions of genius, we shall find, that the most genuine poetical feeling has often dictated those similes which are drawn from familiar and low objects. The sacred writers, and the greatest poets of every nation, have used them. We may therefore conclude, that the criticism which condemns them is a refinement not founded on nature. But, allowing them admissible, it must be observed, that to render them pleasing requires a peculiar happiness and delicacy of management. When the poet attains this indispensable point, he gives a striking proof of his elegance, and of his mastership in his art. That the similes of the emmets and of the frogs in Camoëns are happily expressed and applied, is indisputable. In that of the frogs there is a peculiar propriety both in the comparison itself, and in the allusion to the fable; as it was the intent of the poet to represent not only the flight, but the baseness of the Moors. The simile he seems to have copied from Dante, Inf. cant. 9.

Come le rane innanzi a la nemica
Biscia per l'acqua si dileguan' tutte
Fin che a la terra ciascuna s'abbica.

And cant. 22.

E come a l'orlo de l'acqua d'un fosso
Stan' il ranocchi pur col muso fuori
Si' che celano i piedi, e l altro grosso.

And sound his vessel, nodding o'er the tide,
His other ships, bound by their anchors, ride.
And now revolving in his piercing thought
These various scenes with hidden import fraught;
The boastful pilot's self-accusing flight,
The former treason of the Moorish spite; 220
How headlong to the rock the furious wind,
The boiling current, and the surf combin'd;
Yet though the groaning blast the canvass swell'd,
Some wondrous cause, unknown, their speed withheld:
Amaz'd, with hands high rais'd and sparkling eyes,
"A miracle*!" the raptur'd Gama cries,
"A miracle! O hail, thou sacred sign,
Thou pledge illustrious of the care divine!
Ah! fraudful malice! how shall wisdom's care
Escape the poison of thy gilded snare! 230
The front of honesty, the saintly show,
The smile of friendship, and the holy vow;
All, all conjoin'd our easy faith to gain,
To whelm us, shipwreck'd, in the ruthless main;
But where our prudence no deceit could spy,
There, heavenly guardian, there thy watchful eye
Beheld our danger: still, O still prevent,
Where human foresight fails, the dire intent,
The lurking treason of the smiling foe;
And let our toils, our days of lengthening woe, 240
Our weary wanderings end. If still for thee,
To spread thy rites, our toils and vows agree,
On India's strand thy sacred shrines to rear,
Oh, let some friendly land of rest appear!
If for thine honour we these toils have dar'd,
These toils let India's long-sought shore reward!"

* Osorius gives the following account of this adventure. Talking of the two exiles whom Gama had sent on shore; Rex læta et hilari fronte exules accepit, imperavitque domesticis suis, ut illis urbis situm et pulchritudinem demonstrarent. Ubi vero reversi sunt, rex multa aromatum genera, quæ ex India deportari solent, illis ostentat, et quantulum visum est donat, ut Gamæ monstrare possent, et admodere, quanto esset utilius apud regem amicum rem gerere, quàm vitam tam periculosæ navigationi committere. Cum his mandatis redeunt exules in classem. Gama mirificè lætatus est, et postridie anchoras tolli jubet, et naves prope urbem constitui. Cùm verò illius navis nutus incitati vi celerius, quam commodum esset, inveheretur, timens ille nè in vadum incideret, vela contrahere et anchoras demittere confestim jussit. . . . . Quo facto Mozambiquenses gubernatores metu repentino perculsi, se præcipites in mare dejiciunt, et ad lintres quasdam, quæ non procul aberat, caudo confugiunt. . . . . At Gama magnis vocibus ad eos, qui in lintribus erant, inclamavit, ut sibi suos gubernatores redderent: at illi clamores illius aspernati, gubernatores in terram exposuerunt. Hic Gama cum et conjectura, et aliquo etiam Arabis gubernatoris indicio, et multis præterea signis, perspexisset è quanto periculo fuisset auxilio divino liberatus, manus in cœlum sustulit. Barros and Castaneda, in relating this part of the voyage of Gama, say, that the fleet, just as they were entering the port of Mombassa, were driven back, as it were, by an invisible hand. The safety of the armada depended upon this circumstance.

So spoke the chief: the pious accents move
The gentle bosom of celestial Love:
The boisterous queen to Heaven now dart away;
In vain the weeping nymphs implore her stay:
Behind her rose the morning star she leaves,
And the sixth Heaven[9] her lovely form receives.
Her radiant eyes such living splendours cast,
The sparkling stars were lighten'd as she past;
The frozen pole with sudden crimsons flow'd,
And as the burning zone with fervour glow'd.
And now, confest before the throne of Jove,
In all her charms appears the queen of love:
Flush'd by the ardour of her rapid flight
Through fields of ether and the realms of light,
Bright as the blushes of the rosate morn,
New blooming tints her glowing cheeks adorn;
And all that pride of beauteous grace she wore,
As when in Ida's bower she stood of yore[10],
When every charm and every hope of joy
Enraptured and allured the Trojan boy.
Ah! had that hunter[11], whose unhappy fate
The human visage lost by Dian's hate,
Had he beheld this fairer goddess move,
Nor hounds had slain him, but the fires of love.
Adown her neck, more white than virgin snow,
Of softest hue the golden tresses flow;*
Her heaving breasts of purer, softer white
Than snow-hills glistening in the Moon's pale light,
Except where covered by the sash, were bare.
And Love[12], unseen, sooth'd soft, and panted there.
Nor less the zone the god's fond zeal employs;
The zone awakes the flame of secret joys.
As ivy tendrils, round her limbs divine
Their spreading arms the young Desires entwine;
Below her waist, and quivering on the gale,
Of thinnest texture flows the silken veil:
(Ah! where the lucid curtain dimly shows,
With doubled fires the roving fancy glows!)
The hand of Modesty the folding threw,
Nor all conceal'd, nor all was given to view.
Yet her deep grief her lovely face betrays,
Though on her cheek the soft smile faltering plays.
All Heaven was mov'd—as when some damsel coy,
Hurt by the rudeness of the amorous boy,
Offended chides and smiles; with angry mien,
Thus mixt with smiles, advance'd the plaintive queen;
And thus[13]: "O thunderer! O potent sire!
Shall I in vain thy kind regard require!
Alas! and cherish still the fond deceit,
That yet on me thy kindest smiles await!
Ah Heaven! and must that valour which I love
Awake the vengeance and the rage of Jove!
Yet mov'd with pity for my fav'rite race
I speak, though frowning on thine awful face
I mark the tenour of the dread decree,
That to thy wrath consigns my sons and me.
Yes! let stern Bacchus bless thy partial care,
His be the triumph, and be mine despair.
The bold adventrous sons of Tago's clime
I loved—alas! that love is now their crime:
O happy they, and prosp'rous gales their fate,
Had I pursued them with relentless hate!
Yes! let my woeful sighs in vain implore,
Yes! let them perish on some barb'rous shore,
For I have lov'd them."—Here, the swelling sigh
And pearly tear-drop rushing in her eye,
As morning dew hangs trembling on the rose,
Though fond to speak, her further speech oppose—
Her lips, then moving, as the pause of woe
Were now to give the voice of grief to flow;
When kindled by those charms, whose sovereign might
And melt the prowling tiger's rage to love,
The thundering god her weeping sorrows ey'd,
And sudden threw his awful state aside:
With that mild look which stills the driving storm,
When black roll'd clouds the face of Heaven deform;
With that mild visage and benignant mien
Which to the sky restores the blue serene,

[9] As the planet of Jupiter is in the sixth Heaven, the author has with propriety there placed the throne of that god.—Castera.

[10] J'entends les censeurs, says Castera, se récrier que cet endroit-ci ne convient nullement à la Vénus céleste.—"I am aware of the objection, that this passage is by no means applicable to the celestial Venus. I answer once for all, that the names and adventures of the Pagan divinities are so blended and mountain in mythology, that a poet is at great liberty to adapt them to his allegory as he pleases. Even the fables, which, to those who penetrate no deeper than the rind, may appear as profane, even these contain historical, physical, and moral truths, which fully atone for the seeming licentiousness of the letter. I could prove this in many instances, but let the present suffice.—Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, spent his first years as a shepherd in the country. At this time Juno, Minerva, and Venus disputed for the apple of gold, which was destined to be given to the most beautiful goddess. They consented that Paris should be their judge. His equity claimed this honour. He saw them all naked. Juno promised him riches, Minerva the sciences, but he decided in favour of Venus, who promised him the possession of the most beautiful woman. What a ray of light is contained in this philosophical fable! Paris represents a studious man, who, in the silence of solitude, seeks the supreme good. Juno is the emblem of riches and dignities; Minerva, that of the sciences purely human; Venus is that of religion, which contains the sciences both human and divine; the charming female, which she promises to the Trojan shepherd, is that divine wisdom which gives tranquillity of heart. A judge so philosophical as Paris would not hesitate a moment to whom to give the apple of gold."

[11] The allegory of Camoëns is here obvious. If Acteon and the slaves of their violent passions could discover the beauties of true religion, they would be astonished and reclaimed; according to the expression of Seneca, Si virtus cerni posset oculis corporeis, omnes ad amorem sui pelliceret.—Castera.

[12] That is, divine love, which always accompanies religion. Behold how our author immunises the excellence of his moral!"—Castera.

Camoëns, as observed in the preface, has twice asserted that his machinery is allegorical. The poet's assertion, and the taste of the age in which he wrote, sufficiently vindicate the endeavour to unravel and explain the allegory of the Lusiad.

[13] The following speech of Venus and the reply of Jupiter are a fine imitation from the first Æneid, and do great honour to the classical taste of the Portuguese poet.

Her snowy neck and glowing cheek he prest'd,
And wip'd her tears, and clasp'd her to his breast:
Yet she, still sighing, dropp'd the trickling tear,
As the chid nursling, mov'd with pride and fear,
Still sighs and moans, though fondled and caress'd;
Till thus great Jove the fates' decrees confess'd:
"O thou, my daughter, still belov'd as fair,
Vain are thy fears, thy heroes claim my care:
No power of gods could e'er my heart incline,
Like one fond smile, one powerful tear of thine.
Wide o'er the eastern shores shalt thou behold
The flags far streaming, and thy thunders roll'd;
While nobler triumphs shall thy nation crown,
Than those of Roman or of Greek renown.
"If by mine aid the sapient Greek could brave
The Ogygian seas, nor sink a deathless slave [14];
If through th' Illyrian shelves Antenor bore,
Till safe he landed on Timavus' shore;
If, by his fate, the pious Trojan led,
Safe through Charybdis' barking whirlpools sped:
Shall thy bold heroes, by my care disclaim'd,
Be left to perish, who, to worlds unnam'd
By vaunting Rome, pursue their dauntless way?
No—soon shalt thou with ravish'd eyes survey,
From stream to stream their lofty cities spread,
And their proud turrets rear the warlike head:
The stern-brow'd Turk shall bend the suppliant knee,
And Indian monarchs, now secure and free,
Beneath thy potent monarch's yoke shall bend,
Till thy just laws wide o'er the east extend.
Thy chief, who now in errour's circling maze
For India's shore through shelves and tempests strays;
That chief shalt thou behold, with lordly pride,
O'er Neptune's trembling realm triumphant ride.
O wondrous fate! when not a breathing gale
Shall curl the billows or distend the sail [15],
The waves shall boil and tremble, aw'd with dread,
And own the terrour o'er their empire spread.
That hostile coast, with various streams supplied,
Whose treacherous sons the fountain's gifts deny'd;
That coast shalt thou behold his port supply,
Where oft thy weary fleets in rest shall lie.
Each shore which wear'd for him the snares of death,
To him these shores shall pledge their offer'd faith;
To him their haughty lords shall lowly bend,
And yield him tribute for the name of friend.
The Red-sea wave shall darken in the shade
Of thy broad sails in frequent pomp display'd;
Thine eyes shall see the golden Ormuz' shore,
Twice thine, twice conquered, while the furious Moor,
Amaz'd, shall view his arrows, backward driven, [16]
Shower'd on his legions by the hand of Heaven.
Though twice assail'd by many a vengeful band,
Unconquer'd still shall Dio's ramparts stand;
Such prowess there shall raise the Lusian name
That Mars shall tremble for his blighted fame;
There shall the Moors, blaspheming, sink in death,
And curse their prophet with their parting breath.
"Where Goa's warlike ramparts from on high,
Pleas'd shalt thou see thy Lusian banners fly;
The Pagan tribes in chains shall crowd her gate,
While she sublime shall tower in regal state,
The fatal scourge, the dread of all who dare
Against thy sons to plan the future war.
Though few thy troops who Cosmour sustain,
The foe, though numerous, shall assault in vain.
Great Calicut, for potent hosts renown'd,
By Lisbon's sons assail'd shall strew the ground:
What floods on floods of vengeful hosts shall wage
On Cochin's walls their swift repeated rage!
In vain: a Lusian hero [17] shall oppose
His dauntless bosom, and disperse the foes,
As high-swell'd waves, that thunder'o to the shock,
Disperse in feeble streamlets from the rock.
When blackening broad and far o'er Actium's tide [18]
Augustus' fleets the slave of love defy'd,
When that fallen warrior to the combat led
The bravest troops in Bactrian Scythia bred,
With Asian legions, and, his shameful bane,
The Egyptian queen attendant in the train;
Though Mars raged high, and all his fury pour'd,
Till with the storm the boiling surges roar'd;
Yet shall thine eyes more dreadful scenes behold,
On burning surges burning surges roll'd,
The sheets of fire far billowing o'er the brine,
While I my thunder to thy sons resign.
Thus many a sea shall blaze, and many a shore
Resound the horrour of the combat's roar,
While thy bold prows triumphant ride along
By trembling China to the isles unsung

[14] i. e. the slave of Calypso, who offered Ulysses immortality on condition he would live with her.

[15] After the Portuguese had made great conquests in India, Gama had the honour to be appointed viceroy. In 1524, as he sailed thither to take possession of his government, his fleet was becalmed on the coast of Cambaya, and the ships stood motionless on the water; instantly, without the least change of weather, the waves were shaken with the most violent agitation. The ships were tossed about; the sailors were terrified, and in the utmost confusion, thinking themselves lost; when Gama, perceiving it to be the effect of an earthquake, with his wonted heroism and prudence, exclaimed, "Of what are you afraid? Do you not see how the ocean trembles under its sovereign!" Barros, l. 9. c. 1. and Faria (tom. 1. c. 9.) who says, that such as lay sick of fevers were cured by the fright.

[16] Both Barros and Castaneda relate this fact. Albuquerk, during the war of Ormuz, having given battle to the Persians and Moors, by the violence of a sudden wind the arrows of the latter were driven back upon themselves, whereby many of their troops were wounded.

[17] Pacheco;—in the siege of Cochin he defeated successively seven numerous armies raised by the zamorin for the reduction of that city.

[18] Hinc ope barbarica, variisque Antonius armis
Victor, ab Auroræ populis et litore rubro
Ægyptum, viresque Orientis, et ultima secum
Bactra vehit: sequiturque nefas! Ægyptia conjux.
Una omnes ruere, ac totum spumare reductis
Convulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus æquor.
Alta petunt: pelago credas innare revulsas
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos:
Tanta mole viri turritis puppibus instant.
Stupea flammea manu telisque volatile ferrum
Spargitur: arva nova Neptunia cæde rubescunt,
—sævit medio in certamine Mavors.
Virg. Æn. viii.

By ancient bard, by ancient chief unknown,
Till ocean's utmost shore thy bondage own.
" Thus from the Ganges to the Gadian strand,
From the most northern wave to southmost land;
That land decreed to bear the injur'd name
Of Magalhaens, the Lusian pride and shame [19]; 420
From all that vast, though crown'd with heroes old,
Who with the gods were demi-gods enroll'd;
From all that vast no equal heroes shine
To match in arms, O lovely daughter, thine."
So spake the awful ruler of the skies,
And Maia's son swift at his mandate flies:
His charge, from treason and Mombasa's king
The weary fleet in friendly port to bring.
And while in deep the brave De Gama lay,
To warn, and fair the shore of rest display. 430
Fleet through the yielding air Cyllenius glides,
As to the light the nimble air divides.
The mystic helmet on his head he wore,
And in his right the fatal rod he bore [20];
That rod, of power to wake the silent dead,
Or o'er the lids of care soft slumbers shed.
And now, attended by the herald Fame,
To fair Melinda's gate conceal'd he came;
And soon loud rumour echoed through the town,
How from the western world from waves unknown, 441
A noble band had reach'd the Æthiop shore,
Through seas and dangers never dared before.
The godlike dread attempt their wonder fires,
Their generous wonder fond regard inspires,
And all the city glows their aid to give,
To view the heroes, and their wants relieve.
'Twas now the solemn hour when midnight reigns,
And dimly twinkling o'er the ethereal plains
The starry host, by gloomy silence led,
O'er earth and sea a glimmering paleness shed; 450
When to the fleet, which hemm'd with dangers lay,
The silver-wing'd Cyllenius darts away.
Each care was now in soft oblivion steep'd,
The watch alone accustom'd vigils kept;
Even Gama, wearied by the day's alarms,
Forgets his cares, reclined in slumber's arms.
Scarce had he closed his careful eyes in rest,
When Maia's son in vision stood confest:
" And fly," he cried, " O Lusitanian, fly;
Here guile and treason every nerve apply: 460
An impious king for thee the toil prepares,
An impious people weave a thousand snares:
O fly these shores, unfurl the gather'd sail,
Lo, Heaven, thy guide, commands the rising gale;
Hark, how it rustles; see, the gentle tide
Invites thy prows; the winds thy lingering chide.
Here such dire welcome is for thee prepared
As Diomede's unhappy strangers shared [21];
His hapless guests at silent midnight bled,
On their torn limbs his snorting coursers fed. 479
O fly, or here with strangers' blood imbrued
Busiris' altars thou shalt find renew'd:
Amidst his slaughter'd guests his altars stood
Obscene with gore, and bark'd with human blood:
Then thou, belov'd of Heaven, my counsel hear;
Right by the coast thine onward journey steer,
Till where the sun of noon no shade begets,
But day with night in equal tenour sets.
A sovereign there, of generous faith unstain'd,
With ancient bounty and with joy unfeign'd 489
Your glad arrival on his shore shall greet,
And soothe with every care your weary fleet.
And when again for India's golden strand
Before the prosperous gale your sails expand,
A skilful pilot oft in danger try'd,
Of heart sincere, shall prove your faithful guide."
Thus Hermes spoke, and as his flight he takes
Melting in ambient air, De Gama wakes.
Chill'd with amaze he stood, when through the night
With sudden ray appear'd the bursting light; 499
The winds loud whizzing through the cordage sigh'd—
" Speed, speed the sail," the raptured Vasco cried;
" Aloft, aloft, this, this the gale of Heaven;
By Heaven our guide th' auspicious sign is given:
Mine eyes beheld the messenger divine;
'O fly,' he cried, and gave the favouring sign.
'Here treason lurks.'"—Swift as the captain spake
The mariners spring bounding to the deck,
And now with shouts far-echoing o'er the sea,
Proud of their strength the ponderous anchors weigh. 509
When Heaven again its guardian care display'd [22];
Above the wave rose many a Moorish head——
Conceal'd by night they gently swam along,
And with their weapons sawed the cables strong,
That by the swelling currents whirl'd and tost,
The navy's wrecks might strew the rocky coast:
But now discover'd, every nerve they ply,
And dive, and swift as frighten'd vermin fly.
Now through the silver waves that curling rose,
And gently murmur'd round the sloping prows, 519
The gallant fleet before the steady wind
Sweeps on, and leaves long foamy tracks behind;

[19] Magalhaens, a most celebrated navigator. Neglected by John II. king of Portugal, he offered his service to the kingdom of Spain, under whom he made most important discoveries round the Straits which bear his name, and in the back parts of South America; acquirements, which at this day are of the utmost value to the Spanish empire. Of this hero see further Lusiad X. in the notes.

[20] Tum virgam capit, hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,
Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
Virg. Æn. iv.

[21] Diomede, a tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with human flesh; a thing, says the grave Castera, presque incroyable, almost incredible. Busiris was a king of Egypt, who sacrificed strangers.

Quis—illaudati nescit Busiridis aras?
Virg. Geor. iii.

Hercules vanquished both these tyrants, and put them to the same punishments which their cruelty had inflicted on others. Isocrates composed an oration in honour of Busiris; a masterly example of Attic raillery and satire. To this Castera wisely appeals, to prove the truth of the history of that tyrant.

[22] Having mentioned the escape of the Moorish pilots, Osorius proceeds: Rex deinde hominem magno cum silentio scaphis et lintribus subuitebat, qui securibus anchoralia nocte preciderent. Quod nisi fuisset à nostris singulari Gamæ industria vigilatum, et insidiis sceleratî illius regis occursum, nostri in summum vitæ discrimen incidissent.

While as they sail the joyful crew relate
Their wondrous safety from impending fate;
And every bosom feels how sweet the joy
When dangers past the grateful tongue employ.
The Sun had now his annual journey run,
And blazing forth another course begun,
When smoothly gliding o'er the hoary tide
Two sloops afar the watchful master spied;
Their Moorish make the seaman's art display'd;
Here Gama seems to force the pilot's aid:
One, lone with fear, to certain shipwreck flew;
The keel, dash'd on the shore, escap'd the crew.
The other bravely trusts the generous foe,
And yields, ere slaughter struck the lifted blow,
Ere Vulcan's thunders bellowed. Yet again
The captain's prudence and his wish were vain;
No pilot here his wandering course to guide,
No lip to tell where rolls the Indian tide;
The voyage calm, or perilous, or afar,
Beneath what Heaven, or which the guiding star:
Yet this they told, that by the neighbouring bay
A potent monarch reign'd, whose pious sway
For truth and unblest bounty far renown'd,
Still with the stranger's grateful praise was crown'd.
O'erjoy'd brave Gama heard the tale, which seal'd
The sacred truth that Maia's son reveal'd;
And bids the pilot, ward'd by Heaven his guide,
For fair Melinda turn the helm aside.
'Twas now the jovial season, when the morn
From Taurus flames, when Amalthea's horn
O'er hill and dale the rose-crown'd Flora pours,
And scatters corn and wine, and fruits and flowers.
Right to the port their course the fleet pursued,
And the glad dawn that sacred day renew'd,
When with the spoils of vanquish'd death adorn'd
To Heaven the victor of the tomb return'd.
And soon Melinda's shore the sailors spy;
From every mast the purple streamers fly;
Rich-figur'd tap'stry now supplies the sail,
The gold and scarlet tremble in the gale;
The standard broad its brilliant hues bewrays,
And floating on the wind wide-billowing plays;
Shrill through the air the quivering trumpet sounds,
And the rough drum the rousing march rebounds.
As thus regardful of the sacred day
The festive navy cut the watery way,
Melinda's sons the shore in thousands crowd,
And offering joyful welcome shout aloud:
And truth the voice inspired. Unawed by fear,
With warlike pomp adorn'd, himself sincere,
Now in the port the generous Gama rides;
His stately vessels range their pitchy sides
Around their chief; the bowsprits and the head,
And the lash'd anchors gripe the harbour's bed.
Straight to the king, as friends to generous friends,
A captive Moor the valiant Gama sends.
The Lusian fame the king already knew,
What gulfs unknown the fleet had labour'd through,
What shelves, what tempests dared: his liberal mind
Exults the captain's manly trust to find;
With that ennobling worth, whose fond employ
Befriends the brave, the monarch owns his joy,
Entreats the leader and his weary band
To taste the dews of sweet repose on land,
And all the riches of his cultured fields
Obedient to the nod of Gama yields.
His care meanwhile their present want attends,
And various fowl and various fruits he sends;
The oxen low, the fleecy lambkins bleat,
And rural sounds are echoed through the fleet.
His gifts with joy the valiant chief receives,
And gifts in turn, confirming friendship, gives.
Here the proud scarlet darts its ardent rays,
And here the purple and the orange blaze:
O'er these profuse the branching coral spread,
The coral woodnose in its watery bed[82];
Soft there it creeps, in curving branches thrown;
In air it hardens to a precious stone.
With these a herald, on whose melting tongue
The copious rhetoric of Arabia hung[83],
He sends, his wants and purpose to reveal,
And holy vows of lasting peace to seal.
The monarch sits amid his splendid bands,
Before the regal throne the herald stands,
And thus, as eloquence his lips inspired,
"O king!" he cries, "for sacred truth admired,
Ordain'd by Heaven to bend the stubborn knees
Of haughtiest nations to thy just decrees;
Fear'd as thou art, yet sent by Heaven to prove
That empire's strength results from public love;
To thee, O king, for friendly aid we come;
Nor lawless robbers o'er the deep we roam:
No lust of gold could e'er our breasts inflame
To scatter fire and slaughter where we came;
Nor sword nor spear our harmless hands employ
To seize the careless, or the weak destroy.
At our most potent monarch's dread command
We spread the sail from lordly Europe's strand:
Through seas unknown, through gulfs untried before,
We force our journey to the Indian shore.
"Alas, what rancour fires the human breast!
By what stern tribes are Afric's shores possest!
How many a wile they try'd, how many a snare!
Not wisdom sav'd us, 'twas the Heaven's own care:
Nor harbour only, e'en the barren sands
A place of rest denyd our weary bands:
From us, alas, what harm could prudence fear!
From us so few, their numerous friends so near!
While thus from shore to cruel shore long driven,
To thee conducted by a guide from Heaven,
We come, O monarch, of thy truth assured,
Of hospitable rites by Heaven secured;
Such rites as old Alcinoüs' palace graced[84],
When here Ulysses sat his favour'd guest.
Nor deem, O king, that cold suspicion taints
Our valiant leader, or his wish prevents:
Great is our monarch, and his dread command
To our brave captain interdicts the land
Till Indian earth be trod. What nobler cause
Than loyal faith can wake thy fond applause,
O thou, who know'st the ever-pressing weight
Of kingly office, and the cares of state[85]!

[82] Vimen erat dum stagna subit, procreverat unda
Gemma fuit. Claud.

Sic et coralium, quo primum contigit aurus,
Tempore duruscit, mollis fuit herba sub undis.
Ovid.

[83] There were on board Gama's fleet several persons skilled in the oriental languages.—Osor.

[84] See the eighth Odyssey, &c.

[85] Castera's note on this place is so characteristical of a Frenchman, that the reader will perhaps be pleased to see it transcribed. In his text he says, Toi qui occupes si dignement le rang suprême.—In the note he thus apologizes, Le poete dit, Tens de rey o offició, Toi qui fais le metier de Roi.—"The poet says, 'Thou who holdest the

And hear, ye gracious Heavens, if Gama's heart
Forget thy kindness, or from truth depart,
The sacred light shall perish from the Sun,
And rivers to the sea shall cease to run!"
He spoke:—a murmur of applause succeeds,
And each with wonder own'd the val'rous deeds
Of that bold race, whose flowing vanes had wav'd
Beneath so many a sky, so many an ocean brav'd.
Nor less the king their loyal faith reveres,
And Lisbon's lord in awful state appears,
Whose least command on furthest shores obey'd,
His sovereign grandeur to the world display'd.
Elate with joy, uprose the royal Moor,
And, smiling, thus:—"O welcome to my shore!
If yet in you the fear of treason dwell,
Far from your thoughts th' ungenerous fear expell:
Still with the brave the brave will honour find,
And equal ardour will their friendship bind.
But those who spurn'd you, men alone in show,
Rude as the bestial herd, no worth they know;
Such dwell not here: and since your laws require
Obedience strict, I yield my fond desire.

Though much I wish'd your chief to grace my board,
Fair be his duty to his sovereign lord:
Yet when the morn walks forth with dewy feet
My barge shall wait me to the warlike fleet;
There shall my longing eyes the heroes view,
And holy vows the mutual peace renew.
What from the blustering winds and lengthening tide
Your ships have suffer'd, shall be here supply'd.
Arms and provisions I myself will send,
And, great of skill, a pilot shall attend."
So spoke the king: and now, with purpled ray,
Beneath the shining wave the god of day
Retiring, left the evening shades to spread;
And to the fleet the joyful herald sped.
To find such friends each breast with rapture glows,
The feast is kindled, and the goblet flows;
The trembling comet's instant rays
Bound to the skies, and trail a sparkling blaze:
The vaulting bombs awake their sleeping fire,
And like the Cyclops' bolts, to Heaven aspire:
The bombardiers their roaring engines ply,
And earth and ocean thunder to the sky,
The trump and fife's shrill clarion far around
The glorious music of the fight resound.
Nor less the joy Melinda's sons display,
The sulphur bursts in many an ardent ray,
And to the Heaven ascends in whizzing gyres,
And ocean flames with artificial fires.
In festive war the sea and land engage,
And echoing shouts confess the joyful rage.
So pass'd the night: and now with silvery ray
The star of morning ushers in the day.
The shadows fly before the rosate hours,
And the chill dew hangs glittering on the flowers:
The pruning-hook or humble spade to wield,
The cheerful labourer hastens to the field;
When to the fleet with many a sounding oar
The monarch sails; the natives crowd the shore.
Their various robes in one bright splendour join,
The purple blazes, and the gold-stripes shine;
Nor as stern warriors with the quivering lance,
Or moon-arch'd bow, Melinda's sons advance;
Green boughs of palm with joyful hands they wave,
An omen of the meed that crowns the brave.
Fair was the show the royal barge display'd,
With many a flag of glistening silk array'd,
Whose various hues, as waving through the bay,
Return'd the lustre of the rising day:
And onward as they come, in sovereign state
The mighty king amid his princes sate:
His robes the pomp of eastern splendour show,
A proud turn decks his lordly brow:
The various tissue shines in every fold,
The silken lustre and the rays of gold.
His purple mantle boasts the dye of Tyre,
And in the sun-beam glows with living fire.
A golden chain, the skilful artist's pride,
Hung from his neck; and glittering by his side
The dagger's hilt of star-bright diamond shone,
The girding baldric burns with precious stone;
And precious stone in studs of gold enchased,
The shaggy velvet of his buskins graced:
Wide o'er his head, of various silks inlaid,
A fair umbrella cast a grateful shade.
A band of menials, bending o'er the prow,
Of horn wreath'd round the crooked trumpets blow;
And each attendant barge aloud rebounds
A barbarous discord of rejoicing sounds.

business of a king.' I confess I found a strong inclination to translate this sentence literally. I find much nobleness in it. However, I submitted to the opinion of some friends, who were afraid that the ears of Frenchmen would be shocked at the word *business* applied to a king. It is true, nevertheless, that royalty is a business. Philip II. of Spain was convinced of it, as we may discern from one of his letters. 'Hallo, says he, me thinks embarcads, &c.' I am so entangled and encumbered with the multiplicity of business, that I have not a moment to myself. In truth, we kings had a laborious office,' there is little reason to envy us.' May the politeness of England never be disgusted with the word *business* applied to a king!

"The propriety and artfulness of Homer's speeches have been often and justly admired. Camoens is peculiarly happy in the same department of the epopœia. The speech of Gama's herald to the king of Melinda is a striking instance of it. The compliments with which it begins have a direct tendency to the favours afterwards to be asked. The assurance of the innocence, the purpose of the voyagers, and the greatness of their king, are happily touched. The exclamation on the barbarous treatment they had experienced, "Not wisdom saved us, but Heaven's own care," are masterly insinuations. Their barbarous treatment is again repeated in a manner to move compassion: "Alas! what could they fear, &c." is reasoning joined with the pathos. That they were conducted to the king of Melinda by Heaven, and were by Heaven assured of his truth, is a most delicate compliment, and in the true spirit of the epic poem. The allusion to Alcinous is well timed. The apology for Gama's refusal to come on shore is exceeding artful. It conveys a proof of the greatness of the Portuguese sovereign, and affords a compliment to loyalty, which could not fail to be acceptable to a monarch. In short, the whole of the speech supplicates warmly, but at the same time in the most manly manner; and the adjuration concludes it with all the appearance of warmth and sincerity. Eustathius would have written a whole chapter on such a speech in the Iliad or Odyssey.

With equal pomp the captain leaves the fleet,
Melinda's monarch on the tide to greet:
His barge node on amidst a splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain:
With fair embroidery shone his armed breast[28],
For polish'd steel supply'd the warrior's vest;
His sleeves, beneath, were silk of pulv blue,
Above, more loose, the purple's brightest hue
Hung as a scarf, in equal gatherings roll'd,
With golden buttons and with hoops of gold:
Bright in the sun the polish'd radiance burns,
And the dimm'd eye-ball from the lustre turns.
Of crimson satin, dazzling to behold,
His cassock swell'd in many a curving fold;
The make was Gallic, but the lively bloom
Confess'd the labour of Venetia's loom:
Gold was his sword, and warlike trowsers, laced
With thongs of gold, his manly legs embraced:
With graceful mien his cap aslant was turn'd;
The velvet cap a nodding plume adorn'd.
His noble aspect, and the purple's ray,
Amidst his train the gallant chief bewray.
The various vestments of the warrior train,
Like flowers of various colours on the plain,
Attract the pleased beholder's wondering eye,
And with the splendour of the rainbow vie.
Now Gama's hands the quivering trumpet blow,
Thick o'er the wave the crowding barges row,
The Moorish flags the curling waters sweep,
The Lusian mortars thunder o'er the deep;
Again the fiery roar Heaven's concave tears,
The Moors astonish'd stop their wounded ears:
Again loud thunders rattle o'er the bay,
And clouds of smoke wide-rolling blot the day;
The captain's barge the generous king ascends,
His arms the chief enfold; the captain bends,
A reverence to the sceptred grandeur due:
In silent awe the monarch's wondering view
Is fix'd on Vasco's noble mien[29]; the while
His thoughts with wonder weigh the hero's toil.
Esteem and friendship with his wonder rise,
And free to Gama all his kingdom lies.
Though never son of Lusus' race before
Had met his eye, or trod Melinda's shore,
To him familiar was the mighty name,
And much his talk extols the Lusian fame;
How through the vast of Afric's wildest bound
Their deathless feats in gallant arms resound;
When that fair land where Hesper's offspring reign'd,
Their valour's prize the Lusian youth obtain'd.
Much still he talk'd, enraptured of the theme,
Though but the faint vibrations of their fame
To him had echoed. Pleased his warmth to view,
Convinced his promise and his heart were true,
The illustrious Gama thus his soul express'd,
And own'd the joy that labour'd in his breast:

"O thou, benign, of all the tribes alone,
Who feel the rigour of the burning zone,
Whose piety, with mercy's gentle eye
Beholds our wants, and gives the wish'd supply;
Our navy driven from many a barbarous coast,
On many a tempest-harrowed ocean tost,
At last with thee a kindly refuge finds,
Safe from the fury of the howling winds.
O generous king, may he whose mandate rolls
The circling Heavens, and human pride controls,
May the Great Spirit to thy breast return
That needful aid, bestowed on us forlorn!
And while yon Sun emits his rays divine,
And while the stars in midnight azure shine,
Where'er my sails are stretch'd the world around,
Thy praise shall brighten, and thy name resound."
He spoke; the painted barges swept the flood,
Where, proudly gay, the anchor'd navy rode;
Earnest the king the lordly fleet surveys;
The mortars thunder, and the trumpets raise
Their martial sounds Melinda's sons to greet;
Melinda's sons with timbrels hail the fleet.
And now no more the sulphury tempest roars;
The boatmen leaning on the rested oars
Breathe short; the barges now at anchor moor'd,
The king, while silence listen'd round, implored
The glories of the Lusian wars to hear,
Whose faintest echoes long had pleased his ear:
Their various triumphs on the Afric shore
O'er those who hold the son of Hagar's lore,
Fond he demands, and now demands again
Their various triumphs on the western main:
Again, ere readiest answer found a place,
He asks the story of the Lusian race;
What god was founder of the mighty line,
Beneath what heaven their land, what shores adjoin;
And what their climate, where the sinking day
Gives the last glimpse of twilight's silvery ray.
"But most, O chief," the zealous monarch cries,
"What raging seas you braved, what louring skies;
What tribes, what rites you saw; what savage hate
On our rude Afric proved your hapless fate:
O tell! for lo, the chilly dawning star
Yet rides before the morning's purple car;
And o'er the wave the Sun's bold coursers raise
Their flaming fronts, and give the opening blaze;
Soft on the glassy wave the zephyrs sleep,
And the still billows holy silence keep.
Nor less are we, undaunted chief, prepared
To hear thy nation's gallant deeds declared;
Nor think, though scorch'd beneath the car of day,
Our minds too dull the debt of praise to pay;
Melinda's sons the test of greatness know,
And on the Lusian race the palm bestow.
"If Titan's giant brood[30] with impious arms
Shook high Olympus' brow with rude alarms;
If Theseus and Pirithous dared invade
The dismal horrours of the Stygian shade,
Nor less your glory, nor your boldness less,
That thus exploring Neptune's last recess
Contemn his waves and tempests! If the thirst
To live in fame, though famed for deeds accurst,
Could urge the caitiff, who to win a name
Gave Ilian's temple to the wasting flame;

[28] Camoëns seems to have his eye on the picture of Gama, which is thus described by Faria y Sousa: "He is painted with a black cap, cloak and breeches edged with velvet, all slashed, through which appears the crimson lining, the doublet of crimson satin, and over it his armour inlaid with gold."

[29] The admiration and friendship of the king of Melinda, so much insisted on by Camoëns, is a judicious imitation of Virgil's Dido. In both cases such preparation was necessary to introduce the long episodes which follow.

[30] For a defence of the king of Melinda's learning, ignorantly objected to by Voltaire, see the preface.

If such the ardour to attain renown,
How bright the lustre of the hero's crown,
Whose deeds of fair emprise his honours raise,
And bind his brows, like thine, with deathless bays!"

LUSIAD III.

Oh now, Calliope, thy potent aid!
What to the king th' illustrious Gama said
Clothe in immortal verse. With sacred fire
My breast, if e'er it loved thy lore, inspire:
So may the patron of the healing art,
The god of day, to thee consign his heart!
From thee, the mother of his darling son[1],
May never wandering thought to Daphne run!
May never Clytia, nor Leucothoe's pride
Henceforth with thee his changeful love divide!
Then aid, O fairest nymph, my fond desire,
And give my verse the Lusian warlike fire:
Fired by the song, the listening world shall know
That Agamippe's streams from Tagus flow.
Oh, let no more the flowers of Pindus shine
On thy fair breast, or round thy temples twine:
On Tagus's banks a richer chaplet blows,
And with the tuneful god my bosom glows:
I feel, I feel the mighty power infuse,
And bathe my spirit in Aonian dews!

Now silence wooed th' illustrious chief's reply,
And keen attention watch'd on every eye;
When slowly turning with a modest grace,
The noble Vasco raised his manly face;
"O mighty king[2]," he cries, "at thy command
The martial story of my native land
I tell; but more my doubtful heart had joy'd
Had other wars my praiseful lips employ'd.
When men the honours of their race commend,
The doubts of strangers on the tale attend:
Yet though reluctance falter on my tongue,
Though day would fail a narrative so long,
Yet well assured no fiction's glare can raise,
Or give my country's fame a brighter praise;
Though less, far less, whate'er my lips can say,
Than truth must give it, I thy will obey.

"Between that zone where endless winter reigns,
And that where flaming heat consumes the plains;
Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
The queen of arts and arms, fair Europe, lies.
Around her northern and her western shores,
Throng'd with the finny race old Ocean roars;
The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,
Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.

[1] Calliope, the Muse of epic poesy, and mother of Orpheus. Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, flying from Apollo, was turned into the laurel. Clytia was metamorphosed into the sun-flower; and Leucothoe, who was buried alive by her father for yielding to the solicitations of Apollo, was by her lover changed into an incense tree. The physical meaning of these fables is obvious.

[2] The preface to the speech of Gama, and the description of Europe which follows, are happy imitations of the manner of Homer. When Camoëns describes countries, or musters an army, it is after the example of the great models of antiquity. By adding some characteristical feature of the climate or people, he renders his narrative pleasing, picturesque, and poetical.

Against the rising morn, the northmost bound
The whirling Tanais parts from Asian ground,
As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold
Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
To dull Maeotis' lake: her eastern line,
More to the south, the Phrygian waves confine;
Those waves, which, black with many a navy, bore
The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
Where now the seamen rest in mournful joy
Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
Wide to the north beneath the pole she spreads;
Here piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
Here winds on winds in ruddiest tempests rowl,
The valleys sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
On the rude cliffs with frosty spangles gray,
Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;
Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,
The streams and seas eternal frost confines.
Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controll'd,
Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,
Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.
Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,
Here Norway's wastes, where harvest never smil'd,
Whose groves of fir in gloomy horrour frown,
Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.
Here Scandia's clime her rugged shores extends,
And far projected, through the ocean bends;
Whose sons[3] dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears,
And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.

[3] In the year 409 the city of Rome was sacked and Italy laid desolate by Alaric, king of the Scandian and other northern tribes. In mentioning this circumstance Camoëns has not fallen into the common error of little poets, who on every occasion bewail the outrage which the Goths and Vandals did to the arts and sciences. Those arts and sciences, however, which give vigour to the mind, long ere the irruption of the northern tribes were in the most languid state. The southern nations of Europe were sunk into the most contemptible degeneracy. The sciences, with every branch of manly literature, were almost unknown. For near two centuries no poet or writer of note had adorned the Roman empire. Those arts only, the abuse of which has a certain and fatal tendency to enervate the mind, the arts of music and cookery, were passionately cultivated in all the refinements of effeminate abuse. The art of war was too laborious for their delicacy, and the generous warmth of heroism and patriotism was incompatible with their effeminacy. Whoever reads the history of the later emperors of Rome will find it hard to explain how minds illuminated, as it is pretended, by letters and science, could at the same time be so broken as to suffer the basest subjection to such weak and wanton tyrants. That the general mind of the empire did suffer, for several centuries, the weakest and most capricious tyranny, is a fact beyond dispute, a fact, which most strongly marks their degenerated character. On these despicable Sybarites* the North poured her brave and hardy sons, who, though ignorant of polite litera-

* Sybaris, a city in Grecia Magna, whose inhabitants were so effeminate, that they ordered all the cocks to be killed, that they might not be disturbed by their early crowing.

When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
Here the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane,
Hoist the white sail, and plough the foamy way,
Cheer'd by whole months of one continual day.
Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide
Livonia's sons and Russia's hordes reside.
Stern as their clime the tribes, whose sires of yore
The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.
Where, famed of old, th' Hercynian forest low'r'd,
Oft seen in arms the Polish troops are pour'd
Wide ravaging the downs. The Saxon race,
The Hungar dext'rous in the wild-boar chase,
The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave,
The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave,
Of various tongues, for various princes known,
Their mighty lord the German emperor own.
Between the Danube and the lurid tide
Where hapless Helle left her name, and died,
The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
Mount Haemus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
And here those happy lands where genius shone
In all the arts, in all the Muse's charms,
In all the pride of elegance and arms,
Which to the Heavens resounded Greece's name,
And left in every age a deathless fame.
The stern Dalmatians till the neighb'ring ground;
And where Antenor anchor'd in the sound,
Proud Venice as a queen majestic towers,
And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,
While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's dread lord.

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shows;
Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws;
The dashing waves the rampart's aid supply;
The hoary Alps, high towering to the sky,
From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
And low'r destruction on the hostile tread.
But now no more her hostile spirit burns;
There now the saint in humble vespers mourns;
To Heaven more grateful than the pride of war,
And all the triumphs of the victor's car.
Onward fair Gallia opens to the view
Her groves of olive, and her vineyards blue:
Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.
Here Seyn,—how fair when glistening to the Moon!
Rolls his white wave! and here the cold Garoon;
Here the deep Rhine the flowery margin laves;
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows
Of hoar Pyrene[4], rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.
And now, as head of all the bodily train
Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain[5].
Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone;
Short was the triumph of her haughty foes,
And still with fairer bloom her honours rose.
Where, fed'd with blood the struggling current boil,
Fam'd for the gallic Theban's latest toil[6],
Against one coast the Punic strand extends,
And round her breast the midland ocean bends:
Around her shores two various oceans swell,
And various nations in her bosom dwell;
Such deeds of valour dignify their names,
Each the imperial right of honour claims.
Proud Arragon, who twice her standard rear'd
In conquer'd Naples; and for art revered,
Galicia's prudent sons; the fierce Navar;
And he far dreaded in the Moorish war,

tore, were possessed of all the manly virtues of the Scythians in a high degree*. Under their conquests Europe wore a new and a vigorous face; and which, however rude, was infinitely preferable to that languid and sickly female countenance which it had lately worn. Even the ideas of civil liberty were lost. But the rights of mankind were claimed, however rude their laws, by the northern invaders. And however ignorance may talk of their barbarity, it is to them that England owes her constitution, which, as Montesquieu observes, they brought from the woods of Saxony. The spirit of gallantry and romantic attachment to the fair sex, which distinguished the northern heroes, will make their manners admired, while, considered in the same point, the polished ages of Greece and Rome excite our horrour and detestation. To add no more, it is to the irruptions of these brave barbarians that modern Europe owes those remains of the spirit of liberty, and some other of the greatest advantages which she may at present possess. They introduced a vigour of mind, which, under the consequences of the crusades, and a variety of other causes, has not only been able to revive the arts and improve every science, but has also investigated and ascertained the political interest and rights of mankind, in a manner unknown to the brightest ages of the ancient world.

* See Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, disert. ii. p. 3.

[4] She was daughter to Bebryx, a king of Spain, and concubine to Hercules. Having one day wandered from her lover, she was destroyed by wild beasts, on one of the mountains which bear her name. Diodorus Siculus, and others, derive the name of the Pyrenean from πῦρ, *fire*. To support which etymology they relate, that by the negligence of some shepherds the ancient forests on these mountains were set on fire, and burned with such vehemence, that the melted metals spouted out and ran down from the sides of the hills. The allusion to this old tradition is in the true spirit of Homer and Virgil.—*C.*

[5] It is remarkable, that in this description of Europe, England should be entirely omitted; of so little consequence in the political scale did she then seem. The time when Camoëns wrote this may be estimated from the beginning of the seventh book, which appears to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII. though the Lusiad was not published till the fourteenth of Elizabeth.

[6] Hercules, says the fable, to crown his labours, separated the two mountains Calpe and Abyla, the one now in Spain, the other in Africa, in order to open a canal for the benefit of commerce. Upon this opening, the ocean rushed in, and formed the Mediterranean, the Egean, and Euxine seas.

The bold Asturian; nor Sevilla's race,
Nor thine, Granada, claim the second place.
Here to the heroes who command the plain
By Ilitis water'd; here, the pride of Spain,
The brave Castilian pauses o'er his sword,
His country's dread deliverer and lord.
Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair Lusitania smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle evening pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty king, the sacred earth,
This the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth.
And oh, would bounteous Heaven my prayer regard,
And fair success my per'lous toils reward,
May that dear land my latest breath receive,
And give my weary bones a peaceful grave!
"Sublime the honours of my native land,
And high in Heaven's regard her heroes stand;
By Heaven's decree 'twas theirs the first to quell
The Moorish tyrants, nid from Spain expell;
Nor could their burning wilds conceal their flight,
Their burning wilds confess'd the Lusian might.
From Lusus famed, whose honour'd name we bear,
(The son of Bacchus or the bold compeer,)
The glorious name of Lusitania rose,
A name tremendous to the Roman foes,
When her bold troops the valiant shepherd led,
And foil'd with rout the Roman eagles fled;
When haughty Rome achiev'd the treach'rous blow[8],
That own'd her terrour of the matchless foe.
But when no more her Viriatus fought,
Age after age her deeper thraldom brought;
Her broken sons by ruthless tyrants spurn'd,
Her vineyards languish'd, and her pastures mourn'd;
Till time revolving raised her drooping head,
And o'er the wondering world her conquests spread.
Thus rose her power: the lands of hardy Spain
Were now the brave Alonzo's wide domain;
Great were his honours in the bloody fight,
And Fame proclaim'd him champion of the right.
And oft the groaning Sarsens's proud crest
And shatter'd mail his awful force confess'd.
From Calpe's summits to the Caspian shore
Loud fame the renown his godlike actions bore,
And many a chief from distant regions came[9]
To share the laurels of Alonzo's fame;

Yet more for holy Faith's unspotted cause
Their spears they wielded, than for Fame's applause.
Great were the deeds their thundering arms display'd,
And still their formidot swords the battle sway'd.
And now to honour with distinguish'd meed
Each hero's worth, the generous king decreed.
The first and bravest of the foreign bands
Hungaria's younger son brave Henry stands[10].
To him are given the fields where Tagus flows,
And the glad king his daughter's hand bestows;
The fair Teresa shines his blooming bride,
And owns her father's love, and Henry's pride.
With her, besides, the sire confirms in d wer
Whate'er his sword might rescue from the Moor;
And soon on Hagar's race the hero pours
His warlike fury—soon the vanquish'd Moors
To him for round the neighbouring lands resign,
And Heaven rewards him with a glorious line.
To him is born, Heaven's gift, a gallant son,
The glorious founder of the Lusian throne.

[7] This boast is according to the truth of history. In the days of Portuguese heroism, this first expulsion of the Moors was esteemed as a mark of the favour with which Heaven had crowned their defence of the Catholic faith. See the Preface.

[8] The assassination of Viriatus. See book I. note 12. p. 634.

[9] Don Alonzo, king of Spain, apprehensive of the superior number of the Moors, with whom he was at war, demanded assistance from Philip I. of France, and of the duke of Burgundy. According to the military spirit of the nobility of that age, no sooner was his desire known than numerous bodies of troops thronged to his standard. These, in the course of a few years, having shown signal proofs of their courage, the king distinguished the leaders with different marks of his regard. To Henry, a younger son of the duke of Burgundy, he gave his daughter Teresa in marriage, with the sovereignty of the countries to the south of Galicia, commissioning him to enlarge his boundaries by the expulsion of the infidels. Under the government of this great man, who reigned by the title of count, his dominion was greatly enlarged, and became more rich and populous than before. The two provinces of Entre Minho e Douro, and Tra los Montes, were obtained, with that part of Beira which was held by the Moorish king of Lamego, whom he constrained to pay tribute. Many thousands of Christians, who had fled to the mountains, took shelter under the protection of count Henry. Great multitudes of the Moors also chose to submit, and remain in their native country under a mild government. These advantages, added to the great fertility of the soil of Henry's dominions, will account for the numerous armies and the frequent wars of the first sovereigns of Portugal.

[10] Camoens, in making the founder of the Portuguese monarchy a younger son of the king of Hungary, has followed the old chronologist Galvan. The Spanish and Portuguese historians differ widely in their accounts of the parentage of this gallant stranger. Some bring him from Constantinople, and others from the house of Lorain. But the clearest and most probable account of him is in the chronicle of Fleury, wherein is preserved a fragment of French history, written by a Benedictine monk in the beginning of the twelfth century, and in the time of count Henry. By this it appears, that he was a younger son of Henry, the only son of Robert, the first duke of Burgundy, who was a younger brother of Henry I. of France. Fanshaw, having an eye to this history, has taken the unwarrantable liberty to alter the fact as mentioned by his author:

Amongst these Henry, saith the history,
A younger son of France, and a brave prince,
Had Portugal in lot——
And the same King did his own daughter tie
To him in wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love——

Nor are historians agreed on the birth of donna Teresa, the spouse of count Henry. Brandan,

Nor Spain's wide lands alone his deeds attest,
Deliver'd Judah Henry's might confess'd [11].
On Jordan's bank the victor hero strode,
Whose hallow'd waters bath'd the Saviour-God;
And Salem's gate her open folds display'd,
When Godfrey conquer'd by the hero's aid.
But now no more in tented fields opposed,
By Tagus' stream his honour'd age he closed;
Yet still his dauntless worth, his virtue lived,
And all the father in the son survived.
And soon his worth was proved; the parrot dame [12]
Avow'd a second hymeneal flame.
The low born spouse assumes the monarch's place,
And from the throne expels the orphan race.
But young Alphonso, like his sires of yore,
(His grandsire's virtues as his name he bore,)
Arms for the fight, his ravish'd throne to win,
And the laced helmet grasps his beardless chin.
Her fiercest firebrands Civil Discord waved;
Before her troops the lustful mother raved;
Lost to maternal love, and lost to shame,
Unawed she saw Heaven's awful vengeance flame;
The brother's sword the brother's bosom tore.
And sad Guimaria's meadows blush'd with gore;
With Lusian gore the peasant's cot was stain'd,
And kindred blood the sacred shrine profaned.

[13] Here, cruel Progne, here, O Jason's wife,
Yet reeking with your children's purple life,
Here glut your eyes with deeper guilt than yours;
Here fiercer rage her fiercer rancour pours.
Your crime was vengeance on the faithless sires,
But here ambition with foul lust conspires.
'T was rage of love, O Scylla [14], urged the knife
That robb'd thy father of his fated life;
Here grosser rage the mother's breast inflames,
And at her guiltless son the vengeance aims;
But aims in vain; her slaughter'd forces yield,
And the brave youth rides victor o'er the field.
No more his subjects lift the thirsty sword,
And the glad realm proclaims the youthful lord.
But ah, how wild the noblest tempers run!
His filial duty now forsakes the son;
Secluded from the day, in clanking chains
His rage the parent's aged limbs constrains.
Heaven frown'd—dark vengeance lowring on his brows,
And sheath'd in brass the proud Castilian rose,
Resolved the rigour to his daughter shown
The battle should avenge, and blood atone.
A numerous host against the prince he sped,
The valiant prince his little army led:
Dire was the shock; the deep riven helms resound,
And foes with foes lie grappling on the ground.
Yet though around the stripling's sacred head
By angel hands ethereal shields were spread;
Though glorious triumph on his valour smiled,
Soon on his van the baffled foe recoil'd:
With bands more numerous to the field he came,
His proud heart burning with the rage of shame.
And now in turn Guimaria's lofty wall,
That saw his triumph, saw the hero fall:
Within the town immured, distrest he lay,
To stern Castilia's sword a certain prey.
When now the guardian of his infant years,
The valiant Egas, as a god appears;
To proud Castel the suppliant noble bows,
And faithful homage for his prince he vows.
The proud Castel accepts his honour'd faith,
And peace succeeds the dreadful scenes of death.
Yet well, alas, the generous Egas knew
His high-soul'd prince to man would never sue,
Would never stoop to brook the servile stain,
To hold a borrow'd, a dependent reign.
And now with gloomy aspect rose the day,
Decreed the plighted servile rites to pay;
When Egas to redeem his faith's disgrace
Devotes himself, his spouse, and infant race.
In gowns of white, as sentenced felons clad,
When to the stake the sons of guilt are led,
With feet unshod they slowly moved along,
And from their necks the knotted halters hung.
'And now, O king,' the kneeling Egas cries,
'Behold my perjured honour's sacrifice:
If such mean victims can atone thine ire,
Here let my wife, my babes, myself expire.
If generous bosoms such revenge can take,
Here let them perish for the father's sake:

and other Portuguese historians, are at great pains to prove that she was the legitimate daughter of Alonzo and the beautiful Ximena de Guzman. But it appears from the more authentic chronicle of Fleury, that Ximena was only his concubine. And it is evident from all the historians, that donna Teresa, the heiress of her father's kingdom, was younger than her half-sister, the wife of count Henry.

[11] His expedition to the Holy Land is mentioned by some monkish writers, but from the other parts of his history it is highly improbable. Camoëns, however, shows his judgment in adopting every traditionary circumstance that might give an air of solemnity to his poem.

[12] Don Alonzo Enriquez, son of count Henry, was only entered into his third year when his father died. His mother assumed the reins of government, and appointed don Fernando Perez de Traba to be her minister. When the young prince was in his eighteenth year, some of the nobility, who either envied the power of don Perez, or were really offended with the reports that were spread of his familiarity with the prince's mother, of his intention to marry her, and to exclude the lawful heir, easily persuaded the young count to take arms, and assume the sovereignty. A battle ensued, in which the prince was victorious. Teresa, it is said, retired into the castle of Legonsso, where she was taken captive by her son, who condemned her to perpetual imprisonment, and ordered chains to be put upon her legs. That don Alonzo made war against his mother, vanquished her party, and that she died in prison about two years after, A. D. 1130, are certain. But the cause of the war, that his mother was married to, or intended to marry, don Perez, and that she was put in chains, are uncertain.

[13] The Scylla here alluded to was, according to fable, the daughter of Nisus king of Megara, who had a purple lock, in which lay the fate of his kingdom. Minos of Crete made war against him, for whom Scylla conceived so violent a passion, that she cut off the fatal lock while her father slept. Minos on this was victorious, but rejected the love of the unnatural daughter, who in despair flung herself from a rock, and in the fall was changed into a lark.

The guilty tongue, the guilty hands are these,
Nor let a common death the wrath appease;
For on let all the rage of torture burn,
But to my prince, thy son, in friendship turn.'
"He spoke, and bow'd his prostrate body low,
As one who waits the lifted salve's blow,
When o'er the block his languid arms are spread,
And death, foretasted, whelms the heart with dread.
So great a leader thus in humbled state,
So firm his loyalty, and zeal so great,
The brave Alonzo's kindled ire subdued,
And lost in silent joy the monarch stood:
Then gave the hand, and sheath'd the hostile sword,
And to such honour honour'd peace restored[14].
"O Lusian faith! o zeal beyond compare!
What greater danger could the Persian dare,
Whose prince in tears, to view his mangled woe,
Forgot the joy for Babylon's o'erthrow[15]?
And now the youthful hero shines in arms,
The banks of Tagus echo war's alarms:
O'er Ourique's wide campaign his ensigns wave,
And the proud Saracen to combat brave.
Though prudence might arraign his fiery rage
That dared, with one, each hundred spears engage,
In Heaven's protecting care his courage lies,
And Heaven, his friend, superior force supplies.
Five Moorish kings against him march along,
Ismar, the noblest of the armed throng;
Yet each brave monarch claim'd the soldier's name,
And far o'er many a land was known to fame.
In all the beauteous glow of blooming years,
Beside each king a warrior nymph appears[16];
Each with her sword her valiant lover guards,
With smiles inspires him, and with smiles rewards.
Such was the valour of the beauteous maid[17],
Whose warlike arm proud Ilion's fate delay'd:
Such in the field the virgin warriors shone,
Who drank the limpid wave of Thermodon[18].
"'T was morn's still hour, before the dawning gray
The stars' bright twinkling radiance died away;
When lo, resplendent in the Heaven serene,
High o'er the prince the sacred cross was seen;
The godlike prince with faith's warm glow inflamed,
'Oh, not to me, my bounteous God,' exclaim'd;
'Oh, not to me, who well thy grandeur know,
But to the Pagan herd thy wonders show.'
"The Lusian host, enraptured, mark'd the sign
That witness'd to their chief the aid divine:
Right on the foe they shake the beamy lance,
And with firm strides, and heaving breasts, advance;
Then burst the silence, 'Hail, O king,' they cry;
'Our king, our king,' the echoing dales reply.
Fired at the sound, with fiercer ardour glows
The heaven-made monarch; on the wareless foes
Rushing, he speeds his ardent hands along:
So when the chase excites the rustic throng,
Roused to fierce madness by their mingled cries,
On the wild bull the red-eyed mastiff flies:
The stern brow'd tyrant roars and tears the ground,
His watchful horns portend the deathful wound;
The nimble mastiff, springing on the foe,
Avoids the furious sharpness of the blow:
Now by the neck, now by the gory sides
Hangs fierce, and all his bellowing rage derides:
In vain his eye-balls burn with living fire,
In vain his nostrils clouds of smoke respire;
His gorge torn down, down falls the furious prize
With hollow thundering sound, and raging dies[19].
Thus on the Moors the hero rush'd along,
Th' astonish'd Moors in wild confusion throng;
They snatch their arms, the hasty trumpet sounds,
With horrid yell the dread alarm rebounds;
The warlike tumult maddens o'er the plain,
As when the flame devours the bearded grain:
The nightly flames the whistling winds inspire,
Fierce through the brinky thicket pours the fire:

[14] The authors of the Universal History, having related the story of Egas, add, "All this is very pleasant and entertaining, but we see no sufficient reason to affirm that there is one syllable of it true."

But though history afford no authentic document of this transaction, tradition, the poet's authority, is not silent. And the monument of Egaz in the monastery of Paço de Souza gives it countenance. Egaz and his family are there represented, in bas relief, in the attitude and garb, says Castera, as described by Camoens.

[15] When Darius laid siege to Babylon, one of his lords, named Zopyrus, having cut off his nose and ears, persuaded the enemy that he had received these indignities from the cruelty of his master. Being appointed to a chief command in Babylon, he betrayed the city to Darius. Vid. Justin.

[16] The Spanish and Portuguese histories afford several instances of the Moorish chiefs being attended in the field of battle by their mistresses, and of the romantic gallantry and Amazonian courage of these ladies. Where this is mentioned, the name of George de Sylveyra ought to be recorded. When the Portuguese assisted the king of Mefiida against his enemy of Oja, they gave a signal defeat to the Moors in a forest of palm-trees. In the pursuit Sylveyra saw a Moor leading off a beautiful young woman through a by-path of the wood. He pursued, and the Moor, perceiving his danger, discovered the most violent agitation for the safety of his mistress, whom he entreated to fly while he fought his enemy. But she with equal emotion refused to leave him, and persisted in the resolution to share his fate. Sylveyra, struck with this tender strife of affection, generously left them, exclaiming, "God forbid that my sword should interrupt such love!"

[17] Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, who, after having signalized her valour at the siege of Troy, was killed by Achilles.

[18] A river of Scythia in the country of the Amazons.

[19] It may, perhaps, be agreeable to the reader to see Homer's description of a bull overpowered, as translated by Pope.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,
Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
(Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead,)
Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
The trembling herdsman far to distance flies;
Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.
Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew;
Mycenian Periphas. Pope, B. xv.

Rous'd by the crackling of the mounting blaze,
From sleep the shepherds start in wild amaze;
They snatch their clothes with many a woeful cry,
And, scatter'd devious, to the mountains fly.
Such sudden dread the trembling Moors alarms,
Wild and confused they snatch the nearest arms;
Yet flight they scorn, and eager to engage
They spur their fiery steeds, and trust their furious rage:
Amidst the horror of the headlong shock,
With foot unshaken as the living rock,
Stands the bold Lusian hero; like purple wounds
Gush horrible, deep groaning o'er the grounds;
Rerising behind the Moorish backs appear
The shining points of many a Lusian spear;
The mail-coats, hauberks, and the harness steel'd,
Brac'd, hack'd, and torn, lie scatter'd o'er the field;
Beneath the Lusian sweepy force o'erthrown,
Crush'd by their batter'd mails the wounded groan;
Burning with thirst they draw their panting breath,
And curse their prophet as they writhe in death.
Arms sever'd from the trunks still grasp the steel[20],
Heads gasping roll; the fighting squadrons reel;
Faint and weak with languid arms they close,
And staggering grapple with the staggering foes:
So when an oak falls headlong on the lake,
The troubled waters, slowly settling, shake:
So faints the languid combat on the plain,
And settling staggers o'er the heaps of slain.
Again the Lusian fury wakes its fires,
The terrours of the Moors new strength inspires;
The scatter'd few in wild confusion fly,
And total rout resounds the yelling cry.
Defil'd with one wide sheet of reeking gore,
The verdure of the lawn appears no more:
In bubbling streams the lazy currents run,
And shoot red flames beneath the evening Sun.
With spoils encircl'd, with glorious trophies crown'd[21],
The heaven-made sovereign on the battle ground

[20] There is a passage in Xenophon, upon which perhaps Camoëns had his eye. Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἔλαβε ἑ μάχη, ταῦτα ἦν, οἷα μὲν γῆν εἶδες στιβομένην, &c.

[21] When the battle was over one might behold, through the whole extent of the field, the ground purpled with blood, the bodies of friends and enemies stretched over each other, the shields pierced, the spears broken, and the drawn swords, some scattered on the earth, some plunged in the bosoms of the slain, and some yet grasped in the hands of the dead soldiers.

As it was necessary in the preface to give a character of the French translation of the Lusiad, some support of that character is necessary in the notes. To point out every instance of the unpoetical taste of Castera, were to give his paraphrase of every fine passage in Camoëns. His management of this battle will give an idea of his manner; it is therefore transcribed. Le Portugais heurte impetueusement les soldats d'Ismar, les renverse et leur ouvre le sein à coups de lance; on se rencontre, on se choque avec une fureur qui ébranleroit le sommet de montagnes. La terre tremble sous les pas des coursiers fougueux; l'implacable Erinnys voit des blessures énormes et de coups dignes d'elles: les guerriers de Lusus brisent, coupent, taillent, enfoncent plastrons, armures, boucliers, cuirasses et turbans; la Parque étend ses ailes affreuses sur les Mauritains, l'un expire en mordant la poussière, l'autre implore le secours de son prophète; têtes, jambes et bras volent et bondissent de toutes parts, l'œil n'apperçoit que visages couverts d'une pâleur livide, que corps déchirés et qu'entrailles palpitantes. Had Castera seriously intended to burlesque his author, he could scarcely have better succeeded. As translation cannot convey a perfect idea of an author's manner, it is therefore not attempted.

[1] The attack was with such fury that it might shake the tops of the mountains: This bombast, and the wretched anticlimax ending with turbans, are not in the original; from which indeed the whole is extremely wide. But be added any poetical image, any flower to the embroidery of his author, the richness of the richness of the tissue would have rendered his work more pleasing. It was therefore his interest to do so. But it was not in the feelings of Castera to translate the Lusiad with the spirit of Camoëns.

[21] This memorable battle was fought in the plains of Ourique, in 1139. The engagement lasted six hours; the Moors were totally routed with incredible slaughter. On the field of battle Alonzo was proclaimed king of Portugal. The Portuguese writers have given many fabulous accounts of this victory. Some affirm, that the Moorish army amounted to 360,000; others, 480,000, and others swell it to 600,000; whereas don Alonzo's did not exceed 13,000. Miracles must also be added. Alonzo, they tell us, being in great perplexity, sat down to comfort his mind by the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Having read the story of Gideon, he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he saw a very old man in a remarkable dress come into his tent and assure him of victory. His chamberlain coming in, waked him, and told him there was an old man very importunate to speak with him. Don Alonzo ordered him to be brought in, and no sooner saw him than he knew him to be the old man whom he had seen in his dream. This venerable person acquainted him, that he was a fisherman, and had led a life of penance for sixty years on an adjacent rock, where it had been revealed to him, that if the count marched his army the next morning, as soon as he heard a certain bell ring, he should receive the strongest assurance of victory. Accordingly, at the ringing of the bell, the count put his army in motion, and suddenly beheld in the eastern sky the figure of the cross, and Christ upon it, who promised him a complete victory, and commanded him to accept the title of king, if it was offered him by the army. The same writers add, that as a standing memorial of this miraculous event, don Alonzo changed the arms which his father had given, of a cross azure in a field argent, for five escutcheons, each charged with five bezants, in memory of the five wounds of Christ. Others assert, that he gave in a field argent five escutcheons azure, in the form of a cross, each charged with five bezants argent, placed saltierwise, with a point sable, in memory of five wounds he himself received, and of five Moorish kings slain in the battle. There is an old record, said to be written by don Alonzo, in which the story of the vision is related upon his majesty's oath. The Spanish critics, however, have disco-

Three days encampt, to rest his weary train,
Whose dauntless valour drove the Moors from Spain.

vered many inconsistencies in it. They find the language intermixed with phrases not then in use; it bears the date of the year of our Lord, at a time when that era had not been introduced into Spain; and John, bishop of Coimbra, signs as a witness before John, metropolitan of Braga, which is contrary to ecclesiastical rule. These circumstances, however, are not mentioned to prove the falsehood of the vision, but to vindicate the character of don Alonzo from any share in the oath which passed under his name. The truth is, the Portuguese were always unwilling to pay any homage to the king of Castile. They adorned the battle which gave birth to their monarchy, with miracle, and the new sovereignty with a command from Heaven, circumstances extremely agreeable both to the military pride and the superstition of these times. The regal dignity and constitution of the monarchy, however, were not settled till about six years after the battle of Ourique. "For mankind," say the authors of the Universal History, "were not then so ignorant and barbarous as to suffer a change of government to be made without any farther ceremony than a tumultuous huzza." An account of the coronation of the first king of Portugal, and the principles of liberty which then prevailed in that kingdom, are worthy of our attention. The arms of don Alonzo having been attended with great success, in 1143, he called an assembly of the prelates, nobility, and commons, at Lamego. When the assembly opened, he appeared seated on the throne, but without any other marks of regal dignity. Laurence de Viegas then demanded of the assembly, whether, according to the election on the field of battle at Ourique, and the briefs of pope Eugenius III. they chose to have don Alonzo Enriquez for their king? To this they answered, they were willing. He then demanded, if they desired the monarchy should be elective or hereditary. They declared their intention to be, that the crown should descend to the heirs male of Alonzo. Laurence de Viegas then asked, "Is it your pleasure that he be invested with the ensigns of royalty?" He was answered in the affirmative; and the archbishop of Braga placed the crown upon his head, the king having his sword drawn in his hand. As soon as crowned, Alonzo thus addressed the assembly: "Blessed be God, who has always assisted me, and has enabled me, with this sword, to deliver you from all your enemies. I shall ever wear it for your defence. You have made me a king, and it is but just that you should share with me in taking care of the state. I am your king, and as such let us make laws to secure the happiness of this kingdom." Eighteen short statutes were then framed, and assented to by the people. Laurence de Viegas at length proposed the great question, whether it was their pleasure that the king should go to Leon, to do homage and pay tribute to that prince, or to any other. On this, every man, drawing his sword, cried with a loud voice, "We are free, and our king is free; we owe our liberty to our courage. If the king should at any time submit to such an act, he deserves death, and shall not reign either over us, or among us." The king then, rising up, approved this declaration, and declared that if any of his descendants consented to such a submission, he was unworthy to succeed, should be reputed incapable of wearing the crown, and that the election of another sovereign should immediately take place.

And now in honour of the glorious day,
When five proud monarchs fell his vanquish'd prey,
On his broad buckler, unadorn'd before,
Plac'd as a cross, five azure shields he wore
In grateful memory of the heavenly sign,
The pledge of conquest by the aid divine [92].
Nor long his falchion in the scabbard slept,
His warlike arm increasing laurels reapt:
From Leyra's walls the baffled lunar flies,
And strong Arronches falls his conquer'd prize; 430
That honour'd town, through whose Elysian groves
Thy smooth and limpid wave, O Tagus, roves.
To' illustrious Santarene confess'd his power,
And vanquish'd Mafra yields her proudest tower.
The lunar mountains saw his troops display
Their marching banners and their brave array;
To him submits fair Cintra's cold domain,
The soothing refuge of the Naiad train, [shun:
When love's sweet snares the pining nymphs would
Alas, in vain from warmer climes they run: 440
The cooling shades awake the young desires,
And the cold fountains cherish love's soft fires.
And thou, fam'd Lisbon, whose embattled wall
Rose by the hand that wrought proud Ilion's fall [93];
The queen of cities, whom the seas obey,
Thy dreaded ramparts own'd the hero's sway [94].

[92] Faunhaw's translation of this is curious. It is literal in the circumstances, but the debasements marked in Italic are his own:

In these five shields he paints the *recompense*
(*Os trinta dinheiros*, the thirty denarii, says Camoëns,)
For which the Lord was sold, in various ink
Writing his history, who did dispense
Such favour to him, more than heart could think.
(Writing the remembrance of him, by whom he was favoured, in various colours. Camoëns.)
In every of the five he paints *five-pense*
So sums the thirty *by a cinque fold cinque*
Accounting that which is the center, twice,
Of the five cinques, which he doth place cross-wise.

[93] The tradition that Lisbon was built by Ulysses, and thence called Olyssipolis, is as common as that (and of equal authority with it) which says that Brute landed a colony of Trojans in England, and gave the name of Britannia to the island.

[94] The conquest of Lisbon was of the utmost importance to the infant monarchy. It is one of the finest ports in the world, and, ere the invention of cannon, was of great strength. The old Moorish wall was flanked by seventy-seven towers, was about six miles in length, and fourteen in circumference. When besieged by don Alonzo, according to some, it was garrisoned by an army of 200,000 men. This, not to say impossible, is highly incredible. That it was strong, however, and well garrisoned, is certain. It is also certain, that Alonzo owed the conquest of it to a fleet of adventurers, who were going to the Holy Land, the greatest part of whom were English. One Udal ap Rhys, in his tour through Portugal, says that Alonzo gave them Almada, on the side of the Tagus opposite to Lisbon, and that Villa Franca

Far from the north a warlike navy bore
From Elbe, from Rhine, and Albion's misty shore,
To rescue Salem's long-polluted shrine;
Their force to great Alonzo's force they join:
Before Ulyssa's walls the navy rides,
The joyful Tagus laves their pitchy sides.
Five times the Moon her empty horns conceal'd,
Five times her broad effulgence shone reveal'd,
When, wrapt in clouds of dust, her mural pride
Falls thundering,—black the smoking breach yawns wide.
As when th' imprison'd waters burst the mounds,
And roar, wide sweeping, o'er the cultur'd grounds,
Nor cot nor fold withstand their furious course;
So headlong rush'd along the hero's force.
The thirst of vengeance the assailants fires,
The madness of despair the Moors inspires;
Each lane, each street resounds the conflict's roar,
And every threshold reeks with tepid gore.
Thus fell the city, whose unconquer'd towers[95]
Defy'd of old the handed Gothic powers,
Whose harden'd nerves in rigorous effluates train'd
The savage courage of their souls sustain'd;
Before whose sword the sons of Ebro fled,
And Tagus trembled in his ooze bed;
As'd by whose arms the lawns of Betis' shore
The name Vandalia from the Vandals bore.
When Lisboa's towers before the Lusian fell,
What fort, what rampart might his arms repell!
Estremadura's region owns him lord,
And Torres-vedras bends beneath his sword;
Obidos humbles, and Alamquer yields,
Alamquer famous for her verdant fields,
Whose murmuring rivulets cheer the traveller's way,
As the chill waters o'er the pebbles stray.
Elva the green, and Moura's fertile dales,
Fair Serpa's tillage, and Alcazar's vales
Not for himself the Moorish peasant sows;
For Lusian hands the yellow harvest glows:
And you, fair lawns, beyond the Tagu's wave,
Your golden burdens for Alonzo save; [claim,
Soon shall his thundering might your wealth re-
And your glad valleys hail the monarch's name.
Nor sleep his captains while the sovereign wars:
The brave Giraldo's sword in conquest shares;
Evora's frowning walls, the castled hold
Of that proud Roman chief, and rebel bold,
Sertorius dread, whose labours still remain[96];
Two hundred arches, stretch'd in length, sustain
The marble duct, where, glistening to the sun,
Of silver hue the shining waters run.
Evora's frowning walls now shake with fear,
And yield obedient to Giraldo's spear.
Nor rests the monarch while his servants toil,
Around him still, increasing trophies smile,
And deathless fame repays the hapless fate
That gives to human life so short a date.
Proud Beja's castled walls his fury storms,
And one red slaughter every lane deforms. [cold,
The ghosts, whose mangled limbs, yet scarcely
Heapt on Trancoso's streets in carnage roll'd,
Appeas'd, the vengeance of their slaughter see,
And hail th' indignant king's severe decree.
Palmela trembles on her mountain's height,
And sea-lav'd Zambra owns the hero's might.
Nor these alone confest his hoppy star.
Their fated doom produc'd a nobler war.
Badaja's king, an haughty Moor, beheld
His towns besieg'd, and hasted to the field.
Four thousand coursers in his army neigh'd,
Unnumber'd spears his infantry display'd;
Proudly they march'd, and glorious to behold,
In silver belts they shone, and plates of gold.
Along a mountain's side secure they trod;
Steep on each hand, and rugged was the road;
When as a bull, whose lustful veins betray
The maddening tumult of inspiring May;
If, when his rage with fiercest ardour glows,
When in the shade the fragrant heifer lows,
If then perchance his jealous burning eye
Behold a careless traveller wander by,
With dreadful bellowing on the wretch he flies;
The wretch defenceless torn and trampled dies.
So rush'd Alonzo on the gaudy train,
And pour'd victorious o'er the mangled slain;
The royal Moor precipitates in flight;
The mountain echoes with the wild affright
Of flying squadrons; down their arms they throw,
And dash from rock to rock to shun the foe.
The foe! what wonders may not virtue dare!
But sixty horsemen wag'd the conquering war[97].
The warlike monarch still his toil renews;
New conquest still each victory pursues.
To him Badaja's lofty gates expand,
And the wide region owns his dread command.
When now enrag'd proud Leon's king beheld
Those walls subdu'd which saw his troops expell'd;
Enrag'd he saw them own the victor's sway,
And heins them round with battalous array.
With generous ire the brave Alonzo glows,
By Heaven unguarded, on the numerous foes
He rushes, glorying in his wonted force,
And spurs with headlong rage his furious horse;
The combat burns, the snorting courser bounds,
And paws impetuous by the iron mounds:
O'er gasping foes and sounding hacklers trod
The raging steed, and headlong as he rode
Dash'd the fierce monarch on a rampire bar—
Low grovelling in the dust, the pride of war,
The great Alonzo lies. The captive's fate
Succeeds, alas, the pomp of regal state.
"Let iron dash his limbs," his mother cried, [died;
"And steel revenge my chains:" she spoke, and
And Heaven assented.—Now the hour was come,
And the dire curse was fall'n Alonzo's[98] doom.

was peopled by them, which they called Cornualls, either in honour of their native country, or from the rich meadows in its neighbourhood, where immense herds of cattle are kept, as in the English Cornwall.

[95] This assertion of Camoens is not without foundation, for it was by treachery that Herimeneric, the Goth, got possession of Lisbon.

[96] The aqueduct of Sertorius, here mentioned, is one of the grandest remains of antiquity. It was repaired by John III. of Portugal, about A.D. 1540.

[97] The history of this battle wants authenticity.

[98] As already observed, there is no authentic proof that don Alonzo used such severity to his mother as to put her in chains. Brandan says it was reported that don Alonzo was born with both his legs growing together, and that he was cured by the prayers of his tutor Egas Nuniz. Legendary as this may appear, this however is deducible from it, that from his birth there was something amiss about his legs. When he was prisoner to his

No more, O Pompey, of thy fate complain,
No more with sorrow view thy glory's stain;
Though thy tall standards tower'd with lordly pride
Where northern Phasis rolls his icy tide;
Though hot Syene, where the Sun's fierce ray
Begets no shadow, own'd thy conquering sway;
Though from the tribes that shiver in the gleam
Of cold Bootes' watery glistening team,
To those who, parch'd beneath the burning line,
In fragrant shades their feeble limbs recline,
The various languages proclaim'd thy fame,
And trembling own'd the terrours of thy name;
Though rich Arabia, and Sarmatia bold,
And Colchis, famous for the fleece of gold;
Though Judah's land, whose sacred rites implor'd
The one true God, and, as he taught, ador'd;
Though Cappadocia's realm thy mandate sway'd,
And base Sophenia's sons thy nod obey'd;
Though vext Cilicia's pirates wore thy bands,
And those who culture'd fair Armenia's lands,
Where from the sacred mount two rivers flow,
And what was Eden to the pilgrim show;
Though from the vast Atlantic's bounding wave
To where the northern tempests howl and rave
Round Taurus' lofty brows: though vast and wide
The various climes that bended to thy pride;
No more with pining anguish of regret
Bewail the horrours of Pharsalia's fate:
For great Alonzo, whose superior name
Unequal'd victories consign to fame,
The great Alonzo fell—like thine his woe;
From nuptial kindred came the fatal blow.

When now the hero, humbled in the dust,
His crime aton'd, confess'd that Heaven was just,
Again in splendour he the throne ascends:
Again his bow the Moorish chieftain bends,
Wide round th' embattled gates of Santareen
Their shining spears and banner'd moons are seen.
But holy rites the pious king preferr'd;
The martyr's bones on Vincent's cape interr'd,
(His sainted name the cape shall ever bear [29],)
To Lisbon's walls he brought with votive care,
And now the monarch, old and feeble grown,
Resigns the falchion to his valiant son.
O'er Tago's waves the youthful hero past,
And bleeding hosts before him shrunk aghast:
Chok'd with the slain, with Moorish carnage dy'd,
Sevilla's river roll'd the purple tide.
Burning for victory the warlike boy
Spares not a day to thoughtless rest or joy.
Nor long his wish unsatisfied remains:
With the besiegers' gore he dyes the plains
That circle Beja's walls: yet still untam'd,
With all the fierceness of despair inflam'd,
The raging Moor collects his distant might;
Wide from the shores of Atlas' starry height,
From Amphelusia's cape, and Tingis's bay,
Where stern Antæus held his brutal sway,
The Mauritanian trumpet sounds to arms,
And Juba's realm returns the hoarse alarms;
The swarthy tribes in burnish'd armour shine,
Their warlike march Abeyla's shepherds join.
The great Miramolin [30] on Tago's shores
Far o'er the coast his banner'd thousands pours:
Twelve kings and one beneath his ensigns stand,
And wield their sabres at his dread command.
The plundering bands far round the region haste,
The mournful region lies a naked waste.
And now enclos'd in Santareen's high towers
The brave don Sancho shuns th' unequal powers:
A thousand arts the furious Moor pursues,
And ceaseless still the fierce assault renews.
Huge clefts of rock, from horrid engines whirl'd,
In smouldering volleys on the town are hurl'd;
The brazen ram the lofty turrets shake,
And, min'd beneath, the deep foundations quake:
But brave Alonzo's son, as danger grows,
His pride inflam'd, with rising courage glows;
Each coming storm of missile darts he wards,
Each nodding turret, and each post he guards.

In that fair city, round whose verdant meads
The branching river of Mondego spreads,
Long worn with warlike toils, and bent with years,
The king repos'd, when Sancho's fate he hears.
His limbs forget the feeble steps of age,
And the hoar warrior burns with youthful rage.
His daring veterans, long to conquest train'd,
He leads;—the ground with Moorish blood is stain'd;
Turbans, and robes of various colours wrought,
And shiver'd spears in streaming carnage float.
In harness gay lies many a weltering steed,
And low in dust the groaning masters bleed.
As proud Miramolin in horrour fled,
Don Sancho's javelin stretch'd him with the dead.
In wild dismay, and torn with gushing wounds,
The rout wide scatter'd fly the Lusian bounds.
Their hands to Heaven the joyful victors raise,
And every voice resounds the song of praise;
"Nor was it stumbling chance, nor human might,
"'Twas guardian Heaven," they sung, "that rul'd the fight."

This blissful day Alonzo's glories crown'd;
But pale disease gave now the secret wound;
Her icy hand his feeble limbs invades,
And pining langour through his vitals spreads.
The glorious monarch to the tomb descends,
A nation's grief the funeral torch attends.
Each winding shore for thee, Alonzo, mourns,
Alonzo's name each woeful bay returns [31];

son in-law don Fernando king of Leon, he recovered his liberty ere his leg, which was fractured in the battle, was restored to strength, on condition that as soon as he was able to mount on horseback, he should come to Leon, and in person do homage for his dominions. This condition, so contrary to his coronation agreement, he found means to avoid. He would never more mount on horseback, but, on pretence of lameness, ever after affected to ride in a calash. This his natural, and afterward political, infirmity, the superstitious of those days ascribed to the cares of his mother.

[29] Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneïs nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti.
Virg. Æn. vii.

[30] Not the name of a person, but a title, quasi soldan. The Arabs call it emir-almoumini, the emperor of the faithful.

[31] In this poetical exclamation, expressive of the sorrow of Portugal on the death of Alonzo, Camoëns has happily imitated some passages of Virgil:

—— Ipse te, Tityre, pinus,
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa hæc arbusta vocabant. Ecl. i.

—— Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua,
Ah miseram Eurydicen, anima fugiente, vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ. G. iv.

—— lites, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret. Ecl. vi.

For thee the rivers sigh their groves among,
And funeral murmurs, wailing, roll along;
Their swelling tears o'erflow the wide campaign;
With floating herds, for thee, the yellow grain,
For thee the willow bowers and copses weep,
As their tall boughs lie trembling on the deep;
Adown the streams the tangled vine-leaves flow,
And all the landscape wears the look of woe.
Thus o'er the wondering world thy glories spread,
And thus thy mournful people bow the head;
While still, at eve, each dale Alonzo sighs,
And, Oh, Alonzo! every hill replies;
And still the mountain echoes trill the lay,
Till blushing morn brings on the noiseful day.

The youthful Sancho to the throne succeeds,
Already far renown'd for valorous deeds;
Let Betis ting'd with blood his prowess tell,
And Beja's lawns, where boastful Afric fell.
Nor less, when king, his martial ardour glows,
Proud Sylves' royal walls his troops enclose:
Fair Sylves' lawns the Moorish peasant plough'd,
Her vineyards culture'd, and her valleys sow'd; 690
But Lisbon's monarch reap'd: The winds of Heaven
Roar'd high—and headlong by the tempest driven,
In Tago's breast a gallant navy sought
The sheltering port, and glad assistance brought [32].
The warlike crew, by Frederic the Red,
To rescue Judah's prostrate land were led;
When Guido's troops, by burning thirst subdu'd,
To Saladine the fair for mercy sued [33].
Their vows were holy, and the cause the same,
To blot from Europe's shores the Moorish name. 700
In Sancho's cause the gallant navy joins,
And royal Sylves to their force resigns.

Thus sent by Heaven a foreign naval band
Gave Lisboa's ramparts to the sire's command.
Nor Moorish trophies did alone adorn
The hero's name; in warlike camps though born,
Though fenc'd with mountains, Leon's martial race
Smile at the battle's sign, yet foul disgrace
To Leon's haughty sons his sword achiev'd;
Proud Tui's neck his servile yoke receiv'd; 710
And far around falls many a wealthy town,
O valiant Sancо, humbled to thy frown.
While thus his laurels flourish'd wide and fair,
He dies: Alonzo reigns, his much-lov'd heir.
Alcazar lately conquer'd by the Moor,
Reconquer'd, streams with the defenders' gore.
Alonzo dies: another Sancho reigns:
Alas, with many a sigh the land complains!
Unlike his sire, a vain unthinking boy,
His servants now a jarring sway enjoy. 720
As his the power, his were the crimes of those
Whom to dispense that sacred power he chose.
By various counsels wavering and confused,
By seeming friends, by various arts abused;
Long undetermin'd, blindly rash at last,
Enrag'd, unmann'd, untutor'd by the past.
Yet not like Nero, cruel and unjust,
The slave capricious of unnatural lust:
Nor had he smil'd had flames con sum'd his Troy;
Nor could his people's groans afford him joy: 730
Nor did his woes from female manners spring,
Unlike the Syrian [34], or Sicilia's king.
No hundred cooks his costly meal prepar'd,
As heap'd the board when Rome's proud tyrant
Nor dar'd the artist hope his ear to gain, [far'd [35];
By new-form'd arts to point the stings of pain [36].
But proud and high the Lusian spirit soar'd,
And ask'd a godlike hero for their lord.
To none accustom'd but an hero's sway,
Great must he be whom that bold race obey. 740

Complaint, loud murmur'd, every city fills.
Complaint, loud echo'd, murmurs through the hills.
Alarm'd, Bolonia's warlike earl awakes [37],
And from his listless brother's minions takes

[32] The Portuguese, in their wars with the Moors, were several times assisted by the English and German crusaders. In the present instance the fleet was mostly English, the troops of which nation were, according to agreement, rewarded with the plunder, which was exceeding rich, of the city of Silves.—Nuniz de Leon as cronicas das Reis de Port.

[33] In the reign of Guido, the last Christian king of Jerusalem, the streams which supplied his army with water were cut off by Saladine, the victorious Mamaluke; by which means Guido's army was reduced to submission. During the crusades, the fountains which supplied the Christians had been often perverted and poisoned; and it was believed that some lepers, who had been turned out of the Christian camp, assisted the enemy, by magical arts, in thus destroying them. Hence it was also believed, that every wretch afflicted with the leprosy was a magician, and that by magic they held an universal intelligence with one another over the whole world, on purpose to injure the Christian cause. On this opinion these unhappy objects of compassion were persecuted throughout Europe: several of them were condemned, and burnt at Paris; and where they experienced less severity, they were turned out of the hospitals erected for their reception. It stands upon authentic record, that the poor old lepers of St. Bartholomew's hospital, in the vicinage of Oxford, were severely persecuted for poisoning the fountains near Jerusalem. Such were the gross opinions of mankind, ere enlightened and civilized by the intercourse of commerce.—Fox, Martyr. p. 364. Annal. Mon. Brinton. Os. p. 13.

[34] Sardanapalus.

[35] Heliogabalus, infamous for his gluttony.

[36] Alluding to the story of Phalaris.

[37] Camoëns, who was quite an enthusiast for the honour of his country, has in this instance disguised the truth of history. Don Sancho was by no means the weak prince here represented, nor did the miseries of his reign proceed from himself. The clergy were the sole authors of his and the public calamities. The Roman see was then in the height of its power, which it exerted in the most tyrannical manner. The ecclesiastical courts had long claimed the sole right to try the ecclesiastics; and to prohibit a priest to say mass for a twelvemonth was by the brethren, his judges, esteemed a sufficient punishment for murder, or any other capital crime. Alonzo II. the father of don Sancho, attempted to establish the authority of the king's courts of justice over the offending clergy. For this the archbishop of Braga excommunicated Gonzalo Mendez, the chancellor; and Honorius the pope excommunicated the king, and put his dominions under an interdict. The exterior offices of religion were suspended, the vulgar fell into the utmost dissoluteness of manners; Mahommedism made great advances, and public confusion every where

The awful sceptre.—Soon was joy restor'd,
And soon, by just succession, Lisboa's lord,
Belov'd, Alonzo nath'd the Bold, he reigns;
Nor may the limits of his sire's domains
Confine his mounting spirit. When he led
His smiling consort to the bridal bed,
"Algarbia's realm," he cried, "shall prove thy dower,"
And soon Algarbia conquer'd own'd his power.
The vanquish'd Moors with total rout expell'd,
All Lusus' shores his might unrivall'd held.
And now brave Dinis reigns, whose noble fire
Bespoke the genuine lineage of his sire.
Now heavenly Peace wide wav'd her olive bough,
Each vale display'd the labours of the plough
And smil'd with joy: the rocks on every shore
Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
Wise laws are form'd, and constitutions weigh'd,
And the deep-rooted base of empire laid.
Not Ammon's son with larger heart bestow'd,
Nor such the grace to him the Muses ow'd.
From Helicon the Muses wing their way;
Mondego's flowery banks invite their stay.
Now Coimbra shines Minerva's proud abode;
And fir'd with joy, Parnassus' bloomy god
Beholds another dear-lov'd Athens rise,
And spread her laurels in indulgent skies;
Her wreath of laurels ever green he twines
With threads of gold, and Eocaris[38] adjoins.
Here castle walls in warlike grandeur lower,
Here cities swell and lofty temples tower:
In wealth and grandeur each with other vies;
When old and lov'd the parent monarch dies.
His son, alas, remiss in filial deeds,
But wise in peace and bold in fight, succeeds,
The fourth Alonzo: ever arm'd for war
He views the stern Castrel with watchful care.
Yet when the Libyan nations cross'd the main,
And spread their thousands o'er the fields of Spain,
The brave Alonzo drew his awful steel,
And sprung to battle for the proud Castrel.

*

When Isabel's haughty queen unsheath'd the sword,
And o'er Bydassoa's lawns her legions pour'd;
When dreadful Attila, to whom was given
That fearful name, the Scourge of angry Heaven[39],
The fields of trembling Italy o'er-ran
With many a Gothic tribe and northern clan;
Not such unnumber'd banners then were seen,
As now in far Tartessa's dales convene;
Numidia's bow and Mauritania's spear,
And all the might of Hagar's race was here;
Granada's mongrels join their numerous host,
To those who dar'd the seas from Libya's coast.
Awed by the fury of such ponderous force
The proud Castilian tries each hop'd resource;
Yet not by terrour for himself inspir'd,
For Spain he trembled, and for Spain was fir'd.
His much-lov'd bride his messenger he sends[40],
And to the hostile Lusian lowly bends.
The much-lov'd daughter of the king implor'd,
Now sues her father for her wedded lord.
The beauteous dame approach'd the palace gate,
Where her great sire was thron'd in regal state:
On her fair face deep-settled grief appears,
And her mild eyes are bath'd in glistening tears;
Her careless ringlets, as a mourner's, flow
Adown her shoulders and her breasts of snow:
A secret transport through the father ran,
While thus, in sighs, the royal bride began:
"And know'st thou not, O warlike king," she cried,
"That furious Afric pours her peopled tide,
Her barbarous nations o'er the fields of Spain?
Morocco's lord commands the dreadful train.
Ne'er since the surges lath'd the circling coast,
Beneath one standard march'd so dread an host:
Such the dire fierceness of their brutal rage,
Pale are our bravest youth as palsied age:
By night our fathers' shades confess their fear[41],
Their shrieks of terrour from the tombs we hear:
To stem the rage of these unnumber'd bands,
Alone, O sire, my gallant husband stands;
His little host alone their breasts oppose
To the barb'd darts of Spain's innumerous foes:
Thou, haste, O monarch, thou whose conquering spear
Has chill'd Malacca's sultry waves with fear;
Haste to the rescue of distress'd Castrel,
(Oh! be that smile thy dear affection's seal!)
And speed, my father, ere my husband's fate
Be fix't, and I, deprived of regal state,
Be left in captive solitude forlorn,
My spouse, my kingdom, and my birth to mourn."

*

prevailed. By this policy the holy church constrained the nobility to urge the king to a full submission to the papal chair. While a negotiation for this purpose was on foot Alonzo died, and left his son to struggle with an enraged and powerful clergy. Don Sancho was just, affable, brave, and an enamoured husband. On this last virtue faction first fixed its envenomed fangs. The queen was accused of arbitrary influence over her husband, and, according to the superstition of that age, she was believed to have disturbed his senses by an enchanted draught. Such of the nobility as declared in the king's favour were stigmatized, and rendered odious, as the creatures of the queen. The confusions which ensued were fomented by Alonzo, earl of Bologne, the King's brother, by whom the king was accused as the author of them. In short, by the assistance of the clergy and pope Innocent IV. Sancho was deposed, and soon after died at Toledo. The beautiful queen, donna Mencia, was seized as a prisoner, and conveyed away by one Raymond Porocarrero, and was never heard of more. Such are the triumphs of faction!

[38] Or lady's glove, an herb to which the Druids and ancient poets ascribed magical virtues.

—— Baccare frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.
Virg. Ecl. vii.

[39] A king of the Huns, surnamed The Scourge of God. He lived in the fifth century. He may be reckoned among the greatest of barbarous conquerors.

[40] The princess Mary. She was a lady of great beauty and virtue, but was exceedingly ill used by her husband, who was violently attached to his mistresses, though he owed his crown to the assistance of his father-in law, the king of Portugal.

[41] Camoëns says, "A morte faz espanto." To give this elegance in English required a paraphrase. There is something wildly great, and agreeable to the superstition of that age, to suppose that the dead were troubled in their graves, on the approach of so terrible an army. The French translator, contrary to the original, ascribes this terrour to the ghost only of one prince; by which, this stroke of Camoëns, in the spirit of Shakespeare, is greatly reduced.

In tears, and trembling, spoke the filial queen:
So lost in grief was lovely Venus seen [45],
When Jove, her sire, the beauteous mourner pray'd
To grant her wandering son the promis'd aid.
Great Jove was mov'd to hear the fair deplore,
Gave all she ask'd, and griev'd she ask'd no more.
So griev'd Alonzo's noble heart. And now
The warrior binds in steel his awful brow;
The glittering squadrons march in proud array,
On burnish'd shields the trembling sun-beams play:
The blaze of arms the warlike rage inspires,
And wakes from slothful peace the hero's fires.
With trampling hoofs Evora's plains rebound,
And sprightly neighings echo far around;
Far on each side the clouds of dust arise,
The drum's rough rattling rolls along the skies;
The trumpet's shrilly clangour sounds alarms,
And each heart burns, and ardent pants for arms.
Where their bright blaze the royal ensigns pour'd,
High o'er the rest the great Alonzo tower'd;
High o'er the rest was his bold front admir'd,
And his keen eyes new warmth, new force inspir'd.
Proudly he march'd, and now in Tarif's plain
The two Alonzos join their martial train:
Right to the foe, in battle-rank updrawn,
They pass;—the main untrain and the wide-spread
Afford not foot-room for the crowded foe: [lawn
Aw'd with the horrours of the lifted blow
Pale look'd our bravest heroes. Swell'd with pride,
The foes already conquer'd Spain divide, [stride.
And lordly o'er the field the promis'd victors
So strode in Elah's vale the towering height
Of Gath's proud champion; so with pale affright
The Hebrews trembled, while with impious pride
The huge-limb'd foe the shepherd boy defy'd:
The valiant boy advancing fits the string,
And round his head he whirls the sounding sling;
The monster staggers with the forceful wound,
And his vast bulk lies groaning on the ground.
Such impious scorn the Moor's proud bosom swell'd
When our thin squadrons took the battle-field;
Unconscious of the Power who led us on,
That Power whose nod confounds th' infernal throne;
Led by that Power, the brave Castilian bar'd
The shining blade, and proud Morocco dar'd;
His conquering brand the Lusian hero drew,
And on Granada's sons resistless flew;
The spear-staffs crash, the splinters hiss around,
And the broad bucklers rattle on the ground.
With piercing shrieks the Moors their prophet's
And ours their guardian saint aloud acclaim. [name,
Wounds gush on wounds, and blows resound to blows,
A lake of blood the level plain o'erflows;
The wounded, gasping in the purple tide,
Now find the death the sword but half supplied.
Though wove and quilted by their ladies' hands [46],
Vain were the mail-plates of Granada's bands.

With such dread force the Lusian rush'd along,
Steep'd in red carnage lay the boastful throng.
Yet now distasteful of so light a prize,
Fierce o'er the field the thundering hero flies,
And his bold arm the brave Castilian joins
In dreadful conflict with the Moorish lines.
The parting Sun now pour'd the ruddy blaze,
And twinkling Vesper shot his silvery rays
Athwart the gloom, and clos'd the glorious day,
When low in dust the strength of Afric lay.
Such dreadful slaughter of the boastful Moor
Never on battle-field was heap'd before.
Not he whose childhood vow'd eternal hate
And desperate war against the Roman state,
Though three strong couriers bent beneath the weight
Of rings of gold, by many a Roman knight,
Erewhile, the badge of rank distinguish'd, worn,
From their cold hands at Cannæ's slaughter torn;
Not his dread sword bespread the reeking plain
With such wide streams of gore, and hills of slain;
Nor thine, O Titus, swept from Salem's land
Such floods of ghosts, roll'd down to death's dark strand;
Though ages ere she fell, the prophets old
The dreadful scene of Salem's fall foretold
In words that breathe wild horrour: nor the shore,
When carnage chok'd the stream, so smok'd with gore,
When Marius' fainting legions drank the flood,
Yet warm and purpled with Ambronian blood; [48]
Not such the heaps as now the plains of Tarif strew'd.
While glory thus Alonzo's name adorn'd,
To Lisboa's shores the happy chief return'd,
In glorious peace and well-deserv'd repose,
His course of fame, and honour'd age to close.
When now, O king, a damsel's fate severe [49],
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,

[45] See the first Æneid.

[46] It may perhaps be objected, that this is ungrammatical. But

——————— Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi

and Dryden, Pope &c. often use wove as a participle in place of the harsh-sounding woven, a word almost incompatible with the elegance of versification. The most harmonious word ought therefore to be used; and use will ascertain its definition in grammar. When the spirit of chivalry prevailed, every youthful warrior had his mistress, to whose favour he laid no claim till he had distinguished himself in the ranks of battle. If his first addresses were received, it was usual for the lady to present her lover with some weapon or piece of armour, adorned with her own needle-work; and of the goodness of whose metal and fabric, it was supposed, she was confident.

[48] When the soldiers of Marius complained of thirst, he pointed to a river near the camp of the Ambrones: "There," says he, "you may drink, but it must be purchased with blood." "Lead us on," they replied, "that we may have something liquid, though it be blood." The Romans forcing their way to the river, the channel was filled with the dead bodies of the slain. Vid. Plut.

[49] This unfortunate lady, donna Inez de Castro, was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman, who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal. Her beauty and accomplishments attracted the regard of don Pedro, the king's eldest son, a prince of a brave and noble disposition. La Neufville, le Clede, and other historians, assert, that she was privately married to the prince ere she had any share in his bed. Nor was his conjugal fidelity less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. Afraid, however, of his father's resentment, the severity of whose temper he well knew, his intercourse with donna Inez passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. On the accession of don Pedro the Cruel to the throne of Castile, many of the da-

Disgrac'd his honours—On the nymph's fair head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisboa wore.
'T was thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts controul
The bird's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloy'd,
'T was thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O nymph, the
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile, [while,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bowers,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terrour wak'd thy boding fears,
The conscious stream receiv'd thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms:
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move:
For thee alone his constant passion burn'd,
For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
Ah, hope of bliss too high;—the princely dames
Refus'd, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
He, with an old man's wintery eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
(Alas, the nuptial day was past unknown, [own,)
Which but when crown'd the prince could dare to
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire. [gore,
"Oh, thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroes'
Thou awful terrour of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarm'd, by softness and by love possest!"

Dragg'd from her bower by murderous ruffian bands,
Before the frowning king fair Inez stands; [gore,
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Mov'd the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urg'd the public weal;
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possest,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confest:
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
To Heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound[d];
Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unaw'd, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus:—"O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspir'd by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been mov'd the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a mother's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
O that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould, superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay[e],

granted nobility were kindly received by don Pedro, through the interest of his beloved Inez. The favour shown to these Castilians gave great uneasiness to the politicians. A thousand evils were foreseen from the prince's attachment to his Castilian mistress: even the murder of his children by his deceased spouse, the princess Constantia, was surmised; and the enemies of donna Inez finding the king willing to listen, omitted no opportunity to increase his resentment against the unfortunate lady. The prince was about his 28th year when his amour with his beloved Inez commenced.

[d] Ad cœlum tendens ardentia lumina frustra;
Lumina, nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
Virg. Æn. ii.

[e] It has been observed by some critics, that Milton on every occasion is fond of expressing his admiration of music, particularly of the song of the nightingale, and the full woodland choir. If in the same manner we are to judge of the favourite taste of Homer, we shall find it of a less delicate kind. He is continually describing the feast, the huge chine, the savoury viands on the glowing coals, and the foaming bowl. The ruling passion of Camoëns is also strongly marked in his writings. One may venture to affirm, that there is no poem of equal length which abounds with so many impassioned encomiums on the fair sex, and the power of their beauty, as the Lusiad. The genius of Camoëns seems never so pleased as when he is painting the variety of female charms: he feels all the magic of their allurements, and riots in his descriptions of the happiness and miseries attendant on the passion of love. As he wrote from his feelings, these parts of his works have been particularly honoured with the attention of the world. Tasso and Spenser have copied from his Island of Bliss, and three tragedies have been formed from this episode of the unhappy Inez. One in English, named Elvira;—the other two are by M. de la Motte, a Frenchman, and Luis de Velez Guevara, a Spaniard. How these different writers have handled the same subject is not unworthy of the attention of the critic. The tragedy of M. de la Motte, from which Elvira is copied, is highly characteristic of the French drama. In the Lusiad the beautiful victim expresses the strong emotions of genuine nature. She feels for what her lover will feel for her; the mother rises in her breast, she implores pity for her children; she feels the horrours of death, and would be glad to wander an exile with her babes, where her only solace would be the remembrance of her faithful passion. This however, it appears, would not suit the taste of a Paris

In faith to him who first his love confest,
Who first to love allur'd her virgin breast.

audience. On the French stage the stern Roman heroes must be polite petits-maitres, and the tender Inez a blustering Amazon. Lee's Alexander cannot talk in a higher rant. She not only wishes to die herself, but desires that her children and her husband don Pedro may also be put to death.

Hé bien, seigneur, suivez vos barbares maximes,
On vous amene encor de nouvelles victimes,
Immolez sans remords, et pour nous punir mieux,
Ces gages d'un Hymen si coupable à vos yeux.
Ils ignorent le sang, dont le ciel les a fit naitre,
Par l'arrêt de leur mort faites les reconnaitre,
Consommez votre ouvrage, et que les mêmes coups
Rejoignent les enfans, et la femme, et l'époux.

The Spaniard, however, has followed nature and Camoëns, and in point of poetical merit his play is infinitely superior to that of the Frenchman. Don Pedro talks in the absence of his mistress with the beautiful simplicity of an Arcadian lover, and Inez implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderness of female affection and delicacy. The reader, who is acquainted with the Spanish tongue, will thank me for the following extracts.

Ines. A mis hijos me quitais?
Rey don Alonso, senor,
Porque me quereis quitar
La vida de tantas vezes?
Advertid, senor mirad,
Que el coraçon a pedaços
Dividido me arancais.
Rey. Llevaldos, Alvar Gonçalez.
Ines. Hijos mios, donde vais?
Donde vais sin vuestra madre?
Falta en los hombres piedad?
Adonde vais luzes mais?
Como, que assi me desais
En el mayor desconsuelo
En manos de la crueldad.
Nino Alson. Consuelate madre mia,
Y a Dios te pondas quedar,
Que vamos con nuestro abuelo,
Y no querrá hazernos mal.
Ines. Possible es, senor, rey mio,
Padre, que assi me cerreis
La puerta para el perdon?
* * * *
Aora, senor, aora,
Aora es tiempo de monstrar
El mucho poder que tiene
Vuestra real magestad.
* * * *
Como, senor? vos os vais
Y a Alvar Gonçalez, y a Coello
Inhumanos me entregais?
Hijos, hijos de mi vida,
Dexad me los abraçar;
Alonso, mi vida hijo,
Dionis, a mores, tornad,
Tornad a ver vuestra madre:
Pedro mio, donde estas
Que assi te olvidas de mi?
Possible es que en tanto mal
Me falta tu vista, esposo?
Quien te pudiera avisar
Del peligro en que afligida
Dona Ines tu esposa esta.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh! let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah, let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime:
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Libya's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horrour fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lions roaring, and the tigers yell,
There with mine infant race consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implor'd from human-kind:
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrours of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woeful, hopeless joy."
In tears she utter'd:—As the frozen snow,
Touch'd by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,
So just began to melt his stubborn soul
As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole;
But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urg'd her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffus'd its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow[48]: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd shine:
O fad disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

The drama from which these extracts are taken is entitled, Reynar despues de morir. And as they are cited for the tenderness of the original expression, a translation of them is not attempted.

[48] To give the character of Alonzo IV. will throw light on this inhuman transaction. He was an undutiful son, an unnatural brother, and a cruel father; a great and fortunate warrior, diligent in the execution of the laws, and a Machiavelian politician. That good might be attained by villanous means, was his favourite maxim. When the enemies of Inez had persuaded him that her death was necessary to the welfare of the state, he took a journey to Coimbra, that he might see the lady, when the prince his son was absent on a hunting party. Donna Inez with her children threw herself at his feet. The king was moved with the distress of the beautiful suppliant, when his three counsellors, Alvaro Gonsalez, Diego Lopez Pacheco, and Pedro Coello, reproaching him for his disregard to the state, he relapsed into his former resolution. She was dragged from his presence, and brutally murdered by the hands of his three counsellors, who immediately returned to the king with their daggers reeking with the innocent blood of the princess his daughter-in-law. Alonzo, says La Neufville, avowed the horrid assassination, as if he had done nothing for which he ought to be ashamed.

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
Fulfil'd the mandate of his furious sire;
Disdainful of the frantic matron's prayer,
On fair Polyxena, her last fond care.
He rush'd, his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
While mildly she her raving mother ey'd,
Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and died.
Thus Inez, while her eyes to Heaven appeal,
Resigns her bosom to the murdering steel:
That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
The loveliest face where all the graces reign'd,
Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflam'd,
That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaim'd;
That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,
Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
The flowers that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
Now shrunk and languish'd with her blood im-
As when a rose, erewhile of bloom so gay, [brued.
Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,
Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
So from her cheeks the roses died away,
And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
Round the wan victim the stern murderers stood,
Unmindful of the sure, though future hour,
Sacred to vengeance and her lover's power.
O Sun, couldst thou so foul a crime behold,
Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
A sudden night unwonted horrour cast
O'er that dire banquet, where the sire's repast
The son's torn limbs supplied!—Yet you, ye vales!
Ye distant forests, and ye flowery dales!
When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
You heard her quivering lips on Pedro call;
Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
And Pedro! Pedro! mournful, sigh'd around.
Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill [still.
Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs
To give immortal pity to her woe
They taught the rivulet through her bowers to flow,
And still through violet beds the fountain pours
Its plaintive wailing[49], and is nam'd Amours.
Nor long her blood for vengeance cried in vain:
Her gallant lord begins his awful reign.
In vain her murderers for refuge fly.
Spain's wildest hills no place of rest supply.
The injur'd lover's and the monarch's ire,
And stern-brow'd justice in their doom conspire:
In hissing flames they die, and yield their souls in
fire[50].

Nor this alone his steadfast soul display'd:
Wide o'er the land he wav'd the awful blade

[49] At an old royal castle near Mondego, there is a rivulet called the fountain of Amours. According to tradition, it was here that don Pedro resided with his beloved Inez. The fiction of Camoens, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the spirit of Homer.

[50] When the prince was informed of the death of his beloved Inez, he was transported into the most violent fury. He took arms against his father. The country between the rivers Minho and Douro was laid desolate: but by the interposition of the queen and the archbishop of Braga the prince was softened, and the further horrours of a civil war were prevented. Don Alonzo was not only reconciled to his son, but laboured by every means to oblige him, and to efface from his memory the injury and insult he had received. The prince, however, still continued to discover the strongest marks of affection and grief. When he succeeded to the crown, one of his first acts was a treaty with the king of Castile, whereby each monarch engaged to give up such malecontents as should take refuge in each other's dominions. In consequence of this, Pedro Coello and Alvaro Gonsalez, who, on the death of Alonzo, had fled to Castile, were sent prisoners to don Pedro. Diego Pacheco, the third murderer, made his escape. The other two were put to death with the most exquisite tortures, and most justly merited, if exquisite torture is in any instance to be allowed. After this the king, don Pedro, summoned an assembly of the states at Cantanedes. Here, in the presence of the pope's nuncio, he solemnly swore on the holy gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had secretly, at Braganza, espoused the lady Inez de Castro, in the presence of the bishop of Guarda, and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of the oath. The pope's bull, containing the dispensation, was published; the body of Inez was lifted from the grave, placed on a magnificent throne, and, with the proper regalia, was crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. The corpse was then interred at the royal monastery of Alcobaça, with a pomp before unknown in Portugal, and with all the honours due to a queen. Her monument is still extant, where the statue is adorned with the diadem and the royal robe. This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some degree, and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been; but the cloud which the death of his Inez brought over the natural cheerfulness of his temper, was never totally dispersed.—A circumstance strongly characteristic of the rage of his resentment must not be omitted: when the murderers were brought before him, he was so transported with indignation, that he struck Pedro Coello several blows on the face with the shaft of his whip. Some grave writers have branded this action as unworthy of the magistrate and the hero; and those who will, may add, of the philosopher too: something great, however, belongs to don Pedro. A regard which we do not feel for any of the three, will, in every bosom capable of genuine love, inspire a tender sympathy for the agonies of his heart, when the presence of the inhuman murderers presented to his mind the horrid scene of the butchery of his beloved spouse.

The impression left on the philosophical mind by these historical facts, will naturally suggest some reflections on human nature. Every man is proud of being thought capable of love; and none more so than those who have the least title to the name of lover; those whom the French call les hommes de galanterie, whose only happiness is in variety, and to whom the greatest beauty and mental accomplishments lose every charm after a few months enjoyment. Their satisty they scruple not to con-

Of red-arm'd justice. From the shades of night
He dragg'd the foul adulterer to light:
The robber from his dark retreat was led,
And he who spilt the blood of murder bled.
Unmov'd he heard the proudest noble plead:
Where justice aim'd her sword, with stubborn speed
Fell the dire stroke. Nor cruelty inspir'd,
Noblest humanity his bosom fir'd.
The caitiff, starting at his thoughts, repress
The seeds of murder springing in his breast.
His outstretch'd arm the lurking thief withheld,
For fix'd as fate he knew his doom was seal'd.
Safe in his monarch's care the ploughman reapt,
And proud oppression coward distance kept.
Pedro the Just[51] the peopled towns proclaim,
And every field resounds her monarch's name.

Of this brave prince the soft degenerate son,
Fernando the remiss, ascends the throne,
With arm unnerv'd the listless soldier lay,
And own'd the influence of a nerveless sway:
The stern Castilian drew the vengeful brand,
And strode proud victor o'er the trembling land.
How dread the hour, when injur'd Heaven in rage
Thunders its vengeance on a guilty age!
Unmanly sloth the king, the nation stain'd;
And lewdness, foster'd by the monarch, reign'd:
The monarch own'd that first of crimes unjust,
The wanton revels of adulterous lust:
Such was his rage for beauteous Leonore[52],
Her from her husband's widow'd arms he tore;
Then with unblest, unhallow'd nuptials stain'd
The sacred altar and its rites profan'd.
Alas! the splendour of a crown how vain,
From Heaven's dread eye to veil the dimmest stain!
To conquering Greece, to ruin'd Troy, what woes,
What ills on ills, from Helen's rape arose!
Let Appius own, let banish'd Tarquin tell
On their hot rage what heavy vengeance fell.
One female ravish'd Gibeah's streets beheld[53],
O'er Gibeah's streets the blood of thousands swell'd
In vengeance of the crime; and streams of blood
The guilt of Zion's sacred bard purpl'd[54].
Yet love fell oft with wild delirium blinds,
And fans his basest fires in noblest minds:
The female garb the great Alcides wore,
And for his Omphale the distaff bore[55].

fess, but are not aware, that in doing so, they also confess, that the principle which inspired their passion was gross and selfish. To constitute a genuine love, like that of don Pedro, requires a nobleness and goodness of heart, totally incompatible with an ungenerous mind. The youthful fever of the veins may, for a while, inspire an attachment to a particular object; but an affection so unchangeable and sincere as that of the prince of Portugal, can only spring from a bosom possessed of the finest feelings and of every virtue.

[51] History cannot afford an instance of any prince who has a more eminent claim to the title of just than Pedro. His diligence to correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. He was dreadful to the evil, and beloved by the good; for he respected no persons, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the line of strict justice. An anecdote or two will throw some light on his character. A priest having killed a mason, the king dissembled his knowledge of the crime, and left the issue to the ecclesiastical court, where the priest was punished by one year's suspension from saying mass. Pedro upon this privately ordered the mason's son to revenge the murder of his father. The young man obeyed, was apprehended, and condemned to death. When his sentence was to be confirmed by the king, he inquired what was the young man's trade. He was answered, that he followed his father's. Well then, said the monarch, I shall commute his punishment, and interdict him from meddling with stone or mortar for a year. After this he fully established the authority of the king's courts over the clergy, whom he punished with death when their crimes were capital. When solicited to refer the causes of such criminals to a higher tribunal, by which they tacitly meant that of the pope; he would answer very calmly, "That is what I intend to do: I will send them to the highest of all tribunals, to that of their Maker and mine." Against adulterers he was particularly severe, often declaring it his opinion, that conjugal infidelity was the source of the greatest evils, and that therefore to restrain it was the interest and duty of the sovereign. Though the fate of his beloved Inez chagrined and soured his temper, he was so far from being naturally sullen or passionate, that he was rather of a gay and sprightly disposition, affable and easy of access; delighted in music and dancing; a lover of learning, was himself a man of letters, and an elegant poet. Vide Le Clede, Mariana, Faria.

[52] This lady, named Leonora de Tellez, was the wife of don Juan Lorenzo d'Acugna, a nobleman of one of the most distinguished families in Portugal. After a sham process this marriage was dissolved, and the king privately espoused her, though at that time he was publicly married by proxy to donna Leonora of Arragon. A dangerous insurrection, headed by one Velasquez, a tailor, drove the king and his adulterous bride from Lisbon. Soon after he caused his marriage to be publicly celebrated in the province between the Douro and Minho. Henry king of Castile, informed of the general discontent that reigned in Portugal, marched a formidable army into that kingdom, to revenge the injury offered to some of his subjects, whose ships had been unjustly seized at Lisbon. The desolation hinted at by Camoëns ensued. After the subjects of both kingdoms had severely suffered, the two kings ended the war, much to their mutual satisfaction, by an intermarriage of their bastard children.

[53] See Judges, chap. xix. and xx.

[54] David. See 2 Samuel, chap. iii. 10. "The sword shall never depart from thine house."

[55] Alcidem lanas nere cogit amor. Ovid.

To conclude the notes on this book, it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Camoëns, in this episode, has happily adhered to a principal rule of the epopœia. To paint the manners and characters of the age in which the action is placed, is as requisite in the epic poem, as it is to preserve the unity of the character of an individual. That gallantry of bravery, and romantic cast of the military adventures, which characterized the Spaniards and Portuguese during the Moorish wars, is happily supported by Camoëns in its most just and striking colours. In history we find surprising victories obtained over the infidels: in the Lusiad we find

For Cleopatra's frown the world was lost.
The Roman terrour and the Punic boast,
Cannæ's great victor, for a harlot's smile
Resign'd the harvest of his glorious toil.
And who can boast he never felt the fires,
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,
And the soft heavings of the living snow;
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,
And all the rapturous graces of the fair!
Oh! what defence, if fix'd on him he spy
The languid sweetness of the steadfast eye!
Ye who have felt the dear luxurious smart,
When angel charms oppress the powerless heart,
In pity here relent the brow severe,
And o'er Fernando's weakness drop the tear.

LUSIAD IV.

As the tost vessel on the ocean rolls,
When dark the night, and loud the tempest howls,
When the lorn mariner, in every wave
That breaks and gleams, forebodes his watery grave;
But when the dawn, all silent and serene,
With soft-pac'd ray dispels the shades obscene,
With grateful transport sparkling in each eye,
The joyful crew the port of safety spy:
Such darkling tempests and pretended fate,
While weak Fernando liv'd, appall'd the state; 10
Such, when he died, the peaceful morning rose,
The dawn of joy, and sooth'd the public woes.
As blazing glorious o'er the shades of night,
Bright in his east breaks forth the lord of light,
So valiant John with dazzling blaze appears,
And from the dust his drooping nation rears.
Though spring from youthful passion's wanton loves,
Great Pedro's son in noble soul he proves;
And Heaven announc'd him king by right divine.
A cradled infant gave the wondrous sign[1]: 20
Her tongue had never lisp'd the mother's name,
No word, no mimic sound her lips could frame,
When Heaven the miracle of speech inspir'd;
She rais'd her little hands, with rapture fir'd,
"Let Portugal," she cried, "with joy proclaim
The brave don John, and own her monarch's name."
The burning fever of domestic rage
Now wildly rav'd, and mark'd the barb'rous age;
Through every rank the headlong fury ran,
And first red slaughter in the court began, 30
Of spousal vows, and widow'd bed defil'd,
Loud fame the beauteous Leonore revil'd.
The adulterous noble in her presence bled, [dead.
And torn with wounds his numerous friends lay
No more those ghastly deathful sights amaze,
When Rome wept tears of blood in Sylla's days;
More horrid deeds Ulysses' towers beheld[2]:
Each cruel breast where rankling envy swell'd,
Accus'd his foe as minion of the queen;
Accus'd, and murder clos'd the dreary scene. 40
All holy ties the frantic transport brav'd,
Nor sacred priesthood nor the altar sav'd.
Thrown from a tower, like Hector's son of yore,
The mitred head[3] was dash'd with brains and gore.
Ghastly with scenes of death, and mangled limbs,
And black with clotted blood each pavement swims.
With all the fierceness of the female ire,
When rage and grief to tear the breast conspire,
The queen beheld her power, her honours lost[4],
And ever when she slept th' adulterer's ghost, 50

[1] the heroes breathing that enthusiasm which led them to conquest, that enthusiasm of military honours so strongly expressed by Alonzo V. of Portugal, at the siege of Arzilla. In storming the citadel, the count de Marialva, a brave old officer, lost his life. The king leading his only son, the prince don Juan, to the body of the count while the blood yet streamed from his wounds, "Behold," he cried, "that great man! May God grant you, my son, to imitate his virtues! May your honour, like his, be complete!"

[1] No circumstance has ever been more ridiculed by the ancient and modern pedants than Alexander's pretensions to divinity. Some of his courtiers expostulating with him one day on the absurdity of such claim, he replied, "I know the truth of what you say, but these," pointing to a crowd of Persians, "these know no better." The report that the Grecian army was commanded by a son of Jupiter spread terrour through the east, and greatly facilitated the operations of the conqueror. The miraculous speech of the infant, attested by a few monks, was adapted to the superstition of the age of John I. and, as he was a bastard, was of infinite service to his cause. The pretended fact, however, is differently related. By some thus: When don John, then regent of Portugal, was going to Coimbra, to assist at an assembly of the states, at a little distance from the city he was met by a great number of children riding upon sticks, who no sooner saw him than they cried out, "Blessed be don John, king of Portugal; the king is coming, don John shall be king." Whether this was owing to art or accident, it had a great effect. At the assembly the regent was elected king.

[2] See note 23, line 444, Lusiad III.

[3] Don Martin, bishop of Lisbon, a man of an exemplary life. He was by birth a Castilian, which was esteemed a sufficient reason to murder him, as of the queen's party. He was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, whither he had fled to avoid the popular fury.

[4] Possessed of great beauty and great abilities, this bad woman was a disgrace to her sex, and a curse to the age and country which gave her birth. Her sister, donna Maria, a lady of unblemished virtue, had been secretly married to the infant don Juan, the king's brother, who was passionately attached to her. Donna Maria had formerly endeavoured to dissuade her sister from the adulterous marriage with the king. In revenge of this, the queen Leonora persuaded don Juan that her sister was unfaithful to his bed. The enraged husband hasted to his wife, and without inquiry or expostulation, says Mariana, dispatched her with two strokes of his dagger. He was afterwards convinced of her innocence, and was completely wretched. Having sacrificed her honour and her first husband to a king, says Faria, Leonora soon sacrificed that king to a wicked gallant, a Castilian nobleman, named don Juan Fernandez de Andeyro. An unjust war with Castile, wherein the Portuguese were defeated by sea and land, was the first fruits of the policy of the new favourite. Andeyro one day having heated himself by some military exercise, the queen tore her veil, and pub-

All pale, and pointing at his bloody shroud,
Seem'd ever for revenge to scream aloud.

Isly gave it him to wipe his face. The grand master of Avis, the king's bastard brother, afterwards John I., and some others, expostulated with her on the indecency of this behaviour. She dissembled her resentment, but soon after they were seized and committed to the castle of Evora, where a forged order for their execution was sent; but the governor, suspecting some fraud, showed it to the king, and their lives were saved. Yet such was her ascendency over the weak Fernando, that, though convinced of her guilt, he ordered his brother to kiss the queen's hand, and thank her for his life. Soon after Fernando died, but not till he was fully convinced of the queen's conjugal infidelity, and had given an order for the assassination of the gallant. Not long after the death of the king, the favourite Andeyro was stabbed in the palace by the grand master of Avis, and don Roy de Percyra. The queen expressed all the transport of grief and rage, and declared she would undergo the trial ordeal in vindication of his and her innocence. But this she never performed: in her vows of revenge, however, she was more punctual. Don Juan, king of Castile, who had married her only daughter and heiress, at her earnest entreaties invaded Portugal, and was proclaimed king. Don John, grand master of Avis, was proclaimed by the people protector and regent. A desperate war ensued. Queen Leonora, treated with indifference by her daughter and son-in-law, resolved on the murder of the latter; but the plot was discovered, and she was sent prisoner to Castile. The regent was besieged in Lisbon, and the city reduced to the utmost extremities, when an epidemical distemper broke out in the Castilian army, and made such devastation, that the king suddenly raised the siege, and abandoned his views in Portugal. The happy inhabitants ascribed their deliverance to the valour and vigilance of the regent. The regent reproved their ardour, exhorted them to repair to their churches, and to return thanks to God, to whose interposition he solely ascribed their safety. This behaviour increased the admiration of the people; the nobility of the first rank joined the regent's party; and many garrisons in the interest of the king of Castile opened their gates to him. An assembly of the states met at Coimbra, where it was purposed to invest the regent with the regal dignity. This he pretended to decline. Don John, son of Pedro the Just and the beautiful Inez de Castro, was by the people esteemed their lawful sovereign, but was, and had long been, detained a prisoner by the king of Castile. If the states would declare the infant don John their king, the regent professed his willingness to swear allegiance to him; that he would continue to expose himself to every danger, and act as regent, till Providence restored to Portugal her lawful sovereign. The states however saw the necessity that the nation should have a head. The regent was unanimously elected king, and some articles in favour of liberty were added to those agreed upon at the coronation of don Alonzo Enriquez, the first king of Portugal.

Don John I. one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs, was the natural son of Pedro the Just, by donna Teresa Lorenza, a Galician lady, and born some years after the death of Inez. At seven years of age he was made grand master of Avis, and by his father's particular care he received an excellent education; which, joined to his great parts, produced him early on the political theatre. He was a brave commander, and a deep politician, yet never forfeited the character of candour and honour. To be humble to his friends, and haughty to his enemies, was his leading maxim. His prudence gained him the confidence of the wise, his steadiness and gratitude the friendship of the brave, his liberality the bulk of the people. He was in the twenty-seventh year of his age when declared protector, and in the twenty-eighth when proclaimed king.

The following anecdote is much to the honour of this prince when regent. A Castilian officer having six Portuguese gentlemen his prisoners, cut off their noses and hands, and sent them to don John. Highly incensed, he commanded six Castilian gentlemen to be treated in the same manner. But before the officer, to whom he gave the orders, had quitted the room, he relented. "I have given enough to resentment," said he, "in giving such a command. It were infamous to put it in execution. See that the Castilian prisoners receive no harm."

Castel's proud monarch to the nuptial bed
In happier days her royal daughter led:
To him the furious queen for vengeance cries,
Implores to vindicate his lawful prize.
The Lusian sceptre, his by spousal right:
The proud Castilian arms and dares the fight.
To join his standard as it waves along,
The warlike troops from various regions throng:
Those who possess the lands by Rod'ric given[5],
What time the Moor from Tura's banks was driven;
That race who joyful smile at war's alarms,
And scorn each danger that attends on arms;
Whose crooked ploughshares Leon's splendi tear,
Now cas'd in steel in glittering arms appear,
Those arms erewhile so dreadful to the Moor:
The Vandals glorying in their might of yore
March on; their helms and moving lances gleam
Along the flowery vales of Betis' stream:
Nor staid the Tyrian islanders[6] behind,
On whose proud ensigns floating on the wind
Alcide' pillars tower'd; nor wanted fear
Withheld the base Galician's sordid spear;
Though still his crimson seamy scars reveal
The sure-aim'd vengeance of the Lusian steel,
Where tumbling down Cuenca's mountain side
The murmuring Tagus rolls his foamy tide,
Along Toledo's lawns, the pride of Spain,
Toledo's warriors join the martial train:
Nor less the furious lust of war inspires
The Biscayner, and wakes his barbarous fires,
Which ever burn for vengeance, if the tongue
Of hapless stranger give the fancy'd wrong.
Nor bold Asturia, nor Guipuscoa's shore,
Fam'd for their steely wealth, and iron ore,
Delay'd their vaunting squadrons; o'er the dales
Cas'd in their native steel, and belted mails,

[5] The celebrated hero of Corneille's tragedy of the Cid.

[6] The inhabitants of Cadiz; of old a Phœnician colony.

Blue gleaming from afar they march along,
And lions with many a spear the warlike throng.
As thus, wide sweeping o'er the trembling coast,
The proud Castilian leads his numerous host,
The valiant John for brave defence prepares,
And in himself collected greatly dares:
For such high valour in his bosom glow'd,
As Samson's locks by miracle bestow'd:
Safe in himself resolved the hero stands,
Yet calls the leaders of his anxious bands:
The council's summon'd, some with prudent mien,
And words of grave advice, their terrours screen;
By sloth debased, no more the ancient fire
Of patriot loyalty can now inspire;
And each pale lip seem'd opening to declare
For fame submission, and to shun the war;
When glorious Nunio, starting from his seat,
Claim'd every eye, and closed the cold debate:
Singling his brothers from the dastard train,
His rolling looks, that flash'd with stern disdain,
On them he fix'd, then snatch'd his hilt in ire,
While his bold speech betray'd the soldier's fire,
Bold and unpolish'd[7]; while his burning eyes
Seem'd as he dared the ocean, earth, and skies:
"Heavens! shall the Lusian nobles tamely yield!
Oh shame! and yield untried the martial field!
That land whose genius, as the god of war,
Was own'd, where'er approach'd her thundering car;
Shall now her sons their faith, their love deny,
And, while their country sinks, ignobly fly!
Ye timorous herd, are ye the genuine line
Of those illustrious shades, whose rage divine
Beneath great Henry's standards awed the foe,
For whom ye tremble, and would stoop so low!
That foe, who, boastful now, then basely fled,
When your undaunted sires the hero led,
When seven bold earls in chains the spoil adorn'd,
And proud Casteel through all her kindreds mourn'd,
Casteel, your awful dread—yet, conscious, say,
When Diniz reign'd, when his bold son bore sway,
By whom were trodden down the bravest bands
That ever march'd from proud Castilia's lands?
'T was your brave sires—and has one laureld reign
Fix'd in your tainted souls so deep a stain,
That now, degenerate from your noble sires,
The last dim spark of Lusian flame expires?
Though weak Fernando reign'd in war unskill'd,
A godlike king now calls you to the field—
Oh! could like his your mounting valour glow,
Vain were the threatenings of the vaunting foe.
Not proud Casteel, oft by your sires o'erthrown,
But every land your dauntless rage should own.
Still if your hands, benumb'd by female fear,
Shun the bold war, hark! on my sword I swear,
Myself alone the dreadful war shall wage—
Mine be the fight"—and trembling with the rage
Of valorous fire, his hand half-drawn display'd
The awful terrour of his shining blade—
"I and my vassals dare the dreadful shock;
My shoulders never to a foreign yoke
Shall bend; and by my sovereign's wrath I vow,
And by that loyal faith renounced by you,
My native land uncongner'd shall remain,
And all my monarch's foes shall heap the plain."
The hero paused—'Twas thus the youth of Rome,
The trembling few who 'scaped the bloody doom
That dyed with slaughter Canna's purple field,
Assembled stood, and bow'd their necks to yield;
When nobly rising with a like disdain
The young Cornelius raged[8], nor raged in vain:
On his dread sword his daunted peers he swore,
(The rocking blade yet black with Punic gore)
While life remain'd their arms for Rome to wield,
And but with life their conquer'd arms to yield.
Such martial rage brave Nunio's mien inspired;
Fear was no more: with raptorous ardour fired,
"To horse, to horse!" the gallant Lusians cried;
Rattled the belted mails on every side, [waved
The spear-staffs trembled; round their heads they
Their shining falchions, and in transport raved,
"The king our guardian!" loud their shouts resound,
And the fierce commons echo back the sound.
The mails that long in rusting peace had hung,
Now on the hammer'd anvils hoarsely rung:
Some soft with wool the plumy helmets line,
And some the breast plate's scaly belts entwine:
The gaudy mantles some, and scarfs prepare,
Where various lightsome colours gaily flare;
And golden tissue, with the warp enwove,
Displays the emblems of their youthful love.
The valiant John, begirt with warlike state,
Now leads his bands from fair Abrantes' gate; 150
Whose lawns of green the infant Tagus laves,
As from his spring he rolls his cooly waves.
The daring van in Nunio's care could boast
A general worthy of the unnumber'd host,
Whose gaudy banners trembling Greece defied,
When boastful Xerxes lash'd the Scytian tide:
Nunio, to proud Castel as dread a name,
As erst to Gaul and Italy the fame
Of Attila's impending rage. The right
Brave Roderic led, a chieftain train'd in fight: 160
Before the left the bold Almada rode,
And proudly waving o'er the centre nod
The royal ensigns, glittering from afar,
Where godlike John inspires and leads the war.
'T was now the time, when from the stubbly plain
The labouring hinds had borne the yellow grain;
The purple vintage heapt the foamy tun,
And fierce and red the Sun of August shone;

[7] This speech in the original has been much admired by the foreign critics, as a model of military eloquence. The critic, it is hoped, will perceive that the translator has endeavoured to support the character of the speaker.

[8] This was the famous P. Corn. Scipio Africanus. The fact, somewhat differently related by Livy, is this. After the defeat at Cannæ, a considerable body of Romans fled to Canusium, and appointed Scipio and Ap. Claudius their commanders. While they remained there, it was told Scipio, that some of his chief officers, at the head of whom was Cæcilius Metellus, were taking measures to transport themselves out of Italy. He went immediately to their assembly, and, drawing his sword, said, "I swear that I will not desert the commonwealth of Rome, nor suffer any other citizen to do it. The same oath I require of you, Cæcilius, and of all present: whoever refuses, let him know that this sword is drawn against him." The historian adds, that they were as terrified by this, as if they had beheld the face of their conqueror Hannibal. They all swore, and submitted themselves to Scipio. Vid. Liv. l. 22. c. 53.

When from the gate the squadrons march along:
Crowds prest on crowds, the walls and ramparts throng!
Here the sad mother rends her hoary hair,
While hope's fond whispers struggle with despair:
The weeping spouse to Heaven extends her hands,
And cold with dread the modest virgin stands;
Her earnest eyes, suffused with trembling dew,
Far o'er the plain the plighted youth pursue:
And prayers and tears and all the female wail,
And holy vows the throne of Heaven assail.
Now each stern host full front to front appears,
And one joint shout Heaven's airy concave tears:
A dreadful pause ensues, while conscious pride
Strives on each face the heart-felt doubt to hide:
Now wild and pale the boldest face is seen;
With mouth half open and disorder'd mien
Each warrior feels his creeping blood to freeze,
And languid weakness trembles in the knees.
And now the clangour of the trumpet sounds,
And the rough rattling of the drum rebounds;
The fife shrill whistling cuts the gale; on high
The flourish'd ensigns shine with many a dye
Of blazing splendour: o'er the ground they wheel
And choose their footing, when the proud Castrel
Bids sound the horrid charge; loud bursts the sound,
And loud Artabro's rocky cliffs rebound:
The thundering roar rolls round on every side,
And trembling sinks Guidana's rapid tide:
The slow-paced Durius rushes o'er the plain,
And fearful Tagus hastens to the main.
Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms
Shriek'd at the sound: with sudden cold unrest,
The mothers strain'd their infants to the breast,
And shook with horror;—now, far round, begin
The bow-strings whizzing, and the brazen din
Of arms on armour rattling; either van
Are mingled now, and man opposed to man:
To guard his native fields the one inspires,
And one the raging lust of conquest fires:
Now with fixt teeth, their writhing lips of blue,
Their eye-balls glaring of the purple hue,
Each arm strains swiftest to impel the blow;
Nor wounds they value now, nor fear they know,
Their only passion to offend the foe.
In might and fury, like the warrior god,
Before his troops the glorious Nunio rode:
That land, the proud invaders claim'd, he sows
With their spilt blood, and with their corses strews.
Their forceful volleys now the cross-bows pour,
The clouds are darken'd with the arrowy shower;
The white foam reeking o'er their wavy mane,
The snorting coursers rage and paw the plain;
Beat by their iron hoofs, the plain rebounds,
As distant thunder through the mountains sounds:
The ponderous spears crash, splintering far around;
The horse and horsemen flounder on the ground;
The ground groans with the sudden weight oppress,
And many a buckler rings on many a crest.
Where wide around the raging Nunio's sword
With furious sway the bravest squadrons gored,
The raging foes in closer ranks advance,
And his own brothers shake the hostile lance[*].
Oh! horrid fight! yet not the ties of blood,
Nor yearning memory his rage withstood;
With proud disdain his honest eyes beheld
Whoe'er the traitor, who his king has sold.
Nor want there others in the hostile band
Who draw their swords against their native land;
And headlong driven, by impious rage accurst,
In rank were foremost, and in fight the first.
So sons and fathers, by each other slain,
With horrid slaughter dyed Pharsalia's plain.
Ye dreary ghosts, who now, for treasons foul,
Amidst the gloom of Stygian darkness howl;
Thou Catiline, and, worse Sertorius, tell
You brother shades, and soothe the pains of Hell;

[*] Homer and Virgil have, with great art, gradually heightened the fury of every battle, till the last efforts of their genius were lavished in describing the superior prowess of the hero in the decisive engagement. Camoëns, in like manner, has bestowed his utmost attention on this his principal battle. The circumstances preparatory to the engagement are happily imagined, and solemnly conducted, and the fury of the combat is supported with a poetical heat, and a variety of imagery, which, one need not hesitate to affirm, would have done honour to an ancient classic.

[*] "The just indignation with which Camoens treats the kindred of the brave Nunio Alvaro de Pereyra, is condemned by the French translator. Dans le fond, says he, les Pereyras ne méritoient aucune flétrisure, &c.—'The Pereyras deserve no stain on their memory for joining the king of Castile, whose title to the crown of Portugal was infinitely more just and solid than that of don John." Castera, however, is grossly mistaken. Don Alonzo Enriquez, the first king of Portugal, was elected by the people, who had recovered their liberties at the glorious battle of Ourique. At the election the constitution of the kingdom was settled in eighteen short statutes, wherein it is expressly provided, that none but a Portuguese can be king of Portugal; that if an infanta marry a foreign prince, he shall not, in her right, become king of Portugal: and a new election of a king, in case of the failure of the male line, is by these statutes declared to be legal. By the treaty of marriage between the king of Castile and donna Beatrix, the heiress of Fernando of Portugal, it was agreed, that only their children should succeed to the Portuguese crown; and that, in case the throne became vacant ere such children were born, the queen-dowager Leonora should govern with the title of regent. Thus, neither by the original constitution, nor by the treaty of marriage, could the king of Castile succeed to the throne of Portugal. And any pretence he might found on the marriage-contract was already forfeited; for he caused himself and his queen to be proclaimed, added Portugal to his titles, coined Portuguese money with his bust, deposed the queen regent, and afterwards sent her prisoner to Castile. The lawful heir, don Juan, the son of Inez de Castro, was kept in prison by his rival the king of Castile; and, as before observed, a new election was, by the original statutes, declared legal in cases of emergency. These facts, added to the consideration of the tyranny of the king of Castile, and the great services which don John had rendered his country, upon whom its existence as a kingdom depended, fully vindicate the indignation of Camoëns against the traitorous Pereyras.

With triumph tell them, some of Lusian race
Like you have earn'd the traitor's foul disgrace.
As waves on waves, the foes' increasing weight
Bears down our foremost ranks and shakes the fight;
Yet firm and undismay'd great Nunio stands,
And braves the tumult of surrounding bands.
So, from high Ceuta's rocky mountains stray'd,
The raging lion braves the shepherd's shade;
The shepherds, hastening o'er the Tetuan plain,
With shouts surround him, and with spears restrain:
He stops, with grinning teeth his breath he draws,
Nor is it fear, but rage, that makes him pause;
His threatening eyeballs burn with sparkling fire,
And his stern heart forbids him to retire;
Amidst the thickness of the spears he flings:
So midst his foes the furious Nunio springs:
The Lusian grass, with foreign gore distain'd,
Displays the carnage of the hero's hand.
"An ample shield the brave Giraldo bore,
"Which from the vanquish'd Perez' arm he tore;
"Pierced through that shield, cold death invades
"And dying Perez saw his victor die. [his eye,
"Edward and Pedro, emulous of fame, [same,
"The same their friendship, and their youth the
"Through the fierce Brigians hew'd their bloody
"way [11], [gore
"Till in a cold embrace the striplings lay.
"Lopez and Vincent rush'd on glorious death,
"And midst their slaughter'd foes resign'd their
"Alonzo glorying in his youthful might [breath.
"Spurr'd his fierce courser through the stagger-
"ing fight: [gore
"Shower'd from the dashing hoofs, the spatter'd
"Flies round; but soon the rider vaunts no more:
"Five Spanish swords the murmuring ghosts atone,
"Of five Castilians by his arms o'erthrown.
"Transfix'd with three Iberian spears, the gay,
"The knightly lover, young Hilario, lay:
"Though, like a rose, cut off in opening bloom,
"The hero weeps not for his early doom;
"Yet trembling in his swimming eye appears
"The pearly drop, while his pale cheek he rears;
"To call his loved Antonia's name he tries, [dies [12],"
"The name half utter'd, down he sinks, and
Now through his shatter'd ranks the monarch
And now before his rally'd squadrons rode: [strode,
Brave Nunio's danger from afar he spies,
And instant to his aid impetuous flies.
So when, returning from the plunder'd folds,
The lioness her emptied den beholds,
Enraged she stands, and, listening to the gale,
She hears her whelps low howling in the vale;
The living sparkles flashing from her eyes,
To the Massylian shepherd-tents she flies [13];
She groans, she roars, and echoing far around
The seven twin-mountains tremble at the sound:
So raged the king, and with a chosen train
He pours resistless o'er the heaps of slain.
"O bold companions of my toils," he cries,
"Our dear-loved freedom on our lances lies;
Behold your friend, your monarch, leads the way,
And dares the thickest of the iron fray;
Say, shall the Lusian race forsake their king,
Where spears infuriate on the bucklers ring!"
He spoke; then four times round his head he whirl'd
His ponderous spear, and midst the foremost hurl'd;
Deep through the ranks the forceful weapon past,
And many a gasping warrior sigh'd his last [14].
With noble shame inspired, and mounting rage,
His bands rush on, and foot to foot engage;
Thick bursting sparkles from the blows aspire;
Such flashes blaze, their swords seem dipt in fire [15];
The belts of steel and plates of brass are riven,
And wound for wound, and death for death is given.

[11] The Castilians, so called from one of their ancient kings, named Beix, or Erigus, whom the monkish fabulists call the grandson of Noah.

[12] These lines marked in the text with turned commas, are not in the common editions of Camoëns. They consist of three stanzas in the Portuguese, and are said to have been left out by the author himself in his second edition. The translator, however, as they breathe the true spirit of Virgil, was willing to preserve them with this acknowledgment. In this he has followed the example of Castera.

[13] Massylia, a province in Numidia, greatly infested with lions, particularly that part of it called Os sete montes irmaõs, the seven brother mountains.

[14] This, which is almost literal from

Muitos lançaraõ o ultimo suspiro—

and the preceding circumstance of don John's brandishing his lance four times,

E sopesando a lança quatro vezes——

are truly poetical, and in the spirit of Homer. They are omitted, however, by Castera, who substitutes the following in their place. Il dit, et d'umbras, &c.—"He said, and with an arm whose blows are inevitable, he threw his javelin against the fierce Maldonat. Death and the weapon went together. Maldonat fell, pierced with a large wound, and his horse tumbled over him." Besides Maldonat, Castera has, in this battle, introduced several other names which have no place in Camoëns. Carillo, Robledo, John of Lorca, Salazar of Seville were killed, he tells us: and "Velasques and Sanches, natives of Toledo, Galbez, surnamed the Soldier without Fear, Montanches, Oropesa, and Mondoñedo, all six of proved valour, fell by the hand of young Antony, qui porte dans le combat ou plus d'adresse ou plus de bonheur qu'eux, who brought to the fight either more address or better fortune than these." Not a word of this is in the Portuguese.

The fate of another hero shall conclude the specimens of the manner of Castera. The following is literally translated: "Guevar, a vain man, nourished in indolence, stained his arms and face with the blood of the dead whom he found stretched on the dust. Under the cover of this frivolous imposture, he pretended to pass himself for a formidable warrior. He published, with a high voice, the number of the enemies he had thrown to the ground. Don Pedro interrupted him with a blow of his sabre: Guevar lost his life; his head, full of fumes of a ridiculous pride, bounded far away from his body, which remained defiled with its own blood; a just and terrible punishment for the lies he had told." It is almost unnecessary to add, that there is not one word of this in the original.

[15] This is as literal as the idiom of the two lan-

The first in honour of Saint Jago's band [16],
A naked ghost now sought the gloomy strand;
And he, of Calatrave the sovereign knight,
Girt with whole troops his arm had slain in fight,
Descended murmuring to the shades of night.
Blaspheming Heaven, and gash'd with many a wound
Brave Nunio's rebel kindred gnaw'd the ground,
And curs'd their fate, and died. Ten thousands more
Who held no title and no office bore,
And nameless nobles who promiscuous fell,
Appeas'd that day the foaming dog of Hell.
Now low the proud Castilian standard lies
Beneath the Lusian flag, a vanquish'd prize.
With furious madness fired, and stern disdain,
The fierce Iberians to the fight again
Rush headlong; groans and yellings of despair [17]
With horrid uproar rend the trembling air.
Hot boils the blood, thirst burns, and every breast
Pants, every limb with fainty weight oppress
Slow now obeys the will's stern ire, and slow
From every sword descends the feeble blow;
Till rage grew languid, and tired slaughter found
No arm to combat, and no breast to wound.
Now from the field Casteel's proud monarch flies [18],
In wild dismay he rolls his maddening eyes,
And leads the pale-lipt flight. Swift wing'd with fear,
As drifted smoke, at distance disappear
The dusty squadrons of the scatter'd rear;
Blaspheming Heaven, they fly, and him who first
Forged murdering arms, and led to horrid wars accurst.

The festive days by heroes old ordain'd [19]
The glorious victor on the field remain'd.
The funeral rites and holy vows he paid;
Yet not the while the restless Nunio staid;
O'er Tago's waves his gallant bands he led,
And humbled Spain in every province bled:
Sevilla's standard on his spear he bore,
And Andalusia's ensigns steept in gore.
Low in the dust distrest Castilia mourn'd,
And bathed in tears each eye to Heaven was turn'd;
The orphan's, widow's, and the hoary sire's;
And Heaven relenting quench'd the raging fires
Of mutual hate; from England's happy shore [20]
The peaceful seas two lovely sisters bore.

guages would allow. Dryden has a thought like this of Camoëns, but which is not in his original:

Their bucklers clash: thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Dryd. Virg. Æn. xii.

[16] Grand master of the order of St. James, named don Pedro Nunio. He was not killed, however, in this battle, which was fought on the plains of Aljubarota, but in that of Valverda, which immediately followed. The reader may perhaps be surprised to find, that every soldier mentioned in these notes is a don, a lord. The following piece of history will account for the number of the Portuguese nobles. Don Alonzo Enriquez, count of Portugal, when saluted king by his army at the battle of Ourique; in return, dignified every man in his army with the rank of nobility. Vid. the 9th Stat. of Lamego.

[17] The last efforts of rage and despair are thus described in Pope's translation of the fifth battle at the ships. Il. xv.

Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
As if new vigour from new fights they won,
And the long battle was but then begun.
Greece yet unconquer'd kept alive the war,
Secure of death, confiding in despair.
Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main,
Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain;
Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
And each contends as his were all the war.

[18] This tyrant, whose unjust pretensions to the crown of Portugal laid his own and that kingdom in blood, was on his final defeat overwhelmed with all the phrensy of grief. In the night after the decisive battle of Aljubarota, he fled upwards of thirty miles upon a mule. Don Laurence, archbishop of Braga, in a letter written in old Portuguese to don John, abbot of Alcobaça, gives this account of his behaviour. "O condestrabre à me far saber ca o roy de Castella se viera à Santaren como homen tresvaliado, quem maldezia seu viver, e puxava polas barbas; è à bo fè, bom amigo, melhor e que o faga ca non fagermolo nos, ca homen, quem suas barbas arrepela mao lavor faria das alheas. i. e. The constable has informed me that he saw the king of Castile at Santaren, who behaved as a madman, cursing his existence, and tearing the hairs of his beard. And in good faith, my good friend, it is better that he should do so to himself than to us; the man who thus plucks his own beard, would be much better pleased to do so to others." The writer of this letter, though a prelate, fought at the battle of Aljubarota, where he received on the face a large wound from a sabre. Castera relates this anecdote of him: the flattery of a sculptor had omitted the deep scar: when the archbishop saw the statue, he laid hold of an attendant's sword, with which he disfigured the face. "I have now," said he, "supplied what it wanted."

[19] As a certain proof of the victory, it was required, by the honour of these ages, that the victor should encamp three days on the field of battle. By this knight-errantry, the advantages which ought to have been pursued were frequently lost. Don John, however, though he complied with the reigning ideas of honour, sent don Nunio, with a proper army, to reap the fruits of his victory.

[20] Castera's note on this place is literally thus: "They were the daughters of John duke of Lancaster, son of Edward IV. of England, both of great beauty: the eldest, named Catherine, was married to the king of Castile; the youngest, Isabel, to the king of Portugal." This is all a mistake. John of Portugal, about a year after the battle of Aljubarota, married Philippa, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III. who assisted the king, his son-in-law, in an irruption into Castile, and at the end of the campaign promised to return with more numerous forces for the next. But this was prevented by the marriage of his youngest daughter Catalina with don Henry, eldest son of the king of Castile. The king of Portugal on this entered Galicia, and reduced the cities of Tuy and Salvaterra. A truce followed. While the tyrant of Castile

The rival monarchs to the nuptial bed
In joyful hour the royal virgins led.
And holy Peace assum'd her blissful reign,
Again the peasant joy'd, the landscape smiled again.
" But John's brave breast, to warlike cares inured,
With conscious shame the sloth of ease endured.
When not a foe awaked his rage in Spain
The valiant hero heaved the foamy main;
The first, nor meanest, of our kings who bore
The Lusian thunders to the Afric shore.
O'er the wild waves the victor-banners flow'd,
Their silver wings a thousand eagles show'd;
And proudly swelling to the whistling gales
The seas were whiten'd with a thousand sails.
Beyond the columns by Alcides placed
To bound the world, the zealous warrior pass'd.
The shrines of Hagar's race, the shrines of lust,
And moon-crown'd mosques lay smoking in the dust.
O'er Abyla's high steep his lance he raised,
On Ceuta's lofty towers his standard blazed:
Ceuta, the refuge of the traitor train [91],
His vassal now, ensures the peace of Spain
" But ah, how soon the blaze of glory dies!
Illustrious John [92] ascends his native skies.

His gallant offspring prove their genuine strain,
And added lands increase the Lusian reign.
" Yet not the first of heroes Edward shone;
His happiest days long hours of evil own.
He saw, secluded from the cheerful day,
His sainted brother pine his years away.
O glorious youth [93] in captive chains, to thee
What suiting honours may thy land decree!

meditated a new war, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and leaving no issue by his queen Beatriz, the king of Portugal's daughter, all pretensions to that crown ceased. The truce was now prolonged for fifteen years, and though not strictly kept, yet at last the influence of the English queen Catalina prevailed, and a long peace, happy for both kingdoms, ensued.

[91] Ceuta is one of the strongest garrisons in Africa; it lies almost opposite to Gibraltar, and the possession of it was of the greatest importance to the Portuguese during their frequent wars with the Moors. Before its reduction, it was the asylum of Spanish and Portuguese renegades and traitors.

[92] The character of this great prince claims a place in these notes, as it affords a comment on the enthusiasm of Camoëns, who has made him the hero of this episode. His birth, excellent education, and masterly conduct when regent, have already been mentioned. The same justice, prudence, and heroism always accompanied him when king. He had the art to join the most winning affability with all the manly dignity of the sovereign. To those who were his friends, when a private man, he was particularly attentive. His nobility dined at his table, he frequently made visits to them, and introduced among them the taste for, and the love of letters. As he felt the advantages of education, he took the utmost care of that of his children. He had many sons, and he himself often instructed them in solid and useful knowledge, and was amply repaid. He lived to see them men, men of parts and of action, whose only emulation was to show affection to his person, and to support his administration by their great abilities. One of his sons, don Henry, duke of Viseo, was that great prince whose ardent passion for maritime affairs gave birth to all the modern improvements in navigation. The clergy, who had disturbed almost every other reign, were so convinced of the wisdom of his, that they confessed he ought to be supported out of the treasures of the church, and granted him the church plate to be coined. When the pope ordered a rigorous inquiry to be made into his having brought ecclesiastics before lay tribunals, the clergy had the singular honesty to desert what was styled the church immunities, and to own that justice had been impartially administered. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his reign. His affection to his queen Philippa made him fond of the English, whose friendship he cultivated, and by whom he was frequently assisted.

[93] Camoëns, in this instance, has raised the character of one brother at the other's expense, to give his poem an air of solemnity. The siege of Tangier was proposed in council. The king's brothers differed in their opinions: that of don Fernand, though a knight errant adventure, was approved of by the young nobility. The infants Henry and Fernand, at the head of 7000 men, laid siege to Tangier, and were surrounded by a numerous army of Moors, as some writers say of six hundred thousand. On condition that the Portuguese should be allowed to return home, the infants promised to restore Ceuta. The Moors gladly accepted of the terms, but demanded one of the infants as an hostage. Fernand offered himself, and was left. The king was willing to comply with the terms to relieve his brother, but the court considered the value of Ceuta, and would not consent. The pope also interposed his authority, that Ceuta should be kept as a check on the infidels, and proposed to raise a crusade for the delivery of Fernand. In the meanwhile large offers were made for his liberty. These were rejected by the Moors, who would accept of nothing but Ceuta, whose vast importance was superior to any ransom. When negotiation failed, king Edward assembled a large army to effect his brother's release; but just as he was setting out he was seized with the plague, and died, leaving orders with his queen to deliver up Ceuta for the release of his brother. This, however, was never performed. Don Fernand remained with the Moors till his death. The magnanimity of his behaviour gained him their esteem and admiration, nor is there good proof that he received any extraordinary rigorous treatment; the contrary is rather to be inferred from the romantic notions of military honour which then prevailed among the Moors. Some, however, whom Castera follows, make his sufferings little inferior to those, without proof likewise, ascribed to Regulus. Don Fernand is to this day esteemed as a saint and martyr in Portugal, and his memory is commemorated on the fifth of June. King Edward reigned only five years and a month. He was the most eloquent man in his dominions, spoke and wrote Latin elegantly, was author of several books, one on horsemanship, in which art he excelled. He was brave in the field, active in business, and rendered his country infinite service by

Thy nation proffer'd, and the foe with joy
For Ceuta's towers prepared to yield the boy;
The princely hostage wildly spurns the thought
Of freedom and of life so dearly bought.
The raging vengeance of the Moors defies,
Gives to the clanking chains his limbs, and dies
A dreary prison death. Let envious Fame
No more unequall'd hold her Cadrus' name;
Her Regulus, her Curtius boast no more,
Nor those the honour'd Decian name who bore.
The splendour of a court, to them unknown,
Exchang'd for deathful Fate's most awful frown;
To distant times through every land shall blaze
The self-devoted Lusian's nobler praise.
" Now to the tomb the hapless king descends;
His son Alonzo brighter fate attends.
Alonzo! dear to Love! rare the name;
Nor his the meanest in the rolls of Fame:
His might resistless prostrate Afric own'd,
Beneath his yoke the Mauritanians groan'd,
And still they groan beneath the Lusian sway.
'Twas his in victor pomp to bear away
The golden apples from Hesperia's shore,
Which but the son of Jove had match'd before.
The palm and laurel round his temples bound,
Display'd his triumphs on the Moorish ground;
When proud Arzilla's strength, Alcazer's towers,
And Tingis, boastful of her numerous powers,
Beheld their adamantine walls o'erturn'd,
Their ramparts level'd, and their temples burn'd.
Great was the day: the meanest sword that fought
Beneath the Lusian flag such wonders wrought
As from the Muse might challenge endless fame,
Though low their station, and untold their name.
" Now stung with wild ambition's maddening fires,
To proud Castilia's throne the king aspires [94],
The lord of Arragon, from Calix' walls
And hoar Pyrene's sides, his legions calls;
The numerous legions to his standards throng,
And War, with horrid strides, now stalks along.
With emulation fired, the prince [95] beheld
His warlike fire ambitious of the field;
Scornful of ease, to aid his arms he sped,
Nor sped in vain:—The raging combat bled;
Alonzo's ranks with carnage gored, Dismay
Spread her cold wings, and shook his firm array;
To flight she hurried, while with brow serene
The martial boy beheld the deathful scene.
With curving movement o'er the field he rode,
Th' opposing troops his wheeling squadrons mow'd:
The purple dawn and evening Sun beheld
His train triumphant assert the conquer'd field.
Thus when the ghost of Julius hover'd o'er
Philippi's plain, appeas'd with Roman gore,
Octavius' legions left the field in flight,
While haughty Marcus triumph'd in the fight.
" When endless night had seal'd his mortal eyes,
And brave Alonzo's spirit sought the skies,"
The second of the name, the valiant John,
Our fourteenth monarch, now ascends the throne.
To seize immortal fame, his mighty mind,
What man had never dared before, design'd;
That glorious labour which I now pursue,
Through seas unsail'd to find the shores that view
The day-star, rising from his watery bed,
The first gray beams of infant morning shed.
Selected messengers his will obey;
Through Spain and France they hold their ventrous way:
Through Italy they reach the port that gave
The fair Parthenope [96] an honour'd grave:
That shore which oft has felt the servile chain,
But now smiles happy in the care of Spain.
Now from the port the brave adventurers bore,
And cut the billows of the Rhodian shore;
Now reach the strand where noble Pompey bled [97];
And now, repair'd with rest, to Memphis sped;
And now, ascending by the vales of Nile,
Whose waves pour fatness o'er the grateful soil,
Through Ethiopia's peaceful dales they stray'd,
Where their glad eyes Messiah's rites survey'd [98];
And now they pass the famed Arabian flood,
Whose waves of old in wondrous ridges stood,
While Israel's favour'd race the noble bottom trode:
Behind them glistening to the morning skies,
The mountains named from Ismael's offspring rise [99];
Now round their steps the blest Arabia spreads
Her groves of odour and her balmy meads;
And every breast, inspired with glee, inhales
The grateful fragrance of Saba's gales:
Now past the Persian gulf, their route ascends
Where Tygris' wave with proud Euphrates blends;
Illustrious streams, where still the native shows
Where Babel's haughty tower unfinish'd rose:
From thence through climes unknown, their daring course
Beyond where Trajan forced his way, they force [100];

reducing the laws to a regular code. He was knight of the order of the garter, which honour was conferred upon him by his cousin Henry V. of England. In one instance he gave great offence to the superstitious populace. He despised the advice of a Jew astrologer, who entreated him to delay his coronation, because the stars that day were unfavourable. To this the misfortunes of the army at Tangier was ascribed, and the people were always on the alarm while he lived, as if some terrible disaster impended over them.

[94] When Henry IV. of Castile died, he declared that the infanta Joanna was his heiress, in preference to his sister donna Isabella, married to don Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon. In hopes to attain the kingdom of Castile, don Alonzo, king of Portugal, obtained a dispensation from the pope to marry his niece donna Joanna; but after a bloody war, the ambitious views of Alonzo and his courtiers were defeated.

[95] The prince of Portugal.

[96] Parthenope was one of the Syrens. Enraged because she could not allure Ulysses, she threw herself into the sea. Her corpse was thrown ashore, and buried where Naples now stands.

[97] The coast of Alexandria.

[98] Among the Christians of Prester John, or Abyssinia.

[99] The Nabatheans mountains; so named from Nabaioth, the son of Ishmael.

[100] The emperor Trajan extended the bounds of the Roman empire in the east far beyond any of his predecessors. His conquests reached to the river Tigris, near which stood the city of Ctesiphon, which he subdued. The Roman historians boasted that India was entirely conquered by him; but they could only mean Arabia Felix. Vid. Dion. Cass. Euseb. Chron. p. 206.

Carmanian hordes and Indian tribes they saw,
And many a barbarous rite and manner a law
Their search explor'd; but to their native shore,
Enrich'd with knowledge, they return'd no more.
The glad completion of the Fates' decree,
Kind Heaven reserv'd, Emmanuel, for thee.
The crown, and high ambition of thy sires [31],
To thee descending, wak'd thy latent fires;
And to command the sea from pole to pole,
With restless wish inflam'd thy mighty soul.

"Now from the sky the sacred light withdrawn,
O'er Heaven's clear azure shone the stars of dawn,
Deep silence spread her gloomy wings around,
And human griefs were wrapt in sleep profound.
The monarch slumber'd on his golden bed,
Yet anxious cares possess'd his thoughtful head;
His generous soul, intent on public good,
The glorious duties of his birth review'd.
When sent by Heaven a sacred dream inspir'd
His labouring mind, and with its radiance fir'd;
High to the clouds his towering head was rear'd,
New worlds, and nations fierce and strange, appear'd;
The purple dawning o'er the mountains flow'd,
The forest-boughs with yellow splendour glow'd;
High from the steep two copious glassy streams
Roll'd down, and glitter'd in the morning beams.
Here various monsters of the wild were seen,
And birds of plumage, azure, scarlet, green:
Here various herbs, and flowers of various bloom;
There black as night the forest's horrid gloom,
Whose shaggy brakes, by human step untrod,
Darken'd the glaring lion's dread abode.
Here, as the monarch fix'd his wondering eyes,
Two hoary fathers from the streams arise;
Their aspect rustic, yet a reverend grace
Appear'd majestic on their wrinkled face:
Their tawny beards uncomb'd, and sweepy long,
Adown their knees in shaggy ringlets hung;
From every lock the crystal drops distill,
And bathe their limbs as in a trickling rill;
Gay wreaths of flowers, of foliage, and of boughs,
Nameless in Europe, crown'd their furrow'd brows.
Bent o'er his staff, more silver'd o'er with years,
Worn with a longer way, the one appears;
Who now slow-beckoning with his wither'd hand,
As now advanc'd before the king they stand:

"'O thou, whom worlds to Europe yet unknown
Are doom'd to yield and dignify thy crown;
To thee our golden shores the Fates decree;
Our necks, unbow'd before, shall bend to thee.
Wide through the world resound our wealthy fame;
Haste, speed thy prows, that fated wealth to claim.
From Paradise my hallow'd waters spring;
The sacred Ganges I, my brother king
Th' illustrious author of the Indian name:
Yet toil shall languish, and the fight shall flame,
Our fairest lawns with streaming gore shall smoke,
Ere yet our shoulders bend beneath the yoke:
But thou shalt conquer: all these eyes survey,
With all our various tribes, shall own thy sway.'

"He spoke: and melting in a silvery stream
Both disappear'd; when waking from his dream,
The wondering monarch, thrill'd with awe divine,
Weighs in his lofty thoughts the sacred sign.

"Now morning, bursting from the eastern sky,
Spreads o'er the clouds the blushing rose's dye;
The nations wake, and at the sovereign's call
The Lusian nobles crowd the palace hall.
The vision of his sleep the monarch tells;
Each heaving breast with joyful wonder swells:
'Hail!' they cry, 'the sacred sign obey,
And spread the canvas for the Indian sea.'
Instant my looks with troubled ardour burn'd,
When keen on me his eyes the monarch turn'd:—
What he beheld I know not; but I know,
Big swell'd my bosom with a prophet's glow;
And long my mind, with wond'rous bodings fir'd,
Had to the glorious dreadful toil aspir'd:
Yet to the king, whate'er my looks betray'd,
My looks the cause of success display'd.
When, with that sweetness in his mien express,
Which mov'd of sire the generous breast,
'Great are the dangers, great the toils,' he cried,
'For glorious honours crown the victor's side.
If in the glorious strife the hero fall,
He proves no danger could his soul appall
And but to dare no great a toil, shall raise
Each age's wonder and immortal praise.
For this dread toil, new oceans to explore,
To spread the sail where sail ne'er flow'd before;
For this dread labour, to your valour due,
From all your quest I name, O Vasco, you.
Dread as it is, yet fight the task shall be
To you, my Gama, as perform'd for me.———'
My heart could bear no more—'Let skies on fire,
Let frozen seas, let horrid war conspire,
I dare them all,' I cried, 'and but repine
That one poor life is all I can resign.
Did to my lot Alcides' labours fall,
For you my joyful heart would dare them all;
The ghastly realms of Death could man invade,
For you my steps should trace the ghastly shade.'

"While thus with loyal zeal my bosom swell'd,
That panting zeal my prince with joy beheld:
Honour'd with gifts I stood, but honour'd more
By that esteem my joyful sovereign bore.
That generous praise which fires the soul of worth,
And gives new virtues unexpected birth.
That praise e'en now my heaving bosom fires,
Inflames my courage, and each wish inspires.

"Mov'd by affection, and allur'd by fame,
A gallant youth, who bore the dearest name,
Paulo, my brother, boldly sued to share
My toils, my dangers, and my fate in war:
And brave Coello urg'd the hero's claim
To dare each hardship, and to join our fame:
For glory both with restless ardour burn'd,
And silken ease for horrid danger spurn'd;
Alike renown'd in council or in field,
The mace to buckle, or the sword to wield.
Through Lisbon's youth the kindling ardour ran,
And bold ambition thrill'd from man to man;
And each the meanest of the venturous band
With gifts stood honour'd by the sovereign's hand.
Heavens! what a fury swell'd each warrior's breast,
When each, in turn, the smiling king address'd!
Fir'd by his words the slaves: rude they scorn'd,
And with the horrid lust of danger fierce burn'd.

"With such bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine surges plow'd;
When bravely vast across the golden fleece
Oracious Argo sail'd from wondering Greece [32].

[31] Emmanuel was cousin to the late king John II. and grandson to king Edward, son of John I.

[32] According to fable, the vessel of the Argonauts spoke and prophesied. The ancients, I sup-

Where Tago's yellow stream the harbour laves,
And slowly mingles with the ocean waves,
In warlike pride thy gallant navy rode,
And proudly o'er the beach my soldiers strode.
Sailors and land-men marshall'd o'er the strand,
In garbs of various hue around me stand,
Each earnest fixt to plight the sacred vow,
Oceans unknown and gulfs untry'd to plow:
Then turning to the ships their sparkling eyes,
With joy they heard the breathing winds arise;
Elate with joy beheld the flapping sail,
And purple standards floating on the gale;
While each press'd that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet should give some starry band a name.
" Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
A sacred fane its hoary arches rears:
Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
And at the holy shrine devout we bend:
There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
Our prayers and earnest vows to Heaven we raise.
'Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
Still to the sailor's eye displays his grave;
Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untry'd,
O mighty God! be thou our watchful guide.'
While kneeling thus before the sacred shrine,
In holy faith's most solemn rite we join;
Our peace with Heaven the bread of peace confirms,
And mock contrition every bosom warms.
Sudden, the lights extinguish'd, all around
Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
A sacred horror pants on every breath,
And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
Now prostrate round the hallow'd shrine we lie [32],
Till rosy morn bespreads the eastern sky;
Then, breathing fixt resolves, my daring mates
March to the ships, while proud from Lisboa's gates
Thousands on thousands crowding, press along,
A woeful, weeping, melancholy throng.
A thousand white-rob'd priests our steps attend,
And prayers and holy vows to Heaven ascend.
A scene so solemn, and the tender woe
Of parting friends, constrain'd my tears to flow.
To weigh our anchors from our native shore—
To dare new oceans never dar'd before—
Perhaps to see my native coast no more——

pose, by this meant to insinuate, that those who trust their lives to the caprice of the waves have need of a penetrating foresight, that they may not be surprised by sudden tempests.—Castera.

[32] This solemn scene is according to history: Aberat Olyssippone prope littus quatuor passuum millia templum sanè religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem sanctissimæ virginis ædificatum . . . . . In id Gama pridie illius diei, quo erat navem conscensurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus qui in eodem templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret. Sequenti die cum multi non illius tantùm gratia, sed aliorum etiam, qui illi comites erant, convenissent, fuit ab omnibus in scaphis deductus. Neque solùm homines religiosi, sed reliqui omnes voce maximâ cum lacrymis à Deo precabantur, ut bene et prosperè illa tam periculosa navigatio omnibus eveniret, et universi re bene gesta incolumes in patriam redirent.

Forgive, O king, if as a man I feel,
I bear no bosom of obdurate steel!"—
(The godlike hero here suppress'd the sigh,
And wip'd the tear-drop from his manly eye;)
Then thus resuming:—" All the peopled shore
An awful silent look of anguish wore;
Affection, friendship, all the kindred ties
Of spouse and parent languish'd in their eyes;
As men they never should again behold,
Self-offer'd victims to destruction sold,
On us they fix'd the eager look of woe,
While tears o'er every cheek began to flow;
When thus aloud: 'Alas! my son, my son!'
An hoary sire exclaims; 'oh! whither run,
My heart's sole joy, my trembling age's stay,
To yield thy limbs the dread sea-monster's prey!
To seek thy burial in the raging wave,
And leave me cheerless sinking to the grave!
Was it for this I watch'd thy tender years,
And bore each fever of a father's fears!
Alas! my boy!'—his voice is heard no more.
The female shriek resounds along the shore:
With hair dishevell'd through the yielding crowd
A lovely bride springs on, and screams aloud:
'Oh! where, my husband, where to seas unknown,
Where wouldst thou fly me, and my love disown!
And with thee, cruel, to the deep consign
That valu'd life, the joy, the soul of mine:
And must our loves, and all the kindred train
Of rapt endearments, all expire in vain!
All the dear transports of the warm embrace,
When mutual love inspir'd each rapture'd face;
Must all, alas! be scatter'd in the wind,
Nor thou bestow one lingering look behind!'
" Such the lorn parents' and the spouses' woes,
Such o'er the strand the voice of wailing rose;
From breast to breast the soft contagion crept,
Mov'd by the woeful sound the children wept;
The mountain echoes catch the big-swoln sighs,
And through the dales prolong the matrons' cries;
The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er,
Our fate the mountains and the beach deplore.
Yet firm we march, nor turn one glance aside
On hoary parent, or on lovely bride.
Though glory fir'd our hearts, too well we knew
What soft affection and what love could do.
The last embrace the bravest worst can bear:
The bitter yearnings of the parting tear
Sullen we shun, unable to sustain
The melting passion of such tender pain.
" Now on the lofty decks prepar'd we stand,
When towering o'er the crowd that veil'd the strand,
A reverend figure fix'd each wondering eye [34],
And, beckoning thrice, he wav'd his hand on high,

[34] By this old man is personified the populace of Portugal. The endeavours to discover the East-Indies by the southern ocean, for about eighty years had been the favourite topic of conversation; and never was any measure of government more unpopular than the expedition of Gama. Emmanuel's councils were almost unanimous against the attempt. Some dreaded the introduction of wealth, and its attendants luxury and effeminacy; while others affirmed, that no adequate advantages could arise from so perilous and remote a navigation. Others, with a foresight peculiar to politicians, were alarmed, lest the Egyptian sultan, who was powerful in the east, should signify his

And thrice his hoary curls he sternly shook,
While grief and anger mingled in his look;
Then to its height his faultering voice he rear'd,
And through the fleet these awful words were heard:
"'O frantic thirst of honour and of fame,
The crowd's blind tribute, a fallacious name;
What stings, what plagues, what secret scourges curst,
Torment those bosoms where thy pride is nurst!
What dangers threaten, and what deaths destroy
The hapless youth, whom thy vain gleams decoy!
By thee, dire tyrant of the noble mind,
What dreadful woes are pour'd on human kind!
Kingdoms and empires in confusion hurl'd,
What streams of gore have drench'd the hapless world!
Thou dazzling meteor, vain as fleeting air,
What new-dread horrour dost thou now prepare!
High sounds thy voice of India's pearly shore,
Of endless triumphs and of countless store:
Of other worlds so tower'd thy swelling boast,
Thy golden dreams, when Paradise was lost;
When thy big promise steep'd the world in gore,
And simple innocence was known no more.
And say, has fame so dear, so dazzling charms?
Must brutal fierceness and the trade of arms,
Conquest, and laurels dipt in blood, be'priz'd,
While life is scorn'd, and all its joys despis'd!
And say, does zeal for holy faith inspire
To spread its mandates, thy avow'd desire?
Behold the Hagarene in armour stands,
Treads on thy borders, and the foe demands:
A thousand cities own his lordly sway,
A thousand various shores his nod obey.
Through all these regions, all these cities, scorn'd
Is thy religion, and thine altars spurn'd.
A foe renown'd in arms the brave require;
That high-plum'd foe, renown'd for martial fire,
Before thy gates his shining spear displays,
Whilst thou wouldst fondly dare the watery maze;
Enfeebled leave thy native land behind,
On shores unknown, a foe unknown to find.
Oh! madness of ambition! thus to dare
Dangers so fruitless, so remote a war!
That Fame's vain flattery may thy name adorn,
And thy proud titles on her flag be borne:
Thee, lord of Persia, thee, of India lord,
O'er Ethiopia vast, and Araby ador'd!
"'Curst be the man who first on floating wood
Forsook the beach and brav'd the treacherous flood!
Oh! never, never may the sacred Nine,
To crown his brows, the hallow'd wreath entwine;
Nor may his name to future times resound,
Oblivion be his meed, and Hell profound!
Curst be the wretch, the fire of Heaven who stole,
And with ambition first debauch'd the soul!
What woes, Prometheus, walk the frighten'd Earth!
To what dread slaughter has thy pride giv'n birth!
On proud ambition's pleasing gales upborne,
One boasts to guide the chariot of the morn,
And one, on treacherous pinions soaring high,
O'er oceans waves dar'd sail the liquid sky[31]:
Dash'd from their height they mourn their blighted aim;
One gives a river, one a sea the name!
Alas! the poor reward of that gay meteor Fame!
Yet such the fury of the mortal race,
Though fame's fair promise ends in foul disgrace,
Though conquest still the victor's hope betrays,
The prize a shadow, or a rainbow blaze,
Yet still through fire and raging seas they run
To catch the gilded shade, and sink undone![32]

displeasure; and others foresaw, that success would combine all the princes of Christendom in a league for the destruction of Portugal. In short, if glory, interest, or the propagation of the gospel, were desired, Africa and Ethiopia, they said, afforded both nearer and more advantageous fields. The expressions of the thousands who crowded the shore when Gama gave his sails to the wind, are thus expressed by Osorius, from whom the above facts are selected:—A multis tamen interim is fletus atque lamentatio fiebat, ut funus efferre viderentur. Sic enim dicebant: En quo miseros mortales provexit cupiditas et ambitio? Potuitne gravius supplicium hominibus istis constitui, si in se scelestum aliquod facinus admisissent? Est enim illis immensi maris longitudo peragranda, fluctus immanes difficillim a navigatione superandi, vitæ discrimen in locis infinitis obeundum. Non fuit multò tolerabilius, in terra quovis genere mortis absumi, quàm tam procul à patria marinis fluctibus sepeliri. Hæc et alia multa in hanc sententiam dicebant, cùm omnia multò tristiora fingere præ metu cogerentur.——The tender emotion and fixt resolution of Gama, and the earnest passion of the multitudes on the shore, are thus added by the same venerable historian:—Gama tamen quamvis lacrymas suorum desiderio funderet, rei tamen benè gerendæ fiducia confirmatus, alacriter in navem faustis omnibus conscendit. . . . . Qui in littore consistebant, non prius abscedere voluerunt, quàm naves vento secundo plenissimis velis ab omnium conspectu remotæ sunt.

[31] Alluding to the fables of Phaeton and Icarus.

[32] In no circumstance does the judgment and art of Homer appear more conspicuous, than in the constant attention he pays to his proposed subjects, the wrath of Achilles, and the sufferings of Ulysses. He bestows the utmost care on every incident that could possibly impress our minds with high ideas of the determined rage of the injured hero, and of the invincible patience of the πολύτλας Δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς. Virgil throughout the Æneid has followed the same course. Every incident that could possibly tend to magnify the dangers and difficulties of the wanderings of Æneas, in his long search for the promised Italy, is set before us in the fullest magnitude. But, however this method of ennobling the epic, by the utmost attention to give a grandeur to every circumstance of the proposed subject, may have been neglected by Voltaire in his Henriade, and by some other moderns, who have attempted the epopœia, it has not been omitted by Camoëns. The Portuguese poet has with great art conducted the voyage of Gama. Every circumstance attending it is represented with magnificence and dignity. John II. designs what had never been attempted before. Messengers are sent by land to discover the climate and riches of India. Their route is described in the manner of Homer. The palm of discovery, however, is reserved for a succeeding monarch. Emmanuel is warned by a dream, which affords another striking instance of the spirit of the Grecian poet. The enthusiasm which the king beholds on the aspect of Gama is a noble stroke of poetry; the solemnity of the night spent in devotion; the sullen resolution of the adventurers when going aboard the

LUSIAD V.

"While on the beach the holy father stood,
And spoke the murmurs of the multitude,
We spread the canvass to the rising gales;
The gentle winds dishend the snowy sails.
As from our dear-lov'd native shore we fly,
Our votive shouts, redoubled, rend the sky;
'Success! success!' far echoes o'er the tide,
While our broad hulks the foamy waves divide.
From Leo now, the lordly star of day,
Intensely blazing, shot his fiercest ray;
When slowly gliding from our wistful eyes,
The Lusian mountains mingled with the skies;
Tago's lov'd stream, and Cyntra's mountains cold,
Dim fading now, we now no more behold:
And still with yearning hearts our eyes explore,
Till one dim speck of land appears no more.
Our native soil now far behind, we ply
The lonely dreary waste of seas and boundless sky.
Through the wild deep our venturous navy bore,
Where but our Henry[1] plough'd the wave before:
The verdant islands, first by him descry'd,
We pass'd; and now in prospect opening wide,
Far to the left, increasing on the view,
Rose Mauritania's hills of paly blue:
Far to the right the restless ocean roar'd,
Whose bounding surges never keel explor'd;
If bounding shore[2], as reason deems, divide
The vast Atlantic from the Indian tide.
"Nam'd from her woods, with fragrant bowers adorn'd,
From fair Madeira's[3] purple coast we turn'd:
Cyprus and Paphos' vales the smiling Loves
Might leave with joy for fair Madeira's groves;
A shore so flowery, and so sweet an air,
Venus might build her dearest temple there.
Onward we pass Massilia's barren strand,
A waste of wither'd grass and burning sand;
Where his thin herds the meagre native leads,
Where not a rivulet laves the doleful meads;
Nor herds nor frontage deck the woodland maze:
O'er the wild waste the stupid ostrich strays,
In devious search to pick her scanty meal,
Whose fierce digestion gnaws the temper'd steel.
From the green verge where Tritonis ends,
To Ethiopis's line the dreary wild extends.
Now past the limit, which his course divides,
When to the north the Sun's bright chariot rides,
We leave the winding bays and swarthy shores,
Where Senegal's black wave impetuous roars;
A flood, whose course a thousand tribes surveys,
The tribes who blacken'd in the fiery blaze,
When Phaeton, devious from the solar height,
Gave Afric's sons the sable hue of night.
And now from far the Libyan cape is seen,
Now by my mariners nam'd the Cape of Green[4].
Where midst the billows of the ocean smiles
A flowery sister-train, the happy isles[5].
Our onward prows the murmuring surges lave;
And now our vessels plough the gentle wave,
Where the blue islands, nam'd of Hesper old,
Their fruitful bosoms to the deep unfold.
Here changeful Nature shows her various face,
And frolics o'er the slopes with wildest grace:
Here our bold fleet their ponderous anchors threw,
The sickly cherish, and our stores renew.
From him the warlike guardian power of Spain,
Whose spear's dread lightning o'er the embattled plain
Has oft o'erwhelm'd the Moors in dire dismay,
And fix'd the fortune of the doubtful day[6];
From him we name our station of repair,
And Jago's name that isle shall ever bear.
The northern winds now curl'd the blackening main,
Our sails unfurl'd we plough the tide again:
Round Afric's coast our winding course we steer,
Where bending to the east the shores appear.
Here Jalofo[7] its wide extent displays,
And vast Mandings shows its numerous bays:

fleet; the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, who viewed them as self-devoted victims, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interesting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, unborrowed from any of the classics. In the Æneid, where the Trojans leave a colony of invalids in Sicily, nothing of the awfully tender is attempted. And in the Odyssey there is no circumstance which can be called similar.

[1] Don Henry, prince of Portugal, of whom, see the preface.

[2] The discovery of some of the West-Indian islands by Columbus was made in 1492 and 1493. His discovery of the continent of America was not till 1498. The fleet of Gama sailed from the Tagus in 1497.

[3] Called by the ancients Insulæ Purpurariæ. Now Madeira and Porto Santo. The former was so named by Juan Gonzales and Tristan Vaz, from the Spanish word madera, wood.

[4] Called by Ptolemy Caput Arsinarium.

[5] Called by the ancients Insulæ Fortunatæ, now the Canaries.

[6] It was common for Spanish and Portuguese commanders to see St. James in complete armour fighting in the heat of battle at the head of their armies. The general and some of his officers declared they saw the warrior-saint beckoning them with his spear to advance; "San Iago! Iago!" was immediately echoed through the ranks, and victory usually crowned the ardour of enthusiasm.

[7] The province of Jalofo lies between the two rivers, the Gambea and the Zanago. The latter has other names in the several countries through which it runs. In its course it makes many islands, inhabited only by wild beasts. It is navigable 150 leagues, at the end of which it is crossed by a stupendous ridge of perpendicular rocks, over which the river rushes with such violence, that travellers pass under it without any other inconvenience than the prodigious noise. The Gambea, or Rio Grande, runs 180 leagues, but is not so far navigable. It carries more water, and runs with less noise than the other, though filled with many rivers which water the country of Mandinga. Both rivers are branches of the Niger. Their waters have this remarkable quality; when mixed together they operate as an emetic, but when separate they do not. They abound with great variety of fishes, and their banks are covered with horses, crocodiles, winged serpents, elephants, cunees, wild boars, with great numbers of other animals, wonderful for the variety of their nature and different forms. —Faria y Sousa.

Whose mountains' sides [8], though parch'd and barren, hold,
In copious store, the seeds of beamy gold.
The Gambea here his serpent journey takes,
And through the lawns a thousand windings makes;
A thousand swarthy tribes his current laves,
Ere mixt his waters with th' Atlantic waves.
The Gorgades [9] we pass'd, that hated shore,
Fam'd for its terrors by the bards of yore;
Where but one eye by Phorcus' daughters shar'd,
The form beholders into marble star'd;
Three dreadful sisters! down whose temples roll'd
Their hair of snakes in many a hissing fold;
And scattering horror o'er the dreary strand,
With swarms of vipers sow'd the burning sand.
Still to the south our pointed keels we guide,
And through the Austral gulf still onward ride,
Her palmy forests mingling with the skies,
Leona's rugged steep [10] behind us flies:
The Cape of Palms that jutting land we name,
Already conscious of our nation's fame.
Where the vext waves against our bulwarks roar,
And Lusian towers o'erlook the bending shore:
Our sails wide-swelling to the constant blast,
Now by the isle from Thomas nam'd we past;
And Congo's spacious realm before us rose,
Where copious Zayra's limpid billow flows;
A flood by ancient hero never seen,
Where many a temple o'er the banks of green,
Rear'd by the Lusian heroes [11], through the night
Of Pagan darkness, pours the mental light.

"O'er the wild waves as southward thus we stray,
Our port unknown, unknown the watery way,
Each night we see, impress with solemn awe,
Our guiding stars and native skies withdraw:
In the wide void we lose their cheering beams:
Lower and lower still the pole-star gleams,
Till past the limit where the car of day
Roll'd o'er our heads, and pour'd the downward ray,
We now disprove the faith of ancient lore;
Bootes' shining car appears no more:
For here we saw Calisto's star [12] retire
Beneath the waves, unaw'd by Juno's ire.
Here, while the Sun his polar journeys takes,
His visit doubled, double season makes;
Stern winter twice deforms the changeful year,
And twice the spring's gay flowers their honours rear.
Now pressing onward, past the burning zone,
Beneath another heaven, and stars unknown,
Unknown to heroes, and to sages old,
With southward prows our pathless course we hold:
Here gloomy night assumes a darker reign,
And fewer stars emblaze the heavenly plain;
Fewer than those that gild the northern pole.
And o'er our seas their glittering chariots roll——
While nightly thus the lonely seas we brave
Another pole-star rises o'er the wave;
Full to the south a shining cross appears [13];
Our heaving breasts the blissful omen cheers:

[8] Tombuto, the mart of Mandingo gold, was greatly resorted to by the merchants of Grand Cairo, Tenis, Oran, Tremsen, Fez, Morocco, &c.

[9] Contra hoc promontorium (Hesperiocerna) Gorgades insulæ narrantur. Gorgonum quondam domus, hôdiè navigatione distantes a continente, ut tradit Xenophon Lampsacenus. Penetravit in eas Hanno Pœnorum imperator, prodiditque hirta feminarum corpora viros pernicitate evasisse, duasque Gorgonum cutes argumenti et miraculi gratia in Junonis templo posuit, spectatasque ad Carthaginem captam. Plin. Hist. Nat. l. vi. c. 31.

[10] This ridge of mountains, on account of its great height, was named by the ancients Θεῶν Ὄχημα, the chariot of the gods. Camoëns gives it its Portuguese name, Serra Lion, the rock of lions.

[11] During the reign of John II. the Portuguese erected several forts, and acquired great power in the extensive regions of Guinea. Azambuja, a Portuguese captain, having obtained leave from Caramansa, a negro prince, to erect a fort on his territories, an unlucky accident had almost proved fatal to the discoverers. A huge rock lay very commodious for a quarry; the workmen began on it; but this rock, as the devil would have it, happened to be a negro god. The Portuguese were driven away by the enraged worshippers, who were afterwards with difficulty pacified by a profusion of such presents as they most esteemed.

The Portuguese having brought an ambassador from Congo to Lisbon, sent him back instructed in the faith. By his means the king, queen, and about 100,000 of the people were baptized; the idols were destroyed, and churches built. Soon after, the prince, who was then absent at war, was baptized by the name of Alonzo. His younger brother, Aquitimo, however, would not receive the faith, and the father, because allowed only one wife, turned apostate, and left the crown to his pagan son; who, with a great army surrounded his brother, when only attended by some Portuguese and Christian blacks, in all only thirty-seven. By the bravery of these, however, Aquitimo was defeated, taken, and slain. One of Aquitimo's officers declared, they were not defeated by the thirty-seven Christians, but by a glorious army who fought under a shining cross. The idols were again destroyed, and Alonzo sent his sons, grandsons, and nephews, to Portugal to study; two of whom were afterwards bishops in Congo.—Extracted from Faria y Sousa.

[12] According to fable, Calisto was a nymph of Diana. Jupiter having assumed the figure of that goddess, completed his amorous desires. On the discovery of her pregnancy, Diana drove her from her train. She fled to the woods, where she was delivered of a son. Juno changed them into bears, and Jupiter placed them in Heaven, where they form the constellation of Ursa Major and Minor. Juno, still enraged, entreated Thetis never to suffer Calisto to bathe in the sea. This is founded on the appearance of the northern pole-star to the inhabitants of our hemisphere; but when Gama approached the southern pole, the northern, of consequence, disappeared under the waves.

[13] The constellation of the southern pole was called the Cross by the Portuguese sailors, from the appearance of that figure formed by seven stars, four of which are particularly luminous. Dante, who wrote before the discovery of the southern hemisphere, has these remarkable lines in the first canto of his Purgatorio:

I' mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente
All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle
Non viste mai, fuor ch' alla prima gente.

Voltaire somewhere observes, that this looked like

Seven radiant stars compose the hallow'd sign
That rose still higher o'er the wavy brine.
Beneath this southern axle of the world,
Never, with daring search, was flag unfurl'd;
Nor pilot knows if bounding shores are plac'd,
Or if one dreary sea o'erflow the lonely waste.
"While thus our keels still onward boldly stray'd,
Now lost by tempests, now by calms delay'd,
To tell the terrours of the deep untry'd,
What toils we suffer'd, and what storms defy'd;
What rattling deluges the black clouds pour'd,
What dreary weeks of solid darkness lour'd;
What mountain surges mountain surges lash'd,
What sudden hurricanes the canvass dash'd;
What bursting lightnings, with incessant flare,
Kindled in one wide flame the burning air;
What roaring thunders bellow'd o'er our head,
And seem'd to shake the reeling ocean's bed;—
To tell each horrour in the deep reveal'd,
Would task an iron throat with tenfold vigour steel'd:
Those dreadful wonders of the deep I saw,
Which fill the sailor's breast with sacred awe;
And which the sages, of their learning vain,
Esteem the phantoms of the dreamful brain.
That living fire, by seamen held divine [14],
Of Heaven's own care in storms the holy sign,
Which midst the horrours of the tempest plays,
And on the blast's dark wings will gaily blaze;
These eyes distinct have seen that living fire
Glide through the storm, and round my sails aspire.
And oft, while wonder thrill'd my breast, mine eyes
To Heaven have seen the watery colossus rise.
Slender at first the subtle fume appears,
And writhing round and round its volume rears:
Thick as a mast the vapour swells its size;
A curling whirlwind lifts it to the skies:
The tube now straitens, now in width extends,
And in a hovering cloud its summit ends:
Still gulf on gulf in sucks the rising tide,
And now the cloud, with cumbrous weight supply'd,
Full-gorg'd, and blackening, spreads, and moves more slow,
And waving trembles to the waves below.
Thus when to shun the summer's sultry beam
The thirsty heifer seeks the cooling stream,
The eager horse leech, fixing on her lips,
Her blood with ardent throat insatiate sips,
Till the gorg'd glutton, swell'd beyond her size,
Drops from her wounded hold, and bursting dies—
So bursts the cloud, o'erloaded with its freight,
And the dash'd ocean staggers with the weight.
But say, ye sages [15], who can weigh the cause,
And trace the secret springs of Nature's laws,
Say, why the wave, of bitter brine erewhile,
Should to the bosom of the deep recoil
Robb'd of its salt, and from the cloud distill
Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill?
Ye sons of boastful wisdom, fam'd of yore,
Whose feet unwearied wander'd many a shore,
From Nature's wonders to withdraw the veil,
Had you with me unfurl'd the daring sail,
Had view'd the wondrous scenes mine eyes survey'd,
What seeming miracles the deep display'd,

a prophecy, when, in the succeeding age, these four stars were known to be near the antarctic pole. Dante, however, spoke allegorically of the four cardinal virtues.

In the southern hemisphere, as Camoëns observes, the nights are darker than in the northern, the skies being adorned with much fewer stars.

[14] The ancients thus accounted for this appearance:—The sulphureous vapours of the air, after being violently agitated by a tempest, unite; and when the humidity begins to subside, as is the case when the storm is almost exhausted, by the agitation of their atoms they take fire, and are attracted by the masts and cordage of the ship. Being thus naturally the pledges of the approaching calm, it is no wonder that the superstition of sailors should in all ages have esteemed them divine, and

Of Heaven's own care in storms the holy sign.

In the expedition of the Golden Fleece, in a violent tempest these fires were seen to hover over the heads of Castor and Pollux, who were two of the Argonauts, and a calm immediately ensued. After the apotheoses of these heroes, the Grecian sailors invoked these fires by the names of Castor and Pollux, or the sons of Jupiter. The Athenians called them Σωτῆρας, saviours; and Homer, in his Hymn to Castor and Pollux, says,

Καστορα θ' ἱππηων καλὸν πώεσσιν ἐόντα,
Υἱέας, σωτῆρας ἐπιχθονίοισι μετοῦσι.

Plin. Nat. Hist. l. ii. Seneca, Quæst. Nat. c. i. and Cæsar de Bell. Afr. c. vi. mention these fires as often seen to alight and rest on the points of the spears of the soldiers. By the French and Spaniards they are called St. Helme's fires; and by the Italians, the fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas. Modern discoveries have proved that these appearances are the electric fluid attracted by the spindle of the mast, or the point of the spear.

[15] In this book, particularly in the description of Massilia, the Gorgades, the fires called Castor and Pollux, and the water-spout, Camoëns has happily imitated the manner of Lucan. It is probable that Camoëns, in his voyage to the East-Indies, was an eye-witness of the phænomena of the fires and water-spout. The latter is thus described by Pliny, l. ii. c. 51. Fit et caligo, bellua simila nubes diræ navigantibus: vocatur et columna, cum spissatus humor rigensque ipso sustinet, et in longam velut fistulam nubes aquam trahit. Dr. Priestley, from signor Beccaria, thus describes the water-spouts: "They generally appear in calm weather. The sea seems to boil, and send up a smoke under them, rising in a hill towards the spout. A rumbling noise is heard. The form is that of a speaking-trumpet, the wider end being towards the clouds, and the narrower towards the sea. The colour is sometimes whitish, and at other times black. Their position is sometimes perpendicular, sometimes oblique, and sometimes in the form of a curve. Their continuance is various: some vanish instantly and presently rise again; and some continue near an hour." Modern philosophers ascribe them to electricity, and esteem them of the same nature as whirlwinds and hurricanes on land. Camoëns says, the water of which they are composed becomes freshened; which some have thus accounted for: when the violent heat attracts the waters to rise in the form of a tube, the marine salts are left behind by the action of rarefaction, being too gross and fixed to ascend. It is thus, when the overloaded vapour bursts, that it descends

Sweet as the waters of the limpid rill.

What secret virtues various Nature show'd—
O! Heaven! with what a fire your page had glow'd!
"And now since wandering o'er the foamy
Our brave armada held her venturous way, [spray,
Five times the changeful empress of the night
Had fill'd her shining horns with silver light,
When sudden from the main-top's airy round
'Land! land!' is echoed.—At the joyful sound,
Swift to the crowded decks the bounding crew
On wings of hope and fluttering transport flew,
And each strain'd eye with aching sight explores
The wide horizon of the eastern shores:
As thin blue clouds the mountain summits rise,
And now the lawns salute our joyful eyes;
Loud through the fleet the echoing shouts prevail,
We drop the anchor, and restrain the sail;
And now descending in a spacious bay,
Wide o'er the coast the venturous soldiers stray,
To spy the wonders of the savage shore,
Where stranger's foot had never trod before.
I and my pilots on the yellow sand
Explore beneath what sky the shores expand.
That sage device, whose wondrous use proclaims
Th' immortal honour of its author's names [16],
The Sun's height measur'd, and my compass
The painted globe of ocean and of land. [scann'd,
Here we perceiv'd our venturous keels had past,
Unharm'd, the southern tropic's howling blast;
And now approach'd dread Neptune's secret reign,
Where the stern power, as o'er the Austral main
He rides, wide scatters from the polar star
Hail, ice, and snow, and all the wintery war.
While thus attentive on the beach we stood,
My soldiers, hastening from the upland wood,
Right to the shore a trembling negro brought,
Whom on the forest-height by force they caught,
As distant wander'd from the cell of home,
He suck'd the honey from the porous comb.
Horrour glared in his look, and fear extreme,
In mien more wild than brutal Polypheme:
No word of rich Arabia's tongue he knew,
No sign could answer, nor our gems would view:
From garments strip'd with shining gold he turn'd;
The starry diamond and the silver spurn'd.
Straight at my nod are worthless trinkets brought;
Round beads of crystal as a bracelet wrought,
A cap of red, and dangling on a string
Some little bells of brass before him ring:
A wide-mouth'd laugh confess'd his barbarous joy,
And both his hands he rais'd to grasp the toy:
Pleas'd with these gifts we set the savage free,
Homeward he springs away, and bounds with glee.
"Soon as the gleamy streaks of purple morn
The lofty forest's topmost boughs adorn,
Down the steep mountain's side, yet hoar with dew,
A naked crowd, and black as night their hue,
Come tripping to the shore: their wishful eyes
Declare what tawdry trifles most they prize:
These to their hopes were given, and, void of fear,
Mild seem'd their manners, and their looks sincere.

A bold rash youth, ambitious of the fame
Of brave adventurer, Veloso his name,
Through pathless breaks their homeward steps
And on his single arm for help depends. [attends,
Long was his stay; my earnest eyes explore,
When rushing down the mountain to the shore
I mark'd him; terrour urg'd his rapid strides;
And soon Coello's skiff the wave divides,
Yet ere his friends advance'd, the treacherous foe
Trod on his latest steps, and aim'd the blow.
Mov'd by the danger of a youth so brave,
Myself now snatch'd an oar, and sprung to save:
When sudden, blackening down the mountain's height,
Another crowd pursu'd his panting flight; [sight,
And soon an arrowy and a dusty shower
Thick o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour:
Nor pour'd in vain; a feather'd arrow stood
Fix'd in my leg [17], and drank the gushing blood.

[16] The astrolabium, an instrument of infinite service in navigation, by which the altitude of the Sun and distance of the stars are taken. It was invented in Portugal during the reign of John II. by two Jew physicians named Roderic and Joseph. It is asserted by some that they were assisted by Martin of Bohemia, a celebrated mathematician. Partly from Castera. Vid. Barros, Dec. 1. l. 4. c. 2.

[17] Camoëns, in describing the adventure of Fernando Veloso, by departing from the truth of history, has shown his judgment as a poet. The place where the Portuguese landed they named the bay of St. Helen. They caught one of two negroes, says Faria, who were busied in gathering honey on a mountain. Their behaviour to this savage, whom they gratified with a red cap, some glasses and bells, induced him to bring a number of his companions for the like trifles. Though some who accompanied Gama were skilled in the various Ethiopic languages, not one of the natives could understand them. A commerce however was commenced by signs and gestures. Gama behaved to them with great civility; the fleet was cheerfully supplied with fresh provisions, for which the natives received clothes and trinkets. But this friendship was soon interrupted by a young rash Portuguese. Having contracted an intimacy with some of the negroes, he obtained leave to penetrate into the country along with them, to observe their habitations and strength. They conducted him to their huts with great good nature, and placed before him, what they esteemed an elegant repast, a sea-calf dressed in the way of their country. This so much disgusted the delicate Portuguese, that he instantly got up and abruptly left them. Nor did they oppose his departure, but accompanied him with the greatest innocence. As fear, however, is always jealous, he imagined they were leading him as a victim to slaughter. No sooner did he come near the ships, than he called aloud for assistance. Coëllo's boat immediately set off for his rescue. The Ethiopians fled to the woods; and now esteeming the Portuguese as a band of lawless plunderers, they provided themselves with arms, and lay in ambush. Their weapons were javelins, headed with short pieces of horn, which they threw with great dexterity. Soon after, while Gama and some of his officers were on the shore, taking the altitude of the Sun by the astrolabium, they were suddenly and with great fury attacked by the ambush from the woods. Several were much wounded,—multos convulneravit, inter quos Gama in pede vulnus accepit,—and Gama received a wound in the foot. The admiral made a speedy retreat to the fleet, prudently choosing rather to leave the negroes the honour of the victory, than to risk the life of one man in a quarrel so foreign to the destination of his expedition; and

Vengeance as sudden every wood repays,
Full in their fronts our flashing lightnings blaze;
Their shrieks of horrour instant pierce the sky,
And wing'd with fear at fullest speed they fly.
Long tracks of gore their scatter'd flight betray'd,
And now, Veloso to the fleet convey'd,
His sportful mates his brave exploits demand,
And what the curious wonders of the land:
'Hard was the hill to climb, my valiant friend,
But oh! how smooth and easy to descend!
Well hast thou prov'd thy swiftness for the chase,
And shown thy matchless merits in the race!'
With look unmov'd the gallant youth replied:
'For you, my friends, my fleetest speed was tried;
'T was you the fierce barbarians meant to slay;
For you I fear'd the fortune of the day;
Your danger great without mine aid I knew,
And swift as lightning [18] to your rescue flew.'

where, to impress the terrour of his arms could be of no service to his interest. When he came nearer to India he acted in a different manner. He then made himself dreaded whenever the treachery of the natives provoked his resentment.—Collected from Faria and Osorius.

[18] The critics, particularly the French, have vehemently declaimed against the least mixture of the comic, with the dignity of the epic poem. It is needless to enter into any defence of this passage of Camoëns, further than to observe, that Homer, Virgil, and Milton have offended the critics in the same manner; and that this piece of raillery in the Lusiad is by much the politest, and the least reprehensible, of any thing of the kind in the four poets. In Homer are several strokes of low raillery. Patroclus, having killed Hector's charioteer, puns thus on his sudden fall: "It is a pity he is not nearer the sea! He would soon catch abundance of oysters, nor would the storms frighten him. See how he dives from his chariot down to the sand! What excellent divers are the Trojans!" Virgil, the most judicious of all poets, descends even to the style of Dutch painting, where the commander of a galley tumbles the pilot into the sea, and the sailors afterward laugh at him, as he sits on a rock spewing up the salt water:

—— Segnemque Menœten,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab alta,
At gravis ut fundo vix tandem redditus imo est
Jam senior, madidaque fluens in veste Menœtes;
Summa petit scopuli, siccaque in rupe resedit.
Illum et labentem Teucri, et risere natantem;
Et salsos rident revomentem pectore fluctus.

And though the characters of the speakers (the ingenious defence which has been offered for Milton) may in some measure vindicate the raillery which he puts into the mouth of Satan and Belial, the lowness of it, when compared with that of Camoëns, must still be acknowledged. Talking of the execution of the diabolical artillery among the good angels, they, says Satan,

Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace.——
To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,

He now the treason of the foe relates.
How, soon as past the mountain's upland straits,
They chang'd the colours of their friendly show,
And force forbade his steps to tread below:
How down the coverts of the sturpy brake
Their lurking stand a treacherous ambush take;
On us, when speeding to defend his flight,
To rush, and plunge us in the shades of night:
Nor while in friendship would their lips unfold
Where India's ocean lav'd the orient shores of gold.
"Now prosp'rous gales the bending canvass swell'd;
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head
A black cloud hover'd: nor appear'd from far
The Moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star;
So deep a gloom the louring vapour cast,
Trembling with awe the bravest stood aghast.
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;
Nor had the blackening wave nor frowning heaven
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amaz'd we stood—'O thou, our fortune's guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God,' I cried;
'Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallow'd eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.'

"I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd we saw a hideous phantom glare:
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd;
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lour'd:
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red;
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and discolour'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His laggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind,
Revenge and horrour in his mien combin'd;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scar'd,
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd.
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.
Cold gliding horrours thrill'd each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confess'd
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

Such as we might perceive amaz'd them all,
And stumbled many——
—— this gift they have beside,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.

[19] The partiality of translators and editors is become almost proverbial. The admiration of their author is supposed when they undertake to introduce him to the public; that admiration, therefore, may without a blush be confessed: but if the reputation of judgment is valued, all the jealousy of circumspection is necessary; for the transition from admiration to partiality and hypercriticism is not only easy, but to oneself often imperceptible. Yet however guarded against this

" 'O you, the boldest of the nations, fir'd,
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspir'd,

partiality of hypercriticism the translator of Camoens may deem himself, he is aware that some of his colder readers may perhaps, in the following instance, accuse him of it. Regardless, however, of the sang-froid of those who judge by authority and not by their own feelings, he will venture to appeal to the few whose taste, though formed by the classics, is untainted with classical prejudices. To these he will appeal, and to those he will venture the assertion, that the fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, stands unsurpassed in human composition.—Voltaire, and the foreign critics, have confessed its merit.—In the prodigy of the Harpies in the Æneid, neither the

Virginei vultuum vultus, fœdissima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus, et pallida semper
Ora fame:

Though Virgil, to heighten the description, introduces it with

——— nec sævior ulla
Pestis et ira deûm Stygiis sese extulit undis:

Nor the predictions of the harpy Celæno, can, in point of dignity, bear any comparison with the fiction of Camoëns. The noble and admired description of Fame, in the fourth Æneid, may seem indeed to challenge competition:

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit:
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata Deorum,
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cœo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit; pedibus celerem et pernicibus alis:
Monstrum horrendum, ingens; cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.
Nocte volat cœli medio terræque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno:
Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginning grows;
Swift from the first, and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size,
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies:
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift in her walk, more swift her winged haste,
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast;
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with listning ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries,
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day from lofty towers her head she shows.
Dryd.

The mobilitate viget, the vires acquirit eundo, the parva metu primo, &c. the caput inter nubila condit, the plumæ, oculi linguæ, ora, and aures, the nocte volat, the luce sedet custos, and the magnas

Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,
Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore
Where never hero brav'd my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane
Have view'd the secrets of my awful reign,
Have pass'd the bounds which jealous Nature drew
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.
" 'With every sounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my dread domain*
With daring search shall hoise the streaming vane,

territat urbes, are all very great, and finely imagined. But the whole picture is the offspring of careful attention and judgment; it is a noble display of the calm majesty of Virgil, yet it has not the enthusiasm of that heat of spontaneous conception, which the ancients honoured with the name of inspiration. The fiction of Camoëns, on the contrary, is the genuine effusion of the glow of poetical imagination. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of a Homer or a Shakespeare. But however Camoëns may, in this passage, have excelled Virgil, he himself is infinitely surpassed by two passages of Holy Writ. "A thing was secretly brought to me," says the author of the book of Job, "and mine ear received a little thereof. In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake: then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice: 'Shall mortal man be more just than God! shall a man be more pure than his maker! Behold, he put no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly: how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!'"

This whole passage, particularly the indistinguishable form and silence, are as superior to Camoëns in the inimitably wild terrific, as the following, from the Apocalypse, is in grandeur of description. "And I saw another mighty angel come down from Heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire..... and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth..... and he lifted up his hand to Heaven, and sware by Him that liveth for ever and ever,..... that Time should be no more."

* On the return of Gama to Portugal, a fleet of thirteen sail, under the command of Pedro Alvarez de Cabral, was sent out on the second voyage to India, where the admiral with only six ships arrived. The rest were mostly destroyed by a terrible tempest at the Cape of Good Hope, which lasted twenty days. "The day-time," says Faria,

That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast:
Thou he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide
Shall drive—Unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusia! oft shalt thou thy children wail;
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy shiver'd masts shall strew my shore.
"'With trophies plum'd behold a hero come[31],
Ye dreary wilds, prepare his yawning tomb.
Though smiling fortune bless his youthful morn,
Though glory's rays his laurel'd brows adorn,
Full oft though he beheld with sparkling eye
The Turkish moons in wild confusion fly,
While he, proud victor, thunder'd in the rear,
All, all his mighty fame shall vanish here.
Quiloa's sons, and thine, Mombaze, shall see
Their conqueror bend his laurel'd head to me;
While proudly mingling with the tempest's sound,
Their shouts of joy from every cliff rebound.
"'The howling blast, ye slumbering storms, awake,
A youthful lover, and his beauteous fair,
Triumphant sail from India's ravag'd land;
His evil angel leads him to my strand.
Through the firm bulk the dashing waves shall roar,
The shatter'd wrecks shall blacken all my shore.
Themselves escap'd, despoil'd by savage hands,
Shall naked wander o'er the burning sands,
Spar'd by the waves for deeper woes to bear,
Woes e'en by me acknowledg'd with a tear.
Their infant race, the promis'd heirs of joy,
Shall now no more a hundred hands employ;
By cruel want, beneath the parents' eye,
In these wide wastes their infant race shall die.
Through dreary wilds where never pilgrim trod,
Where caverns yawn, and rocky fragments nod,
The hapless lover and his bride shall stray,
By night unsheltered and forlorn by day.
In vain the lover o'er the trackless plain
Shall dart his eyes, and cheer his spouse in vain.
Her tender limbs, and breast of mountain snow,
Where ne'er before intruding blast might blow,
Parch'd by the Sun, and shrivell'd by the cold
Of dewy night, shall he, fond man, behold.

Thus wandering wide, a thousand ills o'erpast,
In fond embraces they shall sink at last;
While pitying tears their dying eyes o'erflow,
And the last sigh shall wail each other's woe[32].
"'Some few, the sad companions of their fate,
Shall yet survive, protected by my hate,
On Tagus' banks the dismal tale to tell,
How, blasted by my frown, your heroes fell.'
"He pausd, in act still further to disclose
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes:
When, springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage the threatening shade confounds:
'What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air
By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend, declare.'
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose;

" was so dark, that the sailors could scarcely see each other, or hear what was said for the horrid noise of the winds. Among those who perished was the celebrated Bartholomew Diaz, who was the first modern discoverer of the Cape of Good Hope, which he named the Cape of Tempests."

[31] Don Francisco de Almeyda. He was the first Portuguese viceroy of India, in which country he obtained several great victories over the Mohammedans and Pagans. He conquered Quiloa and Mombaza or Monbaze. On his return to Portugal he put into the bay of Saldanna, near the Cape of Good Hope, to take in water and provisions. The rudeness of one of his servants produced a quarrel with the Caffres or Hottentots. His attendants, much against his will, forced him to march against the blacks. "Ah, whither," he exclaimed, "will you carry the infirm man of sixty years!" After plundering a miserable village, on the return to their ships they were attacked by a superior number of Caffres, who fought with such fury in rescue of their children, whom the Portuguese had seized, that the viceroy and fifty of his attendants were slain.

[32] This poetical description of the miserable catastrophe of don Emmanuel de Souza, and his beautiful spouse Leonora de Sà, is by no means exaggerated. He was several years governor of Diu in India, where he amassed immense wealth. On his return to his native country, the ship in which were his lady, all his riches, and five hundred men, his sailors and domestics, was dashed to pieces on the rocks at the Cape of Good Hope. Don Emmanuel, his lady, and three children, with four hundred of the crew, escaped, having only saved a few arms and provisions. As they marched through the rude uncultivated deserts, some died of famine, of thirst, and fatigue; others, who wandered from the main body in search of water, were murdered by the savages, or destroyed by the wild beasts. The horrour of this miserable situation was most dreadfully aggravated to donna Leonora: her husband began to discover starts of insanity. They are arrived at last at a village inhabited by Ethiopian banditti. At first they were courteously received; and Souza, partly stupefied with grief, at the desire of the barbarians yielded up to them the arms of his company. No sooner was this done, than the savages stripped the whole company naked, and left them destitute to the mercy of the desert. The wretchedness of the defeate and exposed Leonora was increased by the brutal insults of the negroes. Her husband, unable to relieve, beheld her miseries. After having travelled about 500 leagues, her legs swelled, her feet bleeding at every step, and her strength exhausted, she sunk down, and with the sand covered herself to the neck, to conceal her nakedness. In this dreadful situation, she beheld two of her children expire. Her own death soon followed. Her husband, who had been long enamoured of her beauty, received her last breath in a distracted embrace. Immediately he snatched his third child in his arms, and uttering the most lamentable cries, he ran into the thickest of the wood, where the wild beasts were soon heard to growl over their prey. Of the whole four hundred who escaped the waves, only six-and-twenty arrived at another Ethiopian village, whose inhabitants were more civilized, and traded with the merchants of the Red Sea: from hence they found a passage to Europe, and brought the tidings of the unhappy fate of their companions. Jerome de Corterreal, a Portuguese poet, has written an affecting poem on the shipwreck and deplorable catastrophe of don Emmanuel and his beloved spouse. Vid. Faria, Barros, &c.

Steady askance he stood: with wounded pride
And anguish torn, "In me, behold," he cried,
While dark-red sparkles from his eye-balls roll'd,
"In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed.
With white-stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmov'd I stand:
Nor Roman prow nor daring Tyrian oar
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.'
"He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew,
A doleful sound, and vanish'd from the view [52]: 440

The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,
And distant far prolong'd the dismal yell;
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,
And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.
High in the angel host, whose guardian care
Had ever round us watch'd, my hands I rear,
And Heaven's dread king implore, as o'er our head
The fiend, dissolved, an empty shadow fled;
So may his curses by the winds of Heaven
Far o'er the deep, their idle spoil, be driven!" 450
With sacred horrour thrill'd, Melinda's lord
Held up the eager hand, and caught the word:
"Oh wondrous faith of ancient days," he cries,
"Conceal'd in mystic lore, and dark disguise!
Taught by their sires, our hoary fathers tell,
On these rude shores a giant spectre fell, [thrown:
What time from Heaven the rebel band were
And oft the wandering swain has heard his moan,
While o'er the wave the clouded Moon appears
To hide her weeping face, his voice he rears 460
O'er the wild storm. Deep in the days of yore
A holy pilgrim trod the nightly shore;
Stern groans he heard; by ghostly spells control'd,
His fate, mysterious, thus the spectre told:
"'By fiery Titan's warm embrace compress,
The rock-ribb'd mother Earth his love confess;
The hundred-handed giant at a birth
And me she bore: nor slept my hopes on Earth:
My heart anew'd my sire's ethereal flame;
Great Adamastor then my dreaded name. 470
In my bold brother's glorious toils engaged,
Tremendous war against the gods I waged:
Yet not to reach the throne of Heaven I try,
With mountain piled on mountain to the sky;
To me the conquest of the seas befell,
In his green realm the second Jove to quell.
Nor did ambition all my passions hold,
'Twas love that prompted an attempt so bold.
Ah me, one summer in the cool of day
I saw the Nereids on the sandy bay 480
With lovely Thetis from the wave advance
In mirthful frolic, and the naked dance.
In all her charms reveal'd the goddess strode;
With fiercest fires my struggling bosom glow'd;
Yet, yet I feel them burning in my heart,
And hopeless languish with the raging smart.
For her, each goddess of the Heavens I scorn'd,
For her alone my fervent ardour burn'd.
In vain I woo'd her to the lover's bed;
From my grim form with horrour mute she fled. 490
Madd'ning with love, by force I seem to gain
The silver goddess of the blue domain:
To the hoar mother of the Nereid band [53]
I tell my purpose, and her aid command:
By fear impell'd, old Doris tries to move,
And win the spouse of Peleus to my love.
The silver goddess with a smile replies, [prize!
'What nymph can yield her charms a giant's
Yet from the horrours of a war to save,
And guard in peace our empire of the wave, 500

[52] The circumstances of the disappearance of the spectre are in the same poetical spirit of the introduction. To suppose this spectre the spirit of that huge promontory the Cape of Tempests, which by night makes its awful appearance to the fleet of Gama, while wandering in an unknown ocean, is a noble flight of imagination. As already observed in the preface, the machinery of Camoëns is allegorical. To establish Christianity in the east, is expressly said in the Lusiad to be the great purpose of the hero. By Bacchus, the demon who opposes the expedition, the genius of Mohammedism must of consequence be understood: and accordingly, in the eighth book, the Evil Spirit and Bacchus are mentioned as the same personage; where, in the figure of Mohammed, he appears in a dream to a Mohammedan priest. In like manner, by Adamastor, the genius of Mohammedism must be supposed to be meant. The Moors, who professed that religion, were, till the arrival of Gama, the sole navigators of the eastern seas, and by every exertion of force and fraud, they endeavoured to prevent the settlements of the Christians. In the figure of the spectre, the French translator finds an exact description of the person of Mohammed, his fierce demeanour and pale complexion; but he certainly carries his unravelment too far in several instances: to mention only two; "Mohammed," says he, "was a false prophet, so is Adamastor, who says Emmanuel de Souza and his spouse shall die in one another's arms, whereas the husband was devoured by wild beasts in the wood. . . . By the metamorphosis of Adamastor into a huge mass of earth and rock, laved by the waves, is meant the death and tomb of Mohammed. He died of a dropsy, behold the waters which surround him; voila les eaux qui l'entourent.—His tomb was exceeding high; behold the height of the promontory." By such latitude of interpretation, the allegory which was really intended by an author, becomes suspected by the reader. As Camoëns, however, has assured us that he did allegorise, one need not hesitate to affirm, that the amour of Adamastor is an instance of it. By Thetis is figured Renown, or true Glory, by the fierce passion of the giant, the fierce rage of Ambition, and by the rugged mountain that filled his deluded arms, the infamy acquired by the brutal conqueror Mohammed. The hint of this last circumstance is adopted from Castera.

[53] Doris, the sister and spouse of Nereus. By Nereus, in the physical sense of the fable, is understood the water of the sea, and by Doris, the bitterness or salt, the supposed cause of its prolific quality in the generation of fishes.

Whate'er with honour he may hope to gain,
That let him hope his wish shall soon attain.'
The promised grace infused a bolder fire,
And shook my mighty limbs with fierce desire.
But ah, what erreur spreads its dreamful night,
What phantoms hover o'er the lover's sight!
The war resign'd, my steps by Doris led,
While gentle eve her shadowy mantle spread,
Before my steps the snowy Thetis shone
In all her charms, all naked, and alone.
Swift as the wind with open arms I sprung,
And round her waist with joy delirious clung:
In all the transports of the warm embrace,
A hundred kisses on her angel face,
On all its various charms my rage bestows,
And on her cheek my cheek enraptured glows.
When, oh, what anguish while my shame I tell!
What fix despair, what rage my bosom swell!
Here was no goddess, here no heavenly charms,
A rugged mountain fill'd my eager arms,
Whose rocky top, o'erhung with matted brier,
Received the kisses of my amorous fire. [blood;
Waked from my dream, cold horror froze my
Fix'd as a rock before the rock I stood;
'O fairest goddess of the ocean train,
Behold the triumph of thy proud disdain!
Yet why', I cried, 'with all I wish'd decoy,
And when exulting in the dream of joy,
A horrid mountain to mine arms convey!'——
Madd'ning I spoke, and furious sprung away.
For to the south I sought the world unknown,
Where I unheard, unseen'd, might wail alone,
My foul dishonour, and my tears to hide,
And shun the triumph of the goddess' pride.
My brothers now by Jove's red arm o'erthrown,
Beneath huge mountains piled no mountains groan;
And I, who taught each echo to deplore,
And tell my sorrows to the desert shore,
I felt the hand of Jove my crimes pursue;
My stiffening flesh to earthy ridges grew,
And my huge bones, no more by marrow warm'd,
To horrid piles and ribs of rock transform'd,
You dark-brow'd cape of monstrous size became,
Where round me still, in triumph o'er my shame,
The silvery Thetis bids her surges roar,
And waft my groans along the dreary shore.'"

Melinda's monarch thus the tale pursued
Of ancient faith; and Gama thus renew'd—
"Now from the wave the chariot of the day
Whirl'd by the fiery coursers springs away,
When full in view the giant Cape appears,
Wide spreads its limbs, and high its shoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending side,
And our bold vessels plough the eastern tide.
Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,
A cultured shore invites us to the land.
Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,
And give our wearied minds a lively glow[98].
The tenants of the coast, a festive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow sand;
Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind;
The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Bespoke the dew-lapt herds their proudest boast,
Of all their bestial store they valued most.
By turns the husbands and the brides prolong
The various measures of the rural song.
Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound;
The dancers' heels light-quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating stray,
Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.
Methought I saw the sylvan reign of Pan,
And heard the muse of the Mantuan swan——
With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The blissful manners of the age of gold.
With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,
Fresh stores they bring, with cloth of red repaid;
Yet from their lips no word we know could flow,
Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow.
Fair blow the winds; again with sails unfurl'd
We dare the main, and seek the eastern world.
Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd;
The southern pole low to the wave declined,
We leave the isle of Holy Cross[99] behind;
That isle where erst a Lusian, when he past
The longest-beaten Cape, his anchors cast,
And own'd his proud ambition to explore
The kingdoms of the morn could dare no more.
From thence, still on, our daring course we hold
Through trackless gulfs, whose billows never roll'd
Around the vessel's pitchy sides before;
Through trackless gulfs, where mountain surges
For many a night, when not a star appear'd, [roar,
Nor infant Moon's dim horns the darkness cheer'd;
For many a dreary night and cheerless day,
In calms now fetter'd, now the whirlwind's prey,
By ardent hope still fired, we forced our dreadful way.
Now smooth as glass the shining waters lie,
No cloud slow-moving sails the azure sky;
Slack from their height the sails unmoved decline,
The airy streamers form the downward line;

[98] Variety is no less delightful to the reader than to the traveller, and the imagination of Camoëns gave an abundant supply. The insertion of this pastoral landscape, between the terrific scenes which precede and follow, has a fine effect. "Variety," says Pope, in one of his notes on the Odyssey, "gives life and delight; and it is much more necessary in epic than in comic or tragic poetry, sometimes to shift the scenes to diversify and embellish the story." The authority of another celebrated writer offers itself: Les Portugais naviguant sur l'océan Atlantique, découvrirent la pointe la plus méridionale de l'Afrique; ils virent une vaste mer; elle les porta aux Indes Orientales; leurs périls sur cette mer, et la découverte de Mozambique, de Melinde, et de Calecut, ont été chantés par le Camoëns, dont le poëme fait sentir quelque chose des charmes de l'Odyssée, et de la magnificence de l'Enéide. i. e. "The Portuguese sailing upon the Atlantic ocean discovered the most southern point of Africa: here they found an immense sea, which carried them to the East Indies. The dangers they encountered in the voyage, the discovery of Mozambic, of Melinda, and of Calicut, have been sung by Camoëns, whose poem unites the charms of the Odyssey with the magnificence of the Æneid." Montesquieu, Spirit of Laws, b. xxi. c. 21.

[99] A small island, named Santa Cruz by Bartholomew Diaz, who discovered it. According to Faria y Sousa, he went twenty-five leagues further, to the river del Infante, which, till passed by Gama, was the utmost extent of the Portuguese discoveries.

No gentle quiver owns the gentle gale,
Nor gentlest swell distends the ready sail;
Fixt as in ice the slumbering prows remain,
And silence wide extends her solemn reign.
Now to the waves the bursting clouds descend,
And heaven and sea in meeting tempests blend;
The black-wing'd whirlwinds o'er the ocean sweep,
And from his bottom roars the staggering deep.
Driven by the yelling blast's impetuous sway
Staggering we bound, yet onward bound away.
And now escaped the fury of the storm,
New danger threatens in a various form;
Though fresh the breeze the swelling canvass swell'd,
A current's headling sweep our prows withheld [97];
The rapid force impress on every keel,
Backward, o'erpower'd, our rolling vessels reel:
When from their southern caves the winds enraged
In horrid conflict with the waves engaged;
Beneath the tempest groans each loaded mast,
And o'er the rushing tide our bounding navy past.

"Now shined the sacred morn, when from the east
Three kings the holy cradled babe address,
And hail'd him Lord of Heaven: that festive day
We drop our anchors in an opening bay:
The river from the sacred day we name,
And stores, the wandering seaman's right, we claim.
Stores we received; our deepest hope in vain;
No word they utter'd could our cares retain;
Nought to reward our search for India's sound,
By word or sign our ardent wishes crown'd [98].

"Behold, O king, how many a shore we tried!
How many a fierce barbarian's rage defied!
Yet still in vain for India's shore we try,
The long-sought shores our anxious search defy.
Beneath new heavens, where not a star we knew,
Through changing climes, where poison'd air we drew;
Wandering new seas, in gulfs unknown, forlorn,
By labour weaken'd, and by famine worn;
Our food corrupted, pregnant with disease,
And pestilence on each expected breeze;
Not even a gleam of hope's delusive ray
To lead us onward through the devious way;
That kind delusion which full oft has cheer'd
The bravest minds, till glad success appear'd;
Worn as we were each night with dreary care,
Each day with danger that increased despair,—
O monarch! judge what less than Lusian fire
Could still the hopeless scorn of fate inspire!
What less, O king, than Lusian faith withstand,
When dire despair and famine gave command
Their chief to murder, and with lawless power
Sweep Afric's seas, and every coast devour!
What more than men in wild despair still bold!
These more than men in these my hand behold [99]!
Sacred to death, by death alone subdued,
These all the rage of fierce despair withstood;
Firm to their faith, though fondest hope no more
Could give the promise of their native shore!

"Now the sweet waters of the stream we leave,
And the salt waves our gliding prows receive;
Here to the left, between the heading shores,
Torn by the winds the whirling billow roars,
And boiling raves against the sounding coast,
Whose mines of gold Sofala's merchants boast:
Full to the gulf the showery south-winds howl,
Adant against the wind our vessels roll:
Far from the land, wide o'er the ocean driven,
Our helms resigning to the care of Heaven,
By hope and fear's keen passions tost, we roam,
When our glad eyes behold the surges foam
Against the beacons of a cultured bay,
Where sloops and barges cut the watery way.
The river's opening breast some upward ply'd,
And some came gliding down the sweepy tide.
Quick throbs of transport heaved in every heart
To view the knowledge of the seaman's art;
For here we hoped our ardent wish to gain,
To hear of India's strand, nor hoped in vain.
Though Ethiopia's sable hue they bore,
No look of wild surprise the natives wore:
Wide o'er their heads the cotton turban swell'd,
And cloth of blue the decent loins conceal'd.
Their speech, though rude and dissonant of sound,
Their speech a mixture of Arabian own'd.
Fernando, skill'd in all the copious store
Of fair Arabia's speech and flowery lore,
In joyful converse heard the pleasing tale,
That o'er these seas full oft the frequent sail,
And lordly vessels, tall as ours, appear'd,
Which to the regions of the morning steer'd,
And back returning to the southmost land,
Convey'd the treasures of the Indian strand;
Whose cheerful crews, resembling ours, display
The kindred face and colour of the day [100].

[97] It was the force of this rushing current which retarded the further discoveries of Diaz. Gama got over it by the assistance of a tempest. It runs between Cape Corrientes, and the south-west of Madagascar. It is now easily avoided.

[98] The frequent disappointment of the Portuguese, when they expect to hear some account of India, is a judicious imitation of several parts of Virgil; who, in the same manner, moralizes the distresses of the Trojans in their search for the fated seat of empire:

——— O gens
Infelix! cui te fatis fortuna reservat?
Septima post Trojæ excidium jam vertitur æstas;
Cuncta freta, cuncta terras urnes, tot inhospita saxa
Sideraque emensæ ferimur: dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem, et volvimur undis.
Æn. v.

[99] It had been extremely impolitic in Gama to mention the mutiny of his followers to the king of Melinda. The boast of their loyalty besides, has a good effect in the poem, as it elevates the heroes, and gives uniformity to the character of bravery, which the dignity of the epopœia required to be ascribed to them. History relates the matter differently. "In standing for the Cape of Good Hope, Gama gave the highest proofs of his resolution. In illo autem cursu valde Gamæ virtus enituit. The fleet seemed now tossed to the clouds, ut modo nubes contingere, and now sunk to the lowest whirlpools of the abyss. The winds were inexpressibly cold, and to the rage of the tempest was added the horrour of an almost continual darkness. The crew expected every moment to be swallowed up in the deep. At every interval of the storm, they came round Gama asserting the impossibility to proceed further, and imploring to return. But this he resolutely refused. See the preface.

[100] Gama and his followers were at several ports,

Elate with joy we raise the glad acclaim,
And, River of Good Signs[31], the port we name:
Then, guided to the angel guide, who led
The young Tobiah to the spousal bed,
And safe return'd him through the perilous way,
We rear a column on the friendly bay[32].
"Our keels, that now had steer'd through many a clime,
By shell-fish rough'n'd, and incased with slime,
Joyful we clean, while bleating from the field
The fleecy dams the smiling natives yield:
But while each face an honest welcome shows,
And big with sprightly hope each bosom glows,
(Alas! how rare the bloom of human joy!
How soon the blasts of woe that bloom destroy!)
A dread disease its rankling horrours shed,
And death's dire ravage through mine army spread.
Never mine eyes such dreary sight beheld,
Ghastly the mouth and gums enormous swell'd[33];
And instant, putrid like a dead man's wound,
Poison'd with fetid steams the air around:
No sage physician's ever-watchful zeal,
No skilful surgeon's gentle hand to heal,
Were found: each dreary mournful hour we gave
Some brave companion to a foreign grave:
A grave, the awful gift of every shore!
Alas! what weary toils with us they bore!
Long, long endear'd by fellowship in woe,
O'er their cold dust we give the tears to flow;
And in their hapless lot forbode our own,
A foreign burial, and a grave unknown.
"Now deeply yearning o'er our deathful fate,
With joyful hope of India's shore elate,
We loose the hawsers and the sail expand,
And upward coast the Ethiopian strand.
What danger threaten'd at Quiloa's isle,
Mozambic's treason, and Mombassa's guile;
What miracles kind Heaven, our guardian, wrought,
Loud Fame already to thine ear has brought:
Kind Heaven again that guardian care display'd,
And to thy port our weary fleet convey'd,
Where thou, O king, Heaven's regent power below,
Bidst thy full bounty and thy truth to flow:
Health to the sick, and to the weary rest,
And sprightly hope revived in every breast.
Proclaim thy gifts, with grateful joy repaid,
The brave man's tribute for the brave man's aid.
And now in honour of thy fond command,
The glorious annals of my native land;
And what the perils of a route so bold,
So dared as ours, my faithful lips have told.
Then judge, great monarch, if the world before
Ere saw the prow such length of seas explore!

Nor sage Ulysses, nor the Trojan pride,
Such raging gulfs, such whirling storms defied;
Nor one poor tenth of my dread course explored,
Though by the Muses as demigods adored.
"O thou whose breast all Helicon inflamed,
Whose birth seven vaunting cities proudly claim'd;
And thou whose mellow lute and rural song,
In softest flow, led Mincio's waves along;
Whose warlike numbers as a storm impell'd,
And Tiber's surges o'er his borders swell'd;
Let all Parnassus lend creative fire,
And all the Nine with all their warmth inspire;
Your demigods conduct through every scene
Cold fear can paint, or wildest fancy feign;
The Syren's guileful lay, dire Circe's spell,
And all the horrours of the Cyclop's cell;
Bid Scylla's barking waves their match o'erwhelm,
And hurl the guardian pilot from the helm[34];
Give sails and oars to fly the purple shore,
Where love of absent friend awakes no more[35];
In all their charms display Calypso's smiles,
Her flowery arbours and her amorous wiles;
In skins confined the blustering winds control[36],
Or o'er the feast bid loathsome harpies prowl[37];

[31] Rio dos bons sinais.

[32] It was the custom of the Portuguese navigators to erect crosses on the shores of the new-discovered countries. Gama carried materials for pillars of stone along with him, and erected six of these crosses during his expedition. They bore the name and arms of the king of Portugal, and were intended as proofs of the title which accrues from the first discovery.

[33] This poetical description of the scurvy is by no means exaggerated above what sometimes really happens in the course of a long voyage, and in an unhealthful climate, to which the constitution is unhabituated.

[34] See Æn. v. 833.

[35] The Lotophagi, so named from the plant lotus, are thus described by Homer:

Not prone to ill, nor strange to foreign guest,
They eat, they drink, and Nature gives the feast;
The trees around them all their fruit produce;
Lotos the name; divine, nectareous juice;
(Thence called Lotophagi) which whoso tastes,
Instinct riots in the sweet repasts,
Nor other home nor other care intends,
But quits his house, his country, and his friends:
The three we sent, from off th' enchanting ground
We dragg'd reluctant; and by force we bound:
The rest in haste forsook the pleasing shore,
Or, the charm tasted, had return'd no more.
Pope, Odys. ix.

The natural history of the lotos, however, is very different. There are various kinds of it. The Libyan lotos is a shrub like a bramble, the berries like the myrtle, but purple when ripe, and about the bigness of an olive. Mixed with bread-corn it was used as food for slaves. They also made an agreeable wine of it, but which would not keep above ten days. See Pope's note in loco.

[36] The gift of Æolus to Ulysses.

The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling blast:
For him the mighty sire of gods assign'd,
The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind;
His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
To smooth the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
These in my hollow ship the monarch hung,
Securely fetter'd by a silver thong;
But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails:
Rare gift! but oh, what gift to fools avails.
Pope, Odys. x.

The companions of Ulysses imagined that these bags contained some valuable treasure, and opened them while their leader slept. The tempests bursting out drove the fleet from Ithaca, which was then in sight, and was the cause of a new train of miseries.

[37] See the third Æneid.

And lead your heroes through the dread abodes
Of tortured spectres and infernal gods[38];
Give every flower that decks Aonia's hill
To grace your fables with divinest skill;
Beneath the wonders of my tale they fall, [all."
Where truth all unadorn'd and pure exceeds them
While thus illustrious Gama charm'd their ears,
The look of wonder each Melindian wears,
And pleased attention witness'd the command
Of every movement of his lips or hand.
The king enraptured own'd the glorious fame
Of Lisboa's monarchs, and the Lusian name;
What warlike rage the victor-kings inspired,
Nor less their warriors' loyal faith admired.
Nor less his menial train, in wonder lost,
Repeat the gallant deeds that please them most,
Each to his mate; while flat in fond amaze
The Lusian features every eye surveys;
While present to the view, by fancy brought,
Arise the wonders by the Lusians wrought;
And each bold feature to their wondering sight
Displays the raptured ardour of the fight.
Apollo now withdrew the cheerful day,
And left the western sky to twilight gray;
Beneath the wave he sought fair Thetis' bed,
And to the shore Melinda's sovereign sped.
What boundless joys are thine, O just renown,
Thou hope of virtue, and her noblest crown!
By thee the seeds of conscious worth are fired,
Hero by hero, fame by fame inspired:
Without thine aid how soon the hero dies!
By thee upborne his name ascends the skies.
This Ammon knew, and own'd his Homer's lyre
The noblest glory of Pelides' ire.
This knew Augustus, and from Mantua's shade
To courtly ease the Roman bard convey'd;
And soon exulting flow'd the song divine,
The noblest glory of the Roman line.
Dear was the Muse to Julius: ever dear
To Scipio; though the possessions conquering spear
Roughen'd his hand, th' immortal pen he knew,
And to the vested field the gentle Muse drew.
Each glorious chief of Greek or Latian line,
Or barbarous race, adora'd th' Aonian shrine[39];
Each glorious name, e'er to the Muse endear'd,
Or wooed the Muses, or the Muse revered.
Alas, on Tago's luckless shores alone
The Muse is slighted, and her charms unknown[40]
For this, no Virgil here attunes the lyre,
No Homer here awakes the hero's fire.
On Tago's shores are Scipios, Cæsars born,
And Alexanders Lisboa's clime adorn:
But Heaven has stampt them in a rougher mould,
Nor gave the polish to their genuine gold.

Careless and rude or to be known or know,
In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow;
Unheard, in vain their native poet sings,
And cold neglect weighs down the Muse's wings.
Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms[41],
Walks by, unconscious of the Muse's charms:
For him no Muse shall leave her golden loom,
No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom;
Yet shall my labours and my cares be paid
By fame immortal, and by Gama's shade[42]:

[38] See the sixth Æneid, and the eleventh Odyssey.

[39] We have already observed that Camoëns was not misled by the common declamations against the Gothic conquerors. "Theodoric the second king of the Ostrogoths, a pious and humane prince, revered in some degree the study of letters.... He adopted into his service Boethius, the most learned and almost only Latin philosopher of that period. Cassiodorus, another eminent Roman scholar, was his grand secretary.... Theodoric's patronage of learning is applauded by Claudian, &c. Many other Gothic kings were equally attached to the works of peace." Warton, Hist. Eng. Poetry.

[40] Don Fran. de Gama, grandson of the hero of the Lusiad. For his insignificant and worthless character, see the life of Camoëns.

[41] Aristotle has pronounced, that the works of Homer contain the perfect model of the epic poem. Homer never gives us any digressive declamation spoken in the person of the poet, or interruptive of the thread of his narration. For this reason Milton's beautiful complaint of his blindness has been censured as a violation of the rules of the epopœia. But it may be presumed there is an appeal beyond the writings of Homer, an appeal to the reason of these rules. When Homer laid the plan of his works, he felt that to write a poem like a history, whose parts had no necessary dependence and connexion with each other, must be uninteresting and tiresome to the reader of real taste. The unity of one action adorned with proper collateral episodes therefore presented itself in its progressive dependencies of beginning, middle, and end; or, in other words, a description of certain circumstances, the actions which these produce, and the catastrophe. This unity of conduct, as most interesting, is indispensably necessary to the epic poem. But it does not follow, that a declamation in the person of the poet, at the beginning or end of a book, is properly a breach of the unity of the conduct of the action; the omission therefore of such declamations by Homer, as not founded on the nature of the epic poem, is no argument against the use of them. If this however will not be allowed by the critic, let the critic remember, that Homer has many digressive histories, which have no dependence on, or connexion with, the action of the poem. If the declamation of Camoëns in praise of poetry must be condemned, what defence can be offered for the long story of Maron's wine in the ninth Odyssey, to which even the numbers of a Pope could give no dignity! Yet however a Bossu or a Rapin may condemn the digressive exclamations of Camoëns, the reader of taste, who judges from what he feels, would certainly be unwilling to have them expunged. The declamation with which he concludes the Seventh Lusiad must please, must touch every breast. The feelings of a great spirit in the evening of an active and military life, sinking under the pressure of neglect and dependence, yet the complaint expressed with the most manly resentment, cannot fail to interest the generous, and, if adorned with the dress of poetry, to plead an excuse for its admission with the man of taste. The declamation which concludes the present book has also some arguments to offer in its defence. As the fleet of Gama have now safely conquered many difficulties, and are promised a pilot to conduct them to India, it is a proper contrast to the murmurings of the populace, expres-

Him shall the song on every shore proclaim,
The first of heroes, first of naval fame.
Rude and ungrateful though my country be,
This proud example shall be taught by me,
"Where'er the hero's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous hand shall rise!"

LUSIAD VI.

With heart sincere the royal Pagan joy'd,
And hospitable rites each hour employ'd;
For much the king the Lusian band admired,
And much their friendship and their aid desired;
Each hour the gay festivity prolongs,
Melindian dances, and Arabian songs;
Each hour in mirthful transport steals away,
By night the banquet, and the chase by day:
And now the bosom of the deep invites,
And all the pride of Neptune's festive rites;
Their silken banners waving o'er the tide,
A jovial band, the painted gallies ride;
The net and angle various hands employ,
And Moorish timbrels sound the notes of joy.
Such was the pomp[1], when Egypt's beauteous queen
Bade all the pride of naval show convene,
In pleasure's downy bosom to beguile
Her love-sick warrior: o'er the breast of Nile
Dazzling with gold the purple ensigns flow'd,
And to the late the gilded barges row'd,
While from the wave, of many a shining hue,
The anglers' lines the panting fishes drew.
Now from the west the sounding breezes blow,
And far the hoary flood was yet to plough,
The fountain and the field bestow'd their store,
And friendly pilots from the friendly shore,
Train'd in the Indian deep, were now aboard,
When Gama, parting from Melinda's lord,
The holy vows of lasting peace renew'd,
For still the king for lasting friendship sued;
That Lusus' heroes in his port supplied,
And tasted rest, he own'd his dearest pride;
And vow'd that ever while the seas they roam,
The Lusian fleets should find a bounteous home;
And ever from the generous shore receive
Whate'er his port, whate'er his land could give[2].

Nor less his joy the grateful chief declared,
And now to seize the valued hours prepared.
Full to the wind the swelling sails he gave,
And his red prows divide the foamy wave:
Full to the rising Sun the pilot steers,
And far from shore through middle ocean bears.
The vaulted sky now widens o'er their heads,
Where first the infant morn his radiance sheds.
And now with transport sparkling in his eyes
Keen to behold the Indian mountain rise,
High on the decks each Lusian hero smiles,
And proudly in his thoughts reviews his toils.
When the stern demon, burning with disdain,
Beheld the fleet triumphant plough the main:
The powers of Heaven, and Heaven's dread Lord
Revolved in Lisbon glorious to renew [he knew,
The Roman honours—raging with despair
From high Olympus' brow he cleaves the air,
On Earth new hopes of vengeance to devise,
And see that aid denied him in the skies:
Blaspheming Heaven, he pierced the dread abode
Of ocean's lord, and sought the ocean's god.
Deep where the bases of the hills extend,
And Earth's huge ribs of rock enormous bend,
Where roaring through the caverns roll the waves
Responsive as the aërial tempest raves,
The ocean's monarch, by the Nereid train
And watery gods encircled, holds his reign.
Wide o'er the deep, which line could ne'er explore,
Shining with hoary sands of silver ore,
Extends the level, where the palace rears
Its crystal towers, and emulates the spheres;
So starry bright the lofty turrets blaze,
And vie in lustre with the diamond's rays.
Adorn'd with pillars and with roofs of gold,
The golden gates their massy leaves unfold:
Inwrought with pearl the lordly pillars shine;
The sculptured walls confess a hand divine.
Here various colours in confusion lost,
Old Chaos' face and troubled image boast.
Here rising from the mass, distinct and clear,
Apart the four fair elements appear.
High o'er the rest ascends the blaze of fire,
Nor fed by matter did the rays aspire,
But glow'd ethereal, as the living flame, [frame—
Which, stolen from Heaven, inspired the vital
Next, all-embracing air was spread around,
Thin as the light, incapable of wound;
The subtile power the burning south pervades,
And penetrates the depth of polar shades.
Here mother Earth, with mountains crown'd, in seen,
Her trees in blossom, and her lawns in green;
The lowing beeves adorn the clover vales,
The fleecy dams bespread the sloping dales;
Here land from land the silver streams divide;
The sportive fishes, through the crystal tide,
Bedropt with gold their shining sides display:
And here old Ocean rolls his billows gray:
Beneath the Moon's pale orb his current flows,
And round the Earth his giant arms he throws.
Another scene display'd the dread alarms
Of war in Heaven, and mighty Jove in arms:
Here Titan's race their swelling nerves distend
Like knotted oaks, and from their bases rend
And tower the mountains to the thundering sky,
While round their heads the forky lightnings fly:
Beneath huge Ætna vanquish'd Typhon lies,
And vomits smoke and fire against the darken'd skies.

ed by the old man, at the end of the fourth Lusiad, and is by no means an improper conclusion to the episode which so highly extols the military fame of the Lusian warriors.

[1] Every display of eastern luxury and magnificence was lavished in the fishing parties on the Nile, with which Cleopatra amused Mark Antony, when at any time he showed symptoms of uneasiness, or seemed inclined to abandon the effeminate life which he led with his mistress. At one of these parties, Mark Antony having procured divers to put fishes upon his hooks while under the water, he very gallantly boasted to his mistress of his great dexterity in angling. Cleopatra perceived his art, and so gallantly outwitted him. Some other divers received her orders, and in a little while Mark Antony's line brought up a fried fish in place of a live one, to the vast entertainment of the queen and all the convivial company.——Octavius was at this time on his march to decide who should be master of the world.

[2] The friendship of the Portuguese and Melindians was of long continuance. See the preface.

Here seems the pictured wall possess'd of life;
Two gods contending in the noble strife,
The choicest boon to human kind to give,
Their toils to lighten, or their wants relieve[3]:
While Pallas here appears to wave her hand[4],
The peaceful olive's silver boughs expand:
Here, while the ocean's god indignant frown'd,
And raised his trident from the wounded ground,
As yet intangled in the earth appears
The warrior horse, his ample chest he rears,
His wide red nostrils smoke, his eye-balls glare,
And his fore hoofs, high pawing, smite the air.
Though wide and various o'er the sculptured stone[5]
The feats of gods and god-like heroes shone,
On speed the vengeful demon views no more:
Forward he rushes through the golden door,
Where ocean's king, enclosed with nymphs divine,
In regal state receives the king of wine:
"O Neptune!" instant as he came, he cries,
"Here let my presence wake no cold surprise,
A friend I come, your friendship to implore
Against the Fates unjust, and Fortune's power;
Beneath whose shafts the great celestials bow:...
Yet ere I more, if more you wish to know,
The watery gods in awful senate call,
For all should hear the wrong that touches all."

[3] According to fable, Neptune and Minerva disputed the honour of giving a name to the city of Athens. They agreed to determine the contest by a display of their wisdom and power, in conferring the most beneficial gift on makind. Neptune struck the earth with his trident and produced the horse, whose bounding motions are emblematical of the agitation of the sea. Minerva commanded the olive-tree, the symbol of peace and riches, to spring forth. The victory was adjudged to the goddess, from whom the city was named Athens. As the Egyptians and Mexicans wrote their history in hieroglyphics, the taste of the ancient Grecians clothed almost every occurrence in mythological allegory. The founders of Athens, it is most probable, disputed whether their new city should be named from the fertility of the soil or from the marine situation of Attica. The former opinion prevailed, and the town received its name in honour of the goddess of the olive-tree.

[4] As Neptune struck the earth with his trident, Minerva, says the fable, struck the earth with her lance. That she waved her hand while the olive-boughs spread, is a fine poetical attitude, and varies the picture from that of Neptune, which follows it.

[5] The description of palaces is a favourite topic several times touched upon by the two great masters of epic poetry, in which they have been happily imitated by their three greatest disciples among the moderns, Camoëns, Tasso, and Milton. The description of the palace of Neptune has great merit. Nothing can be more in place than the picture of chaos and the four elements. The war of the gods, and the contest of Neptune and Minerva are touched with the true boldness of poetical colouring. But perhaps it deserves censure thus to point out what every reader of taste must perceive. To show to the mere English reader that the Portuguese poet is, in his manner, truly classical, is the intention of many of these notes.

Neptune alarm'd, with instant speed commands
From every shore to call the watery bands:
Triton, who boasts his high Neptunean race,
Sprung from the god by Salace's embrace,
Attendant on his sire the trumpet sounds,
Or through the yielding waves, his herald, bounds:
Huge is his bulk deform'd, and dark his hue;
His bushy beard and hairs that never knew
The smoothing comb, of sea weed rank and long,
Around his breast and shoulders dangling hung,
And on the scarted locks black muscles clung;
A shell of purple on his head he bore[6],
Around his loins no tangling garb he wore,
But all was cover'd with the slimy brood,
The snaily off-spring of the suctuous flood,
And now obedient to his dreadful sire,
High o'er the wave his brawny arms aspire;
To his black mouth his crooked shell applied,
The blast rebellows o'er the ocean wide:
Wide o'er their shores, where'er their waters flow,
The watery powers the awful summons know;
And instant darting to the palace hall,
Attend the founder of the Dardan wall[7].

[6] In the Portuguese,

Na'cabeça por gorra tinha posta,
Huma mui grande casca de lagosta.

Thus rendered by Panshaw,

He had (for a montera *) on his crown
The shell of a red lobster overgrown.

The description of Triton, who, as Panshaw says,

Was a great nasty clown——

is in the style of the classics. His parentage is differently related. Hesiod makes him the son of Neptune and Amphitrite. By Triton, in the physical sense of the fable, is meant the noise, and by Salacé, the mother by some ascribed to him, the salt of the ocean. The origin of the fable of Triton, it is probable, was founded on the appearance of a sea animal, which, according to some ancient and modern naturalists, in the upward parts resembles the human figure. Pausanias relates a wonderful story of a monstrous large one, which often came ashore on the meadows of Boeotia. Over his head was a kind of funny cartilage, which, at a distance, appeared like hair, the body covered with brown scales, and nose and ears like the human; the mouth of a dreadful width, jagged with teeth like those of a panther; the eyes of a greenish hue; the hands divided into fingers, the nails of which were crooked, and of a shelly substance. This monster, whose extremities ended in a tail like a dolphin's, devoured both men and beasts as they chanced in his way. The citizens of Tanagra, at last, contrived his destruction. They set a large vessel full of wine on the sea shore. Triton got drunk with it, and fell into a profound sleep, in which condition the Tanagrians beheaded him, and afterwards, with great propriety, hung up his body in the temple of Bacchus; where, says Pausanias, it continued a long time.

[7] Neptune.

* Montera, the Spanish word for a huntsman's cap.

Old father Ocean, with his numerous race
Of daughters and of sons, was first in place.
Nereus and Doris, from whose nuptials sprung
The lovely Nereid train for ever young,
Who people every sea on every strand,
Appear'd, attended with their filial band;
And changeful Proteus, whose prophetic mind[8]
The secret cause of Bacchus' rage divined,
Attending, left the flocks, his scaly charge,
To graze the bitter weedy foam at large.
In charms of power the raging waves to tame,
The lovely spouse of ocean's sovereign came[9];
From Heaven and Vesta sprung the birth divine,
Her snowy limbs bright through the vestments shine.
Here with the dolphin, who persuasive led[10]
Her modest steps to Neptune's spousal bed,
Fair Amphitrite moved, more sweet, more gay,
Than vernal fragrance and the flowers of May;
Together with her sister spouse she came.
The same their wedded lord, their love the same;
The same the brightness of their sparkling eyes,
Bright as the Sun and azure as the skies.
She who the rage of Athamas to shun[11]
Plunged in the billows with her infant son;
A goddess now, a god the smiling boy,
Together sped: and Glaucus lost to joy[12],
Cure in his love by vengeful Circe's hate,
Attending wept his Scylla's hapless fate.

And now assembled in the hall divine,
The ocean gods in solemn council join;
The goddesses on pearl embroidery sate,
The gods on sparkling crystal chairs of state;
And proudly honour'd on the regal throne,
Beside the ocean's lord, Thyoneus shone[13].
High from the roof the living amber glows[14],
High from the roof the stream of glory flows,
And richer fragrance far around exhales
Than that which breathes on fair Arabia's gales.
Attention now in listening silence waits:—
The power, whose bosom raged against the Fates,
Rising, casts round his vengeful eyes, while rage
Spread o'er his brows the wrinkled seams of age:
"O thou," he cries, "whose birthright sovereign sway
From pole to pole the raging waves obey;
Of human race 'tis thine to fix the bounds,
And fence the nations with thy watery mounds:
And thou, dread power, O father Ocean, hear!
Thou, whose wide arms embrace the world's wide sphere;
'Tis thine the haughtiest victor to restrain,
And bind each nation in its own domain:
And you, ye gods! to whom the seas are given,
Your just partition with the gods of Heaven;
You who of old unpunish'd never bore
The daring trespass of a foreign oar;
You who beheld, when Earth's dread offspring strove
To scale the vaulted sky, the seat of Jove,
Indignant Jove deep to the nether world
The rebel band in blazing thunders hurl'd,
Alas! the great monition lost on you,
Supine you slumber, while a roving crew,
With impious search, explore the watery way,
And unresisted through your empire stray,
To seize the sacred treasures of the main;
Their fearless prows your ancient laws disdain:
Where far from mortal sight his hoary head
Old Ocean hides, their daring sails they spread;
And their glad shouts are echoed where the roar
Of mounting billows only howl'd before.
In wonder, silent, ready Boreas sees
Your passive langour and neglectful ease;
Ready with force familiar to restrain
The bold intruders on your awful reign:
Prepared to burst his tempests, as of old,
When his black whirlwinds o'er the ocean roll'd,
And rent the Mynian sails, whose impious pride[15]
First braved their fury, and your power defied.
Nor deem that, fraudful, I my hope deny;
My darken'd glory sped me from the sky.
How high my honours on the Indian shore!
How soon these honours must avail no more!
Unless these rovers, who with doubled shame
To stain my conquests, bear my vassal's name[16],
Unless they perish on the billowy way—
Then rouse, ye gods, and vindicate your sway.
The powers of Heaven in vengeful anguish see
The tyrant of the skies, and Fate's decree;

[8] The fullest and best account of the fable of Proteus is in the fourth Odyssey.

[9] Thetis.

[10] Camera has a most curious note on this passage. "Neptune," says he, "is the vivifying spirit, and Amphitrite the humidity of the sea, which the dolphin, the divine intelligence, unites for the generation and nourishment of fishes. Who," says he, "cannot but be struck with admiration to find how consonant this is to the sacred Scripture; Spiritus Domini fertur super aquas; The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."

[11] Ino, the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and second spouse of Athamas, king of Thebes. The fables of her fate are various. That which Camoëns follows is the most common. Athamas, seized with madness, imagined that his spouse was a lioness, and her two sons young lions. In this phrensy he slew Learchus, and drove the mother and her other son Melicertus into the sea. The corpse of the mother was thrown ashore on Megaria, and that of the son at Corinth. They were afterwards deified, the one as a sea goddess, the other as the god of harbours.

[12] A fisherman, says the fable, who, on eating a certain herb, was turned into a sea god. Circe was enamoured of him, and, in revenge of her slighted love, poisoned the fountain where his mistress usually bathed. By the force of the enchantment the favoured Scylla was changed into a hideous monster, whose loins were surrounded with the ever-barking heads of dogs and wolves. Scylla, on this, threw herself into the sea, and was metamorphosed into the rock which bears her name. The rock Scylla at a distance appears like the statue of a woman: the furious dashing of the waves in the cavities which are level with the water, resembles the barking of wolves and dogs. Hence the fable.

[13] Thyoneus, a name of Bacchus.

[14] ——From the arched roof,
Pendent by subtile magic, many a row
Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. Milton.

[15] The sails of the Argonauts, inhabitants of Mynia.

[16] See the first note on the First Book of the Lusiad.

The dread decree, that to the Lusian train
Consigns, betrays your empire of the main:
Say, Shall your wrong alarm the high abodes?
Are men exalted to the rank of gods,
O'er you exalted, while in careless ease
You yield the wrested trident of the seas;
Usurp'd your monarchy, your honours stain'd,
Your birthright ravish'd, and your waves profaned!
Alike the daring wrong to me, to you,
And shall my lips in vain your vengeance sue!
This, this to sue from high Olympus bore—" 230
More he attempts, but rage permits no more.
Fierce bursting wrath the watery gods inspires,
And their red eye-balls burn with livid fires:
Heaving and panting struggles every breast,
With the fierce billows of hot ire oppress.
Twice from his seat divining Proteus rose,
And twice he shook enraged his sedgy brows:
In vain; the mandate was already given,
From Neptune sent, to loose the winds of Heaven:
In vain; though prophecy his lips inspired, 240
The ocean's queen his silent lips required.
Nor less the storm of headlong rage denies,
Our council to debate, or thought to rise.
And now the god of tempests swift unbinds
From their dark caves the various roaring winds:
High o'er the storm the power impetuous rides,
His howling voice the roaring tempest guides;
Right to the dauntless fleet their rage he pours,
And first their headlong outrage tears the shores;
A deeper night involves the darken'd air, 250
And livid flashes through the mountains glare:
Up-rooted oaks, with all their leafy pride, [side;
Roll thundering down the groaning mountain's
And men and herds in clamorous uproar run,
The rocking towers and crashing woods to shun.
While thus the council of the watery state,
Enraged, decree the Lusian heroes' fate,
The weary fleet before the gentle gale
With joyful hope display'd the steady sail;
Through the smooth deep they plough'd the lengthening way; 260
Beneath the wave the purple car of day
To sable night the eastern sky resign'd,
And o'er the decks cold breathed the midnight wind.
All but the watch in warm pavilions slept;
The second watch the wonted vigils kept;
Supine their limbs, the mast supports the head,
And the broad yard-sail o'er their shoulders spread
A grateful cover from the chilly gale,
And sleep's soft dews their heavy eyes assail.
Languid against the languid power they strive, 270
And sweet discourse preserves their thoughts alive.
When Leonardo, whose enamour'd thought
In every dream the plighted fair-one sought—
The dews of sleep what better to remove
Than the soft, woeful, pleasing tales of love?
"Ill-timed, alas," the brave Veloso cries,
"The tales of love, that melt the heart and eyes.
The dear enchantments of the fair I know,
The fearful transport and the rapturous woe:
But with our state ill suits the grief or joy; 280
Let war, let gallant war our thoughts employ:
With dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire."
His mates with joy the brave Veloso hear,
And on the youth the speaker's toil confer.
The brave Veloso takes the word with joy,
"And truth," he cries, "shall these slow hours decoy.
The warlike tale adorns our nation's fame;
The twelve of England give the noble theme."
"When Pedro's gallant heir, the valiant John, 310
Gave war's full splendour to the Lusian throne,
In haughty England, where the winter spreads
His snowy mantle o'er the shining meads [17],
The seeds of strife the fierce Erinnys sows;
The baleful strife from court dissension rose.
With every charm adorn'd, and every grace,
That spreads its magic o'er the female face,
Twelve ladies shined the courtly train among,
The first, the fairest of the courtly throng:
But envy's breath reviled their injured name, 320
And stain'd the honour of their virgin fame.
Twelve youthful barons own'd the foul report,
The charge at first, perhaps, a tale of sport.
Ah, base the sport that lightly dares defame
The sacred honour of a lady's name!
What knighthood asks the proud accusers yield [18],
And dare the damsels' champions to the field.

[17] In the original,

Lá na grande Inglaterra, que de neve
Ecreal sempre abunda ——

that is, "In illustrious England, always covered with northern snow." Though the translator was willing to retain the manner of Homer, he thought it proper to correct the errour in natural history fallen into by Camoëns. Faustus seems to have been sensible of the mistake of his author, and has given the following, uncountenanced by the Portuguese, in place of the eternal snows ascribed to his country:

In merry England, which (from cliffs that stand
Like hills of snow) once Albion's name did grit.

[18] The translator, either by his own researches, or by his application to some gentlemen who were most likely to inform him, has not been able to discover the slightest vestige of this chivalrous adventure in any memoirs of the English history. It is probable, nevertheless, that however adorned with romantic ornament, it is not entirely without foundation in truth. Castera, who unhappily does not cite his authority, gives the names of the twelve Portuguese champions; Alvaro Vaz d'Almada, afterwards count d'Avranches in Normandy; another Alvaro d'Almada, surnamed the Junior, from his dexterity at that warlike exercise; Lopez Fernando Pacheco; Pedro Homen d'Acosta; Juan Augustin Pereyra; Luis Gonalez de Malafay; the two brothers Alvaro and Rodrigo Mendez de Cerveyra; Ruy Gomez de Sylva; Soueyro d'Acosta, who gave his name to the river Acosta in Africa; Martin Lopez d'Azevedo; and Alvaro Gonsalez de Coutigno, surnamed Magricio. The names of the English champions and of the ladies, he confesses, are unknown, nor does history positively explain the injury of which the dames complained. It must however, he adds, have been such as required the atonement of blood;—il falloit qu'elle fût sanglante;—since two sovereigns allowed to determine it by the sword. "Some critics," says Castera, "may perhaps condemn this episode of Camoëns; but for my part," he continues, "I think the adventure of Olinde and Sophronia, in Tasso, is much more to be blamed.

'There let the cause, as honour wills, be tried,
And let the lance and ruthless sword decide.'
The lovely dames implore the courtly train,
With tears implore them, but implore in vain:
So famed, so dreaded toss'd each boastful knight,
The damsels' fears shunn'd the proffer'd fight.
Of arm unable to repel the wrong,
The heart's each feeling conscious of the wrong,
When robb'd of all the female breast holds dear,
Ah Heaven, how bitter flows the female tear!
To Lancaster's bold sons the damsels sue;
Adown their cheeks, now paler than the hue
Of snowy grove trembling to the chilly gale,
The show-paced crystal tears their wrongs bewail.
When down the beauteous face the dew-drop flows,
What manly bosom can its force oppose!
His lovely curls th' indignant hero shakes,
And all his youthful rage restored awakes:
'Though loth,' he cries, 'to plunge my bold
In civil discord, yet oppose you stare:
From Lusitania—' for on Lusian ground
Brave Lancaster had strode with laurel crown'd;
Had mark'd how bold the Lusian heroes shone,
What time he claim'd the proud Castilian throne [89],

How matchless pour'd the tempest of their might,
When thundering at his side they ruled the fight.
Not less their ardent passion for the fair,
Generous and brave, he view'd with wondering care.
When crown'd with roses to the nuptial bed
The warlike John his lovely daughter led—
'From Lusitania's clime,' the hero cries,
'The gallant champions of your fame shall rise:
Their hearts will burn, for well their hearts I know,
To pour your vengeance on the guilty foe.
Let courtly phrase the heroes' worth admire,
And for your injured names that worth require:
Let all the soft endearments of the fair,
And words that weep your wrongs, your wrongs declare.
Myself the heralds to the chiefs will send,
And to the king, my valiant son, commend.'
He spoke; and twelve of Lusian race he names,
All noble youths, the champions of the dames.
The dames by lot their gallant champions chose [90],
And each her hero's name exulting rose.
Each in a various letter hails her chief,
And earnest for his aid relates her grief:
Each to the king her courtly homage sends,
And valiant Lancaster their cause commends.
Soon as to Tagus' shores the heralds came,
Swift through the palace pours the sprightly flame
Of high-soul'd chivalry; the monarch glows
First on the lated field to dare the foe;
But regal state withheld. Alike their fires,
Each courtly noble to the toil aspires:
High on his helm, the envy of his peers,
Each chosen knight the plume of combat wears.
In that proud port half-circled by the wave [91],
Which Portugallia to the nation gave,
A deathless name, a speedy sloop receives
The sculptured bucklers, and the clasping greaves,
The swords of Ebro, spears of lofty size,
And breast-plates flaming with a thousand dyes,
Helmets high-plumed, and, pawing for the fight,
Bold steeds, whose harness shone with silvery light
Dazzling the day. And now the rising gale
Invites the heroes, and demands the sail,
When brave Magricio thus his peers address,
'Oh, friends in arms, of equal powers confest,
Long have I hoped through foreign climes to stray,
Where other streams than Douro wind their way;
To note what various shares of bliss and woe
From various laws and various customs flow.
Nor deem that, artful, I the fight decline;
England shall know the combat shall be mine.
By land I speed, and should dark fate prevent,
For death alone shall blight my firm intent,
Small may the sorrow for my absence be,
For yours were conquest, though unshared by me.

The episode of the Italian poet is totally exuberant, il est tout-à-fait postiche,—whereas that of the Portuguese has a direct relation to his proposed subject; the wars of his country, a vast field, in which he has admirably succeeded, without prejudice to the first rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action." To this may be added the suffrage of Voltaire, who acknowledges that Camoëns artfully interweaves the history of Portugal. And the severest critic must allow that the episode related by Veloso is happily introduced. To one who has ever been at sea, the scene must be particularly pleasing. The fleet is under sail, they plough the smooth deep,

And o'er the decks cold breathed the midnight wind.

All but the second watch are asleep in their warm pavilions; the second watch sit by the mast, sheltered from the chilly gale by a broad sail-cloth: sleep begins to overpower them, and they tell stories to entertain one another. For beautiful picturesque simplicity there is no sea-scene equal to this in the Odyssey or Æneid. And even the prejudice of a Scaliger must have confessed, that the romantic chivalrous narrative of Veloso,

What dangers threaten'd, let the tale inspire
The scorn of danger, and the hero's fire——

is better adapted to the circumstances of the speaker and his audience, than almost any of the long histories, which on all occasions, and sometimes in the heat of battle, the heroes of the Iliad relate to each other. Pope has been already cited, as giving his sanction to the fine effect of variety in the epic poem. The present instance, which has a peculiar advantage, in agreeably suspending the mind of the reader after the storm is raised by the machinations of Bacchus, may be cited as a confirmation of the opinion of that judicious poet.

[89] John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, claimed the crown of Castile in the right of his wife, Donna Constantia, daughter of don Pedro, the late king. Assisted by his son-in-law, John I. of Portugal, he entered Galicia, and was proclaimed king of Castile at the city of St. Jago de Compostella. He afterwards relinquished his pretensions on the marriage of his daughter Catalina with the infant don Henry of Castile. See note 20 of Lusiad IV.

[90] The ten champions, who in the fifth book of the Jerusalem are sent by Godfrey for the assistance of Armida, are chosen by lot. Tasso, who had read the Lusiad, and admired its author, undoubtedly had the Portuguese poet in his eye.

[91] Oporto, called by the Romans Calle. Hence Portugal.

Yet something more than human warms my breast[99],
And sudden whispers, In our fortunes blest,
Nor envious chance, nor rocks, nor warring tide,
Shall our glad meeting at the list divide.'
" He said: and now the rites of parting friends
Suffic'd, through Leon and Castael he bends.
On many a field corage the hero stood,
And the proud scenes of Lusian conquest view'd.
Navar he pass'd, and pass'd the dreary wild,
Where rocks on rocks o'er yawning glyns are piled;
The wolf's dread range, where to the evening skies
In clouds involved the cold Pyrenians rise.
Through Gallia's flowery vales and wheaten plains
He strays, and Belgia now his steps detains.
There, as forgetful of his vow'd intent,
In various cares the fleeting days he spent:
Hie peers the while direct to England's strand,
Plough the chill northern wave; and now at land,
Adorn'd in armour, and embroidery gay,
To lordly London leads the crowded way.
Bold Lancaster receives the knights with joy;
The feast and warlike sport each hour employ.
The beauteous dames attending wake their fire,
With tears enrage them, and with smiles inspire.
And now with doubtful blushes rose the day,
Decreed the rites of rounded fame to-day.
The English monarch gives the lists bounds,
And, fast in rank, with shining spears surrounds.
Before their dames the gallant knights advance,
Each like a Mars, and shake the beamy lance:
The dames, adorn'd in silk and gold, display
A thousand colours glittering to the day:
Alone in tears, and doleful mourning, came,
Unhonour'd by her knight, Magricio's dame.
'Fear not our prowess,' cry the bold eleven,
'In numbers, not in might, we stand uneven;
More could we spare, secure of dauntless might,
When for the injured female name we fight.'
" Beneath a canopy of regal state,
High on a throne the English monarch sate;
All round, the ladies and the barons bold,
Shining in proud array, their stations hold.
Now o'er the theatre the champions pour,
And facing three to three, and four to four,
Flourish their arms in parlode. From the bay
Where flows the Tagus, to the Indian sea,
The Sun beholds not in his annual race
A twelve more sightly, more of manly grace
Than tower'd the English knights. With frothing jaws
Furious each steed the bit restrictive gnaws;
And rearing to approach the rearing foe,
Their wavy manes are dash'd with foamy snow;
Cross-darting to the Sun a thousand rays
The champions' helmets as the crystal blaze.
Ah now, the trembling ladies' cheeks how wan! 460
Cold crept their blood; when through the tumult ran
A shout loud gathering: turn'd was every eye
Where rose the shout, the sudden cause to spy.
And lo, in shining arms a warrior rode,
With conscious pride his meeting courser trod;

Low to the monarch and the dames he bends,
And now the great Magricio joins his friends.
With looks that glow'd, exulting rose the fair,
Whose wounded honour claim'd the hero's care:
Aside the doleful weeds of mourning thrown,
In dazzling purple and in gold she shone.
Now loud the signal of the fight resounds
Quivering the air; the meeting shock rebounds
Hoarse crashing uproar; griding splinters spring
Far round; and bucklers dash'd on bucklers ring:
Their swords flash lightning; darkly reeking o'er
The shining mail-plates flows the purple gore.
Turn by the spur, the loosened reins at large,
Furious the steeds in thundering plunges charge;
Trembles beneath their hoofs the solid ground,
And thick the fiery sparkles flash around,
A dreadful blaze! with pleasing horrours thrill'd,
The crowd behold the terrours of the field.
Here stunn'd, and staggering with the forceful blow,
A bending champion grasps the saddle bow;
Here backward bent a falling knight reclines,
His plumed disbonour'd lash the courser's loins.
So tired and stagger'd toil'd the doubtful fight,
When great Magricio, kindling all his might,
Gave all his rage to burn: with bleeding force,
Conscious of victory, his bounding horse
Wheels round and round the foe; the hero's spear
Now on the front, now flaming on the rear,
Mows down their firmest battle; groans the ground,
Beneath his courser's smiting hoofs; far round
The cloven helms and splinter'd shields resound.
Here, torn and trail'd in dust the harness gay,
From the fallen master springs the steed away;
Obscene with dust and gore, slow from the ground
Rising, the master rolls his eyes around,
Pale as a spectre on the Stygian coast,
In all the rage of shame confused and lost.
Here low on earth, and o'er the riders thrown,
The wallowing coursers and the riders groan:
Before their glimmering vision dies the light,
And deep descends the gloom of death's eternal night.
They now who boasted, 'Let the sword decide,'
Alone in flight's ignoble aid confide:
Loud to the sky the shout of joy proclaims
The spotless honour of the ladies' names.
" In painted halls of state and rosy bowers,
The twelve brave Lusians crown the festive hours.
Bold Lancaster the princely feast bestows,
The goblet circles, and the music flows;
And every care, the transport of their joy,
To tend the knights the lovely dames employ;
The green-boughed forests by the lawns of Thames
Behold the victor-champions and the dames
Rouse the tall roe-buck o'er the dews of morn,
While through the dales of Kent resounds the bugle-horn.
The sultry noon the princely banquet owns,
The minstrel's song of war the banquet crowns;
And when the shades of gentle evening fall,
Loud with the dance resounds the lordly hall:
The golden roofs, while Vesper shines, prolong
The trembling echoes of the harp and song.
Thus pass'd the days on England's happy strand,
Till the dear memory of their natal land
Sigh'd for the banks of Tagus. Yet the breast
Of brave Magricio spurns the thoughts of rest;
In Gaul's proud court he sought the listed plain,
In arms an injured lady's knight again.

[99] In the Portugnese,

Mas se a verdade o espirito me adevinha.

Literally, "But if my spirit truly divine." Thus rendered by Fanshaw,

But in my aug'ring ear a bird doth sing.

As Rome's Corvinus o'er the field he strode [52],
And on the foe's huge cuirass proudly trod.
No more by tyranny's proud tongue reviled,
The Flandrian countess on her hero smiled [53].
The Rhine another pass'd, and proved his might [54],
A fraudful German dared him to the fight;
Strain'd in his grasp the fraudful boaster fell—"
Here sudden stopt the youth; the distant yell
Of gathering tempest sounded in his ears,
Unheard, unheeded by his listening peers.

[52] Valerius Maximus, a Roman tribune, who fought and slew a Gaul of enormous stature, in single combat. During the duel a raven perched on the helm of his antagonist, sometimes pecked his face and hand, and sometimes blinded him with the flapping of his wings. The victor was thence named Corvinus. Vid. Liv. l. vii. c. 26.

[53] "The princess, for whom Magricio signalized his valour, was Isabella, and spouse to Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and earl of Flanders. Some Spanish chronicles relate, that Charles VII. of France, having assembled the states of his kingdom, cited Philip to appear with his other vassals. Isabella, who was present, solemnly protested that the earls of Flanders were not obliged to do homage. A dispute arose, on which she offered, according to the custom of that age, to appeal to the fate of arms. The proposal was accepted, and Magricio, the champion of Isabella, vanquished a French chevalier, appointed by Charles. Though our authors do not mention this adventure, and though Emmanuel de Faria, and the best Portuguese writers treat it with doubt, nothing to the disadvantage of Camoëns is thence to be inferred. A poet is not obliged always to follow the truth of history."—Castera.

[54] "This was Alvaro Vaz d'Almada. The chronicle of Garibay relates, that at Basil he received from a German a challenge to measure swords, on condition that each should fight with his right side unarmed; the German by this hoping to be victorious, for he was left-handed. The Portuguese, suspecting no fraud, accepted. When the combat began he perceived the inequality. His right side unarmed was exposed to the enemy, whose left side, which was nearest to him, was defended with half a cuirass. Notwithstanding all this, the brave Alvaro obtained the victory. He sprang upon the German, seized him, and, grasping him forcibly in his arms, stifled and crushed him to death; imitating the conduct of Hercules, who in the same manner slew the cruel Anteus. Here we ought to remark the address of our author; he describes at length the injury and grief of the English ladies, the voyage of the twelve champions to England, and the prowess they there displayed. When Veloso relates these, the sea is calm; but no sooner does it begin to be troubled, than the soldier abridges his recital: we see him follow by degrees the preludes of the storm, we perceive the anxiety of his mind on the view of the approaching danger, hastening his narration to an end. Voilà ce que s'appelle ces coups de maître. 'Behold the strokes of a master.'"—Castera.

Joam Franco Barreto, whose short nomenclator is printed as an index to the Portuguese editions of the Lusad, informs us, that Magricio was son of the mariechal Concalo Coutinho, and brother to don Vasco Coutinho, the first count de Marialva.

Earnest at fall they urge him to relate
Magricio's combat, and the German's fate.
When shrilly whistling through the decks resounds
The master's call, and load his voice reboands:
Instant from converse and from slumber start
Both bands, and instant to their toils they dart.
"Aloft, O speed, down, down the topsails," cries
The master, "sudden from my earnest eyes
Vanish'd the stars, slow rolls the hollow sigh,
The storm's dread herald."—To the topsails fly
The bounding youths, and o'er the yard-arms whirl
The whizzing ropes, and swift the canvass furl;
When from their grasp the bursting tempests bore
The sheets half-gather'd, and in fragments tore.
"Strike, strike the main-sail," loud again he roars
His echoing voice; when roaring in their ears,
As if the starry vault by thunders riven,
Rush'd downward to the deep the walls of Heaven:
With headlong weight a fiercer blast descends,
And with sharp whirring crash the main-sail rends;
Loud shrieks of horrour through the fleet resound,
Bursts the torn cordage, rattle far around
The splinter'd yard-arms; from each bending mast,
In many a shred, far streaming on the blast
The canvass floats; low sinks the leeward side,
O'er the broad vessels rolls the swelling tide:
"Oh strain each nerve," the frantic pilot cries,
"Oh now—" and instant every nerve applies,
Tugging what cumbrous lay with straitful force;
Dash'd by the ponderous loads the surges hoarse
Roar in new whirls: the dauntless soldiers ran
To pump, yet ere the groaning pump began
The wave to vomit, o'er the decks o'erthrown
In grovelling heaps the stagger'd soldiers groan:
So rolls the vessel, not the boldest three,
Of arm robustest, and of firmest knee,
Can guide the starting rudder; from their hands
The helm bursts; scarce a cable's strength commands
The staggering fury of its starting bounds,
While to the forceful beating surge resounds
The hollow crazing hulk: with kindling rage
The adverse winds the adverse winds engage:
As from its base of rock their banded power
Strove in the dust to strew some lordly tower,
Whose dented battlements in middle sky
Frown on the tempest and its rage defy;
So roar'd the winds: high o'er the rest upborne
On the wide mountain-wave's slant ridge forlorn,
At times discover'd by the lightnings blue,
Hangs Gama's lofty vessel, to the view
Small as her boat; o'er Paulus' shatter'd prore
Falls the tall main-mast prone with crashing roar;
Their hands, yet grasping their uprooted hair,
The sailors lift to Heaven in wild despair;
The Saviour-God each yelling voice implores:
Nor less from brave Coello's war-ship pours
The shriek, shrill rolling on the tempest's wings:
Dire as the bird of death at midnight sings
His dreary howlings in the sick man's ear,
The answering shriek from ship to ship they hear.
Now on the mountain billows upward driven,
The navy mingles with the clouds of Heaven;
Now rushing downward with the sinking waves,
Bare they behold old ocean's vaulty caves.
The eastern blast against the western pours,
Against the southern storm the northern roars:
From pole to pole the flashy lightnings glare,
One pale blue twinkling sheet enwraps the air;

In swift succession now the volleys fly,
Darted in pointed curvings o'er the sky,
And through the horrours of the dreadful night,
O'er the torn waves they shed a ghastly light;
The breaking surges flame with burning red,
Wider and louder still the thunders spread,
As if the solid Heavens together crush'd,
Expiring worlds on worlds expiring rush'd,
And dim-brow'd Chaos struggled to regain
The wild confusion of his ancient reign.
Not such the volley when the arm of Jove
From Heaven's high gates the rebel Titans drove;
Not such fierce lightnings blazed athwart the flood,
When, saved by Heaven, Deucalion's vessel rode
High o'er the deluged hills. Along the shore
The halcyons, mindful of their fate, deplore[96];
As beating round on trembling wings they fly,
Shrill through the storm their woeful clamours die.
So from the tomb, when midnight veils the plains,
With shrill, faint voice, th' antiuely ghost complains[97].

The amazon dolphins to their deepest caves
In vain retreat to fly the furious waves;
High o'er the mountain-capes the ocean flows,
And tears the aged forests from their brows:
The pine and oak's huge sinewy roots uptorn,
And from their beds the dusky sands upborne
On the rude whirlings of the billowy sweep,
Imbrown the surface of the boiling deep.
High to the poop the valiant Gama springs,
And all the rage of grief his bosom wings,
Grief to behold, the while fond hope enjoy'd
The need of all his toils, that hope destroy'd:
In awful horrour lost the hero stands,
And rolls his eyes to Heaven, and spreads his hands,
While to the clouds his vessel rides the swell,
And now her black keel strikes the gates of Hell;
"O thou!" he cries, "whom trembling Heaven obeys,
Whose will the tempest's furious madness sways,
Who, through the wild waves, lead'st thy chosen race,
While the high billows stood like walls of brass:

[96] Ceyx, king of Trachinia, son of Lucifer, married Alcyone, the daughter of Eolus. On a voyage to consult the Delphic oracle he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in the view of his spouse, who, in the agonies of her love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The gods, in pity of her pious fidelity, metamorphosed them into the birds which bear her name. The halcyon is a little bird, about the size of a thrush, its plumage of a beautiful sky blue, mixed with some traits of white and carnation. It is vulgarly called the King, or Martin Fisher. The halcyons very seldom appear but in the finest weather, whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle, for her conjugal affection. She nourishes and attends the male when sick, and survives his death but a few days. When the halcyons are surprised in a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terrour, with the most lamentable and doleful cries. To introduce them therefore in the picture of a storm, is a proof both of the taste and judgment of Camoëns.

[97] It may not perhaps be unentertaining to cite madam Dacier, and Mr. Pope, on the voices of the dead. It will, at least, afford a critical observation, which appears to have escaped them both. "The shades of the suitors (observes Dacier) when they are summoned by Mercury out of the palace of Ulysses, emit a feeble, plaintive, inarticulate sound, τριζουσι, *stridere*: whereas Agamemnon, and the shades that have been long in the state of the dead, speak articulately. I doubt not but Homer intended to show, by the former description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body, it ceases to act after the same manner as while it was joined to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not easy to understand. In other respects Virgil paints after Homer:

——Pars tollere vocem
Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes."

To this Mr. Pope replies, "But why should we suppose, with Dacier, that these shades of the suitors (of Penelope) have lost the faculty of speaking? I rather imagine that the sounds they uttered were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak. After Patroclus was slain, he appears to Achilles, and speaks very articulately to him; yet to express his sorrow at his departure, he acts like these suitors: for Achilles

Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.

Dacier conjectures, that the power of speech ceases, till they are admitted into a state of rest; but Patroclus is an instance to the contrary in the Iliad, and Elpenor in the Odyssey, for they both speak before their funereal rites are performed, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy."

The critic, in his search for distant proofs, often omits the most material one immediately at hand. Had madam Dacier attended to the episode of the souls of the suitors, the world had never seen her ingenuity in these mythological conjectures; nor had Mr. Pope any need to bring the case of Patroclus or Elpenor to overthrow her system. Amphimedon, one of the suitors, in the very episode which gave birth to Dacier's conjecture, tells his story very articulately to the shade of Agamemnon, though he had not received the funereal rites:

Our mangled bodies now deform'd with gore,
Cold and neglected spread the marble floor;
No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.
Odys. xxiv.

On the whole, the defence of Pope is almost as idle as the conjectures of Dacier. The plain truth is, poetry delights in personification: every thing in it, as Aristotle says of the Iliad, has manners; poetry must therefore personify according to our ideas. Thus in Milton:

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth—

And thus in Homer, while the suitors are conducted to Hell;

Trembling the spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent:

and, unfettered with mythological distinctions, either shriek or articulately talk, according to the most poetical view of their supposed circumstances.

O thou! while ocean hurling o'er the world
Roar'd o'er the hills, and from the sky down hurl'd
Rush'd other headlong oceans; Oh! as then
The second father of the race of men
Safe in thy care the dreadful billows rode,
Oh! save us now, be now the Saviour God!
Safe in thy care, what dangers have we past!
And shalt thou leave us, leave us now at last
To perish here—our dangers and our toils
To spread thy fame unworthy of thy smiles;
Our vows unheard—Heavy with all thy weight,
O horrour, come! and come, eternal night!"

He paused;—then round his eyes and arms he
In gesture wild, and thus: "O happy you! [threw
You, who in Afric fought for holy faith,
And, pierced with Moorish spears, in glorious death
Behold the smiling Heavens your toils reward,
By your brave mates beheld the conquest shared;
Oh happy you, on every shore renown'd!
Your vows respected, and your wishes crown'd!"

He spoke: redoubled rage the mingled blasts:
Through the torn cordage and the shatter'd masts
The winds howl whirtled, fiercer lightnings blazed,
And louder roars the doubled thunders raised,
The sky and ocean blending, each on fire,
Seem'd as all Nature struggled to expire.
When now the silver star of Love appear'd,
Bright in her east her radiant front she rear'd;
Fair through the horrid storm of gentle ray
Announced the promise of the cheerful day;
From her bright throne celestial Love beheld
The tempest burn, and blast on blast impell'd:
"And must the furious demon still," she cries,
"Still urge his rage, nor all the past suffice!
Yet as the past, shall all his rage be vain—"
She spoke, and darted to the roaring main:
Her lovely nymphs she calls, the nymphs obey,
Her nymphs the virtues who confess her sway;
Round every brow she bids the rose-buds twine,
And every flower adorn the locks to shine,
The snow-white lily and the laurel green,
And pink and yellow as at strife be seen.
Instant amid their golden ringlets strove
Each flowret, planted by the hand of Love;
At strife, who first th' enamour'd powers to gain,
Who rule the tempests and the waves restrain:
Bright as a starry band the Nereids shone,
Instant old Eolus' sons their presence own[28];
The winds die faintly, and in softest sighs
Each at his fair one's feet desponding lies.
The bright Orithia, threatening, sternly chides
The furious Boreas, and his faith derides;
The furious Boreas owns her powerful hands:
Fair Galatea with a smile commands
The raging Notus, for his love, how true,
His fervent passion and his faith she knew.
Thus every nymph her various lover chides;
The silent winds are fetter'd by their brides;
And to the goddess of celestial love,
Mild as her look, and gentle as her doves,
In flowery bands are brought. Their amorous flame
The queen approves: "And ever burn the same,"
She cries, and joyful on the nymphs' fair hands,
Th' Eolian race receive the queen's commands,
And vow, that henceforth her armada's sails
Should gently swell with fair propitious gales[29].

Now morn, serene in dappled gray, arose
O'er the fair lawns where murmuring Ganges flows;

[28] For the fable of Eolus see the tenth Odyssey.

[29] In innumerable instances Camoens discovers himself a judicious imitator of the ancients. In the two great masters of the epic are several prophecies oracular of the fate of different heroes, which give an air of solemn importance to the poem. The fate of the armada thus obscurely anticipated, resembles in particular the prophecy of the safe return of Ulysses to Ithaca, foretold by the shade of Tiresias, which was afterwards fulfilled by the Phæacians. It remains now to make some observations on the machinery used by Camoëns in this book. The necessity of machinery in the epopœia, and the perhaps insurmountable difficulty of finding one unexceptionably adapted to a poem where the heroes are Christians, or, in other words, to a poem whose subject is modern, have already been observed in the preface. The descent of Bacchus to the palace of Neptune in the depths of the sea, and his address to the watery gods are noble imitations of Virgil's Juno in the first Æneid. The description of the storm is also masterly. In both instances the conduct of the Æneid is joined with the descriptive exuberance of the Odyssey. The appearance of the star of Venus through the storm is finely imagined, the influence of the nymphs of that goddess over the winds, and their subsequent nuptials, are in the spirit of the promise of Juno to Eolus;

Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, Deiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:
Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.

And the fiction itself is an allegory exactly in the manner of Homer. Orithia, the daughter of Erecteus, and queen of the Amazons, was ravished and carried away by Boreas. Her name, derived from Ὄρος, *hound* or *limit*, and θεία, *violence*, implies, says Castera, that she moderated the rage of her husband. In the same manner, Galatea, derived from γάλα, *milk*, and θεὰ, a *goddess*, signifies the goddess of candour or innocence.

"If one would speak poetically," says Bossu, "he must imitate Homer. Homer will not say that salt has the virtue to preserve dead bodies, or that the sea presented Achilles a remedy to preserve the corpse of Patroclus from putrefaction: he makes the sea a goddess, and tells us that Thetis, to comfort Achilles, promised to perfume the body with an ambrosia, which should keep it a whole year from corruption.—All this is told us poetically; the whole is reduced into action; the sea is made a person who speaks and acts, and this prosopopœia is accompanied with passion, tenderness, and affection."

It has been observed by the critics, that Homer, in the battle of the gods, has, with great propriety, divided their auxiliary forces. On the side of the Greeks, he places all the gods who preside over the arts and sciences. Mars and Venus favour the adultery of Paris, and Apollo is for the Trojans, as their strength consisted chiefly in the use of the bow. Talking of the battle, "With what art," says Eustathius as cited by Pope, "does the poet engage the gods in this conflict! Neptune opposes Apollo, which implies, that things moist

Pale shone the wave beneath the golden beam;
Blue o'er the silver flood Malabra's mountains gleam:
The sailors on the main-top's airy round,
"Land! Land!" aloud, with waving hands, resound;
Aloud the pilot of Melinda cries,
"Behold, O chief, the shores of India rise!"
Elate the joyful crew on tip-toe trod,
And every breast with swelling raptures glow'd;
Gama's great soul confess'd the rushing swell,
Prone on his manly knees the hero fell, [hands
"O bounteous Heaven," he cries, and spreads
To bounteous Heaven, while boundless joy commands
No further word to flow. In wonder lost,
As one in horrid dreams through whirlpools tost,
Now snatch'd by demons rides the flaming air,
And howls, and hears the howlings of despair;
Awaked, amazed, confused with transport glows,
And, trembling still, with troubled joy o'erflows;
So, yet affected with the sickly weight
Left by the horrours of the dreadful night,
The hero wakes in raptures to behold
The Indian shores before his prows unfold:
Bounding he rises, and with eyes on fire
Surveys the limits of his proud desire.
O glorious chief, while storms and ocean raved,
What hopeless toils thy dauntless valour braved!
By toils like thine the brave ascend to Heaven,
By toils like thine immortal fame is given.
Not he who daily moves in ermine gown,
Who nightly slumbers on the couch of down;
Who proudly boasts through heroes old to trace
The lordly lineage of his titled race;
Proud of the smiles of every courtier lord,
A welcome guest at every courtier's board;
Not he, the feeble son of ease, may claim
Thy wreath, O Gama, or may hope thy fame.
'T is he, who nurtured on the tented field,
From whose brown cheek each tint of fear expell'd,
With manly face unmoved, secure, serene,
Amidst the thunders of the deathful scene, [crown,
From horrour's mouth dares snatch the warrior's
His own his honours, all his fame his own:
Who proudly just to honour's stern commands,
The dog-star's rage on Afric's burning sands,
Or the keen air of midnight polar skies,
Long watchful by the helm, alike defies:
Who on his front, the trophies of the wars, [scars;
Bears his proud knighthood's badge, his honest
Who cloth'd in steel, by thirst, by famine worn,
Through raging seas by bold ambition borne,
Scornful of gold, by noblest ardour fired,
Each wish by mental dignity inspired,
Prepared each ill to suffer or to dare,
To bless mankind, his great his only care;
Him whom her son mature experience owns,
Him, him alone heroic glory crowns.[29]

and dry are in continual discord. Pallas fights with Mars, which signifies that rashness and wisdom always disagree. Juno is against Diana, that is, nothing more differs from a marriage state than celibacy. Vulcan engages Xanthus, that is, fire and water are in perpetual variance. Thus we have a fine allegory concealed under the veil of excellent poetry, and the reader conceives a double satisfaction at the same time, from the beautiful verses and an instructive moral." And again, "The combat of Mars and Pallas is plainly allegorical. Justice and wisdom demanded, that an end should be put to this terrible war: the god of war opposes this, but is worsted.—No sooner has our reason subdued one temptation, but another succeeds to re-inforce it, thus Venus succours Mars.—Pallas retreated from Mars in order to conquer him; this shows us that the best way to subdue a temptation is to retreat from it."

These explications of the manner of Homer ought, in justice, to be applied to his imitator; nor is the moral part of the allegory of Camoens less exact than the mythological. In the present instance, his allegory is peculiarly happy. The storm, and endeavours of the evil demon to prevent the interests of Christianity are strongly marked. The storm which he raises is the tumult of the human passions; these are most effectually subdued by the influence of the virtues, which more immediately depend upon celestial Love; and the union which she confirms between the virtues and passions, is the surest pledge of future tranquillity.

LUSIAD VII.

Hail, glorious chief! where never chief before
Forced his bold way, all hail on India's shore!
And hail, ye Lusian heroes! fair and wide
What groves of palm to haughty Rome denied,
For you by Ganges' lengthening banks unfold!
What laurel forests on the shores of gold

[29] Once more the translator is tempted to confess his opinion, that the contrary practice of Homer and Virgil affords in reality no reasonable objection against the exclamatory exuberances of Camoens. Homer, though the father of the epic poem, has his exuberances, as has been already observed, which violently trespass against the first rule of the epopœia, the unity of the action: a rule which, strictly speaking, is not outraged by the digressive exclamations of Camoens. The one now before us, as the severest critic must allow, is happily adapted to the subject of the book. The great dangers which the hero had hitherto encountered are particularly described. He is afterwards brought in safety to the Indian shore, the object of his ambition, and of all his toils. The exclamation therefore, on the grand things of the poem has its propriety, and discovers the warmth of its author's genius. It must also please, as it is strongly characteristical of the temper of our military poet. The manly contempt with which he speaks of the luxurious inactive courtier, and the delight and honour with which he talks of the toils of the soldier, present his own active life to the reader of sensibility. His campaigns in Africa, where in a gallant attack he lost an eye, his dangerous life at sea, and the military fatigues, and the battles in which he bore an honourable share in India, rise to our idea, and possess us with an esteem and admiration of our martial poet, who thus could look back with a gallant enthusiasm, though his modesty does not mention himself on all the hardships he had endured; who thus could bravely esteem the dangers to which he had been exposed, and by which he had severely suffered, as the most desirable occurrences of his life, and the ornament of his name.

For you their honours ever verdant rear,
Proud with their leaves to twine the Lusian spear!
Ah Heaven! what fury Europe's sons controls!
What self-consuming discord fires their souls!
'Gainst her own breast her sword Germania turns;
Through all her states fraternal rancour burns;
Some, blindly wandering, holy faith disclaim [1],
And flame through all wild rages civil flame.
High sound the titles of the English crown,
King of Jerusalem, his old renown [2]!
Alas! delighted with an airy name,
The thin dim shadow of departed fame,
England's stern monarch, sunk in soft repose,
Luxurious riots mid his northern snows:
Or if the starting burst of rage succeed,
His brethren are his foes, and Christians bleed;
While Hagar's brutal race his titles stain,
In weeping Salem unmolested reign,
And with their rites impure her holy shrine profane.
And thou, O Gaul, with gaudy trophies plumed,
Most Christian named; alas, in vain assumed!
What impious lust of empire steels thy breast [3],
From their just lords the Christian lands to wrest!
While holy faith's hereditary foes
Possess the treasures where Cyrillo flows [4];
And all secure, behold their harvests smile
In waving gold along the banks of Nile.
And thou, O lost to glory, lost to fame,
Thou dark oblivion of thy ancient name,
By every vicious luxury debased,
Each noble passion from thy breast erased,
Nerveless in sloth, enfeebling arts thy boast,
O Italy, how fallen, how low, how lost [5]!

[1] The constitution of Germany, observes Puffendorf, may be said to verify the fable of the Hydra, with this difference, that the heads of the German state bite and devour each other. At the time when Camoëns wrote, the German empire was plunged into all the miseries of a religious war, the catholics using every endeavour to rivet the chains of popery, the adherents of Luther as strenuously endeavouring to shake them off.

[2] This is a mistake. The title of King of Jerusalem was never assumed by the kings of England. Robert, duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, was elected king of Jerusalem by the army in Syria, but declined it in hope of ascending the throne of England; which attempt was defeated. Regnier, count d'Anjou, father of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. was flattered with the mock royalty of Naples, Cyprus, and Jerusalem; his armorial bearing for the latter, Luna, a cross potent, between four crosses Sol.—Hen. VIII. filled the throne of England when our author wrote this sort of the Lusiad: his Gothic luxury and conjugal brutality amply deserved the censure of the honest poet.

[3] The French translator very cordially agrees with the Portuguese poet in the strictures upon Germany, England, and Italy. But when his own country is touched upon, Malgré l'estime, says he, que j'ai pour mon auteur, je ne craindrai pas de dire qu'il tombe ici dans une grande injustice: "For all the regard I have for my author, I will not hesitate to say, that here he has committed an enormous injustice." All Europe beside however will witness the truth of the assertion which stigmatizes the French politics with the lust of extending their monarchy.

[4] A river in Africa.

[5] However these severe reflections on modern Italy may displease the admirers of Italian manners, the picture on the whole is too just to admit of confutation. Never did the history of any court afford such instances of villany, and all the baseness of intrigue, as that of the popes. The faith and honour of gentlemen banished from the politics of the Vatican, every public virtue must of consequence decline among the higher ranks; while the lower, broken by oppression, sink into the deepest poverty, and its attendant vices of meanness and pusillanimity. That this view of the lower ranks in the pope's dominions is just, we have the indubitable testimony of an Addison, confirmed by the miserable depopulation of a province, which was once the finest and most populous of the Roman empire. It has long been the policy of the court of Spain, to encourage the luxury and effeminate dissipation of the Neapolitan nobility; and those of modern Venice resemble their warlike ancestors only in name. That Italy can boast many individuals of a different character, will by no means overthrow these general observations founded on the testimony of the most authentic writers. Our poet is besides justifiable, in his censures, for he only follows the severe reflections of the greatest of the Italian poets. It were easy to give fifty instances; two or three however shall suffice. Dante in his sixth Canto, del Purg.

Ahi, serva Italia, di dolore ostello,
Nave senza nocchiero in gran tempesta,
Non donna di provincie, ma bordello——

"Ah, slavish Italy, the inn of dolour, a ship without a pilot in a horrid tempest, not the mistress of provinces, but a brothel."

Ariosto, Canto 17.

O d'ogni vitio fetida sentina
Dormi Italia inebriac——

"O inebriated Italy, thou sleepest the sink of every filthy vice."

And Petrarch;

Dell' empia Babilonia, ond' e fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è fuori,
Albergo di dolor, madre d'errori
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.

"From the impious Babylon (the papal court) from whence all shame and all good are fled, the inn of dolour, the mother of errours, have I hastened away to prolong my life."

A much admired sonnet from the same author shall close these citations.

SONETTO.

La gola, e'l sonno, e l'otioso piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita;
Ond è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
Nostra natura vinta dal costume:
Ed è sì spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel; per cui s'informa humana vita
Che per cosa mirabile s'addita
Che vuol far d'Helicona nascer fiume
Qual vaghezza di lauro, qual di mirto!
Povera e nuda vai filisofia,

In vain to thee the call of glory sounds,
Thy sword alone thy own soft bloom wounds.
Ah, Europe's sons, ye brother-powers, in you
The fables old of Cadmus now are true [6]:
Fierce rose the brothers from the dragon teeth,
And each fell crimson'd with a brother's death.
So fall the bravest of the Christian name [7],
While dogs unclean Messiah's lore blaspheme,
And howl their curses o'er the holy tomb.
While to the sword the Christian race they doom.
From age to age, from shore to distant shore,
By various princes led, their legions pour;

Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
Pochi compagni havrai per Falta via;
Tanto ti prezo più; gentile spirto,
Non lasar la magnanima tua impresa.

Though this elegant little poem is general, yet as the author and the friend to whom he addresses it were Italians, it must be acknowledged that he had a particular regard to the state of their own country. His friend, it is supposed, was engaged on some great literary work, but was discouraged by the view of the dissipation and profligacy of his age. I have thus attempted it in English:

SONNET.

Ah! how, my friend, has full-gorged luxurie,
And bloated slumbers on the slothful down,
From the dull world all manly virtue thrown,
And slaved the age to custom's tyrannie!

The blessed lights so lost in darkness be, [stown,
Those lights by Heaven to guide our minds be-
Mad were he deem'd who brought from Helicon
The hallowed water or the laurel tree.

Philosophy, ah! thou art cold and poor,
Exclaim the crowd, on sordid gain intent;
Few will attend thee on thy lofty road;
Yet I, my friend, would fire thy zeal the more;
Ah, gentle spirit, labour on unspent,
Crown thy fair toils, and win the smile of God.

[6] Cadmus having slain the dragon which guarded the fountain of Dirce in Boeotia, sowed the teeth of the monster. A number of armed men immediately sprang up, and surrounded Cadmus, in order to kill him. By the counsel of Minerva he threw a precious stone among them, in striving for which they slew one another. Only five survived, who afterwards assisted him to build the city of Thebes. Vid. Ovid. Met. iv.

The foundation of this fable appears to be thus: Cadmus having slain a famous freebooter, who infested Boeotia, a number of his banditti, not improperly called his teeth, attempted to revenge his death; but quarrelling about the presents which Cadmus sent them to distribute among themselves, they fell by the swords of each other.

Terrigenæ pereunt per mutua vulnera fratres.

[7] Imitated from this fine passage in Lucan:

Quis furor, O cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri,
Gentibus invisis Latium prædere cruorem?
Cumque superba foret Babylon spolianda triumphis
Ausoniis, umbraque erraret Crassus inulta,
Belligeri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?
Heu, quantum potuit terræ pelagique parari
Hoc, quem civiles hauserunt, sanguine, dextræ!

United all in one determined aim,
From every land to blot the Christian name.
Then wake, ye brother-powers, combined awake,
And from the foe the great example take.
If empire tempt ye, lo, the East expands,
Fair and immense, her summer-garden lands:
There bountiful wealth displays her radiant store;
Pactol and Hermus' streams o'er golden ore
Roll their long way, but not for you they flow;
Their treasures blaze on the stern soldan's brow:
From him Assyria plies the loom of gold,
And Afric's sons their deepest mines unfold
To build his haughty throne. Ye western powers,
To throw the mimic bolt of Jove is yours,
Yours all the art to wield the arms of fire;
Then bid the thunders of the dreadful tire
Against the walls of proud Byzantium roar,
Till headlong driven from Europe's ravish'd shore
To their cold Scythian wilds, and dreary dens,
By Caspian mountains, and uncultured fens,
Their fathers' seats beyond the Wolgian lake [8],
The barbarous race of Saracen betake.
And hark, to you the woeful Greek exclaims,
The Georgian fathers and th' Armenian dames,
Their fairest offspring from their bosoms torn,
A dreadful tribute, loud imploring mourn [9].
Alas, in vain! their offspring captive led,
In Hagar's son's unhallow'd temples bred,
To rapine train'd, arise a brutal host,
The Christian terrour, and the Turkish boast.

Yet sleep, ye powers of Europe, careless sleep,
To you in vain your eastern brethren weep;
Yet not in vain their woe-wrung tears shall sue:
Though small the Lusian realms, her legions few,
The guardian oft by Heaven ordain'd before,
The Lusian race shall guard Messiah's lore.
When Heaven decreed to crush the Moorish foe,
Heaven gave the Lusian spear to strike the blow.
When Heaven's own laws o'er Afric's shores were
The sacred shrines the Lusian heroes rear'd [10]; [heard,
Nor shall their zeal in Asia's bounds expire,
Asia subdu'd shall fume with hallow'd fire:
When the red Sun the Lusian shore forsakes,
And on the lap of deepest west awakes [11],
O'er the wild plains, beneath unicorns'd skies
The Sun shall view the Lusian altars rise,
And could new worlds by human step be trod,
Those worlds should tremble at the Lusian nod [12].

[8] The Caspian sea, so called from the large river Volga or Wolga, which empties itself into it.

[9] By this barbarous policy the tyranny of the Ottomans has been long sustained. The troops of the Turkish infantry and cavalry, knowing the name of Janizaries and Spahis, are thus supported, and the scribes in office called Mufti, says Sandys, "are the sons of Christians (and those the most completely furnished by nature) taken in their childhood from their miserable parents by a levy made every five years, or oftener or seldomer, as occasion requireth."

[10] See note II, Lusiad V.

[11] Alludes to the discovery and conquest of the Brazils by the Portuguese.

[12] If our former defences of the exuberant declamations of Camoëns are allowed by the critic, we doubt not but the digression, now concluded, will appear with peculiar propriety. The poet having brought his heroes to the shores of India, indulges

And now their ensigns blazing o'er the tide
On India's shore the Lusian heroes ride.

High to the fleecy clouds resplendent far
Appear the regal towers of Malabar,

himself with the review of the state of the western and eastern worlds; the latter of which is now, by the labour of his heroes, rendered accessible to the former. The purpose of his poem is also strictly kept in view. The west and the east he considers as two great empires, the one of the true religion, the other of a false. The professors of the true, disunited and destroying each other; the professors of the false religion all combined to extirpate the adherents of the other. He upbraids the professors of the true religion for their vices, particularly for their disunion, and for deserting the interests of holy faith. His countrymen, however, he boasts, have been its defenders and planters; and, without the assistance of their brother-powers, will plant it in Asia. This, as it is the purpose of his hero, is directly to the subject of the poem, and the honour, which Heaven, he says, vouchsafed to his countrymen, in choosing them to defend and propagate its laws, is mentioned in the genuine spirit of that religious enthusiasm which breathes through the two great epic poems of Greece and Rome, and which gives an air of the most solemn importance to the Gierusalemme of Tasso.

Yet whatever liberties a poet may be allowed to take when he treats of the fabulous ages, any absurdity of opinion, where authentic history, and the state of modern nations afford the topic, must to the intelligent reader appear ridiculous, and therefore a blemish in a solemn poem. There are many, the translator is aware, to whom a serious and warm exhortation to a general crusade will appear as an absurdity, and a blemish of this kind, "The crusaders," according to what M. Voltaire calls their true character, des brigands ligués pour voler, &c. "were a band of vagabond thieves, who had agreed to ramble from the heart of Europe in order to desolate a country they had no right to, and massacre, in cold blood, a venerable prince more than fourscore years old, and his whole people, against whom they had no pretence of complaint."

Yet however confidently Voltaire and others may please to talk, it will be no difficult matter to prove that the crusades were neither so unjustifiable, so impolitical, nor so unhappy in their consequences, as the superficial readers of history are habituated to esteem them.

Were the aborigines of all America to form one general confederacy against the descendants of those Europeans who massacred upwards of forty millions of Mexicans, and other American natives, and were these confederates totally to dispossess the present possessors of an empire so unjustly acquired, no man, it is presumed, would pronounce that their combination and hostilities were against the law of nature or nations. Yet, whatever Voltaire may please to assert, this supposition is by no means inapplicable to the confederacy of the cross. A party of wandering Arabs are joined by the Turks or Turcomans, who inhabited the frozen wilds of mount Caucasus, and whose name signifies wanderers; these, incorporated with other banditti, from the deserts of Scythia, now called Tartary, over-ran the regions of Syria, to which they had no title, whose inhabitants had given them no offence. They profess that they are commissioned by Heaven to establish the religion of Mohammed by violence and the sword. In a few ages they subdue the finest countries around the Euphrates, and the Christian inhabitants, the rightful possessors, are treated with the most brutal policy and all its attendant cruelties. Bound by their creed to make war on the Christians, their ambition neglects no opportunity to extend their conquests; and already possessed of immense territory, their acknowledged purpose and their power threaten destruction to the Christian empire of the Greeks.

Having conquered and proselyted Africa, from the Nile to the Straits of Gibraltar, the princes of that country, their tributaries and allies, combining in the great design to extirpate Christianity, turn their arms against Europe, and are successful: they establish kingdoms in Spain and Portugal; and France, Italy, and the western islands of the Mediterranean, suffer by their excursions; while Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and Italy itself, form its vicinage to Dalmatia, are immediately concerned in the impending fate of the Grecian empire. While such dangers threatened, it is impossible the princes of Europe could have been unconcerned. Nor were present injuries wanting to stimulate them to arms. Cosmas, a writer of the sixth century, mentions the considerable trade which the Franks carried on with Syria through the Levant. He himself travelled to India, and he informs us that in his time Justinian sent two monks to China. In the ninth century, says M. de Guignes, an association of French merchants went twice a year to Alexandria, from whence they brought to Europe the commodities of India and Arabia. Kalif Haroun made a formal cession of the holy sepulchre to Charlemagne, and allowed the Franks to build houses of hospitality for the reception of pilgrims in various places of Syria. Nor was devotion the only motive of pilgrimage. The emoluments of commerce were also attended to, and the houses of hospitality possessed by the Franks, Italians, and Venetians in the east, were of the nature of factories. But these were seized, and plundered by the Saracens, and the eastern commerce which flowed to Europe through the Levant was almost totally interrupted. To these considerations let it be added, that several eastern Christians fled to Europe, and begging as pilgrims from country to country, implored the assistance of the Christian powers to dispossess the cruel and unjust usurpers of their lands. At this period the crusades commence. To suppose that the princes of Europe were so insensible to the danger which threatened them, as some modern writers who have touched upon that subject appear to be, is to ascribe a degree of stupidity to them, by no means applicable to their military character. Though superstition inflamed the multitude, we may be assured, however, that several princes found it their political interest to fan the flames of that superstition; and accordingly we find that the princes of Spain and Portugal greatly availed themselves of it. The immense resources which the Turks received from Egypt, and the

Imperial Calicut, the lordly seat
Of the first monarch of the Indian state.

Right to the port the valiant Gama bends,
With joyful shouts a fleet of boats attends;

neighbouring countries, which had not been attempted by Godfrey and the first crusaders, determined their successors to alter the plan of their operations. They began their hostilities in Spain and Portugal, and proceeded through Barbary to Egypt. By this new route of the crosses, the Spaniards and Portuguese* were enabled not only to drive the Moors from Europe, but to give a fatal blow to their power in Africa. Nor was the safety of the Greek empire less necessary to Italy and the eastern kingdoms of Europe. Injuries, however, offered by the crusaders, who even seized the throne of Constantinople, upon which they placed an earl of Flanders, excited the resentment of the Greeks; and their aversion† to the papal supremacy rendered them so jealous of the crusaders, that the successors of Godfrey, for want of auxiliary support, after about ninety years possession, were totally driven from their new-erected kingdom in the Holy Land. By the fall of the Greek empire, an event which followed, and which had been long foreseen, the Venetians, the Austrians, the Poles, and the Russians, became the natural enemies of the Turks; and many desperate wars, attended with various success, have been continued to the present time. Not much above fifty years ago, their formidable efforts to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions alarmed all the Christian powers; and had it not been for the repeated defeats they received from prince Eugene, a great part of the Austrian territories must have yielded to their yoke. However overlooked, it requires but little political philosophy to perceive the security which would result to Europe were there a powerful and warlike kingdom on the eastern side of the Turkish empire. The western conquests of that fierce warrior Bajazet I. were interrupted by Tamerlane, and by the enemy they found in Kouli Khan, the enraged Porte was prevented from revenging the triumphs of Eugene. A few years ago we beheld them trample on the laws of nations, send an ambassador to prison, and command the Russian empress to desert her allies. And however the foresight of the narrow politician may dread the rising power of the Russ, it is to be wished that the arms of Muscovy may fix such barriers to the Turkish empire as will for ever prevent their long meditated, and often attempted design, to possess themselves of the Venetian dominions, or to extend their conquests on the west, conquests which would render them the most dangerous power to the peace of Europe.

In a word, the crusades, a combination which tended to support the Greek empire for the security of the eastern part of Europe, and to drive the enemy from the southern, whatever the superstition of its promoters and conductors might have been, can by no means deserve to be called a most singular monument of human folly. And however the inutility and absurdity of their professed aim, to rescue the tomb of Christ, may excite the ridicule of the modern philosopher, it was a motive admirably adapted to the superstition of the monkish ages; and where it is necessary that an enemy should be restrained, an able politician will avail himself of the most powerful of all incitements to hostility, the superstitious or religious fervour of his army. And by thus rating the war on a religious motive, the English, who were most remote from Mohammedan depredation, were induced to join the confederacy, to which, at various times, they gave the most important assistance.

It is with peculiar propriety therefore that Camoens upbraids his age for negligently permitting the aggrandisement of the Mohammedan power. Nor is the boast, that his countrymen will themselves effect this great purpose, unfounded in truth. As already observed in the introduction, the voyage of Gama saved the liberties of mankind. The superiority of the Asiatic seas in the hands of Europeans, the consequence of that voyage, is the most effectual and most important completion of the crusades.

It will be found, that Camoens talks of the political reasons of a crusade, with an accuracy in the philosophy of history, as superior to that of Voltaire, as the poetical merit of the Lusiad surpasses that of the Henriade. And the critic in poetry must allow, that, to suppose the discovery of Gama, the completion of all the former endeavours to overthrow the great temples of the true religion, gives a dignity to the poem, and an importance to the hero, similar to that which Voltaire, on the same supposition, allows to the subject of the Jerusalem of Tasso.

Having entered so far into the history of the crusades, it may not be improper to take a view of the happy consequences which flowed from them. "To these wild expeditions," says Robertson, "the effect of superstition or folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarity and ignorance, and introduce any change in government or manners." Constantinople, at that time the seat of elegance, of arts and commerce, was the principal rendezvous of the European armies. The Greek writers of that age speak of the Latins as the most ignorant barbarians; the Latins, on the other hand, talk with astonishment of the grandeur, elegance, and commerce of Constantinople. The most stupid barbarians, when they have the opportunity of comparison, are sensible of the superiority of civilized nations, and, by an acquaintance with them, begin to resemble their manners, and emulate their advantages. The fleets which attended the crosses introduced commerce and the freedom of commercial cities into their mother countries. This, as Robertson observes, proved destructive to the feudal system, which had now degenerated into the most gloomy oppression, and introduced the plans of regular government. "This acquisition of liberty," says the same most ingenious historian, "made such a happy change in the condition of all the members of communities, as roused them from that stupidity and inac-

* Lisbon itself was taken from the Moors, by the assistance of an English fleet of crusaders.

† A patriarch of Constantinople declared publicly to the pope's legate, "that he would much rather behold the turban than the triple crown upon the great altar of Constantinople."

Joyful their nets they leave and finny prey,
And crowding round the Lusians, point the way.
A herald now, by Vasco's high command
Sent to the monarch, treads the Indian strand;
The sacred staff he bears, in gold he shines,
And tells his office by majestic signs.
As to and fro, recumbent to the gale,
The harvest waves along the yellow dale,
So round the herald press the wondering throng,
Recumbent waving as they pour along;
And much his manly port and strange attire,
And much his fair and ruddy hue admire:
When speeding through the crowd with eager haste,
And honest smile, a son of Afric past:
Europe with joy the wondering herald hears
Castilia's manly tongue salute his ears [12].
"What friendly angel from thy Tago's shore
Has led thee hither?" cries the joyful Moor.
Then hand in hand, the pledge of faith, conjoin'd,
"Oh joy beyond the dream of hope to find,
To hear a kindred voice," the Lusian cried,
"Beyond unmeasured gulfs and seas untried;
Untried before our daring keels explored
Our fearless way—O Heaven! what tempests roar'd,
While round the vast of Afric's southmost land
Our eastward bowsprits sought the Indian strand!"
Amazed, o'erpower'd, the friendly stranger stood;
A path now open'd through the boundless flood!
The hope of ages, and the dread despair,
Accomplish'd now, and conquer'd—still his hair
Rose thrilling, while his labouring thoughts pursued
The dreadful course by Gama's fate subdued.
Homeward, with generous warmth o'erflow'd, he leads
The Lusian guest, and swift the feast succeeds:
The purple grape and golden fruitage smile;
And each choice viand of the Indian soil
Heapt o'er the board, the master's zeal declare;
The social feast the guest and master share;
The sacred pledge of eastern faith approved [14],
By wrath unalter'd, and by wrong unmoved.

Now to the fleet the joyful herald bends,
With earnest pace the Heaven-sent friend attends:
Now down the river's sweepy stream they glide,
And now their pinnace cuts the briny tide:
The Moor, with transport sparkling in his eyes,
The well-known make of Gama's navy spies,
The bending bowsprit, and the mast so tall,
The sides black frowning as a castle wall,
The high-tower'd stern, the lordly nodding prore,
And the broad standard slowly waving o'er
The anchor's moony fangs. The skiff he leaves,
Brave Gama's deck his bounding step receives;
And, "Hail!" he cries: in transport Gama sprung,
And round his neck with friendly welcome hung;
Enrapt, so distant o'er the dreadful main
To hear the music of the tongue of Spain.
And now beneath a painted shade of state
Beside the admiral the stranger sate:
Of India's clime, the natives, and the laws,
What monarch sways them, what religion awes?
Why from the tombs devoted to his sires
The son so far? the valiant chief inquires.
In act to speak the stranger waves his hand,
The joyful crew in silent wonder stand,
Each gently pressing on with greedy ear,
As erst the bending forests stoop'd to hear
In Rhodope, when Orpheus' heavenly strain [15]
Deplored his lost Eurydice in vain:
While with a mien that generous friendship won
From every heart, the stranger thus began:
"Your glorious deeds, ye Lusians, well I know,
To neighbouring earth the vital air I owe;
Yet though my faith the Koran's lore revere,
So taught my sires; my birth at proud Tangier,
An hostile clime to Lisboa's awful name,
I glow enraptured o'er the Lusian fame;
Proud though your nation's warlike glories shine,
These proudest honours yield, O chief, to thine;
Beneath thy dread achievements low they fall,
And India's shore discover'd crowns them all.
Won by your fame, by fond affection sway'd,
A friend I come, and offer friendship's aid.
As on my lips Castilia's language flows,
So from my tongue the speech of India flows;
Mozaide my name, in India's court beloved,
For honest deeds, but time shall speak, approved.

tion into which they had been sunk by the wretchedness of their former state. The spirit of industry revived, commerce became an object of attention, and began to flourish. Population increased. Independence was established, and wealth flowed into cities which had long been the seat of poverty and oppression."

[12] This is according to the truth of history. While the messenger, sent ashore by Gama, was borne here and there, and carried off his feet by the throng, who understood not a word of his language, he was accosted in Spanish by a Moorish merchant, a native of Tunis, who, according to Osorius, had been the chief person with whom king John II. had formerly contracted for military stores. He proved himself an honest agent, and of infinite service to Gama, with whom he returned to Portugal, where, according to Faria, he died in the Christian communion. He was named Monzaida.

[14] To eat together was in the East looked upon as the inviolable pledge of protection. As a Persian nobleman was one day walking in his garden, a wretch in the utmost terrour prostrated himself before him, and implored to be protected from the rage of a multitude who were in pursuit of him, to take his life. The nobleman took a peach, ate part of it, and gave the rest to the fugitive, assuring him of safety. As they approached the house, they met a crowd who carried the murdered corse of the nobleman's beloved son. The incensed populace demanded the murderer, who stood beside him, to be delivered to their fury. The father, though overwhelmed with grief and anger, replied, "We have eaten together, and I will not betray him." He protected the murderer of his son from the fury of his domestics and neighbours, and in the night facilitated his escape.

[15] The well-known fable of the descent of Orpheus to Hell, and the second loss of his wife, is thus explained: Aidoneus, king of Thesprotia, whose cruelty procured him the name of Pluto, tyrant of Hell, having seized Eurydice, as she fled from his friend Aristæus, detained her as a captive. Orpheus having charmed the tyrant with his music, his wife was restored, on condition that he should not look upon her, till he had conducted her out of Thesprotia. Orpheus, on his journey, forfeited the condition, and irrecoverably lost his spouse.

When India's monarch greets his court again,
For now the banquet on the tented plain
And sylvan chase his careless hours employ [16];
When India's mighty lord, with wondering joy,
Shall hail you welcome on his spacious shore,
Through oceans never plough'd by keel before,
Myself shall glad interpreter attend,
Mine every office of the faithful friend.
Ah! but a stream, the labour of the oar,
Divides my birth-place from your native shore;
On shores unknown, in distant worlds, how sweet
The kindred tongue, the kindred face to greet!
Such now my joy; and such, O Heaven, be yours!
Yes, bounteous Heaven your glad success secures.
Till now imperious, Heaven alone subdued
The various horrours of the trackless flood;
Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And Heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

"Vast are the shores of India's wealthful soil;
Southward, sea-girt, she forms a demi-isle:
His cavern'd cliffs with dark-brow'd forests crown'd,
Hemodian Taurus frowns her northern bound:
From Caspia's lake th'enormous mountain spreads [17],
And bending eastward rears a thousand heads;
Far to extremest sea the ridges drown,
By various names through various tribes are known:
Here down the waste of Taurus' rocky side
Two infant rivers pour the crystal tide,
Indus the one, and one the Ganges named,
Darkly of old through distant nations famed:
One eastward curving holds his crooked way,
One to the west gives his swoln tide to stray:
Declining southward many a land they lave,
And widely swelling roll the sea-like wave,
Till the twin offspring of the mountain sire
Both in the Indian deep ingulf'd expire.
Between these streams, fair smiling to the day,
The Indian lands their wide domains display,
And many a league far to the south they bend,
From the broad region where the rivers end,
Till, where the shores to Ceylon's isle oppose
In conic form the Indian regions close.

To various laws the various tribes incline,
And various are the rites esteem'd divine:
Some as from Heaven receive the Koran's lore,
Some the dread monsters of the wild adore;
Some lend to wood and stone the prostrate head,
And rear unhallow'd altars to the dead.
By Ganges' banks, as wild traditions tell,
Of old the tribes lived healthful by the smell;
No food they knew, such fragrant vapours rose
Rich from the flowery lawns where Ganges flows [18]:
Here now the Delhian, and the fierce Patan
Feed their fair flocks; and here, a Heathen clan,
Stern Decam's sons the fertile valleys till,
A clan, whose hope to shun eternal ill,
Whose trust from every stain of guilt to save,
Is fondly placed in Ganges' holy wave;
If to the stream the breathless corpse be given,
They deem the spirit wings her way to Heaven.
Here, by the mouths where hallowed Ganges ends,
Bengala's beauteous Eden wide extends;
Unrival'd smile her fair luxurious vales:
And here Cambaya spreads her palmy dales [19];
A warlike realm, where still the martial race
From Porus famed of yore their lineage trace.
Narsinga [20] here displays her spacious line;
In native gold her sons and ruby shine:

[16] The Great Mogul and other eastern sovereigns, attended with their courtiers, spend annually some months of the finest season in encampments in the field, in hunting-parties, and military amusements.

[17] Properly an immense chain of mountains, known by various names; Caucasus, Taurus, Hemodus, Paropamisus, Orontes, Imaus, &c. and from Imaus extended through Tartary to the sea of Kamschatka.

[18] One captain Knox, who published an account of Ceylon, in 1681, has the following curious passage: "This for certain," says he, "I can affirm, that oftentimes the devil doth cry with an audible voice in the night: it is very shrill, almost like the barking of a dog. This I have often heard myself, but never heard that he did any body any harm. Only this observation the inhabitants of the land have made of the voice, and I have made it also; that either just before, or very suddenly after, this voice, the king always cuts off people. To believe that this is the voice of the devil these reasons urge; because there is no creature known to the inhabitants that cries like it, and because it will on a sudden depart from one place, and make a noise in another, quicker than any fowl can fly, and because the very dogs will tremble when they hear it; and it is so counted by all the people."—Knox, Hist. Ceyl. p. 78. We need not have recourse to the devil, however, for this quick transition of sound. Birds which live by suction in marshy grounds, the bittern in particular, often set up a hideous screaming cry by night, and instantly answer one another at the distance of several miles.

[19] Pliny, imposed upon by some Greeks, who pretended to have been in India, relates this fable. Vid. Nat. Hist. lib. xii.

[20] Now called Gazarate. "The inhabitants are ingenious, cultivate letters, and are said to be particularly happy in the agreeable romance. According to ancient tradition, Porus was sovereign of this country. His memory is still preserved with an eclat worthy of that valour and generosity which attracted the esteem of the great Alexander."—Castera. This country was known to the ancients by the name of Gedrosia.

[21] The laws of Narsinga oblige "the women to throw themselves into the funeral pile, to be burnt with their deceased husbands. An infallible secret to prevent the desire of widowhood."—Castera from Barros, dec. 4.

There are many accounts in different travellers of the performance of this most barbarous ceremony. The two following are selected as the most picturesque of any in the knowledge of the translator:—

"At this time (1710) died the prince of Marata, aged above eighty years. The ceremony of his funeral, where his forty-seven wives were burned with his corpse, was thus: A deep circular pit was digged in a field without the town; in the middle of the trench was erected a pile of wood, on the top of which, on a couch richly ornamented, lay the body of the deceased prince in his finest robes. After numberless rituals performed by the Bramins, the pile was set on fire, and immediately

Alas, how vain! these gaudy suits of fear,
Trembling, bow down before each hostile spear.

the unhappy ladies appeared, sparkling with jewels and adorned with flowers. These victims of this diabolical sacrifice walked several times about the burning pile, the heat whereof was felt at a considerable distance. The principal lady then, holding the dagger of her late husband, thus addressed herself to the prince his successor: 'Here,' said she, 'is the dagger which the king made use of to triumph over his enemies: beware never to employ it to other purpose, never to embrue it with the blood of your subjects. Govern them as a father, as he has done, and you shall live long and happy, as he did. Since he is no more, nothing can keep me longer in the world; all that remains for me is to follow him.' With these words she resigned the dagger into the prince's hands, who took it from her without showing the least sign of grief or compassion. The princess now appeared agitated. One of her domestics, a Christian woman, had frequently talked with her on religion, and, though she never renounced her idols, had made some impression on her mind. Perhaps these impressions now revived. With a most expressive look she exclaimed, 'Alas! what is the end of human happiness! I know I shall plunge myself headlong into Hell.' On these words, a horrour was visible on every countenance; when, resuming her courage, she boldly turned her face to the burning pile, and, calling upon her gods, flung herself into the midst of the flames. The second lady was the sister of a prince of the blood, who was present, and assisted at the detestable sacrifice. She advanced to her brother, and gave him the jewels wherewith she was adorned. His passion gave way, he burst into tears, and fell upon her neck in the most tender embraces. She, however, remained unmoved, and with a resolute countenance sometimes viewed the pile, and sometimes the assistants. Then loudly exclaiming 'Chiva! Chiva!' the name of one of her idols, she precipitated herself into the flames as the former had done. The other ladies soon followed after, some decently composed, and some with the most bewildered, downcast, sorrowful looks. One of them, shocked above the rest, ran to a Christian soldier, whom she beheld among the guards, and, hanging about his neck, implored him to save her. The new convert, stunned with surprise, pushed the unfortunate lady from him; and shrieking aloud she fell into the fiery trench. The soldier, all shivering with terrour, immediately retired, and a delirious fever ended his life in the following night. Though many of the unhappy victims discovered at first the utmost intrepidity, yet no sooner did they feel the flames, than they roared out in the most dreadful manner; and, wallowing over each other, strove to gain the brim of the pit; but in vain: the assistants forced them back with their poles, and heaped new fuel upon them. The next day the Bramins gathered the bones, and threw them into the sea. The pit was levelled, a temple built on the spot, and the deceased prince and his wives were reckoned among the deities. To conclude; this detestable cruelty has the appearance of the free choice of the women. But that freedom is only specious; it is almost impossible to avoid it.

And now behold;"—and while he spoke he rose;
Now with extended arm the prospect shows,—

If they do, they must lie under perpetual infamy; and the relations, who esteem themselves highly disgraced, leave no means untried to oblige them to it. Princesses, and concubines of princes, however, are the only persons from whom this species of suicide is expected. When women of inferior rank submit to this abominable custom, they are only urged to it by the impulse of a barbarous pride and vanity of ostentation."—Extracted from a letter from Father Martin, on the mission of Coromandel, to Father de Villette, of the Society of Jesus, published at Paris in 1719.

Mr. Hidwell, the advocate and warm admirer of the Gentoos, has taken great pains to vindicate the practice of this horrid sacrifice, and the principles upon which, he says, it is established. These we have given in the Inquiry at the end of this Lusiad. His narrative is as follows:—

"We have been present," says he, "at many of these sacrifices: in some of the victims we have observed a pitiable dread, tremour and reluctance, that strongly spoke repentance for their declared resolution, but it was now too late to retract or retreat; Eshoo was waiting for the spirit. If the self-doomed victim discovers want of courage and fortitude, she is with gentle force obliged to ascend the pile, where she is held down with long poles, held by men on each side of the pile, until the flames reach her; her screams and cries in the mean time being drowned amidst the deafening noise of loud music, and the acclamations of the multitude.—Others we have seen go through this fiery trial with most amazing steady, calm resolution, and joyous fortitude. It will not we hope be unacceptable, if we present our readers with an instance of the latter, which happened some years past at the East India company's factory at Cossimbazaar, in the time of sir Francis Russel's chiefship; the author and several other gentlemen of the factory were present, some of whom are now (1765) living.

"At five of the clock on the morning of Feb. 4, 1742-3, died Bhaun Chund, pondit of the Mahahrattor tribe, aged twenty-eight years: his widow, (for he had but one wife,) aged between seventeen and eighteen, as soon as he expired, disdaining to wait the term allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the Bramins and witnesses present, her resolution to burn ——Lady Russel," says Mr. H. "all the merchants, and the victim's own relations, used every endeavour to dissuade her, but in vain. When urged to live on account of her three infant children, she replied, He that made them would take care of them; and when told she would not be permitted to burn, she affirmed that she would starve herself.

"The body of the deceased was carried down to the water side early the following morning; the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal Bramins, her children, parents and relations, and a numerous concourse of people. The order of leave * for her burning did

* On this Mr. H. has the following note: "The Gentoos are not permitted to burn, without an order from the Mahommedan government, and this permission is commonly made a perquisite of."

"Behold these mountain-tops of various size
Blend their dim ridges with the fleecy skies;

not arrive till after one, and it was then brought by one of the souhab's own officers, who had orders to see that she burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the Bramins, and washing in the Ganges: as soon as it arrived she retired, and stayed for the space of half an hour in the midst of her female relations, among whom was her mother; she then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile: on the pile was an arched arbour, formed of dry sticks, boughs, and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceased was deposited, his head at the end opposite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, the Bramin had made a small fire, round which she and the three Bramins sat for some minutes; one of these gave into her hand a leaf of the bale-tree (the wood commonly consecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with sundry things on it, which she threw into the fire; one of the others gave her a second leaf, which she held over the flame, whilst he dropped three times some ghee on it, which melted and fell into the fire (these two operations were preparatory symbols of her approaching dissolution by fire); and whilst they were performing this, the third Bramin read to her some portions of the Aughtorrah Bhade, and asked her some questions, to which she answered with a steady and serene countenance; but the noise was so great, we could not understand what she said, although we were within a yard of her:—these over, she was led with great solemnity three times round the pile, the Bramins reading before her: when she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments: here she took a solemn majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which one of the Bramins dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open side of the arbour; there all the Bramins fell at her feet—after she had blessed them they retired weeping—by two steps she ascended the pile, and entered the arbour; on her entrance she made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and advanced and seated herself by his head; she looked, in silent meditation, on his face for the space of a minute, then set fire to the arbour in three places: observing that she had set fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, instantly seeing her errour, she rose, and set fire to windward, and resumed her station. Ensign Daniel with his cane separated the grass and leaves on the windward side, by which means we had a distinct view of her as she sat. With what dignity, with what an undaunted countenance she set fire to the pile the last time, and assumed her seat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a just idea of her.—The pile being of combustible matters, the supporters of the roof were presently consumed, and it tumbled upon her.

"There have been instances known, when the victim has, by Europeans, been forcibly rescued from the pile. It is currently said and believed (how true we will not aver) that the wife of Mr. Job Charnock was by him snatched from this sacrifice:—be this as it may, the outrage is considered by the Gentoos, an atrocious and wicked violation of their sacred rites and privileges."

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Here from the mountain to the surgy main,
Fair as a garden, spreads the smiling plain:
And lo, the empress of the Indian powers,
There lofty Calicut resplendent towers;
Here every fragrance of the spicy shore,
Here every gem of India's countless store:
Great Samoreem, her lord's imperial style,
The mighty lord of India's utmost soil:
To him the kings their decrous tribute pay,
And at his feet confess their borrow'd sway.
Yet higher tower'd the monarch's ancient boast,
Of old one sovereign ruled the spacious coast [1].
A votive train, who brought the Koran's lore,
What time great Perimal the sceptre bore,
From blest Arabia's groves to India came:
Life were their words, their eloquence a flame
Of holy zeal: fired by the powerful strain
The lofty monarch joins the faithful train,
And vows, at fair Medina's shrine, to close
His life's mild eve in prayer and sweet repose.
Gifts he prepares to deck the prophet's tomb,
The glowing labours of the Indian loom,
Orixa's spices and Golconda's gems;
Yet, ere the fleet th' Arabian ocean stems,
His final care his potent regions claim,
Nor his the transport of a father's name;
His servants now the regal purple wear,
And high enthroned the golden sceptres bear.
Proud Cochim one, and one fair Chale sways,
The spicy isle another lord obeys:
Coulam and Cananor's luxurious fields,
And Cranganore to various lords he yields.
While these and others thus the monarch graced,
A noble youth his care unmindful pass'd:
Save Calicut, a city poor and small,
Though lordly now, no more remain'd to fall:
Grieved to behold such merit thus repaid,
The sapient youth the king of kings he made,
And honour'd with the name, great Samoreem,
The lordly titled boast of power supreme.
And now great Perimal resigns his reign,
The blissful bowers of Paradise to gain:
Before the gale his gaudy navy flies,
And India sinks for ever from his eyes.
And soon to Calicut's commodious port
The fleets, deep-edging with the wave, resort:
Wide o'er the shore extend the warlike piles,
And all the landscape round luxurious smiles.
And now, her flag to every gale unfurl'd,
She towers the empress of the eastern world:
Such are the blessings sapient kings bestow,
And from thy stream such gifts, O Commerce, flow.

[1] "Whatever Mooraida relates of the people and their manners, is confirmed by the histories of India, according to Barros, Castaneda, Maffeus, and Osorius. Our author, in this, imitates Homer and Virgil, who are fond of every opportunity to introduce any curious custom or vestige of antiquity."—Castera.

"From that sage youth, who first reign'd king of kings,
He now who sways the tribes of India springs.
Various the tribes, all led by fables vain,
Their rites the dotage of the dreamful brain.
All, save where Nature whispers modest care,
Naked they blacken in the sultry air.
The haughty nobles and the vulgar race
Never must join the conjugal embrace;
Nor may the stripling, nor the blooming maid,
Oh lost to joy, by cruel rites betray'd!
To spouse of other than their father's art,
At love's connubial shrine unite the heart:
Nor may their sons, the genius and the view
Confined and fetter'd, other art pursue.
Vile were the stain, and deep the foul disgrace,
Should other tribe touch one of noble race;
A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er,
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.
Below the labouring lower class are named;
By the proud Nayres the noble rank is claim'd;
The toils of culture and of art they scorn,
The warrior's plumes their haughty brows adorn;
The shining falchion brandish'd in the right,
Their left arm wields the target in the fight;
Of danger scornful, ever arm'd they stand
Around the king, a stern barbarian band.
Whate'er in India holds the sacred name
Of piety or lore, the Bramins claim:
In wildest rituals, vain and painful, lost,
Erected their founder as a god they boast.
To crown their meal no meanest life expires,
Pulse, fruit, and herbs alone their board requires:
Alone in lewdness riotous and free,
No spousal ties withhold, and no degree:
Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms:
In paradise'd embraces free they blend;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch: alas, too blest, they know
Nor jealousy's suspense, nor burning woe;
The bitter drops which oft from dear affection flow.
But should my lips each wondrous scene unfold,
Which your glad eyes will soon amazed behold,
Oh, long before the various tale could run,
Deep in the west would sink yon eastern Sun.
In few—All wealth from China to the Nile,
All balsams, fruit, and gold on India's bosom smile."
While thus the Moor his faithful tale reveal'd,
Wide o'er the coast the voice of rumour swell'd;—
As first some upland vapour seems to float,
Small as the smoke of lonely shepherd cot,
Soon o'er the dales the rolling darkness spreads,
And wraps in hazy clouds the mountain heads,
The leaden forest and the utmost lea,
And wide its black wings hover o'er the sea;
The tear-drop bough hangs weeping in the vale,
And distant navies rear the mist-wet sail;—
So Fame, increasing, loud and louder grew,
And to the sylvan camp resounding flew;
"A lordly band," she cries, "of warlike mien,
Of face and garb in India never seen,
Of tongue unknown, through gulfs undared before,
Unknown their aim, have reach'd the Indian shore."
To hail their chief the Indian lord prepares,
And to the fleet he sends his banner'd Nayres.
As to the bay the nobles press along,
The wondering city pours th' unnumber'd throng.
And now brave Gama and his splendid train,
Himself adorn'd in all the pride of Spain,
In gilded barges slowly bend to shore,
While to the lute the gently-falling oar
Now breaks the surges of the briny tide,
And now the strokes the cold fresh stream divide.
Pleased with the splendour of the Lusian band,
On every bank the crowded thousands stand.
Begirt with high-plumed nobles, by the flood
The first great minister of India stood,
The catual his name in India's tongue;
To Gama swift the lordly regent sprung:
His open arms the valiant chief enfold,
And now he lands him on the shore of gold:
With pomp unwonted India's nobles greet
The fearless heroes of the warlike fleet.
A couch on shoulders borne, in India's mode,
With gold the canopy and purple glow'd,
Receives the Lusian captain; equal rides
The lordly catual, and onward guides,
While Gama's train, and thousands of the throng
Of India's sons, encircling pour along.
To hold discourse in various tongues they try;
In vain; the accents unremember'd die
Instant as utter'd. Thus on Babel's plain
Each builder heard his mate, and heard in vain.
Gama the while, and India's second lord,
Hold glad responses, as the various word
The faithful Moor unfolds. The city gate
They past, and onward, tower'd in sumptuous state,
Before them rose the sacred temple rose;
The portals wide the sculptured shrines disclose.
The chiefs advance, and, entered now, behold
The godded wood, cold stone, and shining gold;
Various of figure, and of various face,
As the foul demon will'd the likeness base.
Taught to behold the rays of godhead shine
Fair-imaged in the human face divine,
With sacred horror thrill'd, the Lusians view'd
The monster-forms, chimera-like, and rude[92].
Here spreading horns a human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Libya's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
A hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son the race of Heaven defied[94].
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
Grinn'd horrible. With vile prostrations low
Before these shrines the blinded Indians bow[95].

[92] Chimera, a monster slain by Bellerophon.

First, dire Chimera's conquest was enjoin'd,
A mingled monster of no mortal kind;
Behind a dragon's fiery tail was spread,
A goat's rough body bore a lion's head;
Her pitchy nostrils flaky flames expire,
Her gaping throat emits infernal fire.
Pope's Il. vi.

[94] Briareus.

[95] In this instance, Camoëns has with great art deviated from the truth of history. As it was the great purpose of his hero to propagate the law of Heaven in the east, it would have been highly absurd to have represented Gama and his attendants as on their knees in a Pagan temple. This, however, was the case. "Gama, who had been told," says Osorius, "that there were many Christians in India, conjectured that the temple, to which the catual led him, was a Christian church. At their entrance they were met by four priests,

And now again the splendid pomp proceeds;
To India's lord the haughty regent leads.
To view the glorious leader of the fleet,
Increasing thousands swell o'er every street;
High o'er the roofs the struggling youths ascend,
The hoary fathers o'er the portals bend,
The windows sparkle with the glowing blaze
Of female eyes, and mingling diamonds' rays.
And now the train, with solemn state and slow,
Approach the royal gate, through many a row
Of fragrant wood walks, and of balmy bowers,
Radiant with fruitage, ever gay with flowers.
Spacious the dome its pillar'd grandeur spread,
Nor to the burning day high tower'd the head;
The citron groves around the windows glow'd,
And branching palms their grateful shade bestow'd;
The mellow light a pleasing radiance cast;
The marble walls Dædalian sculpture graced.
Here India's fate, from darkest times of old[96],
The wondrous artist on the stone enroll'd;

who seemed to make crosses on their foreheads. The walls were painted with many images. In the middle was a little round chapel, in the wall of which, opposite to the entrance, stood an image which could hardly be discovered; Erat enim locus ita ab omni solis radio seclusus, ut vix aliquis maligne lucis splendor in eum penetraret. The four priests ascending, some entered the chapel by a little brass door, and, pointing to the benighted image, cried aloud, 'Mary, Mary.' The cattual and his attendants prostrated themselves on the ground, while the Lusians on their bended knees adored the blessed Virgin. Virgineque Dei matrem more nostris ustato venerantur."—Thus Osorius. Another writer says, that a Portuguese sailor, having some doubt, exclaimed, "If this be the Devil's image, I however worship God."

[96] The description of the palace of the zamorim, situated among aromatic groves, is according to history; the embellishment of the walls is in imitation of Virgil's description of the palace of king Latinus:

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis,
Urbe fuit summa, &c. [lumnis,

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surprised at once with rev'rence and delight. . . .
Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,
Placed in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe on high;
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines
And studiously surveys his generous wines;
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears;
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars;
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus placed, a buckler in his hand;
His other waved a long divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero sate——
Dryd. Æn. vii.

Here o'er the meadows, by Hydaspes' stream,
In fair array the marshall'd legions seem:
A youth of gleeful eye the squadrons led,
Smooth was his cheek, and glow'd with purest red;
Around his spear the curling vine-leaves waved;
And by a streamlet of the river laved,
Behind her founder, Nysa's walls were rear'd[97];
So breathing life the ruddy god appear'd,
Had Semele[98] beheld the smiling boy.
The mother's heart had proudly beav'd with joy.
Unnumber'd here were seen th' Assyrian throng,
That drank whole rivers as they march'd along:
Each eye seem'd earnest on their warrior queen,
High was her port, and furious was her mien;
Her valour only equall'd by her lust;
Fast by her side her courser paw'd the dust,
Her son's vile rival[99]; reeking to the plain
Fell the hot sweat-drops as he champ'd the rein.
And here display'd, most glorious to behold,
The Grecian banners, opening many a fold,
Seem'd trembling on the gale; at distance far
The Ganges laved the wide-extended war[100].
Here the blue marble gives the helmet's gleam,
Here from the cuirass shoots the golden beam.
A proud-eyed youth, with palms unnumber'd gay,
Of the bold veterans led the brown array;
Scornful of mortal birth enshrined he rode,
Call'd Jove his father[101], and assumed the god.

While dauntless Gama and his train survey'd
The sculptured walls, the lofty regent said;
"For nobler wars than these you wondering see
That ample space th' eternal Fates decree:
Sacred to these th' unpictured wall remains,
Unconscious yet of vanquish'd India's chains.
Assured we know the awful day shall come,
Big with tremendous fate, and India's doom.
The sons of Bramah, by the god their sire
Taught to illume the dread divining fire,
From the drear mansions of the dark abodes
Awake the dead, or call th' infernal gods;
Then round the flame, while glimmering ghastly blue,
Behold the future scene arise to view.
The sons of Bramah in the magic hour
Behold the foreign foe tremendous lour;
Unknown their tongue, their face, and strange attire,
And their bold eye-balls burn'd with warlike ire:
They saw the chief o'er prostrate India roar
The glittering terrours of his awful spear.

[97] This is in the perspective manner of the beautiful descriptions of the figures on the shield of Achilles. Il. xviii.

[98] The Theban Bacchus, to whom the Greek fabulists ascribed the Indian expedition of Sesostris or Osiris king of Egypt.

[99] "The infamous passion of Semiramis for a horse, has all the air of a fable invented by the Greeks to signify the extreme libidiny of that queen. Her incestuous passion for her son Nynias, however, is confirmed by the testimony of the best authors. Shocked at such a horrid amour, Nynias ordered her to be put to death."—Ctesias.

[100] The bon mot of Olympias, on this pretension of her son Alexander, was admired by the ancients. "This hot-headed youth, forsooth, cannot be at rest unless he embroil me in a quarrel with Juno."—Quint. Curt.

But swift behind these wintry days of woe
A spring of joy arose in liveliest glow,
Such gentle manners leagued with wisdom reign'd
In the dread victors, and their rage restrain'd:
Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victors' laws, thrice happier India smiled.
So to the prophets of the Bramin train
The visions rose [31], that never rose in vain."

The regent ceased; and now with solemn pace
The chiefs approach the regal hall of grace.
The tap'stried walls with gold were pictured o'er,
And flowery velvet spread the marble floor [32]:
In all the grandeur of the Indian state,
High on a blazing couch the monarch sate,
With starry gems the purple curtains shined,
And ruby flowers and golden foliage twined
Around the silver pillars: high o'er head
The golden canopy its radiance shed:
Of cloth of gold the sovereign's mantle shone,
And his high turban flamed with precious stone.
Sublime and awful was his sapient mien,
Lordly his posture, and his brow serene.
A hoary sire submiss on bended knee,
(Low bow'd his head,) in India's luxury,
A leaf [33], all fragrance to the glowing taste,
Before the king each little while replaced.
The patriarch Bramin, soft and slow he rose,
Advancing now to lordly Gama bows,
And leads him to the throne; in silent state
The monarch's nod assigns the captain's seat;
The Indian train in humbler distance stand:
Silent the monarch eyes the foreign band,
With awful mien; when valiant Gama broke
The solemn pause, and thus majestic spoke:

"From where the crimson Sun of evening laves
His blazing chariot in the western waves,
I come, the herald of a mighty king,
And holy vows of lasting friendship bring
To thee, O monarch, for resounding fame
Far to the west has borne thy princely name,—
All India's sovereign thou! Nor deem I sue,
Great as thou art, the humble suppliant's due.
Whate'er from western Tagus to the Nile
Inspires the monarch's wish, the merchant's toil,
From where the north-star gleams o'er seas of frost,
To Ethiopia's utmost burning coast,
Whate'er the sea, whate'er the land bestows,
In my great monarch's realm unbounded flows.
Pleased thy high grandeur thus resolved to hear,
My sovereign offers friendship's hands sincere:
Mutual he asks them, naked of disguise;
Then every bounty of the smiling skies
Shower'd on his shore and thine, in mutual flow,
Shall joyful commerce on each shore bestow.
Our might in war, what vanquish'd nations tell
Beneath our spear, let trembling Afric tell;
Survey my floating towers, and let thine ear,
Dread as it roars, our battle thunder hear.
If friendship then thy honest wish explore,
That dreadful thunder on thy foes shall roar.
Our banners o'er the crimson field shall sweep,
And our tall navies ride the foamy deep,
Till not a foe against thy land shall rear
Th' invading bowsprit or the hostile spear;
My king, thy brother, thus thy wars shall join,
The glory his, the gainful harvest thine."

Brave Gama spoke. The Pagan king replies:
"From lands which now behold the morning rise,

[31] The pretensions to, and belief in, divination and magic are found in the history of every nation and age. The sources from whence those opinions sprung, may be reduced to these: The strong desire which the human mind has to pry into futurity: the consciousness of its own weakness; and the instinctive belief, if it may be so called, in invisible agents. On these foundations it is easy for the artful to take every advantage of the simple and credulous. A knowledge of the virtues of plants, and of some chemical preparations, appeared as altogether supernatural to the great bulk of mankind in former ages. And such is the proneness of the ignorant mind to resolve, what it does not comprehend, into the marvellous, that even the common medicinal virtues of plants were esteemed as magical, and dependent upon the incantation which was muttered over the application of them. But we must not suppose that all the professors of magical knowledge were determined cheats and conscious impostors. So far from such idea of the futility of their pretended art, they themselves were generally the dupes of their own prejudices, of prejudices imbibed in their most early years, and to which the veneration of their eldest age was devoutly paid. Nor were the priests of savage tribes the only professors and students of enchantment. The very greatest names of Pagan antiquity, during the first centuries of the Christian era, firmly believed in divination, and were earnestly devoted to the pursuit of it. If Cicero, once or twice in his life, consulted the flight of birds, or the manner in which chickens picked up their corn; the great philosopher Marcus Aurelius Antoninus carried his veneration for the occult sciences much further. When he might have attacked the Quadi and Marcomanni with every prospect of success, he delayed to do it, till the magical sacrifice prescribed by Alexander of Pontus, the magician, could be performed. But when this was performed, the barbarians happened to be greatly reinforced, and Antoninus was defeated, with the loss of 20,000 men. Yet his devout observation of such rites never suffered the least abatement. And the enlarged and philosophical mind of the accomplished Julian, by some called the Apostate, was, amid all his other great avocations, most assiduously devoted to the study of magic.

[32] According to Osorius.

[33] The betel. This is a particular luxury of the east. The Indians powder it with the fruit of areca, or drunken date tree, and chew it, swallowing the juice. Its virtues, they say, preserve the teeth, strengthen the stomach, and incite to venery. It is so esteemed in India, that its origin is derived from Heaven. Degutri, one of the wives of the celestial spirits, carried Arjunem, an Indian, one day to Heaven, from whence he stole the betel, and planted it on Earth. And for this reason, he who cultures the betel must, as necessary to its thriving, steal the stock which he plants. The leaf is so like our common ivy, that some Indian ambassadors at Lisbon have used the latter mixed with the cypress apples instead of the areca, and have said, that in virtue it was much the same with the Indian plant. Our dictionaries call the betel, the bastard pepper.

While eve's dim clouds the Indian sky enfold,
Glorious to us an offer'd league we hold.
Yet shall our will in silence rest unknown,
Till what your land, and who the king you own,
Our council deeply weigh. Let joy the while
And the glad feast the fleeting hours beguile.
Ah! to the wearied mariner, long tost
O'er briny waves, how sweet the long-sought coast!
The night now darkens; on the friendly shore
Let soft repose your wearied strength restore,
Assured an answer from our lips to hear, [hear.
Which, not displeased, your sovereign lord shall
More now we add not—." [34] From the hall of state
Withdrawn, they now approach the regent's gate;
The sumptuous banquet glows; all India's pride
Heap'd on the board the royal feast supplied.
Now o'er the dew-drops of the eastern lawn
Gleam'd the pale rad ascend the star of dawn,
The valiant Gama on his couch reposed,
And balmy rest each Lusian eye-lid closed;
When the high consul, watchful to fulfil
The cautious mandates of his sovereign's will,
In secret converse with the Moor retires,
And, earnest, much of Lusus' sons inquires;
What laws, what holy rites, what monarch sway'd
The warlike race? When thus the just Monzaide:
"The land from whence these warriors well I know,
(To neighbouring earth my hapless birth I owe,)
Illustrious Spain, along whose western shores
Gray-dappled eve the dying twilight pours.—
A wondrous prophet gave their holy lore,
The godlike seer a virgin-mother bore,
Th' Eternal Spirit on the human race,
So he they taught, bestow'd such awful grace.
In war unmatch'd they rear the trophied crest:
What terrours oft have thrill'd my infant breast [35],
When their brave deeds my wondering fathers
told;
How from the lawns where, crystalline and cold
The Guadiana rolls his murmuring tide;
And those where, purple by the Tago's side,
The lengthening vineyards glisten o'er the field;
Their warlike sires my routed sires expell'd.
Nor paused their rage; the furious seas they
braved;
Nor loftiest walls nor castled mountains saved;
Round Afric's thousand bays their navies rode,
And their proud armies o'er our armies trod.
Nor less let Spain through all her kingdoms own,
O'er other foes their dauntless valour shone:
Let Gaul confess, her mountain ramparts wild,
Nature in vain the hoar Pyrenians piled.

No foreign lance could e'er their rage restrain,
Unconquer'd still the warrior race remain.
More would you hear, secure your care may trust
The answer of their lips, so nobly just;
Conscious of inward worth, of manners plain,
Their manly souls the gild-ed lie disdain.
Then let those eyes their lordly might admire,
And mark the thunder of their arms of fire:
The shore with trembling hears the dreadful sound,
And rampired walls lie smoking on the ground.
Speed to the fleet; their arts, their prudence weigh,
How wise in peace, in war how dread, survey."
With keen desire the crafiful Pagan burn'd;
Soon as the morn in orient blaze return'd,
To view the fleet his splendid train prepares;
And now attended by the lordly mayres,
The shore they cover; now the oar-men sweep
The foamy surface of the azure deep:
And now brave Paulus gives the friendly hand,
And high on Gama's lofty deck they stand.
Bright to the day the purple sail-cloths glow,
Wide to the gale the silken ensigns flow:
The pictured flags display the warlike strife;
Bold seem the heroes as inspired by life.
Here arm to arm the single combat strains,
Here burns the battle on the tented plains
General and fierce; the meeting lances thrust,
And the black blood seems smoking on the dust.
With earnest eyes the wondering regent views
The pictured warriors, and their history sues.
But now the ruddy juice, by Noah found [36],
In foaming goblets circled swiftly round,
And o'er the deck swift rose the festive board;
Yet, smiling oft, refrains the Indian lord:
His faith forbade with other tribe to join
The sacred meal, esteem'd a rite divine [37].
In lofd vibrations, thrilling on the ear,
The battle sounds the Lusian trumpets rear;
Loud burst the thunders of the arms of fire,
Slow round the mils the clouds of smoke aspire,
And, rolling their dark volumes o'er the day,
The Lusian war, in dreadful pomp, display.
In deepest thought the careful regent weigh'd
The pomp and power at Gama's nod beweay'd,
Yet seem'd alone in wonder to behold
The glorious heroes and the wars half told
In silent peasy—Swift from the board
High crown'd with wine, uprose the Indian lord;
Both the bold Gamas, and their generous peer,
The brave Coello, rose, prepared to hear,
Or, ever courteous, give the meet reply:
Fast and inquiring was the regent's eye:
The warlike image of a hoary sire,
Whose name shall live till Earth and Time expire,
His wonder fix'd; and more than human glow'd
The hero's look; his robes of Grecian mode;
A bough, his ensign, in his right he waved,
A leafy bough——But I, fond man depraved!
Where would I speed, as madd'ning in a dream,
Without your aid, ye Nymphs of Tago's stream!

[34] The tenour of this first conversation between the zamorim and Gama is according to the truth of history.

[35] The enthusiasm with which Monzaida, a Moor, talks of the Portuguese, may perhaps to some appear unnatural. Camoëns seems to be aware of this, by giving a reason for that enthusiasm in the first speech of Monzaida to Gama;

Heaven sent you here for some great work divine,
And Heaven inspires my breast your sacred toils to join.

That this Moor did conceive a great affection for Gama, whose religion he embraced, and to whom he proved of the utmost service, is according to the truth of history.

[36] Gen. ix. 20. And Noah began to be an husbandman; and he planted a vineyard, and he drank of the wine, &c.

[37] The opinion of the sacredness of the table is very ancient in the east. It is plainly to be discovered in the history of Abraham and the Hebrew patriarchs.

Or yours, ye Dryads of Mondego's bowers!
Without your aid how vain my wearied powers!
Long yet and various lies my arduous way
Through louring tempests and a boundless sea.
Oh then, propitious hear your son implore,
And guide my vessel to the happy shore.
Ah! see how long what per'lous days, what woes
On many a foreign coast around me rose,
As dragg'd by Fortune's chariot wheels along
I sooth'd my sorrows with the warlike song[38]:
Wide ocean's horrours lengthening now around,
And now my footsteps trod the hostile ground;
Yet mid each danger of tumultuous war
Your Lusian heroes ever claim'd my care:
As Canace of old, ere self-destroy'd[39],
One hand the pen, and one the sword employ'd.
Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd,
The guest dependent at the lordling's board:
Now blest with all the wealth fond hope could crave,
Soon I beheld that wealth beneath the wave[40]
For ever lost; myself escaped alone,
On the wild shore all-friendless, hopeless, thrown;
My life like Judah's Heaven-doom'd king of yore[41],
By miracle prolong'd; yet not the more
To end my sorrows: woes succeeding woes
Belied my earnest hopes of sweet repose:
In place of boys around my brows to shed
Their sacred honours, o'er my destined head
Foul calumny proclaim'd the fraudful tale,
And left me mourning in a dreary jail[42].
Such was the meed, alas! on me bestow'd,
Bestow'd by those for whom my cumbers glow'd,
By those who to my toils their laurel honours owed.
Ye gentle Nymphs of Tago's rosy bowers,
Ah, see what fettered prison-lords are yours!
Dull as the herds that graze their flowery dales,
To them in vain the injured Muse bewails:
No fostering care their barbarous hands bestow,
Though to the Muse their fairest fame they owe.
Ah, cold may prove the future priest of fame
Taught by my fate: yet will I not disclaim
Your smiles, ye Muses of Mondego's shade,
Be still my dearest joy your happy aid!
And hear my vow: Nor king, nor loftiest peer
Shall e'er from me the song of flattery hear;
Nor crafty tyrant, who in office reigns,
Smiles on his king, and binds the land in chains;
His king's worst foe:—nor he whose raging ire,
And raging wants, to shape his course, conspire;
True to the clamours of the blinded crowd,
Their changeful Protean, insolent and loud:
Nor he whose honest mien secures applause,
Grave though he seem, and father of the laws,
Who, but half-patriot, niggardly denies
Each other's merit, and withholds the prize:
Who spurns the Muse[43], nor feels the raptured strain,
Useless by him esteem'd, and idly vain:
For him, for these, no wreath my hand shall twine;
On other brows th' immortal rays shall shine:
He who the path of honour ever trod,
True to his king, his country, and his God;
On his blest head my hands shall fix the crown,
Wove of the deathless laurels of renown.

[38] Though Camoëns began his Lusiad in Portugal, almost the whole of it was written while on the ocean, while in Africa, and in India. See his Life.

[39] Candace, daughter of Eolus. Her father having thrown her incestuous child to the dogs, sent her a sword, with which she slew herself. In Ovid she writes an epistle to her husband-brother, where she thus describes herself:

Dextra tenet calamum, strictum tenet altera ferrum.

[40] See the Life of Camoëns.

[41] Hezekiah. See Isaiah xxxviii.

[42] This, and the whole paragraph from

Degraded now, by poverty abhorr'd—

alludes to his fortunes in India. The latter circumstance relates particularly to the base and inhuman treatment he received on his return to Goa, after his unhappy shipwreck. See his Life.

[43] Similarity of condition has produced similarity of sentiment in Camoëns and Spenser. Each was the ornament of his country and of his age; and each was cruelly neglected by the men of power, who, in truth, were incapable to judge of their merit, or to relish their writings. We have seen several of the strictures of Camoëns on the barbarous nobility of Portugal. The similar complaints of Spenser will show that neglect of genius, however, was not confined to the court of Lisbon.

O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
To see that Virtue should despised be
Of such as first were raised for Virtue's parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not those of whom the Muse is scorned,
Alive or dead be by the Muse adorned.
Ruins of Time.

It is thought lord Burleigh, who withheld the bounty intended by queen Elizabeth, is here meant. But he is more clearly stigmatized in these remarkable lines, where the misery of dependence on court-favour is painted in colours which must recall several strokes of the Lusiad to the mind of the reader.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to day, to be put back to morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peer's;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Mother Hubberd's Tale.

These lines exasperated still more the indignant, the illiberal Burleigh. So true is the observation of Mr Hughes, that "even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them."

The arrival of Gama in India.—In several parts of the Lusiad the Portuguese poet has given ample proof that he could catch the genuine spirit of Homer and Virgil. The seventh Lusiad throughout bears a striking resemblance to the seventh and eighth Æneid. Much of the action is naturally the same; Æneas lands in Italy, and Gama

in India; but the conduct of Camoëns, in his masterly imitation of his great model, particularly demands observation. Had Statius or Ovid described the landing or reception of Æneas, we should undoubtedly have been presented with pictures different from those of the pencil of Virgil. We should have seen much bustle and fire, and perhaps much smoke and false dignity. Yet if we may judge from the Odyssey, Homer, had he written the Æneid, would have written as the Roman poet wrote, would have presented us with a calm majestic narrative, till every circumstance was explained, and then would have given the concluding books of hurry and fire. In this manner has Virgil written, and in this manner has Camoëns followed him, as far as the different nature of his subject would allow. In Virgil, king Latinus is informed by prodigies and prophecy of the fate of his kingdom, and of the new-landed strangers. Æneas enters Latium. The dinner on the grass, and the prophecy of famine turned into a jest. He sends ambassadors to Latinus, whose palace is described. The embassy is received in a friendly manner. Juno, enraged, calls the assistance of the fiends, and the truce is broken. Æneas, admonished in a dream, seeks the aid of Evander. The voyage up the Tiber, the court of Evander, and the sacrifices in which he was employed, are particularly described. In all this there is no blaze of fire, no earnest hurry. These are judiciously reserved for their after and proper place. In the same manner Camoëns lands his hero in India; and though in some circumstances the resemblance to Virgil is evident, yet he has followed him as a free imitator, who was conscious of his own strength, and not as a copyist. He has not deserved that shrewd satire which Mr. Pope, not unjustly, throws on Virgil himself. "Had the galley of Sergestus been broken," says he, "if the chariot of Eurycles had not been demolished? or Muestheus been cast from the helm, had not the other been thrown from his seat?" In a word, that calm dignity of poetical narrative which breathes through the seventh and eighth Æneid, is judiciously copied, as most proper for the subject; and with the hand of a master characteristically sustained throughout the seventh book of the poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world.

INQUIRY

INTO THE

RELIGIOUS TENETS AND PHILOSOPHY

OF THE

BRAMINS.

As account of the celebrated sect of the Bramins, and an inquiry into their theology and philosophy, are undoubtedly requisite in the notes of a poem which celebrates the discovery of the eastern world; of a poem where their rites and opinions are necessarily mentioned. To place the subject in the clearest and most just view, as far as his abilities will serve him, is the intention of the translator. If he cannot be so warm in his admiration of the religious philosophy of the Hindoos, as some late writers have been, some circumstances of that philosophy, as delivered by themselves, it is hoped, will very fully exculpate his coolness.

But before we endeavour to trace the religion and philosophy of the Bramins by the lights of antiquity, and the concurrent testimony of the most learned travellers who have visited India since the discovery of that country by the hero of the Lusiad, it will not be improper to pay particular attention to the systematical accounts of the doctrines of the Gentoos, which have lately been given to the public by Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow. A particular attention is due to these gentlemen: each of them brands all the received accounts of the Gentoos as most ignorantly fallacious, and each of them claims an opportunity of knowledge enjoyed by no traveller before himself. Each of them has been in Asia, in the East India company's service, and each of them assures us that he has conversed with the most learned of the Bramins.

Mr. Holwell's system we have endeavoured with the utmost exactness thus to abridge. "It is an allowed truth," (says he, chap. viii. p. 3.) "that there never was yet any system of theology broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators did not announce its descent from God; and God forbid we should doubt of, or impeach the divine origin of any of these! for such colloquium they possibly all merited in their primitive purity, could they be traced up to that state."

Again, in p. 30. "The religions which manifestly carry the divine stamp of God, are, first, that which Brumah was appointed to declare to the ancient Hindoos; secondly, that law which Moses was destined to deliver to the ancient Hebrews; and thirdly, that which Christ was delegated to preach to the latter Jews and Gentiles, or the Pagan world."

The divine economy of these different revelations is thus accounted for by our author: "Let us see how far the similitude of doctrines, (p. 72.) preached first by Brumah, and afterwards Christ, at the distinct period of above 3000 years, corroborate our conclusions; if they mutually support each other, it amounts to proof of the authenticity of both. Brumah preached the existence of one only, eternal God, his first created angelic being, Birmah, Bistnoo, Sieb, and Moissoor; the pure Gospel dispensation teaches one only eternal God, his first begotten of the father Christ; the angelic beings Gabriel, Michael, and Satan, all these corresponding under different names minutely with each other, in their respective dignities, functions, and characters. Birmah is made prince and governor of all the angelic bands, and the occasional vicegerent of the Eternal One; Christ is invested with all power by the Father; Birmah is destined to works of power and glory, so is Christ; Bistnoo to acts of benevolence, so is Gabriel; Sieb to acts of terrour and destruction, so is Michael—Moissoor is represented as a prime angel, and the instigator and leader of the revolt in Heaven, so is the Satan of the Gospel."—After much more in this strain, our author adds, "It is no violence to faith (p. 80.) if we believe that Birmah and Christ are one and the same individual celestial being, the first begotten of the Father, who had most probably appeared at different periods of time, in

distant parts of the Earth, under various mortal forms of humanity and denominations."—Having thus seen who Birmah is, we now proceed to our author's account of the scriptures which he delivered to mankind. Christ, he tells us, (p. 80.) styled Birmah by the eastern, delivered the great primitive truths to man at his creation: but these truths being eclipsed by time and the industrious influence of Satan, a written record became necessary, and Brumah accordingly gave the Shastah. This, we are told (ch. iv. p. 12.), was at the beginning of the present age (or world) when Brumah having assumed the human form, and the government of Inlostan, translated the Chatah Bhade Shastah from the language of angels into the Sanscrit, a tongue at that time universally known in India. "These scriptures," says our author, (ch. viii. p. 71.) "contain, to a moral certainty, the original doctrines and terms of restoration, delivered from God himself by the mouth of his first created Birmah to mankind at his first creation in the form of man." And in p. 74, he tells us that "the mission of Christ is the strongest confirmation of the authenticity and divine origin of the Chatah Bhade Shastah of Brumah; the doctrines of both," according to our author, "being originally the same."

We now proceed to give an account of the system which Mr. H. has laid before the public as the pure and sublime doctrine of the Brahmins.

God is one; the creator of all that is; he governs by a general providence, the result of fixed principles: it is vain and criminal to inquire into the nature of his existence, or by what laws he governs. In the fullness of time he resolved to participate his glory and essence with beings capable of feeling and sharing his beatitude, and of administering to his glory. He willed, and they were—he formed them in part of his own essence; capable of perfection, but with the powers (as Mr. Holwell terms it) of imperfection, both depending on their voluntary election. God has no prescience of the actions of free agents, but he knows the thought of every being the moment it is conceived. He first created Birmah; then Bistnoo, Sieb, and Moisasoor; then all the ranks of angelic beings. He made Birmah his vicegerent and prince of all spirits, whom he put in subjection under him; Bistnoo and Sieb were his coadjutors—Over every angelic band he placed a chief. Moisasoor, chief of the first band, led the song of praise and adoration to the Creator, and the song of obedience to Birmah, his first created. Joy composed the throne of God for millions of years. Envy and jealousy at last took possession of Moisasoor, and Rhaabon the angel next to him in dignity. They withheld their obedience from God; denied submission to his vicegerent, and drew a great part of the angelic host into their rebellion. God sent Birmah, Bistnoo, and Sieb, to admonish and persuade them to return to their duty, but this mercy only hardened them. The Eternal One then commanded Sieb to go armed with his omnipotence, to drive them from Heaven, and plunge them into intense darkness for ever. Here they groaned 4,26,000,000 years. (See ch. iv. p. 47 and 119.) Birmah, Bistnoo, Sieb, and the faithful angels, never ceased imploring the Eternal One for their pardon and restoration. By their intercession he at length relented. He declared his gracious intentions; and, having given his power to Birmah, he retired into himself, and became invisible to all the angelic host for the space of 3000 years. At the end of this period he again appeared, and, resuming his throne, proposed the creation of the material universe, which was to consist of fifteen regions or planets. In these the delinquent spirits were to be united to mortal bodies, in which they were to undergo a state of purgation, probation, and purification, and to suffer natural evils, according to the degrees of their original guilt. Bistnoo, by God's command, created the material universe, and united the fallen spirits to mortal bodies. Eighty-nine transmigrations form the term of purgation and trial. Eighty-seven of these are through various animals, according to the original degree of turpitude. The less criminal spirits animate bees, singing birds, and other innocent creatures; while those of deeper guilt become wolves and tigers. "And it shall be," (says Mr. H.'s version of that part of the Shastah,) "that when the rebellious Debtah (spirit) shall have accomplished and passed through the eighty-seven transmigrations, they shall, from my abundant favour, (it is the Deity who speaks,) animate a new form, and thou, Bistnoo, shalt call it Choij (i. e. the cow). And it shall be, that when the mortal body of the Choij shall by a natural decay become inanimate, the delinquent Debtah shall, from my more abundant favour, animate the form of Mhord (i. e. man) and in this form I will enlarge their intellectual powers, even as when I first created them free; and in this form shall be their chief state of their trial and probation." In the next sentence the cow is ordered to be deemed sacred and holy [1].

Of the fifteen planets made for the reception of the rebel spirits, seven are called lower, and seven higher, than the Earth. The lower ones are the regions of punishment and purgation; our Earth, the principal seat of probation; and the higher ones are the regions of purification, from whence the approved spirits are again received into the divine presence in the highest Heaven. Mr. Holwell's Shastah says, that God, "although he could not foresee the effect of his mercy on the future conduct of the delinquents, yet, unwilling to relinquish the hopes of their repentance, he declared

[1] Mr. H. tells us that, when a cow suffers death by accident or violence, or through the neglect of the owner, it is esteemed a sign of God's wrath against the spirit of the proprietor, and as a warning that at the dissolution of his human form, he shall be obliged to undergo anew all the eighty-nine transmigrations. "Hence it is," says Mr. H., "that not only mourning and lamentation ensue on the violent death of either cow or calf, but the proprietor is frequently enjoined, and oftener voluntarily undertakes, a three years pilgrimage in expiation of his crime. Forsaking his friends, family, and relations, he subsists during his pilgrimage on charity and alms.—It is worthy remark, that the penitent thus circumstanced ever meets with the deepest commiseration, as his state is deemed truly pitiable. Two instances have fallen within our own knowledge, where the penitents have devoted themselves to the service of God, and a pilgrimage during the term of their life."

his will."—The principal terms of acceptance were, that they should do all good offices to, and love one another. Unnatural lust and self-murder are declared as crimes for which no more probation shall be allowed, but the spirit who offends in these is to be plunged into the Onderah, or intense darkness, for ever. What pity is it that these crimes, against which "th' Eternal has fix't his canon," should be mentioned together with the absurdities which follow!—Whatever animal destroys the mortal form of another, be it that of goat, bee, cow, or man, its spirit shall be plunged into the Onderah for a space[2], and from thence shall begin anew the eighty-nine transmigrations, notwithstanding whatever number it may have formerly completed.

The time which the purgation and trial of the rebel spirits is to continue is also ascertained. It is divided into four jogues, or ages, which in reality are new creations of the universe. Three of these are past—The suttee jogue, or age of truth, lasted 3,200,000 years. In this period the life of man was 100,000 years. The tirta jogue continued 1,600,000 years, in which the life of man consisted of 10,000 years. The devapaar jogue was shortened to 800,000, and the human life to 1000 years. The last, the kolee jogue, or age of pollution, is to expire after a period of 400,000 years. In this, human life is reduced to 100 years, and the man is deemed to hasten his exit who dies under that number. In the present A.D. 1777, 4877 years of this age have only elapsed, and therefore 339,123 are yet to come.

When Bistnoo proposed the terms of mercy to the fallen spirits in the Onderah, all except Moisasoor, Rhaabon, and the other leaders of the rebellion, accepted, with the utmost joy, of the divine favour. Moisasoor and his party were permitted to range through the Earth and the lower regions of punishment, and to continue their temptations[3].

[2] "The obvious construction of the mouth and digestive faculties of man," says Mr. H., "mark him destined to feed on fruits, herbage, and milk." Anatomists, however, assert the very contrary. And the various allotment of food in various countries implies the approbation of Nature. In the warmer climates, the most cooling oils and fruits, &c. are in the greatest abundance. Where colder regions require the nutritive strength of animal food, beeves and sheep, &c. are in the greatest plenty and perfection; and sea fish, of all aliments the sharpest and hottest in their salts, are profusely thrown around the cold shores of the North. The Gentoos, who live solely upon rice and vegetables, are, of all mankind, the feeblest, most short-lived, and pusillanimous.

[3] "When we peruse some portions of Milton's account of the rebellion and expulsion of the angels," says Mr. H., "we are almost led to imagine, on comparison, that Bramah and he were both instructed by the same spirit; had not the soaring, ungovernable, inventive genius of the latter, instigated him to illustrate his poem with scenes too gross and ludicrous, as well as manifestly repugnant to, and inconsistent with, sentiments we ought to entertain of an Omnipotent Being (as before remarked), in which we rather fear he was inspired by one of those malignant spirits (alluded to in the Shastah and elsewhere), who have, from their original defection, been the declared enemies of God and man. For however we are astonished and admire the sublimity of Milton's genius, we can hardly sometimes avoid concluding his conceits are truly diabolical."—The former remark Mr. H. refers to, is, the supposition that angels opposed God in battle; any other than an instant act of expulsion being unworthy of omnipotence. Milton, however, needs no defence. In the true spirit of poetry, he opposes angel to angel; but these strictures of our author lead us to some obvious observations on his account of the Gentoo system. God, he tells us, previous to the creation, fought 5000 years with Mishoo and Kytoo; but this is excused by allegory, and these are only Discord and Tumult; and an instant act of omnipotence, it seems, was not here necessary. According to Mr. H.'s divine system of the Gentoos, God has no prescience of the actions of free agents. To strip the Supreme Being of prescience gives a severe shock to reason; and most assuredly it is the highest presumption in a finite mind, to deny an attribute essential to omnipotence and omniscience, because its confined ideas cannot conceive the manner of that attribute's operation*. But the grossest impiety still remains. The restoration of the fallen spirits, according to Mr. Holwell's Gentoo system, flowed not from God. He is not there the fountain of mercy. The compassion of the good angels alone produced this divine favour, after the solicitation of 426 millions of years. In Milton we have no such absurdities, no such impieties as these suppositions and assertions contain.

* To reconcile the divine prescience with the liberty of volition, has vainly employed many philosophers. Freedom of choice has been denied, and the gross impiety of fatalism has by many been adopted, to avoid the gross absurdity which would limit the powers of the eternal mind. Yet nothing, we presume, is easier than to satisfy sound reason on this subject. Let us remember our intellectual powers are very limited; let us remember we cannot form the faintest idea of the act of creation. "God said let there be light, and there was light," is an expression most truly sublime; but it conveys not the least idea of the modus how his power either acted upon that which was not, or upon that which afterwards was. Yet, we know we exist, and that we did not create ourselves. In this case we rest satisfied that we cannot comprehend the manner how the Deity acts. To deny prescience to omnipotent omniscience is just as reasonable as to deny the creation. As we readily resolve the one, let us also resolve the other, into an attribute peculiar to the existence of the Deity. This solution is not only perfectly easy, but the power of creation stamps the highest authority of analogy upon it. Each of the other two solutions, fatalism and negation of divine prescience, are founded upon, and end in, the most impious absurdity.

kings, generals, philosophers, lawgivers, and prophets, have given shining examples of fortitude, virtue, and purity. Many of these incarnations took place in the former jogues, but in the present one they are very rare[*]; the good angels, however, are permitted invisibly to assist the penitent, and to afford them support and protection. When the 339,129 years yet remaining of the present jogue are expired, all the obdurate spirits who have not attained the first region of purification, shall be thrown into the Onderah for ever. The eight regions of probation shall be then destroyed. And when the spirits in the seven planets of purification shall have attained the highest Heaven, these regions shall also be no more. A long time after this, says the Shastah, there shall be another creation, but of what kind, or upon what principles, the Eternal One only knows.

Such are the terms of salvation offered by the Shastah as given by Mr. Holwell. Almost innumerable are the wild, fanciful accounts of the creation contained in the sacred books of India. Some of them are most horridly impure, (See Faria y Sousa, tom. ii. p. 4. c. 1.) and almost all of them have a whimsical meanness, or grossness of idea. The account given by Mr. H., as that of the genuine inspired Shastah, is thus: "When the Eternal One first began his intended new creation of the universe, he was opposed by two mighty ozoors, (i. e. giants) which proceeded from the wax of Brum's (i. e. Birmah's) ear; and their names were Modoo and Kytoo. And the Eternal One contended and fought with Modoo and Kytoo five thousand years; and he smote them on his thigh, and they were lost and assimilated with murto (earth)."

Birmah is then appointed to create, Bistnoo to preserve, and Sieb to change or destroy.—Mr. H. thus proceeds: "And when Brum (Birmah) heard the command, which the mouth of the Eternal One had uttered, he straightways formed a leaf of betel, and he floated on the betel leaf over the surface of the waters, and the children of Modoo and Kytoo fled from before him, and vanished from his presence: and when the agitation of the waters had subsided by the powers of the spirit of Brum, Bistnoo straightways transformed himself into a mighty boar, and descending into the abyss of waters, brought up the Murto on his tusks. Then spontaneously issued from him a mighty tortoise and a mighty snake. And Bistnoo put the snake erect upon the back of the tortoise, and placed Murto upon the head of the snake. And all things were created and formed by Birmah."—Mr. Holwell informs us, that all this is sublime allegory; that Modoo and Kytoo signify Discord and Confusion; that the boar is the Gentoos' symbol of strength; the tortoise, of stability; and the serpent, of wisdom. And thus the strength of God placed wisdom on stability, and the Earth upon wisdom. But what the betel leaf, and the wax of Brum's ear signify, Mr. H. has not told us.

As an account of the doctrines of the Bramins is a necessary illustration of the Seventh Lusiad, some observations on their opinions are also requisite. Mr. Holwell talks in the highest terms of these philosophers; he calls them "a people who, from the earliest times, have been an ornament to the creation." At the same time he confesses, "that unless we dive into the mysteries of their theology they seem below the level of the brute creation." Our first remarks shall therefore be confined to that system which is given by Mr. H. as the pure and primary revelation which God gave to the rebellious spirits by Christ, at that time named Birmah.

"The creation and propagation of the human form, according to the scriptures of Bramah," says Mr. H., "are clogged with no difficulties, no ludicrous unintelligible circumstances, or inconsistencies. God previously constructs mortal bodies of both sexes for the reception of the angelic spirits—these were all doomed to pass through many successive transmigrations in the mortal prisons, as a state of punishment and purgation, before they received the grace of animating the human form, which is their chief state of probation and trial." This, however, without hesitation, (the reader, we fear, will smile at the pains we take,) we will venture to call highly unphilosophical. Nature has made almost the whole creation of fishes to feed upon each other. Their purgation therefore is only a mock trial; for, according to Mr. H., whatever being destroys a mortal body must begin its transmigrations anew; and thus the spirits of the fishes would be just where they were, though millions of the four jogues were repeated. Mr. H. is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other species of animals suffered death. The only

[*] The devil and his chiefs, according to Mr. H., have often, as well as the good angels, taken the human form, and appeared in the character of tyrants, and corrupters of morals, or philosophers; who, according to Mr. H., are the devil's faithful deputies. The great engines of Satan's temptations, says Mr. H. (p. 160. ch. viii.), are the use of animal food, and vinous and spirituous potations. "To give the devil his due," says he, "it must in justice be acknowledged that the introduction of these two first-rate vices was a masterpiece of politics in Moisasoor, or Satan, who alone was capable of working so diabolical a change in rational intellectual beings." The system by which Satan effected this change, says Mr. H., was thus: "He began with the priesthood. He suggested the religious use of animal sacrifices and of vinous libations. The priests soon began to taste, and the laity followed their example. And these two vices," says he, "are the roots from which all moral evils sprang, and continue to flourish in the world." And, indeed, Mr. H. is serious; nay, he hopes the time is near when animal food will be totally disused, and very earnestly he advises the butchers to turn bakers; an occupation which, he assures them, will be much more agreeable to their humanity of disposition. And here we must remark that Mr. H. tells us, "it is more than probable that Moses himself was the very identical spirit, deputed in an earlier age to deliver God's will under the style and title of Bramah." But whence then the bloody sacrifices of the Mosaical law? Why, the answer is perfectly easy on Mr. H.'s scheme.—As St. Peter by his sanction to kill and eat corrupted the pure doctrine of Christ or Birmah, so Aaron the high-priest by his bloody sacrifices corrupted the pure doctrine of Moses or Bramah.

reason for it, he says, is, that they were more favoured of God, as more innocent. Why then are these less guilty spirits united to bodies whose natural instinct precludes them the very possibility of salvation? There is not a bird perhaps but eats occasionally insects and reptiles. Even the Indian philosopher himself, who lets vermin overrun him, who carefully sweeps his path ere he treads upon it, lest he should dislodge the soul of an insect, and who covers his mouth with a cloth, lest he should suck in a gnat with his breath; even he, in every sallad which he eats, and in every cup of water which he drinks, causes the death of innumerable living creatures.—His salvation, therefore, according to Mr. H.'s Gentoo system, is as impossible as that of the fishes. Nor need we scruple to pronounce the purgation of spirits, by passing through brutal forms, as "ludicrously unintelligible." The young of every animal has most innocence. An old vicious ram has made a strange retrograde purgation, when we consider that he was once a lamb, the mildest and most innocent of creatures.

The attentive reader, no doubt, has ere now been apt to inquire, How is the person and revelation of Christ and of Birmah one and the same? Mr. H. thus solves the difficulty: The doctrine of Christ, as it is delivered to us, is totally corrupted. Age after age has disfigured it. Even the most ancient record of its history, the N. T., is grossly corrupted. St. Paul by his reveries, as Mr. H. says, and St. Peter by his sanction to kill and eat, began this woeful declension and perversion of the doctrines of Christ.

A traveller, says Mr. H. who describes the religious tenets of any nation, but does not dive into the mysteries of their theology, "dishonestly imposes his own reveries on the world, and does the greatest injury and violence to letters and the cause of humanity." And here it must be again repeated, that Mr. H. assures us, that he received his instructions from some of the most learned Bramins; an opportunity which he deems superior to whatever had been enjoyed by any former inquirer.

A few years after Mr. Holwell's treatises were given to the public, Mr. Dow, who had also been in India, published also his account of the religion and philosophy of the Bramins. The superior opportunities of knowledge enjoyed by Mr. Dow are thus mentioned by himself.

Talking of the whole body of modern travellers, he says, "They have prejudiced Europe against the Bramins, and, by a very unfair account, have thrown disgrace upon a system of religion and philosophy which they did by no means investigate." After this he tells us, (Dissert. p. xxii.) "that conversing by accident one day with a noble and learned Bramin, he perceived the error of Europeans; and having resolved to acquire some knowledge of the Shanscrita language, the grand repository of the religion, philosophy, and history of the Hindoos, his noble friend the Bramin procured him a pundit (or teacher) from the university of Benaris, well versed in the Shanscrita, and master of all the knowledge of that learned body." Mr. Dow, however, confesses, that he had not time to acquire the Shanscrita; but his pundit, he says, procured some of the principal Shasters, and "explained to him as many passages of those curious books, as served to give him a general idea of the doctrine which they contain."

Such an opportunity of superior knowledge as this, is certainly singular. But though it is thus confessedly partial, and entirely dependent on the truth of his pundit, the claims of authenticity alleged by other travellers (p. xxxvii.) are thus reprobated—"They affirm, that they derived their information from the Hindoos themselves. This may be the case; but they certainly conversed upon that subject only with the inferior tribes, or with the unlearned part of the Bramins: and it would be as ridiculous to hope for a true state of the religion and philosophy of the Hindoos from those illiterate casts, as it would be in a Mohammedan in London, to rely upon the accounts of a parish beadle, concerning the most abstruse points of the Christian faith; or to form his opinion of the principles of the Newtonian philosophy from a conversation with an English car-man."

Having thus established his own authority, our author proceeds to a view of the religion and philosophy of the Bramins. But here it is proper to observe, that having mentioned Mr. Holwell, Mr. Dow informs his reader, that he "finds himself obliged to differ almost in every particular concerning the religion of the Hindoos, from that gentleman."

The Beshag, or sacred book of the Bramins, says Mr. Dow, contains various accounts of the creation; one philosophical, the others allegorical. The philosophical one is contained in a dialogue between Brimha and his son Narad. God is here thus defined: "Being immaterial, he is above all conception; being invisible, he can have no form; but from what we behold in his works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing all things, and present every where." This Mr. Dow informs us, in a note, is literally translated; and, "whether we," says he, "who profess Christianity, and call the Hindoos by the detestable names of Pagans and idolaters, have higher ideas of the supreme divinity, we shall leave to the unprejudiced reader to determine." Yet surely God is not above all conception. Nor is his invisibility to his creatures a philosophical proof that he can have no form.

Narad's inquiries into the nature of the soul or intellect are thus answered——It is a portion of the Great Soul, breathed into all creatures to animate them for a certain time; after death it either animates other bodies, or is absorbed into the divine essence. The wicked are not at death disengaged from the elements, but clothed with bodies of fire, air, &c., and for a time are punished in Hell; and the good are absorbed "in a participation of the divine nature, where all passions are utterly unknown, and where consciousness is lost in bliss." Mr. Dow confesses that a state of unconsciousness is in fact the same with annihilation; and indeed it is, though he says that the Shaster "seems here to imply a kind of delirium of joy." By this unintelligible sublimity we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche, and that wild imagination are the growth of every country.

Narad then inquires into the continuance and dissolution of the world. And here we have a legend much the same with Mr. Holwell's four jogues or ages; after which the world shall be de-

stroyed by fire, matter be annihilated, and God exist alone. Our year, according to the Bramins, says Mr. Dow, makes one planetary day. The first jug, or age of truth, contained four; the second three; the third two; and the present jug, or age of pollution, is to contain one thousand of these planetary years. According to Mr. Dow, at the end of these periods there is not only a dissolution of all things, but between the dissolutions and renovations of the world, a period of 3,720,000 of our years. In the note on the Ptolemaic system in Liniad X., we trust we have investigated the source of these various ages of the Bramins, and traced the origin of that idea into a natural planetary appearance.

In Mr. Dow's, or rather his pundit's translation of the sacred Shaster, we have the following account of the creation. It is contained in what our author (p. xlvi.) calls the philosophical catechism. Narud inquires, How did God create the world? and is answered; "Affection dwelt with God from all eternity. It was of three different kinds; the creative, the preserving, and the destructive. The first is represented by Brimha, the second by Bishen, and the third by Shibah. You, O Narud, are taught to worship all the three, in various shapes and likenesses, as the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer. The affection of God then produced power; and power, at a proper conjunction of time and fate, embraced goodness, and produced matter. The three qualities then acting upon matter, produced the universe in the following manner: From the opposite actions of the creative and destructive quality in matter, self-motion first arose. Self-motion was of three kinds; the first inclining to plasticity, the second to discord, and the third to rest. The discordant actions then produced the akash, which invisible element possessed the quality of conveying sound; it produced air, a palpable element; fire, a visible element; water, a fluid element; and earth, a solid element."

Such is the philosophical cosmogony placed by Mr. Dow, but for what reason we cannot discover, in opposition to the allegorical accounts which the Bramins give of the creation.

The Shasters, according to Mr. Dow, are divided into four Bedas (i. e. the Bhades of Mr. H.). The first, he says, treats principally of the science of divination; the second, of religious and moral duties; the third, of the rites of religion, sacrifices, penances, &c.; and the fourth, of the knowledge of the good being, and contains the whole science of theology and metaphysical philosophy.

And thus the Bramins avow, and their sacred books contain, that most despicable of all pretensions to learning, judicial astrology; that mother of superstition in every country, that engine of villany, by which the philosophers of India and the gypsies of England impose on the credulous and ignorant. "When a child is born," says Mr. Dow, (p. xxxiii.) "some of the Bramins are called: they pretend, from the horoscope of his nativity, to foretell his future fortune, by means of some astrological tables, of which they are possessed." They then tie a string, called the zinar, round his neck, which all the Hindoos wear, says our author, by way of charm or amulet.

That the Gentoos are divided into two great sects is confessed, though differently accounted for, by both Mr. Bebeel and Mr. Dow. By the latter they are distinguished as the followers of Bedang, the most ancient; and the Neadirsen, a later Shaster. This, which by its followers is held as sacred, is said to have been written, says our author, by a "philosopher called Goutam, near 4000 years ago." As a specimen of this most abstruse metaphysician, take the following—— Five things must of necessity be eternal: first, the pirrum attima, or the great soul, which is immaterial, omniscient, &c.; the second, the jive attima, or the vital soul; the third, time or duration; the fourth, space or extension; the fifth, the akash, or heavenly element, "which fills up the vacuum or space, and is compounded of parmana, or qualities, infinitely small, indivisible, and perpetual. God," says he, "can neither make nor annihilate these atoms, on account of the love which he bears to them, and the necessity of their existence; but they are in other respects totally subservient to his pleasure."

Not to be tedious, we shall only look into this metaphysical labyrinth. Goutam supposes the vital soul is material, says Mr. D., by giving it the following properties; number, quantity, motion, contraction, extension, divisibility, perception, pleasure, pain, desire, aversion, accident, and power. How Mr. D. discovers that Goutam supposes perception, desire, &c., as the characteristics of matter, we know not; neither can we conceive the number, quantity or divisibility of a living soul. The akash, or atoms, which God can neither make nor destroy, were formed by him into the seeds of all productions, when jive attima, or the vital soul, associating with them, animals and plants were produced. And thus the greatest act of creation is ascribed to jive attima, a principle or quality which God did not produce. "The same vital soul," says Goutam, "which before associated with the atom of an animal, may afterwards associate with the atom of a man!" the superiority of man consisting only in his finer organization. "The followers of the Bedang," says Mr. Dow, "affirm, that there is no soul in the universe but God: the sect of Neadirsen strenuously hold that there is, as they cannot conceive that God can be subject to such affections and passions as they feel in their own minds, or that he can possibly have a propensity to evil." That is, in plain words, some do, and some do not, think themselves to be God. Wherefore, according to Goutam, the author of the humbler sect, the vital soul is the source of evil, and is of necessity co-eternal with the eternal mind. But the necessity of the co-eternity of the vital soul is as unphilosophical, we apprehend, as the much superior agency ascribed to it by Goutam, in the work of creation, is blasphemous and absurd. Yet Mr. D. has told us, (p. lxxvi.) that the Hindoo doctrine, while it teaches the purest morals, is systematically formed on philosophical opinions.

Goutam, says Mr. Dow, admits a particular providence. But "though he cannot deny the possibility of its existence," says our author, "without divesting God of his omnipotence; he supposes that the Deity never exerts that power, but that he remains in eternal rest, taking no concern, neither in human affairs, nor in the course of the operations of Nature."

This may be called philosophy; but surely this article in the creed of Goutam is incompatible with the idea of religion, the philosophical definition of which is certainly thus: a filial dependence on the Creator, similar to that of a child who sincerely wishes to render himself acceptable to his father.

"The learned Bramins," says Dow, "with one voice deny the existence of inferior divinities. Their polytheism is only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes; and it is much to be doubted, whether the want of revelation and philosophy, those necessary purifiers of religion, ever involved any nation in gross idolatry, as many ignorant zealots have pretended." . . . . . "Under the name of Brimha, they worship the wisdom and creative power of God; under the appellation of Bishen, his providential and preserving quality; and under that of Shibah, that attribute which tends to destroy."

"Shibah," says the same author, "among many others, is known by the names of Mahoissur, the great demon; Bamdebo, the frightful spirit; and Mohilla, the destroyer."

The same authority also informs us, that they erect temples to Grunesh, or Policy, whom they worship at the commencement of any design, represented with the head of an elephant with only one tooth: that they have many figurative images of Bramah, one of which represents him riding on a goose, the emblem of simplicity among the Hindoos: that they worship Kartic, or Fame; Cobere, or Wealth; Soorage, or the Sun; Chunder, or the Moon; the deities of water, fire, &c.; besides an innumerable herd of local divinities." In another place, our author confesses that there are two religious sects in India: "The one," says he, "look up to the divinity through the medium of reason and philosophy; while the others receive as an article of their belief every holy legend and allegory which have been transmitted down from antiquity." He confesses, also, the grossness of the vulgar of all countries, who cannot comprehend abstract subjects. "Nay," he says, "it cannot be denied (p. xlix.) but that the more ignorant Hindoos do believe in the existence of their inferior divinities, in the same manner that Christians do in angels." Yet, along with all this, Mr. D. is several times offended with the charge of idolatry brought against the Bramins. Fearless, however, of the name of ignorant zealot, we will not scruple to assert, that the refined opinions of a very few ought by no means to fix the characteristic of the religion of any country. To call the obvious idolatry of India only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, is only to present to us a specious shadow, which will disperse and evanish as soon as the light of just examination shines upon it.

That the polytheism of Egypt, the worship of dogs, crocodiles, and onions, was only a symbolical worship of the divine attributes, has been often said, and with equal justice. For our part, we can distinguish no difference between the worship of Janus with two faces, or of Bramah with four. The philosophers of Rome were as able to allegorise as those of India. The apology for the idolatry of the Bramins is applicable to that of every nation, and, as an argument, falls nothing short of that of a learned Arab, who about the eleventh century wrote a treatise to prove that there never was such a thing as idolatry in the world; for, every man, he said, intended to worship some attribute of the divinity, which he believed to reside in his idol.

Nor is a sentiment of Mr. Dow inapplicable to this: "Let us rest assured," says he, "that whatever the external ceremonies of religion may be, the self same infinite being is the object of universal adoration." Yet whatever the metaphysician may think of this ingenious refinement, the moral philosopher will be little pleased with it, when he considers that the vulgar, that is ninety-nine of every hundred, are utterly incapable of practising their idolatry, according to this philosophical definition. That the learned Bramins with one voice assert there is but one supreme God, has been acknowledged by almost all modern travellers. Xavier himself confesses this. But be their hidden religion what it will, the Bramins, in public, worship and teach the worship of idols. To give an account both of the popular and what is called the philosophical religion of India, is the purpose of this essay. To abstract our view therefore from the popular practice of the country, and to indulge the spirit of encomium on the enlarged tenets of the learned few, is just the same as if a traveller should tell us there is no popery at Rome, or that the divine mission of Mohammed is denied at Constantinople; because at the one place he conversed with a deistical bishop, or at the other with a philosophical mufti. However pleased therefore the metaphysician may be with ingenious refinement, the moralist will consider that the question is not, how the philosopher may refine upon any system, but how the people will, of consequence, practise under its influence. And on this view alone, he will pronounce it reprehensible or commendable. That the religion of the Bramins is highly reprehensible every moralist must allow, when he considers, that the most unworthy ideas of the Divinity, ideas destructive of morality, naturally arise from idol-worship; and the vulgar, it is every where confessed, cannot avoid the abuse. What can he think of the piety of a poor superstitious Indian, when he worships the great demon, the destroyer, and frightful spirit? Does he love what he worships? And can piety exist where the object of adoration is hated? Nor can we stop here: the futility of our refined apology for idolatry will still appear in a stronger light. What will the definition avail in the balance of morality, when all the inhuman, impure, and immoral rites of idolatry are laid in the other scale? Palestine, Tyre, and Carthage, made their children 'pass through the fire unto Moloch;' and human sacrifices have prevailed at one time or other in every land. The human sacrifices of Mexico (of which see the Introduction) afford the most dreadful example of human depravity. Yet the Mexicans in this most detestable, most criminal superstition, in their own way worshipped God. No philosophers ever entertained sublimer ideas of the Divinity, and of the human soul, than the ancient Druids. Yet what shall we think of the wicker man! A gigantic figure; the body, each leg and arm was a mast, to which a hundred or more human victims were bound with wicker. When there was a deficiency of malefactors or prisoners of war, the innocent helpless were seized, that the horrid sacrifice

might be complete. When all the rites were performed, the sublime Druids gave the hecatomb to the flames, as an offering grateful to their gods, as the most acceptable insurance of the divine protection.[5] In the most polished ages of ancient Greece and Rome, the rites of religion were often highly immoral, lately impure. To mention any particular would be an insult to the scholar. Impurities which make the blood recoil, which, like Swift, make one detest the Yahoo species, are a part of the religious externals of many barbarous tribes. A citation from Baumgarten's Travels, as quoted by Mr. Locke, here offers itself. Insuper sanctum illum, quem eo loco [in Egypt] vidimus publicitus apprimè commendari, eum esse hominem sanctum, divinum à integritate percipuum; eo quod, nec fœminarum unquam esset, nec puerorum, sed tantummodo aselarum concubitor atque mularum." Decency will allow no translation of this. In a word, where idolatry is practised, whether in the churches of Rome, or in the temples of Bramah, the consequences are felt, and a remedy is wanted: the vulgar are gross idolaters; the wiser part see the cheat, and, as the human mind has a woeful propensity to over step the golden mean, they become almost indifferent to every tie of religion.

Though Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow most essentially disagree in their systems of Indian philosophy, yet they most cordially coincide in their opinion of the high antiquity and unadulterated sameness of the Gentoo philosophy and religion, an antiquity and sameness to which they ascribe about 4000 years. Conscious that the accounts which the Greek and Roman writers have given of the Brachmanes most effectually refute this sameness, Mr. H. denies the authority of these authors, though he acknowledges the invasion of Alexander. His reasons are these:

"The Greek and Latin construction and termination of the names and places of the princes and kingdoms of Indostan, said by Alexander's historians to be conquered by him, bear not the least analogy or idiom of the Gentoo language, either ancient or modern." Vid. ch. iv. p. 5.

But if this will prove what Mr. H. intends, the Greeks and Romans were unacquainted with the opinions of every nation they visited; for they always gave their own idiomatic construction and termination to the proper names of every place where they came.

[5] Had the great author of the Paradise Lost continued the visions of the eleventh, in place of the far inferior narrative of the twelfth book, what a dreadful display of the consequences of his disobedience might the angel have given to Adam, had he presented him with a view of the horrid sacrifices of Mexico, or the wicker man? What horror must the parent of mankind have felt, had Michael showed him his adversary, Satan, seated on a neighbouring mountain delighted with the yells and the steam of these terrible hecatombs? But what even deeper horror must Adam have felt, had the devil conjured up a philosopher to desire him to "rest assured that whatever the external ceremonies of religion may be, the selfsame infinite Being is the object of universal adoration?"

Mr. H denies that Porus ever existed. "The Gentoo annals," he says, "make not the least mention of him." Camoëns, however, who lived many years in the east, and was no duped inquirer, assures us (Lus. VII.) that the warlike kingdom of Cambaya claimed Porus. And Ferishta's history of Hindostan, as translated by Mr. Dow, tells us that Poor the father of Porus was overthrown, and killed in battle, by Alexander.

Mr. H.'s third and last argument is, the shortness of time employed in Alexander's expedition, and the vast difficulty of acquiring the Gentoo tongue. "Can it be possibly believed," says he, "that any of Alexander's followers could in this short space acquire such perfection in the Gentoo language as could enable them justly to transmit down the religious system of a nation with whom they can scarcely be said to have had any communication?"

But Mr. H. ought to have known, that the Greeks were well acquainted with the Persic, and the Persians with the Indian, language; and that Alexander found many thousands in the east who talked Greek, who were the descendants of those bands of invalids who had been left by Xenophon. And that thus Alexander's followers had, from these various and numerous interpreters, the best opportunity, perhaps, which ever existed, of acquainting themselves with the Indian philosophy.

Having thus proved that some credit is due to the ancients, we proceed to the various accounts they have given, in which we hope the credible will easily be distinguished from the misapprehended and fabulous. Pliny talks of men in India with dogs' heads; others with only one leg, yet Achilleses for swiftness of foot; of a nation of pigmies; of some who lived by the smell; of tribes who had only one eye in their forehead; and of some whose ears hung down to the ground.

Ctesias, as cited by Photius, talks in the same style, of fountains of liquid gold, and of men with tails in India. Even in Horace's time it appears that the faith of Indian travellers was proverbial:

—— Quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

Yet we ought to remember that Fernando Alarchon, a Spanish voyager of undoubted credit, saw men with tails on the coast of California; and that several others have seen men with dogs' heads. But let not a certain living author rejoice in Alarchon's authority as a proof of the truth of his opinion, that the human form had originally the appendix of a posterior tail; for Alarchon tells us that the tails which he saw were discovered to be fictitious. And we are also assured that the dog-headed men were found to wear vizards. The Indian fountains of gold will also be found a very easy, though ignorant errour. We need only to suppose that the Indian legends of worlds made of silver and gold with fountains of milk and oil, were mistaken for the natural history of India.

If these wild tales of Pliny and others, the misapprehensions of weak and ignorant travellers, have discredited the authority of the ancients, other circumstances will prove their better intimacy with the Indian opinions and manners.

All the ancients[6] concur in their accounts of the dreadful penances of the Brachmanes; these, they say, consist of sitting naked in all changes of weather, of most painful postures, of fixing the eye all day unalterably on the Sun or some other object; with several other circumstances, which are all most literally confirmed by every modern traveller who has written of these philosophers.

The metempsychosis of the Indians was also well known to the ancients. All the Gentoo legends mentioned by the ancients are in the same wild spirit, and some even the same in circumstances, with those acknowledged by Holwell and Dow. Calanus, celebrated by the historians of Alexander, told Onesicritus the philosopher, says Strabo, that there had been a world of gold, where the fountains streamed with milk, honey, wine, and oil; and where the wheat was as plentiful as dust. But that God, in punishment of human wickedness, had altered it, and had imposed a life of labour and misery on men. Onesicritus was desirous to hear more; but a Bramin penance was imposed by Calanus as the condition, and the Greek philosopher was contented with what he had heard.

Here we have indubitable proof that the ancients were well acquainted with the Indian philosophers. Jerome (Adv. Jovian. lib. i.) mentions not only the burning of widows, but their ardent desire of giving this testimony of affection. This custom still continues as a rite performed upon principle, but the self-murder of the Bramin philosophers is not now, as formerly, by fire, or at all common: yet we have the concurrent testimony of the ancients, that on the approach of disease, the infirmities of age, and even in the mere dread of calamity, the Indian, upon principle, made his exit in the flames. Cicero, Tusc. Quest. l. 5. and Lucan, l. 3. mention this custom as universally known.

Several ambassadors were sent by a king of India, a king of six hundred kings, to Augustus Cæsar. (Sueton. c. 21.) One of these, a Bramin philosopher, burned himself at Athens. His life had been extremely prosperous, and he took this method, he said, to prevent a reverse of fortune. Amid a great concourse of people, he entered the fire naked, anointed, and laughing. The epitaph which he desired might be inscribed on his tomb, was, "Here rests Zarmanochagas, the Indian of Bargosa, who, according to the custom of his country, made himself immortal." And it was on the advances of a distemper that Calanus amused Alexander with this exhibition of Indian philosophy. But this custom is disused. And from hence we have certain proof that the customs of the Bramins have undergone most considerable alterations. This will further appear by the testimony which antiquity gives of the simplicity of their worship. The Indians who had any idols are mentioned by the ancients as few in number and gross barbarians. The Brachmanes, on the contrary, are commended for the simplicity of their worship. The laborious philosopher Porphyry, though possessed of all the knowledge of his age, though he mentions their metempsychosis and penances, has not a word of any of their idols, or the legends of Bramah or his brothers. On the contrary, he represents their worship as extremely pure and simple. Strabo's account of them is similar. And Eusebius has assured us they worshipped no images[7].

With these weighty evidences of the principled self-murder and simplicity of the worship of the Brachmanes, antiquity closes her account of these philosophers. Eusebius lived in the fourth century, Gama at the end of the fifteenth; and those who followed him in the beginning of the sixteenth, found their innumerable temples filled with innumerable idols of the most horrid figures. The adoration of these was so complex and various, and their religious rites so multiplied, that, as Mr. Holwell confesses, a priest became necessary in every family. The wild absurdities of the Arabian Nights Entertainments fall infinitely short of those of the innumerable mythological legends of India; and human depravity, in no quarter of the globe, ever produced such detestable fictions of impurity, as are contained in the legendary histories of the deities of the Bramins.

Camoens, whose depth of observation rendered him greatly superior to the imposition of the most specious Bramin, and who was long in the east, gives us in the preceding book a very unfavourable idea of the religious worship and manners of India. The state in which the first discoverers of the east found the religion and philosophy of the Bramins deserves very particular attention: and Faria y Souza has been careful to give us a full and comprehensive view of the opinions which prevailed when his countrymen landed in India.

According to Faria their system of the universe is thus: "The Heaven rests on the Earth: the Sun and Moon move like fishes in the water, from east to west by day, and by night run northward along the edge of the horizon, to the place of their rising. And the Earth is supported by the snake Ananta. They hold an eternal succession of worlds. Every thing at the end of these periods is destroyed, except Ixoreta or the Deity, which is then reduced to the size of a dew drop; when, having chirped like a cricket, the divine substance in itself produces the five elements, (for what they call the heavenly matter they esteem the fifth,) and then dividing itself, the Heavens and the Earth are formed. In terra, simul ac formata est, apparet mons argenteus, cujus in vertice conspiciuntur τὰ αἰδοῖα, quæ verum Ixoreta sive Nunen appellant, et causam causarum. These, which are worshipped in their temples, first produce Ixora, Bramah, and Vistnu, the three primary deities. Some most ludicrous impurities follow in Faria. A female named Chati is produced by magical weeds from Ixora's back, and these so turning themselves into different animals beget the different kinds of all living creatures, men, beasts, devils, and the heavenly spirits. The

[6] See Cic. Tusc. Quest. l. 5. and all Alexander's historians. Plin. l. vii. c. 2. Also Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. l. 3. Jerome and other fathers also often mention these penances.

[7] ——χιλιάδες πολλαὶ τῶν λεγομένων Βραχμάνων, εἴτινες κατὰ παραδοσὶν τῶν πρεσβυτέρων καὶ νόμων ὑπὸ φανεύουσιν, ΟΥΤΕ ΚΟΑΝΑ ΣΕΒΟΝΤΑΙ——Euseb. Prep. Evan. Lib. vi. c. 10. p. 273. ed. Paris. 1628.

amours of Bramah, Vistnu, and Ixora are innumerable. Their offspring have the heads of elephants, goats, monkeys, &c. and they are always killing each other and springing up in some new chimera-form, but the greater deity is always outwitted[8]. Bramah, Vistnu, and Ixora pass through many transmigrations, and are born as the filthiest of animals, monkeys, hogs, snakes, &c. Vistnu being spawned a fish, recovers the law or Shastah from the bottom of the sea, whither it had been carried by Breniaxem, who stole it from the heavenly spirits[9]. While Vistnu's mother Anoda was big with him, the diviners told his father that the child would kill him. Hence his youth resembles the labours of Hercules. At seven years of age he deflowers all his mother's maids, is whipped for it, and is revenged by a repetition of his offence. Vistnu's exploits are innumerable. But what is esteemed his greatest action in all its transmigrations is one day's labour of the same kind of that for which he was whipped; but which extended to sixteen thousand one hundred and eight. Vistnu is sometimes represented as the greatest God. In this character he lies sleeping on his back in a sea of milk; yet in this condition he governs the whole world. He lies on the snake Ananta. At other times Ixora is the greatest God.

If some of these legends outrage the bounds of allegory, part of the following is obvious. Bramah and Vistnu envying Ixora's greatness, he promised, that if they could find his beginning or end, they should become his superiors. Vistnu turned himself into a hog, and with his snout dug up the earth in search of Ixora's feet, till he was deterred by a snake. Bramah went in search of his head, but at last was dissuaded to desist by roses. These, however, he bribed to testify that he had seen Ixora's head. Ixora, conscious of the fraud, strikes off one of Bramah's five heads; and in penance for this crime, Ixora travels as a pilgrim. He meets with men who throw wild beasts at him; some he flays, and clothes himself with their skins; he is at last overcome. Vistnu in the shape of a beautiful virgin relieves him. Ixora gets her with child, and Vistnu bears a son. They quarrel who shall have the infant, but are reconciled by a heavenly spirit, who takes it to himself and breeds it an expert archer, on purpose to guard him against the giant with 500 heads and 1000 hands, who sprang from the head of Bramah when cut off by Ixora.

In Faria we find the severe penances, the seas of milk and oil, and the fanciful legends mentioned by the ancients. These, and what mythological reveries he gives us, are in part the same, and all in the true spirit of what is told us by our two late writers. As Vistnu lies in the sea of milk, a rose springs from his navel. Through the hollow stalk of this rose Bramah descends into Vistnu's belly. Here he sees the ideas of all things, and from looking on these, he creates the world.

In Faria we find Bramah the creator of the world; Ixora the perfecter, and Vistnu the governor of all things. We find these deities also, with different numbers of heads and hands[10]. Ixora holds in his sixteen hands, a deer, a chair, a fiddle, a bell, a bason, a trident, a rope, a hook, an ax, fire, a drum, beads, a staff, a wheel, a snake, and a horned moon towards his forehead. All this is exactly similar to the accounts of Holwell and Dow.

By the concurrent testimony of all the travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, that vilest of beasts, the monkey, is held in high veneration. Various are the legends which relate the reason of this. Faria says that Ixora and Chati, having turned themselves into apes, produced one named Anuman, on whom they bestowed great power. Near the city of Presti was a wood full of apes, esteemed of a divine race, and of the household of Perimal, in whom some thousands of the gods had taken refuge. In the city of Cidambaram, says Linschoten, was a stately temple erected to one of these apes, named Hanimant: (probably Anuman: such variations are common in Indian mythology.) Being threatened with some danger, Hanimant put himself at the head of many thousand of his brother gods, and led them to the sea side; where finding no ship, he took a leap into the ocean, and an island immediately rose under his feet. At every leap the miracle was repeated, and in this manner he brought his divine brotherhood all safe to the island of Ceylon. A tooth of Hanimant was kept there as a sacred relick, and many pilgri-

[8] This is exactly in the spirit of the Talmudical legends. In these the prophet or Rabbi invariably outwits his God, and the Devil the prophet. E. g. David having performed an action agreeable to Heaven, Nathan is sent to order him to make what request he pleased. He desires to die on a Sabbath evening at sun-set. Again Nathan comes on a like occasion, and he desires he may never die while he is reading the law. From this time David was always sure to be reading the law on the Sabbath evening. By his life thus prolonged, religion flourished, and the Devil was piqued. The love of some pears that grew under his window was now David's ruling passion. Just at sun-set, one Sabbath eve, the Devil shakes the pear-tree and cries, Thieves, thieves. David starts up from the book of the law, sees the thieves running away, and a rope-ladder at the window. David with the sword of Goliah thinks to pursue them from the window, but the ladder was an illusion, and David fell down and broke his neck. One would think a Bramin had been the inventor of this legend.

[9] For this same legend see Dow.

[10] Patracali, Ixora's daughter, has eight faces and sixteen arms, has boars' teeth, her hair of peacocks' tails, is clothed with snakes, and carries two elephants in her ears for pendants. Ixora has a son with an elephant's head, has four arms, is of an enormous bulk, and rides upon a mouse. We are told, however, that these fictions do not escape ridicule even in India. The writers who have treated of the mission of Xavier relate, that there are extant in India the writings of a Malabar poet, who wrote nine hundred epigrams, each consisting of eight verses, in ridicule of the worship of the Bramins, whom he treats with great asperity and contempt. This poet is named Palcanar by Faria. Would any of our diligent inquirers after oriental learning favour the public with an authentic account of the works of this poet of Malabar, he would undoubtedly confer a singular favour on the republic of letters.

mages were made to visit it. In 1554, the Portuguese made a descent on that island, and among other things seized the holy tooth. The Indian princes offered 700,000 ducats in ransom, but by the persuasion of the archbishop, don Constantine de Braganza, the Portuguese viceroy, burned it in the presence of the Indian ambassadors. A Banian, however, had the art to persuade his countrymen that he was invisibly present when the Portuguese burnt the tooth, that he had secreted the holy one, and put another in its place, which was the one committed to the flames. His story was believed, says our author, and the king of Bisnagar gave him a great sum for a tooth which he produced as the sacred relick.[11] The striking resemblance which this fable of the apes bears to the Egyptian mythology, which tells us that their gods had taken refuge in dogs, crocodiles, onions, frogs, and even in cloacæ, is worthy of observation[12].

According to Joannes Orasius, the Bramins of Agra say, that the world shall last four ages or worlds, three whereof are past. The first continued one million seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand years. Men in that world lived ten thousand years, were of enormous stature, and of great integrity. Thrice in that period did God visibly appear upon the Earth. First in the form of a fish, that he might recover the book of Bramah, which one Caumacar had thrown into the sea. The second time in the form of a snail, (see Dow's account of the symbolical representations of Bramah,) that he might make the Earth dry and solid. The other time like a hog, to destroy one who called himself God, or, as others say, to recover the Earth from the sea, which had swallowed it. The second world lasted one million ninety-two thousand and six years, in which period men were as tall as before, but only lived a thousand years. In this, God appeared four times, once as a monstrous lion, with the lower parts of a woman, to repress the wickedness of a pretender to deity. Secondly, like a poor Bramin, to punish the impiety of a king who had invented a method to fly to Heaven. Thirdly, he came in the likeness of a man called Parcaram, to revenge the death of a poor religious man. And lastly in the likeness of one Ram, who slew Parcaram. The third world continued eight hundred and four thousand years, in which time God appeared twice. The fourth world shall endure four hundred thousand years, whereof only four thousand six hundred and ninety-two are elapsed. In this period God is to appear once, and some hold that he has already appeared in the person of the emperor Echebar.

The accounts of the god Bramah, or Brimha, and their whole mythology, are inconceivably various. According to father Bohours, in his life of Xavier, the Bramins hold that the great God having a desire to become visible, became man. In this state he produced three sons, Mayso, Vistnu, and Bramah; the first, born of his mouth, the second, of his breast, the third, of his belly. Being about to return to his invisibility, he assigned various departments to his three sons. To Bramah he gave the third Heaven, with the superintendence of the rites of religion. Bramah having a desire for children, begat the Bramins, who are the priests of India, and who are believed by the other tribes to be a race of demi-gods, who have the blood of Heaven running in their veins. Other accounts say that Bramah produced the priests from his head, the more ignorant tribes from his breast, thighs, and feet.

According to the learned Kircher's account of the theology of the Bramins, the sole and supreme god Vistnou formed the secondary god Bramah out of a flower that floated on the surface of the great deep before the creation; and afterwards, in reward of the virtue, fidelity, and gratitude of Bramah, gave him power to create the universe.

According to the Danish missionaries[13], "the First Being," say the Bramins, "begat Eternity, Eternity begat Tschinen, Tschinen begat Tschaddy, Tschaddy begat Putady, or the elementary world, Putady begat Sound, Sound begat Nature, Nature begat the great god Tschatatschinen, from whom Bramah was the fourth in a like descent. Bramah produced the soul, the soul produced the visible heaven, the heaven produced the air, the air the fire, the fire the water, and the water the earth." What Mr. Dow calls the philosophical catechism seems only a refinement of this legend.

This genealogical nonsense, however, is not con-

[11] Both Camoëns and Faria assert that several of the Indian idols resemble those of the Grecian fable:

Here spreading horns an human visage bore;
So frown'd stern Jove in Libya's fane of yore.
One body here two various faces rear'd;
So ancient Janus o'er his shrine appear'd.
An hundred arms another brandish'd wide;
So Titan's son the race of Heav'n defied.
And here a dog his snarling tusks display'd;
Anubis thus in Memphis' hallowed shade
Griun'd horrible ——

In the temple of the Elephant, says Faria, is the giant Briareus with his hundred hands; Pasiphae and the Bull, and an angel turning a male and a female out of a delicious grove. This he esteems the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. In the same temple, says he, is an idol called Mahamurte, with one body and three faces; on his head a triple marble crown of admirable workmanship, exactly resembling the papal mitre. According to the same authority Vistnu having metamorphosed himself into his younger brother Siri Christna, overcame the serpent Caliga, of nine leagues in length, which lived in a lake made by its own venom. This and the origin of Chati, afford some obvious hints to the investigators of mythology. Tavernier's Travels into India ought also here to be cited: Bisnago, he was told, had been nine times incarnate; had been a lion, a swine, a tortoise, &c. In the eighth time he was a man, born of a virgin at midnight. At his birth the angels sung, and the sky showered flowers. In his manhood he fought and killed a great giant who flew in the air, and darkened the Sun. In this conflict he was wounded in the side, and fell; but by his fall overcame, and ascended into Heaven.

[12] See Phillips's Collection of their Letters, published at London in 1717.

fined to India. Hesiod's genealogy of the gods, though refined upon by the schools of Plato, is of the same class. The Jewish fables, foolish questions and genealogies, reproved by Saint Paul, (epist. Tit.) were probably of this kind, for the Talmudical legends were not then sprung up. Binah, or Understanding, said the cabalists, begat Cochmah, or Wisdom, &c. till at last comes Milcah, the Kingdom, who begat Shekinah, the Divine Presence. In the same manner the Christian Gnostics, of the sect of Valentinus, held their Πλήρωμα, and their thirty ages. Ampsin and Auraan, they tell us, i. e. Profundity and Silence, begat Bacon and Tharthou, Mind and Truth; these begat Ubocua and Thardeadie, Word and Life, and these Merexa and Atarbarba, Man and Church. The other conjunctions of their thirty Æones are of similar ingenuity. The prevalence of the same spirit of mythological allegory in such different nations, affords the philosopher a worthy field of speculation.

Faria y Sousa, as if conscious that he had tired his reader with Indian legends, adds, that a concise view of this monstrous medley ought to be given by a writer who treats of Indian manners.

The Gentoo religion has a principle peculiar to itself; it admits of no proselytes.

God, they say, has appointed different religions for different tribes and countries, is with the Bramin in the temple, with the Mohammedan in the mosque, with the Christian in the church, and with the Jew in the synagogue.

They have many feasts and fasts which they celebrate with many extravagant rites. In commemoration of the death of a martyr, says Mr. Dow, "some of the vulgar, on the fast of Opposs, suspend themselves on iron hooks, by the flesh of the shoulder blade, to the end of a beam. This beam runs round with great velocity, upon a pivot, on the head of a high pole. The enthusiast not only seems insensible of pain, but very often blows a trumpet as he is whirled round above, and at certain intervals sings a song to the gaping multitude below, who very much admire his fortitude and devotion."

The Gentoos have a particular veneration, says Mr. Holwell, for the numbers one and three. But of this see a note in Lusiad X.

The Bramin idea of a future state of retribution is strangely ambiguous. Of the human soul they say, that after various transmigrations and purifications, it shall be absorbed in the Deity, and consciousness lost in bliss. By this unintelligible sublimity, we are put in mind of some of the reveries of a Shaftesbury or a Malebranche; but wild imaginations are the growth of every country.

The dreadful penances of the Bramins still continue. These they esteem as the certain means of purification from sin. Many rituals are also believed to confer holiness. Of these, immersion in the river Ganges, and sprinkling of cow dung, are venerated as peculiarly efficacious. Yet alteration of heart, repentance, or abhorrence of moral turpitude, appear to be no conditions of this purification. However a few individuals, whose ideas have been improved by conversation with Europeans, may gloss and refine, that gross ignorance of moral philosophy, which has no idea of moral turpitude, is the just character of Bramin piety. Nor has their boasted philosophy been able to perceive the immorality of their penances, and of committing self-murder as the certain passport to Heaven. What can the true moralist think of the Indian, who, upon religious principles, drowns himself in the Ganges, or throws himself under the wheels of his pagod's chariot, to be crushed to death by the holy load? The duties we owe to our relatives in particular, and to society in general, the Author of Nature has imposed upon us by an indispensable canon. Yet these duties by the pious suicide are refused on the principles of the weakest superstition. Nor can the moralist view the dreadful austerities to which the Bramin philosophers submit themselves in any other light. He who fixes his eyes on his nose till he can see in no other direction; he who clenches his fist till the nails grow out at the back of his hand; and he who twists his neck about till his face is fixed unalterably backward; (three modes of penance mentioned by Mr. Dow;) and he who drowns himself at once, equally incapacitate themselves for the duties of society.

And not only the millions who thus do idle penance, but numerous sects of pilgrims also, are mere burdens upon the industrious. The Fakiers are very numerous. These, according to Mr. Dow, are a set of sturdy beggars, who admit any ruffian of good parts to join them; and, under pretence of religious pilgrimages, ramble about in armies of ten or twelve thousand men. The country people fly before them, leaving their goods and their wives (who esteem it a holiness to be embraced by a Fakier) to the mercy and lust of these villains. The prayers of a Fakier are highly esteemed, and often implored, in cases of sterility. The wife and the Fakier retire together to prayer, a signal is left that the Fakier is with the lady, and a sound drubbing is the reward should the husband dare to interrupt their devotions[13].

The city of Benaris is the great seminary of the Bramin learning. Modern travellers have called it an university. Here the Gentoos study divination, and such kind of philosophy as Messrs H. and D. have laid before us.

Postellus (de Orig. c. 13. et 15.) fancies that the Bramins are descended of Abraham by Keturah, and named Brachmanes, quasi Abrahmanes.

Every traveller who has visited the east, Messrs. Holwell and Dow not excepted, represent the great multitude of the Indians as the most superstitious and most abandoned of people. The most striking

[13] When the Portuguese admiral Pedro de Cabral discovered the Brazils, he found a sect of religionists called Pages, who were venerated in the same manner as the Fakiers of India. Hi quocunque veniunt, says Osorius, summo omnium plausu recipiuntur, &c. Whenever these come, they are received with the loudest acclamations, the ways are crowded, verses sung to the music of the country, and dances are performed before them. The most beautiful women, whether virgins or wives, are submitted to their embraces. Opinantur enim miseri, si illos placatos habuerint, omnia sibi feliciter eventura; for these wretched ignorants believe, that if they can please these men, every thing will happen well to them. Such is the vast similarity which obtains among all barbarous nations.

particulars may be thus summed up: the innumerable superstition performed on the banks of the Ganges, afford a pitiable picture of the weakness of humanity. As mentioned by Camoëns, (Lusiad VII. and X.) not only dead corpses are conveyed from distant regions to be thrown into the sacred water, but the sick are brought to the river side, where

> On beds and litters o'er the margin laid,
> The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
> Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave;
> Thus Heaven, they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
> Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.

And hence it is no uncommon scene for the English ships to be surrounded with the corpses which come floating down this hallowed stream.

In consequence of their belief in the transmigration of souls, many of the Bramins abstain from all animal food. Yet however austere in other respects, they freely abandon themselves to every species of lechery, some of them esteeming the most unnatural abominations as the privilege of their sanctity.

The Gentoo mythology provides every deity with a spouse; a god without a wife being, according to them, as preposterous and unaccomplished as a fire without heat, or a bird without wings.

Every devil or infernal spirit has also his wife. Like the ancient Jews, the Bramins ascribe every disease to a devil. The gout, says Faria, they attribute to she-devils in the shape of swine.

A species of the ancient manicheism of Persia is mixed with their religion, and the destroyer, or the frightful demon, as already observed, is worshipped by the authority of their sacred books. The first thing they meet in the morning, be it ass, hog, or dog, they worship during the course of the day. Scarcely more stupid were the Pelusians: Crepitus ventris inflati, says Hieronie, Pelusiaca religio est.

The horrid sacrifice of the widows burnt along with the corpse of the deceased husband is peculiar to India. The opinion, that it was instituted to prevent them from poisoning their husbands, must be false, for the sacrifice must be voluntary. "The Bramins," says Mr. H. "take unwearied pains to encourage, promote, and confirm in the minds of the Gentoo wives, this spirit of burning." And the origin of it, according to our author, is thus. At the demise of Bramah's mortal part, his wives (so it seems our angel kept a seraglio) inconsolable for his loss offered themselves voluntary victims on his funeral pile. All the good wives of the rajahs and the Gentoos, unwilling to be thought deficient in affection, followed the heroic example, and the Bramins gave it the stamp of religion, and pronounced "that the delinquent spirits of these heroines immediately ceased from their transmigrations, and entered the first Boboon of purification." The Bramins, says our author, strained some obscure passages of Bramah's Shastah to countenance this their declared sense: instituted the ceremonials that were to accompany the sacrifice, and foisted it into the Chatah and Aughtorrah Shades.

Mr. Dow gives a very different account of this sacrifice. His words are these: "The extraordinary custom of the women burning themselves with their deceased husbands, has, for the most part, fallen into desuetude in India; nor was it ever reckoned a religious duty, as has been very erroneously supposed in the west." Whence then this late alteration? The beginning of an assimilation to European ideas can only account for it. For surely it did not proceed from any text of their sacred scriptures. Nay, a text of the sacred Shaster, as cited by Mr. D. plainly encourages the horrid practice, "The woman who dies with her husband shall enjoy life eternal with him in Heaven." Feeble minds, says he, misinterpreted this into a precept. To those, however, who are unskilled in glossing casuistry no admonition can be more obvious.

And nothing can be more evident than that this sacrifice is a priestly institution; the priests and their scriptures encourage, direct, and attend it: it is therefore a religious ceremony.

Yet amid all this gross superstition it cannot be supposed but that some virtues, however obliquely[a], are occasionally taught. They particularly inculcate the comprehensive virtue of humanity, which is enforced by the opinion, that Divine Beings often assume the habit of mendicants, in order to distinguish the charitable from the inhuman. The Malabrians have several traditions of the virtuous on these happy trials being translated into Heaven; the best designed incitement to virtue, perhaps, which their religion contains. Besides the Bramins, the principal sect of that vast region called India, there are several others, who are divided and subdivided, according to innumerable variations, in every province. In Cambaya, the Banians, a sect who strictly abstain from all animal food, are numerous.

From their religion and philosophy, these pilots of human manners, we now proceed to the peculiar characteristics of the Gentoos.

As the Gentoo tribes never intermarry, India may properly be said to contain four different nations. They will neither eat together, nor drink out of the same vessel. The Bramins are allowed to eat nothing but what is cooked by themselves: if they trespass in these, or in many other similar points, they are held as polluted, rejected from their tribe, and are obliged to herd with a despised crew, called the Hallachores, who are the lowest of the community, the rabble of India.

This prohibition of intermarriage gives us a very mean idea of Indian policy. The best of genius

[a] A very pretty allegory from Faria's account of the Bramin legends will be here in place. "Darmaputrem, being favoured with a view of Hell, saw a man encompassed with immense treasure, yet miserably perishing with hunger." He inquired the reason, and was answered, that upon Earth the sufferer had enjoyed these treasures, but had never given any alms; only that one time, by pointing with his finger, he had directed a poor man to the house where the rice given away in charity was kept. Darmaputrem bade him put the finger with which he pointed into his mouth. The sufferer did so, and immediately was refreshed by the taste of the most excellent viands. Darmaputrem on his return to the Earth gave great alms, and afterward for his charity was received into Paradise."

and affection, as Camoëns observes, are thus barbarously sacrificed. If a nobleman, says our poet, should touch or be touched by one of another tribe,

A thousand rites, and washings o'er and o'er
Can scarce his tainted purity restore.

Nothing, says Osorius, but the death of the unhappy commoner can wipe off the pollution. Yet we are told by the same author, that Indian nobility (and in Europe it is too much the same) cannot be forfeited, or even tarnished, by the basest and greatest of crimes; nor can one of mean birth become great or noble by the most illustrious actions. But what above all may be called the characteristic of the Indian, is his total insensibility to the passion of love;

Lost to the heart-ties, to his neighbour's arms
The willing husband yields his spouse's charms.
In unendear'd embraces free they bleed;
Yet but the husband's kindred may ascend
The nuptial couch—

Sentiment, or the least delicacy of affection, have no share in the intercourse of the sexes in India. This grossness of their ideas is indisputably proved by the very spirit of their laws, which suppose that female chastity cannot exist. Conjugal fidelity is neither enjoined, nor hoped for; and the right of succession by law devolves to the sister's children, it being esteemed impossible for any man to know which is his own son; whereas the affinity of the female line is by nature certain. To some perhaps the feebleness of the constitutions of the Gentoos may account for this wretched apathy; and to several circumstances may their feebleness be attributed. The men marry before fourteen and the women at about ten or eleven. Rice, their principal food, affords but little nourishment, and they are extremely averse to any manly exercise. It is better to sit than to walk, they say, to lie down than to sit, to sleep than to wake, and death is better than all. The unparalleled pusillanimity with which they have long submitted to the oppressions of a few Arabs, their Mohammedan masters, likewise shows their deadness to every manly resentment: 100 millions enslaved by 10 millions, (the number, according to Mr. Orme, of the Gentoos and their Mohammedan masters) is a deep disgrace to human nature. Yet notwithstanding all this dormancy of the nobler passions, though incapable of love, they prove the position, (for which physicians can easily account,) that debility and the very fever of the vilest lechery go hand in hand[18]. Many of the Bramins are merchants; and by every authority they are described as the most artful, most hypocritical, and most fraudulent of traders. To sum up their character, let it be added, that the freedom with which their friends ascend the nuptial bed, is, in matters of love, perhaps, the least of their unsentimental indelicacy. The best Portuguese authors assure us, that the women of every tribe, the wives of princes not excepted, were free to the embraces of the sanctified Bramins; and the Fakiers at this day, under the sanction of privilege, spread pollution, when they please, over every virgin or marriage bed among the Gentoos.

And surely the warmest admirer of Indian philosophy and manners, cannot dispute the picture we have drawn, when he is referred to Messrs. Holwell and Dow for the fullest virtual confirmation of the truth of every feature. At the entrance upon his work, Mr. H. calls the Bramins "a people who from the earliest times have been an ornament to the creation, if so much can with propriety be said of any known people upon Earth!" But at the end of his VIIth chapter, after having necessarily confessed many circumstances which speak loudly against them, he thus characterises the Gentoos: "In general," says he, "they are as degenerate, crafty, superstitious, litigious and wicked a people, as any race of beings in the known world, if not eminently more so, especially the common run of the Bramins; and we can truly aver, that during almost five years that we presided in the judicial Cutcherry court of Calcutta, never any murder, or atrocious crime, came before us, but it was proved in the end, a Bramin was at the bottom of it: but then," adds our author, "the remnant of Bramins (whom we have before excepted) who seclude themselves from the communications of the busy world, in a philosophic and religious retirement, and strictly pursue the tenets and true spirit of the Chartah Bhade of Brahmah, we may with equal truth and justice pronounce, are the purest models of genuine piety that now exist, or can be found on the face of the Earth."

This latter sentence sounds very high; but every liberal mind, who has conversed with the world, is

[18] Montesquieu, in enumerating his reasons why Christianity will never prevail in the east, advances, as one, the prohibition of polygamy, which he mentions as the appointment of nature, and necessary in those climates. Tristram Shandy tells us, that his father was a most excellent system-builder, was sure to make his theory look well, though no man ever crucified the truth at such an unmerciful rate. With all due deference to the great genius of Montesquieu, his philosophy here is exactly contrary to experience. In every country the births of males and females are nearly proportioned to each other. If in any country polygamy is the appointment of nature, the more athletic nations of Europe have the best claim. But the warlike independent spirit of the northern tribes, who viewed their princes as their companions in war, would never allow their leaders to appropriate eight hundred or a thousand of the finest women, each for his own particular luxury. Their natural ideas of liberty forbade it; while on the other hand the slavish Asiatics, who viewed their rajahs as beings of a superior rank, submitted to the lust of these masters, whose debility prompted the desire of unbounded variety. The history of polygamy will be found to be just. Polygamy is not the child of nature, it is the offspring of tyranny, and is only to be found where the most absolute tyranny subsists. Neither to the genial vigour of passion, but to raging, irritated debility, both the philosopher and physician will attribute the unblushing prevalence of some crimes, crimes which disgrace human nature, and which particularly characterise the depraved manners of the enfeebled east.

convinced that worthy men are to be found in every sect, that of the Indian Fakier perhaps alone excepted; men whose natural sagacity and strong native goodness of heart are preservatives against the full influence of the most pernicious tenets. And thus Mr. Holwell, if we make a little allowance for his most evident partiality, ends his superlative encomiums on the Bramins in a compliment by no means peculiar, in a mere nothing.

The most important question relative to the Gentoos, the very distant and superior antiquity of their scriptures, remains yet unconsidered. Messrs. Holwell and Dow, however opposite in their accounts of the Shastah and its doctrines, most perfectly agree in ascribing to that work an antiquity more remote than that of any known writings. But the testimony of other travellers, ere we proceed further, requires an impartial examination. "The Bedang or Shaster, the sacred book of the Bramins," says Dow, "contains various accounts of the creation, one philosophical, the others allegorical. These latter," says he, "have afforded ample field for the invention of the Bramins. From the many allegorical systems of creation contained in the Shasters, many different accounts of the cosmogony of the Hindoos have been promulgated in Europe, some travellers adopting one system, some another." By this confession the jarring accounts of other travellers are accounted for, and we have already seen that every striking feature of the pictures they have given is most effectually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. And thus, the accounts of the superstition and idolatry of the Bramins, which, till lately, were unquestioned, were by no means without foundation. And indeed it were an unparalleled circumstance, were the concurrent testimony of the most authentic writers and intelligent travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries to deserve no credit. Many of these were men of profound, of superior learning, and of unblemished candour; and for a superior number of years than either Mr. H. or D. conversed with the most learned, and we have no reason to doubt, with the most honest of the Bramins.

One of these, Abraham Roger, lived fifteen years among the Bramins, and was in intimate friendship with one of them, named Padmanaba. He returned to Holland in 1647, where he published his writings, which prove him to have been a learned man, and a diligent inquirer. Of his good sense let one passage bear testimony. "Can we believe," says he, "that there is a generous spirit residing in a people who for two or three thousand years have placed the greatest degree of sanctity and prudence in half starving themselves, and in depriving themselves of the lawful conveniencies of life? Yet such austerities were the chief employments of the ancient Brachmans, and are now of the modern Bramins." The sentiment here contained, in value of just observation, true philosophy, true piety, and good common sense, is worth all that our late travellers, for these thirty years past, have written on the philosophy and religion of India.

Mr. Holwell candidly owns that Baldeus resided thirty years among the Bramins; that his translation of the Vedam (the Malabar word for Shastah) is literal, and that it is a monster (ch. iv. Shastah) p. 33.) that shocks reason and probability; and this happened, he says, by his not attending to the allegory. The errours of other travellers, he owns, did not proceed from misinformation, but from not drawing the veil, from not penetrating, by the help of allegory, into the true doctrines of India. But this we presume in plain English will run thus; former travellers gave us a true picture of the popular religion of India, but they did not attend to the gloss and refinement of the recluse remnant of the Bramins.

And for this very reason we judge them just so much the more worthy of credit. No man needs to take a voyage to India, or to study the sacred Shanscrita, on purpose to discover how the few either gloss or philosophize. He is an idle traveller who gives us the refinements of a learned Jesuit as the religion of Rome. He who displays the true character of it, will tell us what superstition possesses the general mind; will tell us, that supreme veneration for the authority of the pope and holy church, is the only religious principle which has any fixed hold on the belief or practice of the multitude.

And according to the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, who did not allegorize, the date of the first appearance of the Bramin Shasters is involved in the utmost uncertainty. Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow are the two great champions of the opinion, that the sacred books of India are of higher antiquity than the writings of any other nation, and that the Jewish scriptures are founded upon, and borrowed from them. As each of these writers decries, with no small contempt, the testimony of every traveller except himself, the accounts which these gentlemen have given of the origin of the Shasters require our attention.

Mr. Holwell well knew that the books held sacred in India contain many of the grossest impieties. He therefore owns that the Shastah had undergone two remarkable innovations; and that the Bramins "in process of time lost sight of their divine original, and in its place substituted new and strange doctrines."—"The steadfast faith of the Gentoos touching the antiquity of their scriptures," he tells us (ch. iv. p. 22.) is thus,—"they date the birth of the tenets and doctrines of the Shastah from the expulsion of the angelic beings from the heavenly regions." That 4877 years ago these tenets were reduced into a written body of laws by Bramah, and published to the people of Indostan. That one thousand years after, they underwent a remarkable innovation in the publication of the Chatah Bhade Shastah; and that 3377 years ago (computing from the present year 1777) these original scriptures again suffered "a second and last change or innovation in the publication of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shastah; which occasioned the first and only schism amongst the Gentoos, that subsists to this day, namely between the followers of the Aughtorrah Bhade Shastah and the followers of the Vedam."

These changes of their scriptures our author ascribes to the craft of the priests, who by these means enslaved the people to their own authority. The first innovation was a paraphrase on the Shastah, in which the original was retained. At this time the Bramins appropriated the Sanscrit character to themselves, and introduced that which is now the common one of Hindostan. In the second innovation, says our author, "the original

text was in a manner sunk or alluded to only." In these commentaries mythology was first introduced; the history of their princes, numberless ceremonies, and new divinities were added, and "the whole enveloped in impenetrable obscurity by fable and allegory, beyond the comprehension even of the common tribe of Bramins themselves." Again, says our author, "the Bramins having tasted the sweets of priestly power by the first of their innovations, determined to enlarge and establish it by the promulgation of the last.—In this the exterior modes of worship were so multiplied, and such a numerous train of new divinities created—the daily obligations of religious duties, which were by these new institutes imposed on every Gentoo, from the highest to the lowest rank of the people, were of so intricate and alarming a nature, as to require a Bramin to be at hand, to explain and officiate in the performance of them.—From this period superstition, the sure support of priestcraft, took fast possession of the people—every head of a family was obliged to have a house-hold Bramin,—and in fact they became mere machines, actuated and moved, as either the good or evil intentions of their household tyrant dictated."

The schism produced by the last innovation of the Shastah is thus mentioned by our author: "The Bramins of Cormandell and Malabar, finding their brethren upon the course of the Ganges had taken this bold step to enslave the laity, set up for themselves, and formed a scripture of their own, founded, as they said, upon the Chatah Bhade of Bramah; this they called the Viedam,—or the divine words of the mighty spirit."

Thus, the Gentoo Scriptures were translated from the language of angels and first reduced to writing by Bramah 4877 years ago; that is, when Methuselah was a boy. They underwent a great change 1000 years after, which was near 200 years before Abraham was born; and a still greater change 500 years after, which was before Jacob went into Egypt. Since which time they have continued unchanged, and esteemed by their different sects as sacred.

Mr. Dow on the other hand assures us, (Dissert. p. xxvii.) The Bramins maintain that the Bedas (Mr. H's Bhades) are the divine laws, which Brimha, at the creation of the world, delivered for the instruction of mankind. But they affirm that their meaning was perverted in the first age, by the ignorance and wickedness of some princes, whom they represent as evil spirits who then haunted the Earth. They call those evil genii Dewtas, and tell many strange allegorical legends concerning them; such as, that the Bedas being lost, were afterwards recovered by Bishen, in the form of a fish, who brought them up from the bottom of the ocean, into which they were thrown by a deo or demon." Here we are told that the Bramins maintain that Brimha was the author of their Scriptures. Yet in the next page Mr. D. tells us the Bramins deny that any such person as Brimha ever existed.

"The first credible account we have of the Bedas" (says Mr. D.) "is, that about the commencement of the Cal Jug, of which era the present year (1768) is the 4886th year; they were written, or rather collected by a great philosopher and reputed prophet called Beäss Muni, or Beäss the inspired. The Bramins do not give to Beüss Muni the merit of being the author of the Bedas. They however acknowledge that he reduced them into the present form, dividing them into four distinct books, after having collected the detached pieces of which they are composed from every part of India. It is, upon the whole, probable, that they are not the work of one man, on account of their immense bulk." And for the same reason it is also probable that all the British acts of parliament are not the work of one man.

These four Bedas Mr. D. distinguishes by the name of the Bedang Shaster. Of Goutam the author of the Nendirsen Shaster we have already given a sufficient account. By what we have already cited, Mr. Dow's most cordial acquiescence in the high antiquity of the Shasters is evident. In the following it is brought to a point. "Whether the Hindoos" (says he, Pref. p. vii.) "possess any true history of greater antiquity than other nations, must altogether rest upon the authority of the Bramins, till we shall become better acquainted with their records. They give a very particular account of the origin of the Jewish religion in records of undoubted antiquity. Raja Tura, say they, who is placed in the first ages of the Cal Jug, had a son who apostatized from the Hindoo faith, for which he was banished by his father to the west. The apostate fixed his residence in a country called Mohgod, and propagated the Jewish religion, which the impostor Mahommed further corrupted. The Cal Jug commenced about 4885 years ago, and whether the whole story may not relate to Terah and his son Abraham, is a point, which" (after our undoubted hints have decided, Mr. D. might have said) "we leave others to determine.

"There is one circumstance," he continues, "which goes far to prove that there is some connection between the Bramin Bebas and the doctrines contained in the Old Testament. Ever since the promulgation of the religion of Mahommed, which is founded upon Moses and the prophets, the Bramins have totally rejected their fourth Beda, called the Obatar Bab, as the schism of Mahommed, according to them, has been founded upon that book. However extraordinary this reason is for rejecting the fourth part of their religious records, it can scarcely be doubted, as it is in the mouth of every Bramin."

Having now ascertained Mr. Holwell's and Mr. Dow's opinion of the superior antiquity of the Bramin records, we shall proceed to examine the merits of this claim. But we shall by no means altogether rest upon the authority of the Bramins. This, we presume, would be as unworthy of a man of common sense, as it would be weak in an historian to rest altogether with implicit belief on the characters of men and events, which an exiled tyrant may have been pleased to give, when for his own consolation he wrote the memoirs of his own merited fall. Nor will we suspend our opinion of the Bramin records, till we shall become better acquainted with them. For we have already most ample matter even from Mess. Holwell and Dow themselves, from which, by every criterion of analogy and of collateral and internal evidence, we may be fully enabled to form our judgement.

We shall begin with the two last sentences from Mr. Dow. And surely it cannot escape the slightest attention, that he sets out with begging a point,

(a point never to be granted,) and that immediately upon such begged authority, he slips upon us, what he calls an undoubted authority. Mr. Dow strenuously insists that all the learned Bramins assert the unity of the Deity. And nothing is more certain than that this, and not the gross body of the rituals of the Jewish religion, was the principal doctrine which the Jews received from Abraham. And surely the following reasoning will never bear the touch. The imposture of Mahommed is founded upon Moses and the prophets; that imposture is also so certainly founded upon the fourth Beda, that the Gentoos for that reason have rejected that part of their scripture: therefore this goes far to prove that Moses and the prophets are connected with, or (as the hint implies) derived from the Bedas. This is the fair analysis of our author's reasoning: but unhappily for his whole argument, Mahommedism is not founded on Moses and the prophets. Let him again peruse his Koran, and he will find that it indeed contains a strange perversion of Moses and the New Testament. But surely Mr. D. will not pretend that the historical passages of the O. and N. T. which thus fill the Koran, are founded upon the Obatar Bah. The duty of prayer, and the worship of One God, were borrowed by Mahommed, who was bred a Pagan, from Moses and the prophets. But surely Mr. Dow will not persist to insinuate that these, the doctrines of the apostate Abraham, were borrowed from those who banished him for apostasy; or that a sameness in these doctrines will prove the superior antiquity of the Obatar Bah. Yet to these circumstances, for no other can be supposed, must his observations be reduced. But who has ever read this Obatar Bah [16]? Why truly Mr. D. tells us, p. xxix. that "the language of the Obatar Bah is now become obsolete, so that very few Bramins pretend to read it with propriety." And this in our opinion goes far to prove that the Bramins know little or nothing about the contents of it. In discussing an argument repetition is often necessary: both Mr. Holwell and Mr. Dow assure us that they received their information from some of the most learned of the Bramins. And an equal credit is certainly due to each of these gentlemen. But this affords us a clear demonstration that the Bramins contradict each other in the most essential circumstances, in matters of no less importance, than in the question, who were the authors, and what are the contents of their sacred Scriptures.

Nothing can be more evident than that both Mess. Holwell and Dow have endeavoured to give sanction to their favourite systems, by the authority of their admired Gentoos. Mr. Holwell's system is a species of Christianity. And Mr. Dow surely cannot be offended, if we call his, radically the reverse of every such species. And whatever deference we willingly pay to the veracity of both these gentlemen, yet we must observe that, one of their learned Bramins must have been amazingly erroneous. And one of these gentlemen has perhaps given a deeper attention to his subject than the other. If we can determine whether Mr. Holwell or Mr. Dow be most authentic, some light will from thence be thrown on the fabrication of the Gentoo Scriptures. Nor will we hesitate one moment to pronounce, that, in our opinion, Mr. Holwell's account, upon the whole, is the most authentic. Our reasons are these: Mr. Dow confesses that he had neither time nor leisure to acquire the Shanscrita language, the tongue in which the sacred books of Bella are written, but that he trusted entirely to his pundit or interpreter. Mr. Holwell tells us that he read and understood the Sanscrit. Mr. Dow tells us, "the Mahommedans know nothing of the Hindoo learning, and that it is utterly inaccessible to any but those of their own cast." His words are these, "The Bedas are, by the Bramins, held so sacred that they permit no other sect to read them. ..... they would deem it an unpardonable sin to satisfy their curiosity in that respect, were it even within the compass of their power. The Bramins themselves are bound by such strong ties of religion, to confine those writings to their own tribe, that were any of them known to read them to others, he would be immediately excommunicated. This punishment is worse than even death itself among the Hindoos. The offender is not only thrown down from the noblest order to the most polluted cast, but his posterity are rendered for ever incapable of being received into his former dignity." (See Disert. p. xxiv.) And Mr. D. adds, "Not all the authority of Akbar could prevail with the Bramins to reveal the principles of their faith [17]." p. xxv. And all this does very well when brought as an argument against the accounts which every other writer has given of the Bramins. But surely Mr. Dow ought to have paid some respect to his reader's power of memory, ought to have told him by what means it happened that he was the only man who ever overleapt the dreadful fences which guard the Gentoo faith in impenetrable darkness. Excommunication, that punishment worse than death itself, was, it seems, disregarded on his account; and, what the great emperor Akbar could never obtain, the principles of the Bramin faith were laid open to him. In the very page preceding the above quotation of the impossibility of getting a Bramin to read his Scriptures to one of another cast, Mr. Dow, without the least hint how the dread difficulty was overcome, simply tells us that he "prevailed upon his noble friend the Bramin,

[16] It is curious to observe that the Obatar Bah, so ancient according to Mr. D. that hardly any body can read it, is nevertheless execrated by Mr. H. as the most modern, and most corrupted of all the Gentoo Scriptures. Mr. D. himself mentions this disagreement.

[17] So strict in this are they, says Mr. Dow, that only one Mussulman was ever instructed in it, and his knowledge was obtained by fraud. Mahommud Akbar, emperor of India, though bred a Mahommedan, studied several religions. In the Christian he was instructed by a Portuguese. But finding that of the Hindoos inaccessible, he had recourse to art. A boy of parts, named Feizi, was, as the orphan of a Bramin, put under the care of one of the most eminent of these philosophers, and obtained full knowledge of their hidden religion. But the fraud being discovered, he was laid under the restraint of an oath, and it does not appear that he ever communicated the knowledge thus acquired.

to procure for him a pundit from the university of Benaris, well versed in the Shanscrita, and master of all the knowledge of that learned body." And this pundit or interpreter, thus openly procured from an university, read to Mr. Dow, as he assures us, the sacred books of the Bramins, and explained to him the principles of their faith.

On this we shall make no further remark; but proceed to some other reasons why we prefer the authority of Mr. Holwell. Mr. D. has in some instances discovered rather a partial acquaintance with his subject; and even a desire to suppress what he did not like. He undertakes to give us an account of the religious rites and principles of the Bramins: he laments that the classics have given us such imperfect accounts of the Druids; and hints that his account of the Bramins will leave posterity no room to complain of a like defect. Yet how unkind to future ages has he been! He says not one word of the holiness of the Gentoo cows. He says not one word of the remission of sin, and subsequent holiness which they ascribe to the sprinkling of cow-pos and cow-dung; though no fact can be better ascertained than the supreme veneration which the Bramins pay to the cow and to her sacred excrements; for no doctrine was ever more generally received in any country than this in India. His total omission therefore of the most popular religious ceremony of the Gentoos is quite unpardonable.

"It is an allowed truth," says Mr. Holwell, "that there never was yet any system of theology broached to mankind, whose first professors and propagators did not announce its descent from God." Yet though this observation be universally and incontestably just, and though no people lay bolder claims to various revelations than the Gentoos, though such is the very spirit of every legend, yet all this will be quite unknown to future ages; for Mr. Dow passes over all these pretensions in the slightest manner. "The existence of Brimha," he says, "is not believed. Beliss Muni, the author of the Bedang, was a reputed prophet; and Goutam, the founder of the other sect, was only a philosopher." And thus the Gentoo pretension to divine revelations, a fact as notorious as the Gentoo veneration of cow-dung, is also very handsomely suppressed.

Mr. Holwell, on the other hand, has also his foibles. His system, and all the arguments he has brought in support of it, are pretty well spiced with insanity. Yet whenever he was so happy as to lose sight of his favourite system, Mr. Holwell's accounts of Gentoo opinions and manners bear every mark of authenticity, and are fully confirmed by the most intelligent of former travellers. Mr. Holwell's account therefore of the origin of the Gentoo Scriptures deserves some regard.

According to Mr. Dow, Beliss Muni, or the inspired, the collector of the Bedang, lived about 4000 years ago, and some ages after him his Bedang was revised by one Strider Swami. "Since which," he says, "it has been reckoned sacred, and not subject to any further alterations." And Goutam, the author of the other sect, lived near 4000 years ago. Mr. Holwell on the other hand affirms that there were two great corruptions of the Bramin doctrine. And his manner of accounting for it, that the priests of one half of India and those of the other half vied with each other in inventing wild and monstrous legends, on purpose to raise their power by means of the deepest superstition, is infinitely more credible, than that these huge volumes of absurd metaphysics, and numberless contradictory fables, the Bedang and Neadirsin Shasters, were collected and compiled by two or three profound philosophers.

Both Mr. H. and Mr. D. agree that since the innovations and compilings which they mention, the Shasters have remained unaltered, and have been held by their followers as sacred. That there should be such a number of commentators upon the Scriptures of Bramah, about 4000 years ago, and none since that time, appears to us highly incredible: that the priests of that period found it their interest to invent new legends, but that the priests of succeeding ages added nothing, appears to us as the weakest of suppositions. By a succession of commentators other countries trace the antiquity of their books of religion and philosophy to certain periods. Nothing is more natural than that this kind of proof should arise. Yet nothing of this kind is offered to ascertain the high antiquity of the books of Hindostan.

The consequence therefore is, that, like the legends of the Romish saints, these Shasters are the accumulated superstition of many ages, some of which were very distant from each other, and some of them not very distant from our own times. Not to mention the authority of Ferishta[18], the Persian historian of Hindostan, who denies the high antiquity of the Gentoo writings; certain it is, from internal evidence, that the doctrines of the pure Shastah of Mr. Holwell were unknown or unregarded by the Bramins who lived about 2000

[18] Ferishta asserts, that the Hindoos have no history of better authority than the Mahaberit, which is a legendary poem, esteemed by the present Bramins of a much later date than the Shasters. Mr. Dow, however, sets this authority aside. "The Mohammedans," he says, "know nothing of the Hindoo learning," "and Ferishta collected his accounts from Persian authors, being altogether unacquainted with the Sanscrita, or learned language of the Bramins, in which the internal history of India is comprehended." In invalidating the authority of the history which he gave to the public, Mr. Dow might have added one circumstance which most effectually would have served his purpose; a circumstance which makes the whole of Ferishta's history appear as a mere fabrication. This historian, though he treats of that particular period, has not one word of the arrival, or of the wars of the Portuguese in India. Though they reigned lords of all the Asiatic seas; though his native country, Persia, and every prince of India, were, at different times, for almost a whole century, harassed by their wars; though the politics of every court of Hindostan were influenced by the conquests and neighbourhood of these warlike and powerful strangers, who treated with Achebar, honest Ferishta, in his history of that very period, as translated by Mr. Dow, appears never to have heard one word about the matter. What pity is it that Mr. Dow, who shows such good will to condemn his author's authority, should have omitted this conclusive and most extraordinary circumstance!

years ago. When a religious rite is in direct opposition to a cardinal injunction, we must give up the antiquity of the one or the other. Mr. Holwell tells us that the pure Shastah of Bramah prohibits self-murder under the dreadful penalty of eternal damnation; that the soul which commits it shall never have another state of probation in a mortal body. Yet no fact in ancient history is more certain than that the Indian philosophers, about 2000, and 1500 years ago, usually and ostentatiously in public, committed self-murder, in the belief that it would convey them immediately to Heaven. Did these philosophers know or believe what the pure Shastah of Bramah says of suicide? Or did Bramah's wives, and the priests who instituted the rites of the horrid self-murder of widows, did they know of this dreadful prohibition?

Mr. Holwell assures us (ch. viii. p. 13.) that the angelic fall, and its consequent metempsychosis, the one the crime, the other the punishment of these unhappy free agents, form the *sine qua non* of the Gentoos [99]. But Mr. Dow says not one word of the angelic fall; so far from it, his Bramin system excludes such supposition. From hence, and from numberless other irrefragable proofs, certain it is that the Bramins are irreconcilably divided among themselves upon what are the doctrines of the Shastah. Different sects of all religions give different interpretations to their records held sacred. But it is peculiar to the religions of India to contradict each other in the most essential historical circumstances.

This disagreement, peculiar to the learned Bramins, is easily accounted for. They have a great multiplicity of Shasters [99]; as many perhaps as there were fanatic sermons in the days of Cromwell. And to this let it be added, they are written in a dead language, in a tongue and character different from those of common use in India; and their contents are concealed with the most jealous care. The Bramins are the sole masters of them; and to read and explain them to the man of another cast incurs the most dreadful of all the Gentoo punishments. On account of this secrecy some may venerate the wisdom and sacredness of their doctrines. For our part we cannot help being led, by this very cue, to suspect that there is something extremely absurd, frivolous, and childish, in what is thus religiously enveloped in the veil of darkness.

[99] Yet in ch. vii., p. 151, he tells us that the Gentoos have lost sight of their original sin, or defection; "(i. e. the angelic fall) and that the whole conduct of the drama of the Chatah and Aughtorrah Bhades—has not the smallest retrospect to their first transgression, or the means of atoning for it.—This," adds he, "is the situation of the bulk of the people of Indostan, as well as of the modern Bramins; amongst the latter, if we except one in a thousand, (i. e. who can allegorize,) we give them over-measure."

[99] Mr. Dow says, (p. xxxviii. in a note,) "There are many shasters among the Hindoos, so that those writers who affirmed, that there was but one Shaster in India, which, like the Bible of the Christians, or Koran of the followers of Mahommed, contained the first principles of the Bramin faith, have deceived themselves and the public."

In the course of this inquiry we have seen some most striking alterations in the Bramin tenets and character. These philosophers do not now upon principle die by fire. Sixteen hundred years ago they had no idols. Yet on the arrival of the modern Europeans in India, all the superstition of ancient Egypt in the adoration of animals and vegetables seemed more than revived by the Bramins. Two hundred years ago the Gentoo princes offered immense sums for the sacred tooth of the monkey Hanimant. We are assured by gentlemen of observation who have been long in India, that there is not now a Gentoo of fortune who would give a farthing for it. And both Mr. H. and D. found such able philosophers and allegorizers among the Bramins, as never any former traveller conversed with in India.

"Seb," says Mr. H., "literally signifies a destroyer, an avenger, a punisher, and is the object of great dismay and terrour to the Gentoos, but modern expounders of Bramah's Shastah have softened the rigour of his character by giving him names and attributes of a very different nature from that of Seb. They call him Moisoor, (a contraction of Mahahsoor, the most mighty destroyer of evil,) and under this soothing title he is worshipped, not as Seb the destroyer, but as the destroyer of evil. The other epithet they have given to him is Moideb (a contraction of Mahahdebtah, the most mighty angel); in this sense he is worshipped as the averter of evil, and under this character he has the most altars erected to him."

After this most egregious instance of modernizing, nothing need be added in proof that the present are very different from the ancient doctrines of India. In a word, the Rabbinical pretensions that Adam, Seth, and Enoch wrote great part of the Talmod, and that Abraham taught astronomy and mathematics in the plains of Mamre, are not more absurdly ridiculous than the Gentoo pretensions to a similar antiquity of their sacred books. Every one, who is acquainted with the history of the human mind, knows what an alteration in the manners of that most bigoted people the Jews was introduced by the Babylonian captivity. Before that period amazingly dull and stupid, after their return from Assyria they began to philosophize. The superstition and idolatry of the modern Bramins have certainly, in the same manner, received great improvement of features from the conversation of Europeans, whose example, however otherwise vicious, could not fail to convince them of the absurdity of such mental weakness. Nor can we pass unobserved the rejection of the fourth Beda. By its subject, the knowledge of the Good Being, it seems to be the most valuable of the whole, except the second, which treats of the religious and moral duties. Yet the Bramins, says Mr. Dow, have long rejected it, because the Mahommedan religion, they say, is borrowed from it. On the supposition, which they pretend, that their sacred books were dictated by divine authority, the rejection of any part is as unwarrantable as the reason for rejecting the fourth Beda is submissive and ridiculous. The rejection of a part of their sacred scriptures thus openly confessed, and yet the whole most carefully concealed from the eyes of every inquirer; the alterations of their tenets and character; the propensity the human mind has to

improve when under long and favourable opportunities, all concur in demonstrating that not only the system of Messrs. H. and D. are widely different from those of the ancient Gentoos; but that whatever in future may be given by the most learned Bramins, as their genuine ancient tenets, ought by no means to be depended upon as such. While the Bramins continue a sect, those leading principles of human nature, zeal for what is esteemed sacred, and partiality to national honour, will ever influence them, when they lay their philosophy before the eyes of strangers, particularly where the boasted secrecy of near 4000 years promises the impossibility of detection. Shall we believe that the glosses and refinements of the modern learned Bramins contain the genuine ideas and principles of the ancient Hindoos? We may as well believe that the popish priests on the Indian mission will give the Bramins a faithful history of the detestable tyranny and abominable wickedness of the popes and their holy church during the monkish ages. Who that considers these striking facts, and their certain consequences, can withhold his contempt when he is told of the religious care with which the Bramins have three four thousand years preserved their sacred rites? an absurdity only equal to that of those who tell us, that God instructed Adam in the mysteries of free masonry, and that Noah every new moon held a mason's lodge in the ark.

And yet all this is nothing to the ridicule of what follows: Where does the pure Shastah of Bramah exist? Mr. D.'s learned pandit seems never to have heard a word about it. Why truly, the original text of Bramah is preserved, says Mr. H., ch. iv. p. 13., in the Chatah Shade, or six scriptures of the mighty spirit. This work, he says, is a paraphrase on the pure Shastah, which consisted only of four scriptures; therefore the original text must be only interspersed. And this paraphrase Mr. H. reprobates as the infamous work of priestcraft, and the original cause of the polytheism of the Gentoos. And this pure text is not only to be picked [48], at discretion and pleasure, out of this mother of idolatry, but the ability so to do is confined to a very few families. "The original, plain, pure, and simple tenets" (says Mr. H. p. 15.) "of the Chatah Shade of Bramah" (1500 years after its first promulgation) "became by degrees utterly lost; except to three or four Gosyn families, who at this day are only capable of reading and expounding it, from the Sanscrit character; to these may be added a few others of the tribe of Batteezaaz Bramins, who can read, and expound from the Chatah Shade which still preserved the text of the original, as before remarked."

Can pretensions to the most remote antiquity be more completely ridiculous! By these three or four families who only can discover, read, and expound the pure Shastah of Bramah, we must understand those Bramins with whom Mr. H. conversed, and whom, in the utmost probability, he taught to say as he said; and then (like those who have been to the cunning man on inquiry after stolen goods or a sweetheart) came home highly satisfied with having his own hints repeated to him in other words.

And thus, from the concurrent testimony of all former travellers, most virtually confirmed by Messrs. H. and D. we have displayed the wild, capricious, and gross spirit of the Gentoo theology; the endless confusion of their legends: the impiety and puerility of their metaphysics; their ignorance of natural philosophy; the immorality of their penances and idolatry; the general turpitude and baseness of the Hindoo character; the alteration of their principles and manners in various ages; the utter uncertainty of the various dates of their writings held sacred; and, above all, the absurdity of those who have maintained that these writings have remained unaltered almost these 4000 years, and are of superior antiquity to the records of any other nation.

It is an observation founded on experience, that the zealot of any sect, in giving an account of his religion to one who knows nothing about it, will give every circumstance the best gloss, and strain every feature, as much as possible, to a conformity to the ideas of his intelligent friend [49]. And from the contradictory accounts of Mr. H. and Mr. D. let future travellers beware how they obtrude upon Europe the opinions of two or three Bramins, as the only genuine doctrines of the Gentoos. The irreconcileable contradictions of these philosophers have been demonstrated. And these contradictions evidently appear to have thus arisen: The philosophy and mythology of the Gentoos form such a boundless chaos of confusion and contradictions, that no two of these philosophers, unacquainted with each other, can possibly give the same or a consistent account of their tenets: And whenever one of superior ingenuity vamps up a fine philosophical theory out of the original mass, another, perhaps equally ingenious, comes and puts one in mind of the fable of the bee and the spider in Swift's Battle of the Books. The spider had with great pain just finished his web to catch flies, when

[48] The absurdity of this arbitrary selection of the pure shastah is demonstrated, undesignedly, by Mr. H. himself. He says the pure Shastah of Bramah contained no mythology; and yet what he has selected as the pure Shastah, as the quotations already given, evince, is mythological.

[49] In this manner Josephus, a man of great abilities, wrote his history of the Jews. He has altered, suppressed, glossed, and falsified, on purpose to adopt the manners and opinions of his countrymen, as much as possible, to the taste of the Greek and Roman philosophers. In the same manner, we believe, it may be asserted that every Jesuit behaves, when he defends popery in conversation with an intelligent dissenter from the church of Rome, who has the art to appear ignorant of the doctrines of the papacy, and of the writers of that communion. One may often meet with a sensible papist, who, either from ignorance of the history of his own religion, or from prejudice in its favour, will very confidently deny the horrid cruelties, superstitions, and villanous arts of holy church; those intrigues and transactions which form the principal part of the history of Europe during six or seven monkish centuries. Yet what wise man will upon such evidence reject the testimony of ages? The allusion is apt, and the inference is the same.

the toe blundered that way, and demolished it. "A plague split you," quoth the spider, "for a giddy wheeston, is it you, with a vengeance, have made all this litter . . . . . and do you think I have nothing else to do, in the devil's name, but to mend and repair after your a——?"

And verily, verily, in this strain may the most learned of the modern Bramins exclaim to each other.

LUSIAD VIII.

WITH eye unmoved the silent cattal view'd
The pictured sire with seeming life endued!
A verdant vine-bough waving in his right,
Smooth flowed his sweepy beard of glossy white;
When thus, as swift the Moor unfolds the word,
The valiant Paulus to the Indian lord;
"Bold though these figures frown, yet bolder far
These godlike heroes shined in ancient war.
In that hoar sire, of mien severe, august,
Lusus behold, no robber chief unjust;
His cluster'd bough, the same which Bacchus bore[1],
He waves, the emblem of his care of yore;
The friend of savage man, to Bacchus dear,
The son of Bacchus, or the bold compeer,
What time his yellow locks with vine-leaves curl'd,
The youthful god subdued the savage world,
Bade vineyards glisten o'er the dreary waste,
And humanized the nations as he past.
Lusus, the loved companion of the god,
In Spain's fair bosom first his last abode,
Our kingdom founded, and illustrious reign'd
In those fair lawns, the blest Elysium feign'd[2],
Where winding oft the Guadiana roves,
And Douro murmurs through the flowery groves,
Here with his bones he left his deathless fame,
And Lusitania's clime shall ever bear his name.
That other chief th' embroidered silk displays,
Tost o'er the deep whole years of weary days,
On Tago's banks at last his vows he paid:
To wisdom's godlike power, the Jove-born maid,
Who fired his lips with eloquence divine,
On Tago's banks he reared the hallowed shrine:
Ulysses he, though fated to destroy
On Asian ground the heaven-built towers of Troy[3],
On Europe's strand, more grateful to the skies,
He bade th' eternal walls of Lisboa[4] rise."
"But who that godlike terrour of the plain,
Who strews the smoking field with heaps of slain?
What numerous legions fly in dire dismay,
Whose standards wide the eagle's wings display?"
The pagan asks; the brother chief replies.
"Unconquer'd deem'd, proud Rome's dread standard flies.
His crook thrown by, fired by his nations' woes,
The hero shepherd Viriatus rose;
His country saved proclaim'd his warlike fame,
And Rome's wide empire trembled at his name.

[1] Camoens immediately before, and in the former book, calls the ensign of Lusus a bough; here he calls it the green thyrsus of Bacchus,

O verde tyrso fui de Baceo usado.

The thyrsus however was a javelin[a] twisted with ivy leaves, used in the sacrifices of Bacchus.

[2] In this assertion our author has the authority of Strabo, a foundation sufficient for a poet. Nor are there wanting several Spanish writers, particularly Barbosa, who seriously affirm that Homer drew the fine description of Elysium, in his fourth Odyssey, from the beautiful valleys of Spain, where in one of his voyages, it is said, he arrived. Egypt, however, seems to have a better title to this honour. The fable of Charon, and the judges of the poetical Hell, are evidently borrowed from the Egyptian rites of burial, and are older than Homer. After a ferryman had conveyed the corps over a lake, certain judges examined the life of the deceased, particularly his claim to the virtue of loyalty, and, according to the report, decreed or refused the honours of sepulture. The place of the catacombs, according to Diodorus Siculus, was surrounded with deep canals, beautiful meadows, and a wilderness of groves. And it is universally known that the greatest part of the Grecian fables were fabricated from the customs and opinions of Egypt. Several other nations have also claimed the honour of affording the idea of the fields of the blessed. Even the Scotch challenge it. Many Grecian fables, says an author of that country, are evidently founded on the reports of the Phœnician sailors. That these navigators trailed to the coasts of Britain is certain. In the middle of summer, the season when the ancients performed their voyages, for about six weeks there is no night over the Orkney islands; the disk of the Sun during that time scarcely sinking below the horizon. This appearance, together with the calm which usually prevails at that season, and the beautiful verdure of the islands, could not fail to excite the admiration of the Tyrians; and their accounts of the place naturally afforded the idea that these islands were inhabited by the spirits of the just. This, says our author, is countenanced by Homer, who places his islands of the happy at the extremity of the ocean. That the fables of Scylla, the Gorgades, and several others, were founded on the accounts of navigators, seems probable; and on this supposition the Insulæ Fortunatæ and Purpurariæ, now the Canary and Madeira islands, also claim the honour of giving colours to the description of Elysium. The truth however appears to be this: that a place of happiness is reserved for the spirits of the good is the natural suggestion of that anxiety and hope concerning the future, which animates the human breast. All the barbarous nations of Africa and America agree in placing their Heaven in beautiful islands at an immense distance over the ocean. The idea is universal, and is natural to every nation in that state of barbarous simplicity.

[3] Alluding to the fable of Neptune, Apollo, and Laomedon.

[4] For some account of this tradition see note 24 of Lusiad III. Ancient traditions, however fabulous, have a good effect in poetry. Virgil has not scrupled to insert one, which required an apology.

——Prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.

Spenser has given us the history of Brute and his descendants at full length in the Faerie Queen; and Milton, it is known, was so fond of that absurd legend, that he intended to write a poem on the subject; and by this fondness was induced to mention it as a truth in his Introduction to the History of England.

[5] Paulus de Gama.

That generous pride which Rome to Pyrrhus[6] bore,
To him they show'd not; for they fear'd him more.
Not on the field o'ercome by manly force;
Peaceful he slept, and now a murdered corse
By treason slain he lay. How stern, behold,
That other hero, firm, erect, and bold:
The power by which he boasted he divined,
Beside him pictur'd stands, the milk-white hind:
Injured by Rome, the stern Sertorius fled
To Tago's shore, and Lusus' offspring led;
Their worth he knew; in scatter'd flight he drove
The standards painted with the birds of Jove.
And lo, the flag whose shining colours own
The glorious founder of the Lusian throne!
Some deem the warrior of Hungarian race[7],
Some from Loraine the godlike hero trace,
From Tagus' banks the haughty Moor expell'd,
Galicia's sons, and Leon's warriors quell'd,
To weeping Sion's ever-hallowed meads
His warlike bands the holy Henry leads,
By holy war to sanctify his crown,
And to his latest race auspicious waft it down."
"And who this awful chief!" aloud exclaims
The wondering regent: "O'er the fields he flames
In dazzling steel, where'er he bends his course
The battle sinks beneath his beating force;
Against his troops, though few, the numerous foes
In vain their spears and towery walls oppose.
With smoking blood his armour sprinkled o'er,
High to the knees his courser paws in gore;
O'er crowns and blood-stain'd ensigns scatter'd
He rides; his courser's brazen hoofs resound."
"In that great chief," the second Gama cries,
"The first Alonzo[8] strikes thy wondering eyes.
From Lusus' realm the pagan Moors he drove;
Heaven, whom he loved, bestow'd on him such love,
Beneath him, bleeding of its mortal wound,
The Moorish strength lay prostrate on the ground.
Nor Ammon's son, nor greater Julius dared
With troops so few, with hosts so numerous war'd:
Nor less shall fame the subject heroes own:
Behold that hoary warrior's raceful frown!
On his young pupil's flight his burning eyes[9]
He darts, and, 'Turn thy flying host,' he cries,
'Back to the field'—the veteran and the boy
Back to the field exult with furious joy:
Their ranks mow'd down, the boastful foe recedes,
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victor bleeds.
Again that mirror of unshaken faith,
Egaz behold, a chief self-doom'd to death[10].
Beneath Castillia's sword this monarch lay;
Homage he vow'd his helpless king should pay;
His haughty king relieved, the treaty spurns,
With conscious pride the noble Egaz burns;
His comely spouse and infant race he leads,
Himself the same, in sentenced felon's weeds;
Around their necks the knotted halters bound,
With naked feet they tread the flinty ground;
And prostrate now before Castillia's throne
Their offer'd lives their monarch's pride atone.
Ah, Rome! no more thy generous consul[11] boast,
Whose lorn submission saved his ruin'd host:
No father's woes assail'd his steadfast mind:
The dearest ties the Lusian chief resign'd.
"There, by the stream, a town besieged behold,
The Moorish tents the shatter'd walls infold.
Fierce as the lion from the covert springs,
When hunger gives his rage the whirlwind's wings;
From ambush, lo, the valiant Fuaz pours,
And whelms in sudden rout th' astonish'd Moors.
The Moorish king in captive chains he sends[12];
And low at Lisbon's throne the royal captive bends.
Fuaz again the artist's skill displays;
Far o'er the ocean shine his ensigns' rays:
In crackling flames the Moorish galleys fly,
And the red blaze ascends the blushing sky:
O'er Avila's high steep the flames aspire,
And wrapt the forests in a sheet of fire:
There seem the waves beneath the prows to boil;
And distant far around for many a mile
The glassy deep reflects the ruddy blaze;
Far on the edge the yellow light decays, [dread
And blends with hovering blackness. Great and
Thus shone the day when first the combat bled,
The first our heroes battled on the main,
The glorious[13] prelude of our naval reign,
Which now the waves beyond the burning zone
And northern Greenland's frost-bound billows own.
Again behold brave Fuaz dares the fight!
O'erpower'd he sinks beneath the Moorish might;
Smiling in death the martyr-hero lies,
And lo, his soul triumphant mounts the skies.
Here now behold, in warlike pomp pourtray'd,
A foreign navy brings the pious aid[14].
Lo, marching from the decks the squadrons spread,
Strange their attire, their aspect firm and dread.

[6] When Pyrrhus king of Epirus was at war with the Romans, his physician offered to poison him. The senate rejected the proposal, and acquainted Pyrrhus of the designed treason. Florus remarks on the infamous assassination of Viriatus, that the Roman senate did him great honour; ut videretur aliter vinci non potuisse; it was a confession that they could not otherwise conquer him. Vid. Flor. 1. 17. For a fuller account of this great man, see note 13 of Lusiad I.

[7] See note 19 of Lusiad III.

[8] King of Portugal. See note 21 of Lusiad III.

[9] "Some, indeed most writers, say, that the queen," (of whom see Lusiad III.) "advancing with her army towards Guimaraez, the king, without waiting till his governor joined him, engaged them and was routed: but that afterwards the remains of his army being joined by the troops under the command of Egaz Moniz, engaged the army of the queen a second time, and gained a complete victory." Univ. Hist.

[10] See the same story, Lusiad III, verse 293.

[11] Sc. Posthumus, who, overpowered by the Samnites, submitted to the indignity of passing under the yoke or gallows.

[12] The Alcaydes, or tributary governors under the miramolin or emperor of Morocco, are often by the Spanish and Portuguese writers styled kings. He who was surprised and taken prisoner by Don Fuaz Roupinho was named Gama. Fuaz, after having gained the first naval victory of the Portuguese, also experienced their first defeat. With one-and-twenty sail he attacked fifty-four large galleys of the Moors. The sea, says Brandan, which had lately furnished him with trophies, now supplied him with a tomb.

[13] A navy of crusaders, mostly English. See Lusiad III, verse 447.

The holy cross their ensigns bold display,
To Salem's aid they plough'd the watery way;
Yet first, the cause the same, on Tago's shore
They dye their maiden swords in pagan gore.
Proud stood the Moor on Lisbon's warlike towers,
From Lisbon's walls they drive the Moorish powers:
Amid the thickest of the glorious fight,
Lo, Henry falls, a gallant German knight,
A martyr falls: that holy tomb behold,
There waves the blossom'd palm the boughs of gold:
O'er Henry's grave the sacred plant arose,
And from the leaves, Heaven's gift, gay health redoundant flows[14].

"'Aloft, unfurl;' the valiant Pulus cries;
Instant new wars on new-spread ensigns rise.
In robes of white behold a priest advance[15]!
His sword in splinters smites the Moorish lance:
Arrouchez won revenges Lira's fall:
And lo, on fair Savilia's batter'd wall,
How boldly calm amid the crashing spears,
That hero-form the Lusian standard rears.
There bleeds the war on fair Vandalia's plain:
Lo, rushing through the Moors o'er hills of slain
The hero rides, and proves by genuine claim
The son of Egas [16], and his worth the same.
Pierced by his dart the standard-bearer dies;
Beneath his feet the Moorish standard lies:
High o'er the field, behold the glorious blaze;
The victor-youth the Lusian flag displays.
Lo, while the Moon through midnight azure rides,
From the high wall adown his spear-staff glides
The dauntless Gerrald: in his left he bears [17]
Two watchmen's heads, his right the falchion rears:
The gate he opens; swift from ambush rise [rears:
His ready bands, the city falls his prize:
Evora still the grateful honour pays,
Her banner'd flag the mighty deed displays:
There frowns the hero; in his left he bears
The two cold heads, his right the falchion rears.
Wrong'd by his king, and burning for revenge[18],
Behold his arms that proud Castilian change;
The Moorish buckler on his breast he bears,
And leads the fiercest of the pagan spears.
Abrantes falls beneath his raging force,
And now to Tago bends his furious course.
Another fate he met on Tago's shore,
Brave Lopez from his brows the laurels tore;
His bleeding army strew'd the thirsty ground,
And captive chains the rageful leader bound.
Resplendent far that holy chief behold!
Aside he throws the sacred staff of gold,
And wields the spear of steel. How bold advance
The numerous Moors, and with the rested lance
Hem round the trembling Lusians! Calm and bold
Still towers the priest, and lo, the skies unfold [19]:
Cheer'd by the vision brighter than the day
The Lusians trample down the dread array
Of Hagar's legions: on the reeking plain
Low with their slaves four haughty kings lie slain.
In vain Alcazar rears her brazen walls,
Before his rushing host Alcazar falls.
There, by his altar, now the hero shines,
And with the warrior's palm his mitre twines.
That chief behold: though proud Castilia's host
He leads, his birth shall Tagus ever boast.
As a pent flood bursts headlong o'er the strand,
So pours his fury o'er Algarbia's land:
Nor rampired town nor castled rock afford
The refuge of defence from Payo's sword.
By night-veil'd art proud Sylves falls his prey,
And Tavila's high walls at middle day
Fearless he scales: her streets in blood deplore
The seven brave hunters murder'd by the Moor [20].

[14] This legend is mentioned by some ancient Portuguese chronicles. Homer would have availed himself, as Camoëns has done, of a tradition so enthusiastical, and characteristic of the age.—Henry was a native of Bonneville near Cologn. His tomb, says Castera, is still to be seen in the monastery of St. Vincent, but without the palm.

[15] "Theotonius, prior of the regulars of St. Augustine of Conymbra. Some ancient chronicles relate this circumstance as mentioned by Camoëns. Modern writers assert, that he never quitted his breviary." Castera.

[16] He was named Mem Moniz, and was son of Egas Moniz, celebrated for the surrender of himself and family to the king of Castile, as already mentioned.

[17] "He was a man of rank, who, in order to avoid the legal punishment to which several crimes rendered him obnoxious, put himself at the head of a party of freebooters. Tiring, however, of that life, he resolved to reconcile himself to his sovereign by some noble action. Full of this idea, one evening he entered Evora, which then belonged to the Moors. In the night he killed the sentinels of one of the gates, which he opened to his companions, who soon became masters of the place. This exploit had its desired effect. The king pardoned Gerrald, and made him governor of Evora. A knight with a sword in one hand, and two heads in the other, from that time became the armorial bearing for the city." Castera.

[18] Don Pedro Fernando de Castro, injured by the family of Lara, and denied redress by the king of Castile, took the infamous revenge of bearing arms against his native country. At the head of a Moorish army he committed several outrages in Spain, but was totally defeated in Portugal.

[19] "According to some ancient Portuguese histories, Don Matthew, bishop of Lisbon, in the reign of Alonzo I., attempted to reduce Alcazar, then in possession of the Moors. His troops being suddenly surrounded by a numerous party of the enemy, were ready to fly, when, at the prayers of the bishop, a venerable old man, clothed in white, with a red cross on his breast, appeared in the air. The miracle dispelled the fears of the Portuguese; the Moors were defeated, and the conquest of Alcazar crowned the victory." Castera.

[20] —— "During a truce with the Moors, six cavaliers of the order of St. James were, while on a hunting party, surrounded and killed by a numerous body of the Moors. During the fight, in which the gentlemen sold their lives dear, a common carter, named Garcias Rodrigo, who chanced to pass that way, came generously to their assistance, and lost his life along with them. The poet, in giving all seven the same title, shows us that virtue constitutes true nobility. Don Payo de Correa, grand master of the order of St. James, revenged the death of these brave unfortunates, by the sack of Tavila, where his just rage put the garrison to the sword." Castera.

These three bold knights how dread! Through Spain and France [91]
At just and tourney with the tilted lance
Victors they rode: Castilia's court beheld [swell'd:
Her peers o'erthrown; the peers with rancour
The bravest of the three their swords surround;
Brave Ribeir strews them vanquish'd o'er the ground.
Now let thy thoughts, all wonder and on fire,
That darling son of warlike fame admire!
Prostrate at proud Castilia's monarch's feet
His land lies trembling: lo, the nobles meet:
Softly they seem to breathe, and forward bend
The servile neck; each eye distrusts his friend;
Fearful each tongue to speak; each bosom cold:
When colour'd with stern rage, erect and bold
The hero rises: 'Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its base; my native king alone
Shall reign'—Then rushing to the fight he leads;
Low vanquish'd in the dust Castilia bleeds.
Where proudest hope might deem in vain to dare,
God led him on, and crown'd the glorious war.
Though fierce as numerous are the hosts that dwell
By Betis' stream, these hosts before him fell.
The fight beheld: while absent from his bands,
Prest on the step of flight his army stands,
To call the chief an herald speeds away:
Low on his knees the gallant chief survey!
He pours his soul, with lifted hands implores,
And Heaven's assisting arm, inspired, adores.
Panting and pale the herald urges speed:
With holy trust of victory decreed,
Careless he answers, 'Nothing urgent calls:'
And soon the bleeding foe before him falls.
To Numa thus the pole patricians fled;
'The hostile squadrons o'er the kingdom spread,'
They cry; unmoved the holy king replies,
'And I, behold, am offering sacrifice [92]!'
Earnest I see thy wondering eyes inquire
Who this illustrious chief, his country's sire?
The Lusian Scipio well might speak his fame [93],
But nobler Numa shines a greater name:
On earth's green bosom, or on ocean gray,
A greater never shall the Sun survey.

[91] Nothing can give us a stronger picture of the romantic character of their age, than the manners of these champions, who were gentlemen of birth; and who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, went about from court to court in quest of adventures. Their names were, Gonçalo Ribeiro; Fernando Martinez de Santarem; and Vasco Anez, foster-brother to Mary, queen of Castile, daughter of Alonzo IV. of Portugal.

[92] This line, the simplicity of which, I think, contains great dignity, is adopted from Fanshaw,

And I, ye see, am offering sacrifice,—

who has here catched the spirit of the original:

A quem lhe a dura nova estava dando,
Pois eu, responde, estou sacrificando.

i. e. To whom when they told the dreadful tidings, "And I," he replies, "am sacrificing." The piety of Numa was crowned with victory. Vid. Plut. in vit. Num.

[93] Castera justly observes the happiness with which Camoëns introduces the name of this truly great man. Il va, says he, le nommer tout à l'heure avec une adresse et une magnificence digne d'un si beau sujet.

"Known by the silver cross and sable shield [94],
Two knights of Malta there command the field;
From Tago's banks they drive the fleecy prey.
And the tired ox lows on his weary way:
When, as the falcon through the forest glade
Darts on the leveret, from the brown-wood shade
Darts Roderic on their rear; in scatter'd flight
They leave the goodly herds the victor's right.
Again, behold, in gore he bathes his sword;
His captive friend, to liberty restored [95],
Glows to review the cause that wrought his woe,
The cause, his loyalty as taintless snow.
Here treason's well-earn'd meed allures thine eyes,
Low grovelling in the dust the traitor dies;
Great Elvas gave the blow: Again, behold [96],
Christ and steel in purple slaughter roll'd:
Great Elvas triumphs; wide o'er Xeres' plain
Around him reeks the noblest blood of Spain.
"Here Lisbon's spacious harbour meets the view;
How vast the foes, the Lusian fleet how few!
Castell's proud war-ships, circling round, enclose
The Lusian galleys; through their thundering rows,
Fierce pressing on, Pereira fearless rides,
His hooked irons grasp the Admiral's sides:
Confusion maddens; on the dreadless knight
Castilia's navy pours its gather'd might:

[94] These knights were first named knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards knights of Rhodes, from whence they were driven to Messina, ere Malta was assigned to them, where they now remain. By their oath of knighthood they are bound to protect the holy sepulchre from the profanation of infidels; and immediately on taking this oath, they retire to their colleges, where they live on their revenues in all the idleness of monkish luxury. Their original habit was black with a white cross; their arms gules, a cross argent.

[95] "Before John I. mounted the throne of Portugal, one Vasco Porcallo was governor of Villaviciosa. Roderic de Landroal and his friend Alvarez Coytado, having discovered that he was in the interest of the king of Castile, drove him from his town and fortress. On the establishment of king John, Porcallo had the art to obtain the favour of that prince, but no sooner was he reinstated in the garrison, than he delivered it up to the Castilians; and plundered the house of Coytado, whom, with his wife, he made prisoner; and, under a numerous party, ordered to be sent to Olivença. Roderic de Landroal, hearing of this, attacked and defeated the escort, and set his friend at liberty."—Castera.

[96] While the kingdom of Portugal was divided, some holding with John the newly elected king, and others with the king of Castile, Roderic Marin, governor of Campo-Major, declared for the latter. Fernando d'Elvas endeavoured to gain him to the interest of his native prince, and a conference, with the usual assurances of safety, was agreed to. Marin, at this meeting, seized upon Elvas, and sent him prisoner to his castle. Elvas having recovered his liberty, a few days after met his enemy in the field, whom in his turn he made captive; and the traitorous Marin, notwithstanding the endeavours of their captain to save his life, met the reward of his treason from the soldiers of Elvas. —Partly from Castera.

Pereira dies, their self-devoted prey,
And safe the Lusian galleys speed away[27].
"Lo, where the lemon-trees from yon green hill
Throw their cool shadows o'er the crystal rill;
There twice two hundred fierce Castilian foes
Twice eight, forlorn, of Lusian race enclose:
Forlorn they seem; but taintless flow'd their blood
From those three hundred who of old withstood;
Withstood, and from a thousand Romans tore
The victor-wreath, what time the shepherd[28] bore
The leader's staff of Lusus: equal flame
Inspired these few, their victory the same[29].
Though twenty lances brave each single spear,
Never the foes' superior might to fear
Is our inheritance, our native right,
Well tried, well proved in many a dreadful fight.
"That dauntless earl behold; on Libya's coast,
Far from the succour of the Lusian host[30],
Twice hard besieged he holds the Ceutan towers
Against the banded might of Afric's powers.
That other earl[31];—behold the port he bore;
So trod stern Mars on Thracia's hills of yore.
What groves of spears Alcazar's gates surround!
There Afric's nations blacken o'er the ground.
A thousand ensigns glittering to the day
The waning Moon's shant silver horns display.
In vain their rage; no gate, no turret falls,
The brave De Vian guards Alcazar's walls.
In hopeless conflict lost his king appears;
Amid the thickest of the Moorish spears
Plunges bold Vian: in the glorious strife
He dies, and dying saves his sovereign's life.
"Illustrious, lo, two brother-heroes shine,
Their birth, their deeds, adorn the royal line;
To every king of princely Europe known[32],
In every court the gallant Pedro shone.
The glorious Henry[33]—kindling at his name,
Behold my sailors' eyes all sparkle flame!

[27] "A numerous fleet of the Castilians being on their way to lay siege to Lisbon, Ruy Pereyra, the Portuguese commander, seeing no possibility of victory, boldly attacked the Spanish admiral. The fury of his onset put the Castilians in disorder, and allowed the Portuguese galleys a safe escape. In this brave piece of service the gallant Pereyra lost his life."—Castera.

[28] Viriatus.

[29] "The Castilians having laid siege to Almada, a fortress on a mountain near Lisbon, the garrison, in the utmost distress for water, were obliged at times to make sallies to the bottom of the hill in quest of it. Seventeen Portuguese thus employed, were one day attacked by four hundred of the enemy. They made a brave defence and happy retreat into their fortress."—Castera.

[30] When Alonzo V. took Ceuta, don Pedro de Menezes was the only officer in the army who was willing to become governor of that fortress; which, on account of the uncertainty of succour from Portugal, and the earnest desire of the Moors to regain it, was deemed untenable. He gallantly defended his post in two severe sieges.

[31] He was the natural son of don Pedro de Menezes. Alonzo V. one day having rode out from Ceuta with a few attendants, was attacked by a numerous party of the Moors, when De Vian, and some others under him, at the expense of their own lives, purchased the safe retreat of their sovereign.

[32] "The sons of John I. Don Pedro was called the Ulysses of his age, on account both of his eloquence and his voyages. He visited almost every court of Europe, but he principally distinguished himself in Germany, where, under the standards of the emperor Sigismond, he signalised his valour in the war against the Turks."—Castera.

[33] In pursuance of the reasons assigned in the Preface, the translator has here taken the liberty to make a transposition in the order of his author. In Camoëns, don Pedro de Menezes, and his son De Vian, conclude the description of the pictured ensigns. Don Henry, the greatest man perhaps that ever Portugal produced, has certainly the best title to close this procession of the Lusian heroes. And as he was the father of navigation, particularly of the voyage of Gama, to sum up the narrative with his encomium, it may be hoped has even some critical propriety. It remains now to make a few observations on this seeming episode of Camoëns. The shield of Achilles has had many imitators, some in one degree, others in another. The imitation of Ariosto, in the xxxiiid canto of his Orlando Furioso, is most fancifully ingenious; and on this undoubtedly the Portuguese poet had his eye. Pharamond, king of France, having resolved to conquer Italy, desires the friendship of Arthur, king of Britain. Arthur sends Merlin the magician to assist him with advice. Merlin, by his supernatural art, raises a sumptuous hall, on the sides of which all the future wars, unfortunate to the French in their invasions of Italy, are painted in colours exceeding the pencils of the greatest masters. A description of these pictures, an episode much longer than this of Camoëns, is given to the heroine Bradamant, by the knight who kept the castle of sir Tristram, where the enchanted hall was placed. But though the poetry be pleasing, the whole fiction, unless to amuse the warlike lady, has nothing to do with the action of the poem. Unity of design, however, is neither claimed by Ariosto in the exordium of his work, nor attempted in the execution. An examination therefore of the conduct of Homer and Virgil will be more applicable to Camoëns. To give a landscape of the face of the country which is the scene of action, or to describe the heroes and their armour, are the becoming ornaments of an epic poem. Milton's beautiful description of Eden, and the admirable painting of the shield of Achilles, are, like the embroidery of a suit of clothes, a part of the subject, and injure not the gracefulness of the make; or, in other words, destroy not the unity of the action. Yet let it be observed, that, admirable as they are, the pictures on the shield of Achilles, considered by themselves, have no relation to the action of the Iliad. If six of the apartments may be said to rouse the hero to war, the other six may with equal justice be called an obvious admonition or a charge to turn husbandman. In that part of the Æneid where Virgil greatly improves upon his master, in the visions of his future race which Anchises gives to Æneas in Elysium, the business of the poem is admirably sustained, and the hero is inspired to encounter every danger on the view of so great a reward. The description of the shield of Æneas, however, is less connected with the conduct of the fable. Virgil, indeed, intended that his poem should contain all the honours of his

Henry the chief, who first, by Heaven inspired,
To deeds unknown before, the sailor fired;

country, and has therefore charged the shield of his hero with what parts of the Roman history were omitted in the vision of Elysium. But so foreign are these pictures to the war with Turnus, that the poet himself tells us Æneas was ignorant of the history which they contained.

Talia, per clypeum Vulcani, dona parentis
Miratur: rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.

These observations, which the translator believes have escaped the critics, were suggested to him by the conduct of Camoëns, whose design, like that of Virgil, was to write a poem which might contain all the triumphs of his country. As the shield of Æneas supplies what could not be introduced in the vision of Elysium, so the ensigns of Gama complete the purpose of the third and fourth Lusiads. The use of that long episode, the conversation with the king of Melinda, and its connexion with the subject, have been already observed. The seeming episode of the pictures, while it fulfils the promise,

And all my country's wars the song adorn—

is also admirably connected with the conduct of the poem. The Indians naturally desire to be informed of the country, the history, and power of their foreign visitors, and Paulus sets it before their eyes. In every progression of the scenery the business of the poem advances. The regent and his attendants are struck with the warlike grandeur and power of the strangers; and to accept of their friendship, or to prevent the forerunners of so martial a nation from carrying home the tidings of the discovery of India, becomes the great object of their consideration. And from the passions of the Indians and Moors, thus agitated, the great catastrophe of the Lusiad is both naturally and artfully produced.

As every reader is not a critic in poetry, to some perhaps the expressions

And the tired ox lows on his weary way——
——loud shouts astound the ear——

And the abrupt speech of an enraged warrior, ascribed to a picture

——Here no foreign throne
Shall fix its base, my native king alone
Shall reign——

may appear as unwarrantable. This however, let them be assured, is the language of the genuine spirit of poetry, when the productions of the sister Muse are the object of description. Let one very bold instance of this appear in the picture of the dance of the youths and maidens on the shield of Achilles, thus faithfully rendered by Mr. Pope:

Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth, at once, too swift for sight they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
So whirls a wheel, in giddy circles tost,
And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
The gazing multitudes admire around;
Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend:
And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end. Il. xviii.

The conscious sailor left the sight of shore,
And dared new oceans, never ploughed before.
The various wealth of every distant land
He bade his fleets explore, his fleets command.
The ocean's great discoverer he shines;
Nor less his honours in the martial lines:
The painted flag the cloud-wrapt siege displays;
There Ceuta's rocking wall its fate betrays.
Black yawns the breach; the psalm of many a spear
Gleams through the smoke; loud shouts astound the ear. [sword
Whose step first trod the dreadful pass? whose
Hew'd its dark way, first with the foe besprent?
'T was thine, O glorious Henry, first to dare
The dreadful pass, and thine to close the war!
Taught by his might, and humbled in her gore,
The boastful bride of Afric tower'd no more.
" Numerous though these, more numerous warriors shine
Th' illustrious glory of the Lusian line.
But ah, forlorn, what shame to barbarous pride!
Friendless the master of the pencil died [38],
Immortal fame his deathless labours gave;
Poor man! he sunk neglected to the grave."
The gallant Paulus faithful thus explain'd
The various deeds the pictured flags retain'd.
Still o'er and o'er, and still again untired,
The wondering regent of the wars inquired;
Still wondering heard the various-pleasing tale,
Till o'er the decks cold sigh'd the evening gale:
The falling darkness dimm'd the eastern shore,
And twilight hover'd o'er the billows hoar
Far to the west, when with his noble band
The thoughtful regent sought his native strand.
O'er the tall mountain-forest's waving boughs
Aslant the new Moon's slender horns arose;
Near her pale chariot shone a twinkling star,
And, save the murmuring of the wave afar,
Deep-brooding silence reign'd; each labour closed;
In sleep's soft arms the sons of toil reposed.
And now no more the Moon her glimpses shed,
A sudden black-wing'd cloud the sky o'erspread,
A sullen murmur through the woodland groan'd,
In woe-swoln sighs the hollow winds bemoan'd;
Borne on the plaintive gale a pattering shower
Increased the horrours of the evil hour.
Thus when the God of earthquakes rocks the ground,
He gives the prelude in a dreary sound;
O'er Nature's face a horrid gloom he throws,
With dismal note the cock unusual crows,

Sometimes when describing a picture, poetry will say, the figures seem to move, to tremble, or to sing. Homer has once or twice, on the shield of his hero, given this hint how to understand him. But often to repeat the qualification were quite opposite to the bold and free spirit of poesy, which delights in personification, and in giving life and passion to every thing it describes. It is owing to the superior force of this spirit, together with the more beautiful colouring of its landscape views, that the shield of Achilles, in poetical merit, so greatly excels the buckler of Æneas, though the divine workman of the latter had the former as a pattern before him.

[38] In the original,

Mas faltamlhes pincel, faltamlhes cores,
Honra, premio, favor, que as artes crião.

" But the pencil was wanting, colours were want-

A shrill-voiced howling trembles through the air,
As passing ghosts were weeping in despair;
In dismal yells the dogs confess their fear,
And shivering own some dreadful presence near.
So lower'd the night, the sullen howl the same,
And mid the black-wing'd gloom stern Bacchus came.
The form and garb of Hagar's son he took,
The ghost-like aspect, and the threatening look[38].
Then o'er the pillow of a furious priest,
Whose burning zeal the Koran's lore profest,
Bowed'd he stood conspicuous in a dream,
His semblance shining as the Moon's pale gleam[39]:
And "Guard," he cries, "my son; O timely guard,
Timely defeat the dreadful snare prepared:—
And canst thou careless, unaffected sleep,
While these stern lawless rovers of the deep
Fix on thy native shore a foreign throne,
Before whose steps thy latest race shall groan?"
He spoke: cold horrour shook the Moorish priest;
He wakes, but soon reclines in wonted rest:
An airy phantom of the slumbering brain
He deem'd the vision; when the fiend again
With sterner mien and fiercer accent spoke:
"Oh faithless! worthy of the foreign yoke!
And know'st thou not thy prophet sent by Heaven,
By whom the Koran's sacred lore was given,
God's chiefest gift to men?—And must I leave
The bowers of Paradise, for you to grieve,
For you to watch, while thoughtless of your woe
Ye sleep, the careless victims of the foe;
The foe, whose rage will soon with cruel joy,
If unopposed, my sacred shrines destroy?—
Then while kind Heaven th'auspicious hour bestows,
Let every nerve their infant strength oppose.
When softly usher'd by the milky dawn
The Sun first rises o'er the dalsied lawn[40],
His silver lustre, as the shining dew
Of radiance mild, unhurt the eye may view:
But when on high the noon-tide flaming rays
Give all the force of living fire to blaze,
A giddy darkness strikes the conquer'd sight,
That dares in all his glow the lord of light.
Such, if on India's soil the tender shoot
Of these proud cedars fix the stubborn root,
Such shall your power before them sink decay'd,
And India's strength shall wither in their shade."
He spoke; and instant from his votary's bed,
Together with repose, the demon fled.
Again cold horrour shook the zealot's frame,
And all his hatred of Messiah's name
Burn'd in his venom'd heart, while veil'd in night
Right to the palace sped the demon's flight.
Sleepless the king he found in dubious thought;
His conscious fraud a thousand terrours brought:

Ove si gran' vestigio e del tuo scorno,
Tu neghittoso aspetti il nove giorno?

Thus elegantly translated by Mr. Hoole:

Oh! Solyman, regardless chief, awake!
In happier hours thy grateful slumber take:
Beneath a foreign yoke thy subjects bend,
And strangers o'er thy land their rule extend.
Here dost thou sleep? here close thy careless eyes,
While unistere'd each lov'd associate lies?
Here where thy fame has felt the hostile scorn,
Canst thou, unthinking, wait the rising morn?

[38] "I deceive myself greatly," (says Castera,) "if this simile is not the most noble and the most natural that can be found in any poem. It has been imitated by the Spanish comedian, the illustrious Lopez de Vega, in his comedy of Orpheus and Eurydice, act i. scene 1.

Como mirar puede ser
El sol al amanecer,
I quando se enciende, no."

Castera adds a very loose translation of these Spanish lines in French verse. The literal English is, "As the Sun may be beheld at his rising, but, when illustriously kindled, cannot." Naked however as this is, the imitation of Camoëns is evident. As Castera is so very bold in his encomium of this fine simile of the Sun, it is but justice to add his translation of it, together with the original Portuguese, and the translation of Fanshaw. Thus the French translator:

Les yeux peuvent soûtenir la clarté du Soleil naissant, mais lorsqu'il s'est avancé dans sa carriere lumineuse, et que ses rayons répandent les ardeurs du midi, on tacheroit en vain de l'envisager; un prompt aveuglement seroit le prix de cette audace.

Thus elegantly in the original:

Em quanto he fraca a força desta gente,
Ordena como em tudo se resista,
Porque quando o sol sae, facilmente
Se pode nelle por a aguda vista:
Porem depois que sobe claro, et ardente,
Se a agudeza dos olhos o conquista
Tao cega fica, quando ficarás,
Se raizes criar lhe nao tolheis.

And thus humbled by Fanshaw:

Now whilst this people's strength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may resist them by all ways.

[39] Mahommed, by all historians, is described as of a pale livid complexion, and trux aspectus et vox terribilis, of a fierce threatening aspect, voice, and demeanour.

[40] We have already seen the warm encomium paid by Tasso to his cotemporary, Camoëns. That great poet, the ornament of Italy, has also testified his approbation by several imitations of the Lusiad. Virgil, in no instance, has more closely copied Homer, than Tasso has imitated the appearance of Bacchus, or the evil demon, in the dream of the Moorish priest. The enchanter Ismeno thus appears to the sleeping Solyman:

Soliman' Saluzzo, i tuoi silenti
Ripari à miglior tempo homai riserva:
Che sotto il giogo de straniere genti
La patria, ove regnasti, ancor' e serva.
In questa terra dormi, e non rammenti,
Ch' insepolte de tuoi Fossa conserva?

All gloomy as the hoar, around him stand
With haggard looks the hoary magi band [28];
To trace what fates on India's wide domain
Attend the rovers from unheard-of Spain.

For when the Sun is in his noontide tide,
But let him once up to his zenith glide,
Upon his morning beauty men may gaze;
He strikes them blind with his meridian rays;
So blind will ye be, if ye look not to it,
If ye permit these cedars to take root.

[28] Or the Bramins, the diviners of India. Ammianus Marcellinus, l. 23. says, that the Persian magi derived their knowledge from the Brachmanes of India. And Arianus, l. 7. expressly gives the Bramins the name of magi. The magi of India, says he, told Alexander, on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest, and did more mischief. The Bramins are never among modern writers called magi.

We have already observed that the wonderful virtues peculiar to some plants very naturally contributed to establish the belief in magic. And certain it is that many of the unlettered natives of Asia and South America have a knowledge of several drugs most powerful in their effects, either as poison, antidotes of poison, or as disturbers of the imagination. Their ignorance makes them esteem these virtues as magical, and their revenge against all Europeans prompts them to the most religious concealment. In the voyage of James Neccius, a Dutchman, in 1602, we have the account of a strange delirium which seized all those of his crew, who, near the kingdom of Siam, had eaten of a certain fruit like a plum. Some imagined the ship was overpowered by enemies, and boldly defended their cabins; others danced and sung, and thought themselves on shore at a drunken banquet with their friends. And while some chanted hallelujahs, and believed they saw God and his angels, others lay howling on the decks, and imagined themselves among the damned in Hell. (Vide Navig. Jacobi Neccii.) This delirium appears to take possession of whatever temperament of mind happens at the time to be predominant; but happily it is cured by a sound sleep. It is a fact well attested, that the Bramin pretenders to magic have a method of affecting the phantasies of those who apply to them. This is done by some intoxicating potion, administered with the solemnities of witchcraft: while it begins to operate, the magician's conversation fixes the imagination on the objects he wishes to raise; and after recovering sleep these objects are remembered as the clearest visions. In the approaches of natural madness the imagination is intensely fixed upon some particular object or affection. This indicates a particular alliance between this species of intoxication, and that most dreadful disease. The Portuguese authors mention other kinds of natural magic, as known to the Indians. When Albuquerque was on the way to Mosseca, he attacked a large ship, but just as his men were going to board her, she suddenly appeared all in flames, which obliged the Portuguese to bear off. Three days afterward the same vessel sent a boat to Albuquerque, offering an alliance, which was accepted. The flames, says Osorius, were only artificial, and did not the least damage. Another wonderful adventure immediately happened. The admiral soon after sent his long-boats to attack a ship commanded by one Nehoada Beeguca. The enemy made an obstinate resistance. Nehoada himself was pierced with several mortal wounds, but lost not one drop of blood, till a bracelet was taken off his arm, when immediately the blood gushed out, and he expired. According to Osorius, this was said to be occasioned by the virtue of a stone in the bracelet taken out of an animal called cabrisia, which when worn on the body could prevent the effusion of blood from the most grievous wounds. It was natural for the Portuguese soldiers to magnify any appearance of a styptic, which they did not understand. And certain it is that many barbarous tribes are possessed of some natural secrets which the learned of Europe do not yet know. It is not long since an eminent disciple of Newton esteemed the discovery of electricity as the dream of a distempered brain. Barbosa relates that one Machamut, who expelled the king of Guzarat and seized the throne, had so accustomed himself to poisons, that he could kill whoever offended him by spitting at them. His concubines never survived a second evening. This perhaps may be thought to confirm what is said of Mithridates; but both stories are undoubtedly somewhat exaggerated.

Prepared in dark futurity to prove
The hell-taught rituals of infernal Jove: [sound,
Muttering their charms and spells of dreary
With naked feet they beat the hollow ground;
Blue gleams the altar's flame along the walls,
With dismal hollow groans the victim falls;
With earnest eyes the priestly band explore
The entrails throbbing in the living core.
And lo, permitted by the Power Divine,
The hovering demon gives the dreadful sign [29].
Here furious War her gleamy falchion draws;
Here lean-rib'd Famine writhes her falling jaws;
Dire as the fiery pestilential star,
Darting his eyes, high on his trophied car
Stern Tyranny sweeps wide o'er India's ground,
On vulture wings fierce Rapine hovers round;
His after ills, and India's fetter'd might,
Th' eternal yoke—Loud shrieking at the sight [30],

[29] This is an allusion to the truth of history. Barros relates, that an augur being brought before the zamorim, Em hum caso de agua l'he mostrara humas naos, que vin ham de muy longe pera a India, e que a gente d'ellas seria total destruiçam dos Mouros de aquellas partes.—"In a vessel of water he showed him some ships which from a great distance came to India, the people of which would effect the utter subversion of the Moors." Camoëns has certainly chosen a more poetical method of describing this divination, a method in the spirit of Virgil; nor in this is he inferior to his great master. The supernatural flame which seizes on Lavinia, while assisting at the sacrifice, alone excepted, every other part of the augury of Latinus, and his dream in the Albunean forest, whither he went to consult his ancestor the god Faunus, in dignity and poetical colouring cannot come in comparison with the divination of the magi, and the appearance of the demon in the dream of the Moorish priest.

[30] This picture, it may perhaps be said, is but a

The starting w'ards from the altar fly,
And silent horrour glares in every eye:
Pale stands the monarch, lost in cold dismay,
And now impatient waits the lingering day.
With gloomy aspect rose the lingering dawn,
And dropping tears dow'd slowly o'er the lawn;
The Moorish priest, with fear and vengeance fraught,
Soon as the light appear'd his kindred sought;
Appall'd and trembling with ungenerous fear,
In secret council met, his tale they hear;
As check'd by terrour or impell'd by hate,
Of various means they ponder and debate;
Against the Lusian train what arts employ,
By force to slaughter, or by fraud destroy;
Now black, now pale, their bearded cheeks appear,
As boiling rage prevails or boding fear;
Beneath their shady brows their eye-balls roll,
Nor one soft gleam bespeaks the generous soul:
Through quivering lips they draw their panting breath,
While their dark fraud decrees the works of death:
Nor unresolved the power of gold to try,
Swift to the lordly catual's gate they hie—
Ah, what the wisdom, what the sleepless care
Efficient to avoid the traitor's snare!
What human power can give a king to know
The smiling aspect of the lurking foe?
So let the tyrant plead [41]—the patriot king
Knows more, knows whence the patriot virtues spring:
From inward worth, from conscience firm and bold,
Not from the man whose honest name is sold,
He hopes that virtue, whose unalter'd weight
Stands fixt, unwarping with the storms of state.
Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,
And now agreed their fraudful course to hold.
Swift to the king the regent's steps they tread;
The king they found o'erwhelm'd in sacred dread.
The word they take, their ancient deeds relate,
Their ever faithful service of the state [42];

" For ages long, from shore to distant shore,
For thee our manly keels the traffic bore:
For thee we dared each horrour of the wave;
Whate'er thy treasures boast our labours gave.
And wilt thou now confer our long-earn'd due,
Confer thy favour on a lawless crew?
The race they boast, as tigers of the wold
Bear their proud sway by justice uncontrol'd.
Yet for their crimes, expell'd that bloody home,
These, o'er the deep, rapacious plunderers roam.
Their deeds we know; round Afric's shores they came,
And spread, where'er they past, devouring flame;
Mozambic's towers, enroll'd in sheets of fire,
Blazed to the sky, her own funeral pyre.
Imperial Calicut shall feel the same,
And these proud state-rooms feed the funeral flame;
While many a league far round, their joyful eyes
Shall mark old ocean reddening to the skies.
Such dreadful fates, o'er thee, O king, depend,
Yet with thy fall our fate shall never blend:
Ere o'er the east arise the second dawn,
Our fleets, our nation from thy land withdrawn,
In other climes, beneath a kinder reign
Shall fix their port:—yet may the threat be vain!
If wiser thou with us thy powers employ,
Soon shall our powers the robber-crew destroy,
By their own arts and secret deeds o'ercome,
Here shall they meet the fate escaped at home."

bad compliment to the heroes of the Lusiad, and the fruits of their discovery. A little consideration, however, will vindicate Camoëns. It is the demon and the enemies of the Portuguese who procure this divination; every thing in it is dreadful, on purpose to determine the zamorim to destroy the fleet of Gama. In a former prophecy of the conquest of India, (when the catual describes the sculpture of the royal palace) our poet has been careful to ascribe the happiest effects to the discovery of his heroes:

Beneath their sway majestic, wise, and mild,
Proud of her victor's laws, thrice happy India smiled.

[41] In this short declamation, a seeming excrescence, the business of the poem in reality is carried on. The zamorim, and his prime minister the catual, are artfully characterized in it; and the assertion,

Lured was the regent with the Moorish gold,

is happily introduced by the manly declamatory reflections which immediately precede it.

[42] An explanation of the word Moor is here necessary. When the east afforded no more field for the sword of the conqueror, the Saracens, assisted by the Moors, who had embraced their religion, laid the finest countries in Europe in blood and desolation. As their various embarkations were from the empire of Morocco, the Europeans gave the name of Moors to all the professors of the Mahommedan religion. In the same manner the eastern nations blended all the armies of the Crusaders under one appellation, and the Franks, of which the army of Godfrey was mostly composed, became their common name for all the inhabitants of the west. The appellation even reached China. When the Portuguese first arrived in that empire, the Chinese, softening the r into l, called both them and their cannon by the name of Falanks, a name which is still retained at Canton, and in other parts of the Chinese dominions. Before the arrival of Gama, as already observed, all the traffic of the east, from the Ethiopian side of Africa to China, was in the hands of Arabian Mahommedans, who, without incorporating with the Pagan natives, had their colonies established in every country commodious for commerce. These the Portuguese called Moors; and at present the Mahommedans of India are called the Moors of Hindostan by the latest of our English writers. The intelligence which these Moors gave to one another, relative to the actions of Gama; the general terrour with which they beheld the appearance of Europeans, whose rivalship they dreaded as the destruction of their power; the various frauds and arts they employed to prevent the return of one man of Gama's fleet to Europe; and their threat to withdraw from the dominions of the zamorim; are all according to the truth of history. The speeches of the zamorim and of Gama, which follow, are also founded in truth. They are only poetical paraphrases of the speeches ascribed by Osorius to the Indian sovereign and the Portuguese admiral. Where the subject was so happily adapted to the epic Muse, to neglect it would have been reprehensible: and Camoëns, not unjustly, thought, that the reality of his hero's adventures gave a dignity to his poem. When Gama, in his discourse with the king of Melinda, finishes the description

While thus the priest detain'd the monarch's ear,
His cheeks confess'd the quivering pulse of fear.
Unconscious of the worth that fires the brave,
In state a monarch, but in heart a slave,
He view'd brave Vasco and his generous train,
As his own passions stamp'd the conscious stain:
Nor less his rage the fraudful regent fired;
And valiant Gama's fate was now conspired.
Ambassadors from lofty Gama sought,
And oaths of peace for oaths of friendship brought;
The glorious tale, 'twas all he would'd to tell;
So Ilion's fate was seal'd when Hector fell.
Again convoked before the Indian throne,
The monarch meets him with a rageful frown;
And "Own," he cries, "the naked truth reveal,
Then shall my bounteous grace thy pardon seal.
Feign'd is the treaty thou pretend'st to bring,
No country owns thee, and thou own'st no king.
Thy life, long roving o'er the deep, I know,
A lawless robber, every man thy foe.
And think'st thou credit to thy tale to gain?
Mad were the sovereign, and the hope were vain,
Through ways unknown, from utmost western shore,
To bid his fleets the utmost east explore.
Great is thy monarch, so thy words declare;
But sumptuous gifts the proof of greatness bear:
Kings thus to kings their empire's grandeur show;
Thus prove thy truth, thus we thy truth allow.
If not, what credence will the wise afford?
What monarch trust the wandering seaman's word?
No sumptuous gift thou bring'st [42]—Yet, though some crime
Has thrown thee banish'd from thy native clime,
(Such oft of old the hero's fate has been)
Here end thy toils, nor tempt new fates unseen;
Each land the brave man nobly calls his home:
Or if, bold pirates, o'er the deep you roam,
Skill'd the dread storm to brave, O welcome here!
Fearless of death or shame confess sincere:
My name shall then thy dread protection be,
My captain thou, unrivall'd on the sea."
Oh now, ye Muses, sing what goddess fired
Gama's proud bosom, and his lips inspired.
Fair Acidalia, love's celestial queen [43],
The graceful goddess of the fearless mien,
Her graceful freedom on his look bestow'd,
And all collected in his bosom glow'd.
"Sovereign," he cries, "oft witness'd, well I know
The rageful falsehood of the Moorish foe;
Their fraudful tales, from hatred bred, believed,
Thine ear is poison'd, and thine eye deceived.
What light, what shade the courtier's mirrour gives,
That light, that shade, the guarded king receives.
Me hast thou view'd in colours not mine own,
Yet bold I promise shall my truth be known.
If o'er the seas a lawless pest I roam,
A blood-stain'd exile from my native home,
How many a fertile shore and beauteous isle,
Where Nature's gifts unclaim'd, unbounded smile,
Mad have I left, to dare the burning zone,
And all the horrours of the gulfs unknown
That roar beneath the axle of the world,
Where ne'er before was daring sail unfurl'd?
And have I left these beauteous shores behind,
And have I dared the rage of every wind,
That now breathed fire, and now came wing'd with frost,
Lured by the plunder of an unknown coast?
Not thus the robber leaves his certain prey
For the gay promise of a nameless day.
Dread and stupendous, more than death-doom'd man
Might hope to compass, more than wisdom plan,
To thee my toils, to thee my dangers rise:
Ah! Lisboa's kings behold with other eyes.
Where virtue calls, where glory leads the way,
No dangers move them, and no toils dismay.
Long have the kings of Lusus' daring race
Resolved the limits of the deep to trace,
Beneath the morn to ride the furthest waves,
And pierce the furthest shore old ocean laves.
Spring from the prince [44], before whose matchless
The strength of Afric wither'd as a flower
Never to bloom again, great Henry shone,
Each gift of nature and of art his own;
Bold as his sire, by toils on toils untired,
To find the Indian shore his pride aspired.
Beneath the stars that round the Hydra shine,
And where fam'd Argo hangs the heavenly sign,
Where thirst and fever burn on every gale,
The dauntless Henry rear'd the Lusian sail.
Emboldened'd by the meed that crown'd his toils,
Beyond the wide-spread shores and numerous isles,
Where both the tropics pour the burning day,
Succeeding heroes forced th' exploring way:
That race which never view'd the Pleiads' car,
That barbarous race beneath the southern star,
Their eyes beheld—Dread roar'd the blast—the wave
Boils to the sky, the meeting whirlwinds rave
O'er the torn heavens; loud on their awe-struck ear
Great Nature seem'd to call, 'Approach not here'—
At Lisboa's court they told their dread escape,
And from her raging tempests named the Cape [45].
'Thou southmost point,' the joyful king exclaim'd,
'Cape of Good Hope be thou for ever named!
Onward my fleets shall dare the dreadful way,
And find the regions of the infant day.'
In vain the dark and ever-howling blast
Proclaimed, 'This ocean never shall be past——'
Though that dread ocean, and the tempests' roar,
My king commanded, and my course I bore.

of his voyage, he makes a spirited apostrophe to Homer and Virgil; and asserts, that the adventures which he had actually experienced, greatly exceeded all the wonders of their fables. Camoëns also, in other parts of the poem, avails himself of the same assertion.

[42] "As the Portuguese did not expect to find any people but savages beyond the Cape of Good Hope, they only brought with them some preserves and confections, with trinkets of coral, of glass, and other trifles. This opinion however deceived them. In Melinda and in Calicut they found civilised nations, where the arts flourished; who wanted nothing, who were possessed of all the refinements and delicacies on which we value ourselves. The king of Melinda had the generosity to be contented with the present which Gama made: but the zamorim, with a disdainful eye beheld the gifts which were offered to him. The present was thus: four mantles of scarlet, six hats adorned with feathers, four chaplets of coral beads, twelve Turkey carpets, seven drinking-cups of brass, a chest of sugar, two barrels of oil, and two of honey."—Castera.

[43] Castera derives Acidalia from ἀσκέω, which, he says, implies to act without fear or restraint. Acidalia is one of the names of Venus, in Virgil; derived from Acidalus, a fountain sacred to her in Boeotia.

[44] John I.

[45] See the Preface.

The pillar thus of deathless fame *, begun
By other chiefs, beneath the rising Sun
To the great realm now to the skies I raise,
The deathless pillar of my nation's praise.
Through these wild seas no costly gift I brought;
Thy shore alone and friendly peace I sought.
And yet to thee the noblest gift I bring
The world can boast—the friendship of my king.
And mark the word, his greatness shall appear
When next my course to India's strand I steer,
Such proofs I'll bring as never man before
In deeds of strife or peaceful friendship bore.
Weigh now my words, my truth demands the light,
For truth shall ever boast, at last, resistless might."
Boldly the hero spake with brow severe,
Of fraud alike unconscious as of fear:
His noble confidence with truth imprest
Sunk deep, unwelcome, in the monarch's breast;
Nor wanting charms his avarice to gain
Appear'd the commerce of illustrious Spain.
Yet as the sick man loathes the bitter draught,
Though rich with health he knows the cup comes fraught;
His health without it, self-deceiv'd, he weighs,
Now hastes to quaff the drug, and now delays:
Reluctant thus as wavering passion veer'd,
The Indian lord the dauntless Gama heard;
The Moorish threats yet sounding in his ear,
He acts with caution, and is led by fear.
With solemn pomp he bids his lords prepare
The friendly banquet, to the regent's care
Commends brave Gama, and with pomp retires:
The regent's hearths awake the social fires;
Wide o'er the board the royal feast is spread,
And fair embroidered shines De Gama's bed.
The regent's palace high o'erlook'd the bay
Where Gama's black-ribb'd fleet at anchor lay.
Ah, why the voice of ire and bitter woe
O'er Tago's banks, ye Nymphs of Tagus, show;
The flowery garlands from your ringlets torn,
Why wandering wild with trembling steps forlorn!
The demon's rage you saw, and mark'd his flight
To the dark mansions of eternal night:
You saw how howling through the shades beneath
He waked new horrours in the realms of death.
What trembling tempests shook the thrones of Hell,
And groan'd along her caves, ye Muses, tell.
The rage of baffled fraud, and all the fire
Of powerless hate, with tenfold flames conspire;
From every eye the tawny lightnings glare,
And Hell, illumined by the ghastly flare,
(A drear blue gloom) in tenfold horrour shows
Her darkling caverns; from his dungeon rose
Hagar's stern son, pale was his earthy hue,
And from his eye-balls flash'd the lightnings blue;
Convulsed with rage the dreadful shade demands
The last assistance of th' infernal bands.
As when the whirlwinds, sudden bursting, bear
Th' autumnal leaves high-floating through the air;
So rose the legions of th' infernal state,
Dark fraud, base art, fierce rage, and burning hate:
Wing'd by the furies, to the Indian strand
They bend; the demon leads the dreadful band,
And in the bosoms of the raging Moors
All their collected living strength he pours.
One breast alone against his gaze was steel'd,
Secure in spotless truth's celestial shield.
One evening past, another evening closed,
The regent still brave Gama's suit opposed;
The Lusian chief his guarded guest detain'd,
With arts on arts, and vows of friendship feign'd.
His fraudful art, though veil'd in deep disguise,
Shone bright to Gama's mischief-piercing eyes.
As in the Sun's bright beam the gamesome boy †
Plays with the shining steel or crystal toy,

* Till I now ending what those did begin,
The furthest pillar in thy realm advance,
Breaking the element of molten tin,
Through horrid storms I lead to thee the dance.
Fanshaw.

† Imitated from Virgil, who, by the same simile, describes the fluctuation of the thoughts of Æneas, on the eve of the Latian war:

——Laomedontius heros
Cunctа videns, magno curarum fluctuat æstu,
Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat,
Sicut aquæ tremulum labris ubi lumen ahenis
Sole repercussum, aut radiantis imagine Lunæ,
Omnia pervolitat latè loca: jamque sub auras
Erigitur, summique ferit laquearia tecti.

This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart:
So when the Sun by day or Moon by night
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

Ariosto has also adopted this simile in the eighth book of his Orlando Furioso:

Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percossa, o da' notturni rai,
Per gli ampli tetti và con lungo salto
A destra, ed a sinistra, e basso, ed alto.

So from a water clear, the trembling light
Of Phœbus, or the silver ray of night,
Along the spacious rooms with splendour plays,
Now high, now low, and shifts a thousand ways.
Hoole.

But the happiest circumstance belongs to Camoëns. The velocity and various shiftings of the sun-beam, reflected from a piece of crystal or polished steel in the hand of a boy, give a much stronger idea of the violent agitation and sudden shiftings of thought, than the image of the trembling light of the Sun or Moon reflected from a vessel of water. The brazen vessel however, and not the water, is only mentioned by Dryden. Nor must another inaccuracy pass unobserved: that the reflection of the Moon "flashed the glaring day" is not countenanced by the original. The critic however, who, from the mention of these, will infer any disrespect to the name of Dryden, is, as critics often are, ignorant of the writer's meaning. A very different inference is intended: if so great a master as Dryden has erred, let the reader remember, that other translators are liable to fail, and that a few inaccuracies ought by no means to be produced as the specimens of any composition.

Swift and irregular, by sudden starts,
The living ray with tireless motion darts,
Swift o'er the wall, the floor, the roof, by turns
The sun-beam dances, and the radiance burns:
In quick succession thus a thousand views
The sagacious Lusian's lively thought pursues;
Quick as the lightning every view revolves,
And, weighing all, fix'd are his dread resolves.
O'er India's shore the sable night descends,
And Gama, now, secluded from his friends,
Detain'd a captive in the room of state,
Anticipates in thought to morrow's fate;
For just Mozaide so generous care delays,
And Vasco's trust with friendly toils repays.

LUSIAD IX.

Red rose the dawn; roll'd o'er the low'ring sky,
The scattering clouds of tawny purple fly.
While yet the day-spring struggled with the gloom,
The Indian monarch sought the regent's dome.
In all the luxury of Asian state
High on a gem-starr'd couch the monarch sate;
There on th' illustrious captive bending down
His eyes, stern darken'd with a threatening frown,
"Thy truthless tale," he cries, "thy art appears,
Confest inglorious by thy cautious fears.
Yet still if friendship, bow'd, thou implore,
Yet now command thy vessels to the shore:
Generous as to thy friends thy sails resign,
My will commands it, and the power is mine:
In vain thy art, in vain thy might withstands,
Thy sails, and rudders too, my will demands[1]:
Such be the test, thy boasted truth to try,
Each other test despised, I fix it deny.
And has my regent sued two days in vain!
In vain my mandate, and the captive chain!
Yet not in vain, proud chief, ourself shall sue
From thee the honour to my friendship due:
Ere force compel thee, let the grace be thine,
Our grace permits it, freely to resign,
Freely to trust our friendship, ere too late
Our injured honour fix thy dreadful fate."
While thus he spake his changeful look declared,
In his proud breast what starting passions warr'd,
No feature moved on Gama's face was seen,
Stern he replies, with bold yet anxious mien,
"In me my sovereign represented see,
His state is wounded, and he speaks in me:
Unawed by threats, by dangers uncontrol'd,
The laws of nations bid my tongue be bold.
No more thy justice holds the righteous scale,
The arts of falsehood and the Moors prevail;
I see the doom my favour'd foes decree,
Yet, though in chains I stand, my fleet is free.
The bitter taunts of scorn the brave disdain;
Few be my words, your arts, your threats are vain:
My sovereign's fleet I yield not to your sway[2];
Safe shall my fleet to Lisbon's strand convey
The glorious tale of all the toils I bore,
Afric surrounded, and the Indian shore
Discovered—These I pledged my life to gain;
These to my country shall my life maintain.
One wish alone my earnest heart desires,
The sole ingrossing hope my breast respires;
My finish'd labours may my sovereign hear!
Besides that wish, nor hope I know, nor fear.
And lo, the victim of your rage I stand,
And bare my bosom to the murderer's hand."
With lofty mien he spake. In stern disdain,
"My threats," the monarch cries, "were never vain:
Swift give the sign"—Swift as he spake, appear'd
The dancing streamer o'er the palace rear'd;
Instant another ensign distant rose, [throws
Where, jutting through the flood, the mountain
A ridge enormous, and on either side
Defends the harbours from the furious tide.
Proud on his couch th' indignant monarch sate,
And awful silence fill'd the room of state.
With secret joy the Moors, exulting, glow'd,
And bent their eyes where Gama's navy rode;
Then, proudly heaved with panting hope, explore
The wood-crown'd upland of the bending shore.
Soon o'er the palms a mast's tall pendant flows,
Bright to the Sun the purple radiance glows;
In martial pomp, far streaming to the skies,
Vanes after vanes in swift succession rise,
And through the opening forest-boughs of green
The sails' white lustre moving on is seen;
When sudden rushing by the point of land
The bowsprits nod, and wide the sails expand;
Full pouring on the sight, in warlike pride,
Extending still the rising squadrons ride:
O'er every deck, beneath the morning rays,
Like melted gold the brazen spear-points blaze;
Each prore surrounded with a hundred oars,
Old ocean boils around the crowded prores:
And five times now in number Gama's might,
Proudly their boastful shouts provoke the fight;
Far round the shore the echoing peal rebounds,
Behind the hill an answering shout resounds:
Still by the point new-spreading sails appear,
Till seven times Gama's fleet concludes the rear.
Again the shout triumphant shakes the bay;
Form'd as a crescent, wedg'd in firm array,
Their fleet's wide horns the Lusian ships enclasp,
Prepared to crush them in their iron grasp.
Shouts echo shouts——with stern disdainful eyes
The Indian king to manly Gama cries,
"Not one of thine on Lisbon's shore shall tell
The glorious tale, how bold thy heroes fell."
With alter'd visage, for his eyes flash'd fire,
"God sent me here, and God's revengeful ire
Shall blast thy perfidy," great Vasco cried,
"And humble in the dust thy wither'd pride."
A prophet's glow inspired his panting breast;
Indignant smiles the monarch's scorn confest.
Again deep silence fills the room of state,
And the proud Moors, secure, exulting wait:
And now enclasping Gama's in a ring,
Their fleet sweeps on——keel whizzing from the string
The black-wing'd arrows flout along the sky,
And rising clouds the falling clouds supply.
The lofty crowding spears, that bristling stood
Wide o'er the galleys as an upright wood,
Bend sudden, level'd for the closing fight;
The points wide-waving shed a gleamy light.

[1] According to history. See the Preface.

[2] The circumstance of Gama's refusing to put his fleet into the power of the zamorim, is thus rendered by Faria:

The Malabar protests that he shall rot
In prison, if he send not for the ships.
Be constant, (and with noble anger hot)
His naughty menace weighs not at two chips.

Elate with joy, the king his aspect rears,
And valiant Gama, thrill'd with transport, hears
His drums' bold rattling rai-e the battle sound;
Echo deep-toned hoarse vibrates far around;
The shivering trumpets tear the shrill-voiced air,
Quivering the gale, the flashing lightnings flare,
The smoke rolls wide, and sudden bursts the roar,
The lifted waves fall trembling, deep the shore
Groans; quick and quicker blaze embraces blaze
In flashing arms; louder the thunders raise
Their roaring, rolling o'er the bended skies
The burst incessant; awe-struck echo dies
Faltering and deafen'd; from the brazen throats,
Cloud after cloud, inroll'd in darkness, floats,
Curling their sulph'rous folds of fiery blue,
Till their huge volumes take the fleecy hue,
And roll wide o'er the sky; wide as the sight
Can measure Heaven, slow rolls the cloudy white:
Beneath, the smoky blackness spreads afar
Its hovering wings, and veils the dreadful war
Deep in its horrid breast; the fierce red glare,
Chequering the rifted darkness, fires the air,
Each moment lost and kindled, while around
The mingling thunders swell the lengthen'd sound.
When piercing sudden through the dreadful roar
The yelling shrieks of thousands strike the shore:
Pronging horrour through the monarch's breast
Creep cold; and gloomy o'er the distant east
Through Gata's hills[3] the whirling tempest sigh'd,
And westward sweeping to the blacken'd tide,
Howl'd o'er the trembling palace as it past,
And o'er the gilded walls a gloomy twilight cast;
Then, furious rushing to the darken'd bay[4],
Resistless swept the black-wing'd night away,
With all the clouds that hover'd o'er the fight,
And o'er the weary combat pour'd the light.

As by an Alpine mountain's pathless side
Some traveller strays, unfriended of a guide;
If o'er the hills the sable night descend,
And gathering tempests with the darkness blend,
Deep from the cavern'd rocks beneath aghast
He hears the howling of the whirlwind's blast;
Above resounds the crash, and down the steep
Some rolling weight groans on with foundering sweep;
Aghast he stands amid the shades of night,
And all his soul implores the friendly light:
It comes; the dreary lightnings quivering blaze,
The yawning depth beneath his lifted step betrays;
Instant unmann'd, aghast in horrid pain,
His knees no more their sickly weight sustain;
Powerless he sinks, no more his heart-blood flows:
So sunk the monarch, and his heart-blood froze;
So sunk he down, when o'er the clouded bay
The rushing whirlwind pour'd the sudden day:
Disaster's giant arm in one wide sweep
Appear'd, and ruin blacken'd o'er the deep;
The sheeted masts drove floating o'er the tide,
And the torn hulks roll'd tumbling on the side;
Some shatter'd plank each heaving billow tost,
And by the hand of Heaven dash'd on the coast

Groan'd prores ingulf'd, the lashing surges rave
O'er the black keel: upturn'd, the swelling wave
Kisses the lofty mast's reclining head;
And far at sea some few torn galleys fled.
Amid the dreadful scene triumphant rode
The Lusian war-ships, and their aid bestow'd:
Their speedy boats far round assisting ply'd,
Where plunging, struggling, in the rolling tide,
Grasping the shatter'd wrecks, the vanquish'd foes
Rear'd o'er the dashing waves their haggard brows.
No word of scorn the lofty Gama spoke,
Nor India's king the dreadful silence broke.
Slow pass'd the hour, when to the trembling shore
In awful pomp the victor-navy bore:
Terrific, nodding on, the bowsprits bend,
And the red streamers other war portend:
Soon bursts the roar; the bombs tremendous rise,
And trail their blackening rainbows o'er the skies;
O'er Calicut's proud domes their rage they pour,
And wrap her temples in a sulph'rous shower.
'T is o'er——In threatening silence rides the fleet:
Wild rage and horrour yell in every street;
Ten thousands, pouring round the palace gate[5],
In clamorous uproar wail their wretched fate:
While round the dome with lifted hands they kneel'd,
"Give justice, justice to the strangers yield——
Our friends, our husbands, sons, and fathers slain!
Happier, alas, than these that yet remain——
Curst be the councils, and the art unjust——
Our friends in chains——our city in the dust——
Yet, yet prevent——"
——The silent Vasco saw
The weight of horrour and o'erpowering awe
That shook the Moors, that shook the regent's knees,
And sunk the monarch down—by swift degrees
The popular clamour rises. Lost, unmann'd,
Around the king the trembling council stand;]
While, wildly glaring on each other's eyes,
Each lip in vain the trembling accent tries;
With anguish sicken'd, and of strength bereft,
Earnest each look inquires, "What hope is left!"
In all the rage of shame and grief aghast,
The monarch, faltering, takes the word at last:
"By whom, great chief, are these proud war-ships sway'd,
Are there thy mandates honour'd and obey'd?
Forgive, great chief, let gifts of price restrain
Thy just revenge—Shall India's gifts be vain!——
Oh spare my people and their doom'd abodes——
Prayers, vows, and gifts appease the injured gods:
Shall man deny?——Swift are the brave to spare:
The weak, the innocent confess their care——
Helpless as innocent of guile to thee,
Behold these thousands bend the suppliant knee——
Thy navy's thundering sides black to the land
Display their terrours—yet mayst thou command."
O'erpower'd he paused. Majestic and serene
Great Vasco rose: then pointing to the scene
Where bled the war, "Thy fleet, proud king, behold
O'er ocean and the strand in carnage roll'd!
So shall this palace smoking in the dust,
And you proud city weep thy arts unjust[6].

[3] The hills of Gata or Gate, mountains which form a natural barrier on the eastern side of the kingdom of Malabar.

Nature's rude wall, against the fierce Canar
They guard the fertile lawns of Malabar.
Lusiad vii.

[4] For the circumstances of the battle, and the tempest which then happened, see the Preface.

[5] See the history in the Preface.

[6] This most magnanimous resolution, to sacrifice his own safety or his life for the safe return of the fleet, is strictly true. See the Preface.

The Moors I knew, and, for their fraud prepared,
I left my fist command my navy's guard:
Whate'er from shore my name or seal convey'd
Of other weight, that fist command forbade;
Thus, ere its birth destroy'd, prevented fell
What fraud might dictate, or what force compel.
This morn the sacrifice of fraud I stood,—
But hark, there lives the brother of my blood,
And lives the friend, whose cares conjoin'd control
These floating towers, both brothers of my soul.
'If thrice,' I said, 'arise the golden morn,
Ere to my fleet you mark my glad return,
Dark fraud with all her Moorish arts withstands,
And force or death withholds me from my bands:
Thus judge, and swift unfurl the homeward sail,
Catch the first breathing of the eastern gale,
Unmindful of my fate on India's shore:
Let but my monarch know, I wish no more——'
Each, panting while I spoke, impatient cries,
The tear-drop bursting in their manly eyes,
'In all but one thy mandates we obey,
In one we yield not to thy generous sway:
Without thee never shall our sails return;
India shall bleed, and Calicut shall burn——
Thrice shall the morn arise; a flight of bombs
Shall then speak vengeance to their guilty domes:
Till noon we pause; then shall our thunders roar,
And desolation sweep the treacherous shore——'
Behold, proud king, their signal in the sky,
Near his meridian tower the Sun rides high.
O'er Calicut no more the evening shade
Shall spread her peaceful wings, my wrath unstaid;
Dire through the night her smoking dust shall gleam,
Dire through the night shall shriek the female scream."
"Thy worth, great chief," the pale-lipt regent cries,
"Thy worth we own: Oh, may these woes suffice!
To thee each proof of India's wealth we send;
Ambassadors, of noblest race, attend——"
Slow as he falter'd, Gama catch'd the word,
"On terms I talk not, and no truce afford:
Captives enough shall reach the Lusian shore:
Once you deceived me, and I treat no more.
Even now my faithful sailors, rude with rage,
Gnaw their blue lips, impatient to engage;
Ranged by their brazen tubes, the thundering band
Watch the first movement of my brother's hand;
E'en now, impatient, o'er the dreadful tire
They wave their eager canes betipt with fire;
Methinks my brother's anguish'd look I see,
The panting nostril and the trembling knee,
While keen he eyes the Sun: On hasty strides,
Hurried along the deck, Coello chides
His cold slow lingering, and impatient cries,
'Oh, give the sign, illume the sacrifice,
A brother's vengeance for a brother's blood—'"
He spake; and stern the dreadful warrior stood;
So seem'd the terrours of his awful nod,
The monarch trembled as before a god;
The treacherous Moors sunk down in faint dismay,
And speechless at his feet the council lay:
Abrupt, with out-stretch'd arms, the monarch cries[7],
"What yet—" but dared not meet the hero's eyes,
"What yet may save?"—Great Vasco stern rejoins,
"Swift, undisputing, give th' appointed signs:
High o'er thy loftiest tower my flag display,
Me and my train swift to my fleet convey:
Instant command—behold the Sun rides high—"
He spake, and rapture glow'd in every eye;
The Lusian standard o'er the palace flow'd;
Swift o'er the bay the royal barges row'd.
A dreary gloom a sudden whirlwind threw,
Amid the howling blast, enraged, withdrew
The vanquish'd demon—Soon in lustre mild,
As April smiles, the Sun auspicious smiled:
Elate with joy the shouting thousands trod,
And Gama to his fleet triumphant rode.
Soft came the eastern gale on balmy wings:
Each joyful sailor to his labour springs;
Some o'er the bars their breasts robust recline,
And with firm tugs the rollers[8] from the brine,
Reluctant dragg'd, the slime-brown'd anchors raise;
Each gliding rope some nimble hand obeys;
Some bending o'er the yard-arm's length on high,
With nimble hands the canvass wings untie,
The flapping sails their widening folds distend,
And measured echoing shouts their sweaty toils attend.
Nor had the captives lost the leader's care,
Some to the shore the Indian barges bear;
The noblest few the chief detains to own
His glorious deeds before the Lusian throne,
To own the conquest of the Indian shore;
Nor wanted every proof of India's store:
What fruits in Ceylon's fragrant woods abound,
With woods of cinnamon her hills are crown'd:
Dry'd in its flower the nut of Banda's grove,
The burning pepper and the sable clove;
The clove, whose odour on the breathing gale
Far to the sea Moluccо's plains exhale:
All these provided by the faithful Moor,
All these, and India's gems, the navy bore.
The Moor attends, Mozaide, whose zealous care
To Gama's eyes unveil'd each treach'rous snare[9];
So burn'd his breast with Heaven-illumined flame,
And holy reverence of Messiah's name.

[7] Gama's declaration, that no message from him to the fleet could alter the orders he had already left, and his rejection of any further treaty, have a necessary effect in the conduct of the poem. They hasten the catastrophe, and give a verisimilitude to the abrupt and full submission of the zamorim.

[8] The capstones.—The capstone is a cylindrical windlass, worked with bars, which are moved from hole to hole as it turns round. It is used to weigh the anchors, raise masts, &c. The name roller describes both the machine and its use, and, it may be presumed, is a more poetical word than capstone. The versification of this passage in the original affords a most noble example of imitative harmony:

Mas ja nas naos os bons trabalhadores
Volvem o cabrestante, et repartidos
Pello trabalho, huns puxao pella amarra,
Outros quebrão ao peito duro a barra.

[9] Had this been mentioned sooner, the interest of the catastrophe of the poem must have languished. Though he is not a warrior, the unexpected friend of Gama bears a much more considerable part in the action of the Lusiad, than the faithful Achates, the friend of the hero, bears in the business of the Æneid.

Oh, favour'd African, by Heaven's own light
Call'd from the dreary shades of errour's night;
What man may dare his seeming ills arraign,
Or what the grace of Heaven's designs explain?
Far didst thou from thy friends a stranger roam,
There wast thou call'd to thy celestial home [10].
With rustling sound now swell'd the steady sail;
The lofty masts reclining to the gale
On full-spread wings the navy springs away,
And far behind them foams the ocean gray:
Afar the lessening hills of Gata fly,
And mix their dim blue summits with the sky:
Beneath the wave low sinks the spicy shore,
And roaring through the tide each nodding prore
Points to the Cape, great Nature's southmost bound,
The Cape of Tempests, now of Hope renown'd.
Their glorious tale on Lisboa's shore to tell
Inspires each bosom with a rapt'rous swell;
Now through their breasts the chilly tremours glide,
To dare once more the dangers dearly tried——
Soon to the winds are these cold fears resign'd,
And all their country rushes on the mind;
How sweet to view their native land, how sweet
The father, brother, and the bride to greet!
While listening round the hoary parent's board
The wondering kindred glow at every word;
How sweet to tell what woes, what toils they bore,
The tribes and wonders of each various shore!
These thoughts, the traveller's loved reward, employ,
And swell each bosom with unutter'd joy [11].

The queen of love, by Heaven's eternal grace,
The guardian goddess of the Lusian race;
The queen of love, elate with joy, surveys
Her heroes, happy, plough the watery maze:
Their dreary toils revolving in her thought,
And all the woes by vengeful Bacchus wrought;
These toils, these woes her yearning cares employ,
To bathe and balsam in the streams of joy.
Amid the bosom of the watery waste,
Near where the bowers of Paradise were placed [12],
An isle, array'd in all the pride of flowers,
Of fruits, of fountains, and of fragant bowers,
She means to offer to their homeward prows,
The place of glad repast and sweet repose;
And there before their raptured view to raise
The heaven-tapt column of their deathless praise.
The goddess now ascends her silver car,
Bright was its hue as love's translucent star;
Beneath the reins the stately birds, that sing
Their sweet-toned death-song, spread the snowy wing;
The gentle winds beneath her chariot sigh,
And virgin blushes purple o'er the sky:
On milk-white pinions borne, her cooing doves
Form playful circles round her as she moves;
And now their beaks in fondling kisses join,
In amorous nods their fondling necks entwine.
O'er fair Idalia's bowers the goddess rode,
And by her altars sought Idalia's god:
The youthful lawyer of the heart was there;
His falling kingdom claim'd his earnest care [13].

[10] This exclamatory address to the Moor Monzaida, however it may appear digressive, has a double propriety. The conversion of the eastern world is the great purpose of the expedition of Gama, and Monzaida is the first fruits of that conversion. The good characters of the victorious heroes, however neglected by the great genius of Homer, have a fine effect in making an epic poem interest us and please. It might have been said, that Monzaida was a traitor to his friends, and who crowned his villany with apostasy. Camoëns has therefore wisely drawn him with other features, worthy of the friendship of Gama. Had this been neglected, the hero of the Lusiad might have shared the fate of the wise Ulysses of the Iliad, against whom, as Voltaire justly observes, every reader bears a secret ill-will. Nor is the poetical character of Monzaida unsupported by history. He was not an Arab Moor, so he did not desert his countrymen. By force these Moors had determined on the destruction of Gama: Monzaida admired and esteemed him, and therefore generously revealed to him his danger. By his attachment to Gama he lost all his effects in India, a circumstance which his prudence and knowledge of affairs must have certainly foreseen. By the known dangers he encountered, by the loss he thus voluntarily sustained, and by his after constancy, his sincerity is undoubtedly proved.

[11] We are now come to that part of the Lusiad, which, in the conduct of the poem, is parallel to the great catastrophe of the Iliad, when, on the death of Hector, Achilles thus addresses the Grecian army:

—Ye sons of Greece, in triumph bring
The corse of Hector, and your Pæans sing:
Be this the song, slow moving tow'rd the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

Our Portuguese poet, who in his machinery and many other instances has followed the manner of Virgil, now forsakes him. In a very bold and masterly spirit he now models his poem by the steps of Homer. What of the Lusiad yet remains, in poetical conduct, though not in an imitation of circumstances, exactly resembles the latter part of the Iliad. The games at the funeral of Patroclus, and the redemption of the body of Hector, are the completion of the rage of Achilles. In the same manner, the reward of the heroes, and the consequences of their expedition, complete the unity of the Lusiad. I cannot say it appears that Milton ever read our poet; (though Fanshaw's translation was published in his time;) yet no instance can be given of a more striking resemblance of plan and conduct, than may be produced in two principal parts of the poem of Camoëns, and of the Paradise Lost. Of this however hereafter in its proper place.

[12] According to the opinion of those who place the garden of Eden near the mountains of Imaus, from whence the Ganges and Indus derive their source.

[13] This fiction, in poetical conduct, bears a striking resemblance to the digressive histories, with which Homer enriches and adorns his poems, particularly to the beautiful description of the feast of the gods with the blameless Ethiopians. It also contains a masterly commentary on the machinery of the Lusiad. The divine Love conducts Gama to India. The same divine Love is represented as preparing to reform the corrupted world, when its attention is particularly called to bestow a foretaste of immortality on the heroes of the expedition which discovered the eastern world. Nor do the wild fantastic Loves, mentioned in this little episode, afford any objection against this explana-

His hands he mantles through the myrtle groves
On broom wings he trains the little Loves,
Against the world, rebellious and astray,
He means to lead them, and resume his sway:
For base-born passions, at his shrine 'twas told,
Each nobler transport of the breast controll'd. 400
A young Actæon, scornful of his love [14],
Morn after morn pursues the foamy boar,
In desert wilds devoted to the chase:
Each dear enchantment of the female face
Spurn'd and neglected: Him enraged he sees,
And sweet, and dread his punishment decrees.
Before his ravish'd sight, in sweet surprise,
Naked in all her charms shall Dian rise; [burn [15],
With love's fierce flames his frozen heart shall
Coldly his suit, the nymph, unmoved, shall spurn.

tion, an explanation which is expressly given in the episode itself. These wild fantastic amours signify, in the allegory, the wild sects of different enthusiasts, which spring up under the wings of the best and most rational institutions; and which, however contrary to each other, all agree in deriving their authority from the same source.

[13] The French translator has the following characteristical note: "This passage is an eternal monument of the freedoms taken by Camoëns, and at the same time a proof of the impudence of poets; an authentic proof of that prejudice which sometimes blinds them, notwithstanding all the light of their genius. The modern Actæon, of whom he speaks, was king Sebastian. He loved the chase; but that pleasure, which is one of the most innocent and one of the most noble we can possibly taste, did not at all interrupt his attention to the affairs of state, and did not render him savage, as our author pretends. On this point the historians are rather to be believed. And what would the lot of princes be, were they allowed no relaxation from their toils, while they allow that privilege to their people? Subjects as we are, let us venerate the amusements of our sovereigns; let us believe that the august cares for our good, which employ them, follow them often even to the very bosom of their pleasures."

Many are the strokes in the Lusiad which must endear the character of Camoëns to every reader of sensibility. The noble freedom and manly indignation with which he mentions the foible of his prince, and the flatterers of his court, would do honour to the greatest names of Greece or Rome. While the shadow of freedom remained in Portugal, the greatest men of that nation, in the days of Lusian heroism, thought and conducted themselves in the spirit of Camoëns. A noble anecdote of this brave spirit offers itself. Alonzo IV. surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidents and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forests of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the brisk impetuosity of a young sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, in fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Courts and camps," said he, "were allotted for kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business. But when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase, exploits which are only intelligible to grooms and falconers. If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not——" The king, starting with rage, interrupted him. "If not, What——" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm tone, "they will look for another and a better king." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hasted out of the room. In a little while however he returned, calm and reconciled. "I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say. He who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the sportsman, but with Alonzo the King of Portugal." His majesty was as good as his promise, and became, as a warrior and politician, one of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

[14] "It is said, that upon the faith of a portrait, don Sebastian fell in love with Margaret of France, daughter of Henry II. and demanded her in marriage, but was refused. The Spaniards treated him no less unfavourably, for they also rejected his proposals for one of the daughters of Philip II. Our author considers these refusals as the punishment of don Sebastian's excessive attachment to the chase; but this is only a consequence of the prejudice with which he viewed the amusements of his sovereign. The truth is, these princesses were refused for political reasons, and not with any regard to the manner in which he filled up his moments of leisure."

Thus Castera, who, with the same spirit of sagacity, starts and answers the following objections: "But here is a difficulty: Camoëns wrote during the life of don Sebastian, but the circumstance he relates (the return of Gama) happened several years before, under the reign of Emmanuel. How therefore could he say that Cupid then saw don Sebastian at the chase, when that prince was not then born? The answer is easy: Cupid, in the allegory of this work, represents the love of God, the Holy Spirit, who is God himself. Now the Divinity admits of no distinction of time; one glance of his eye beholds the past, the present, and the future; every thing is present before him."

The defence of the fiction of Actæon is not more absurd than useless. The free and bold spirit of poetry, and in particular the nature of allegory, defend it. The poet might easily have said, that Cupid foresaw; but had he said so his satire had been much less genteel. As the sentiments of Castera on the passage are extremely characteristical of the French ideas, another note from him will perhaps be agreeable. "Several Portuguese writers have remarked," says he, "that the wish,

Of those loved dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah! may he never fall the hapless prey!

Of these lorred dogs that now his passions sway,
Ah, may he never fall the hapless prey!
Enraged he sees a venal herd, the shame
Of human race, assume the titled name [16];
And each, for some base interest of his own,
With flattery's manna'd lips assail the throne.
He sees the men, whom holiest sanctions bind
To poverty, and love of humankind;
While soft as drop the dews of balmy May,
Their words preach virtue and her charms display,
He sees their eyes with lust of gold on fire,
And every wish to lordly state aspire;
He sees them trim the lamp at night's mid hour,
To plan new laws to arm the regal power;
Sleepless at night's mid hour to raise the laws,
The sacred bulwarks of the people's cause,
Fram'd ere the blood of hard-earn'd victory
On their brave fathers' helm-hackt swords was dry.
Nor these alone, each rank, debased and rude,
Mean objects, worthless of their love, pursued:
Their passions thus rebellious to his lore,
The god decrees to punish and restore.

had in it an air of prophecy; and Fate, in effect, seemed careful to accomplish it, in making the presaged woes to fall upon don Sebastian. If he did not fall a prey to his pack of hounds, we may however say that he was devoured by his favourites, who misled his youth and his great soul. But at any rate our poet has carried his similitude too far. It was certainly injurious to don Sebastian, who nevertheless had the bounty not only not to punish this audacity, but to reward the just eulogies which the author had bestowed on him in other places. As much as the indiscretion of Camoëns ought to surprise us, as much ought we to admire the generosity of his master."

This foppery, this slavery in thinking, cannot fail to rouse the indignation of every manly breast, when the facts are fairly stated. Don Sebastian, who ascended the throne when a child, was a prince of great abilities and great spirit, but his youth was poisoned with the most romantic ideas of military glory. The affairs of state were left to his ministers, (for whose character see the next note,) his other studies were neglected, and military exercises, of which he not unjustly esteemed the chase a principal, were almost his sole employ. Camoëns beheld this romantic turn, and in a genteel allegorical satire foreboded its consequences. The wish, that his prince might not fall the prey of his favourite passion, was in vain. In a rash, ill-concerted expedition into Africa, don Sebastian lost his crown in his twenty-fifth year, an event which soon after produced the fall of the Portuguese empire. Had the nobility possessed the spirit of Camoëns, had they, like him, endeavoured to check the Quixotry of a young generous prince, that prince might have reigned long and happy, and Portugal might have escaped the Spanish yoke, which soon followed the defeat of Alcazar; a yoke which sunk Portugal into an abyss of misery, from which, in all probability, she will never emerge in her former splendour.

[16] "After having ridiculed all the pleasures of don Sebastian, the author now proceeds to his courtiers, to whom he has done no injustice. Those who are acquainted with the Portuguese history will readily acknowledge this."—Castera.

The little Loves, light hovering in the air,
Twang their silk bow-strings, and their arms prepare:
Some on th' immortal anvils point the dart,
With power resistless to inflame the heart:
Their arrow heads they tip with soft desires,
And all the warmth of love's celestial fires;
Some sprinkle o'er the shafts the tears of woe,
Some store the quiver, some steel-spring the bow;
Each chanting as he works the tuneful strain
Of love's dear joys, of love's luxurious pain:
Charm'd was the lay to conquer and refine,
Divine the melody, the song divine.
Already now began the vengeful war,
The witness of the god's benignant care;
On the hard bosoms of the stubborn crowd
An arrowy shower the bowyer train bestow'd [17];
Pierced by the whizzing shafts, deep sighs the air,
And answering sighs the wounds of love declare.
Though various featured and of various hue,
Each nymph seems loveliest in her lover's view;
Fired by the darts by novice archers sped,
Ten thousand wild fantastic loves are bred:
In wildest dreams the rustic hind aspires,
And haughtiest lords confess the humblest fires.
The snowy swans of love's celestial queen
Now land her chariot on the shore of green;
One knee display'd she treads the flowery strand,
The gather'd robe falls loosely from her hand;
Half-seen her bosom heaves the living snow,
And on her smiles the living roses glow.
The bowyer god, whose subtle shafts ne'er fly
Misaim'd, in vain, in vain on Earth or sky
With rosy smiles the mother power receives;
Around her climbing, thick as ivy leaves,
The vassal Loves in fond contention join
Who first and most shall kiss her hand divine.
Swift in her arms she caught her wanton boy,
And, "Oh, my son," she cries, "my pride, my joy,
Against thy might the dreadful Typhon fail'd,
Against thy shaft nor Heaven, nor Jove prevail'd;
Unless thine arrow wake the young desires,
My strength, my power, in vain each charm expires:
My son, my hope, I claim thy powerful aid,
Nor be the boon, thy mother sues, delay'd:
Where-e'er, so will th' eternal Fates, where-e'er
The Lusian race the victor standards rear,
There shall my hymns resound, my altars flame,
And heavenly love her joyful lore proclaim.
My Lusian heroes, as my Romans, brave,
Long tost, long hopeless on the storm-torn wave,
Wearied and weak, at last on India's shore
Arrived, new toils, repose denied, they bore;
For Bacchus there with tenfold rage pursued
My dauntless sons; but now his might subdued,
Amid these raging seas, the scene of woes,
Theirs shall be now the balm of sweet repose;
Theirs every joy the noblest heroes claim,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame.
Then bend thy bow and wound the Nereid train,
The lovely daughters of the azure main;
And lead them, while they pant with amorous fire,
Right to the isle which all my smiles inspire:

[17] There is an elegance in the original of this line, which the English language will not admit;

Nos duros coraçoens de plebe dura.——

In the hard hearts of the hard vulgar.——

Som shall my care that bounteous isle supply,
Where Zephyr, breathing love, on Flora's lap shall sigh.
There let the nymphs the gallant heroes meet,
And strew the pink and rose beneath their feet:
In crystal halls the feast divine prolong,
With wine nectareous and immortal song:
Let every nymph the snow-white bed prepare,
And, fairer far, resign her bosom there;
There to the greedy riotous embrace
Resign each hidden charm with dearest grace:
Thus from my native waves a hero line
Shall rise, and o'er the east illustrious shine [18];
Thus shall the rebel world thy prowess know,
And what the boundless joys our friendly powers bestow."[19]

She said; and smiling view'd her mighty boy;
Swift to the chariot springs the god of joy;
His ivory bow, and arrows tipt with gold,
Blaz'd to the sun-beam as the chariot roll'd:
Their silver harness shining to the day
The swans on milk-white pinions spring away,
Smooth gliding o'er the clouds of lovely blue;
And Fame, so will'd the god, before them flew [19]:
A giant goddess, whose ungovern'd tongue
With equal zeal proclaims or right or wrong;
Oft had her lips the god of love blasphem'd,
And oft with tenfold praise his conquests nam'd:
A hundred eyes she rolls with ceaseless care,
And thousand tongues what these behold declare:
Fleet is her flight, the lightning's wing she rides,
And though she shifts her colours swift as glides
The April rainbow, still the crowd she guides.
And now aloft her wondering voice she rais'd,
And with a thousand glowing tongues she prais'd
The bold discoverers of the eastern world——
In gentle swells the listening surges curl'd,
And murmur'd to the sounds of plaintive love
Along the greatoes where the Nereids rove.
The drowsy power, on whose smooth easy mien
The smiles of wonder and delight are seen,
Whose glossy simpering eye bespeaks her name,
Credulity, attends the goddess Fame.
Fired by the heroes' praise, the watery gods [20],
With ardent speed forsake their deep abodes;

Their rage by vengeful Bacchus rais'd of late,
Now stung remorse, and love succeeds to hate.
Ah, where remorse in female bosom bleeds,
The tenderest love in all its glow succeeds.
When fancy glows, how strong, O Love, thy power!
Nor slipp'd the eager god the happy hour;
Swift fly his arrows o'er the billowy main,
Wing'd with his fires, nor flies a shaft in vain:
Thus, ere the face the lover's breast inspires,
The voice of fame awakes the soft desires.
While from the bow-string start the shafts divine,
His ivory moon's wide horns incessant join,
Swift twinkling to the view; and wide he pours
Omnipotent in love his arrowy showers.
E'en Thetis' self confess'd the tender smart
And pour'd the murmurs of the wounded heart;
Soft o'er the billows pants the amorous sigh;
With wishful languor melting on each eye
The love-sick nymphs explore the tardy sails
That waft the heroes on the lingering gales.
Give way, ye lofty billows, low subside,
Smooth as the level plain, your swelling pride,
Lo, Venus comes! Oh, soft, ye surges, sleep,
Smooth be the bosom of the azure deep,
Lo, Venus comes! and in her vigorous train
She brings the healing balm of love-sick pain.
White as her swans, and stately as they rear [21]
Their snowy crests when o'er the lake they steer,
Slow moving on, behold, the fleet appears,
And o'er the distant billow onward steers.
The beauteous Nereids flush'd in all their charms
Surround the goddess of the soft alarms:
Right to the isle she leads the smiling train,
And all her arts her balmy lips explain;
The fearful langour of the asking eye,
The lovely blush of yielding modesty,
The grieving look, the sigh, the favouring smile,
And all th' endearments of the open wile,
She taught the nymphs——in willing breasts that heaved
To hear her lore, her lore the nymphs received.
As now triumphant to their native shore
Through the wide deep the joyful navy bore,
Earnest the pilot's eyes sought cape or bay,
For long was yet the various watery way;
Sought cape or isle from whence their boats might bring
The healthful bounty of the crystal spring;
When sudden, all in nature's pride array'd,
The Isle of Love its glowing breast display'd,
O'er the green bosom of the dewy lawn
Soft blazing flow'd the silver of the dawn,
The gentle waves the glowing lustre share,
Arabia's balm was sprinkled o'er the air.
Before the fleet, to catch the heroes' view,
The floating isle fair Acidalia drew;

[18] "By the line of heroes to be produced by the union of the Portuguese with the Nereids, is to be understood the other Portuguese, who, following the steps of Gama, established illustrious colonies in India."—Castera.

[19] This passage affords a striking instance of the judgment of Camoëns. Virgil's celebrated description of Fame (see note 19 of Lusiad V.) is in his eye; but he copies it, as Virgil, in his best imitations, copies after Homer. He adopts some circumstances; but by adding others he makes a new picture, which justly may be called his own.

[20] To mention the gods in the masculine gender, and immediately to apply to them,

O pesto feminil, que levemente
Muda quaysquer propositos tomados.—

The ease with which the female breast changes its resolutions, may to the hypercritic appear reprehensible. The expression however is classical, and therefore retained. Virgil uses it, where Æneas is conducted by Venus through the flames of Troy;

Decendo, ac ducente Deo, flammam inter et hostes
Expedior——

This is in the manner of the Greek poets, who use the word θεὸς for god or goddess.

[21] A distant fleet compared to swans on a lake is certainly a happy thought. The allusion to the pomp of Venus, whose agency is immediately concerned, gives it besides a peculiar propriety. This simile, however, is not in the original. It is adopted from an uncommon happiness of Fanshaw;

The pregnant sayles on Neptune's surface creep,
Like her own swans, in gate, out-chest, and feather.

Soon as the floating verdure caught their sight [22],
She fix'd, unmov'd, the island of delight.
So when in child-birth of her Jove-sprung load,
The sylvan goddess and the bowyer god,
In friendly pity of Latona's woes [23],
Amid the waves the Delian isle arose.
And now led smoothly o'er the furrow'd tide,
Right to the isle of joy the vessels glide:
The bay they enter, where on every hand
Around them clasps the flower-enamell'd land;
A safe retreat, where not a blast may shake
Its fluttering pinions o'er the stilly lake.
With purple shells, transfus'd as marble veins,
The yellow sands celestial Venus stains.
With graceful pride three hills of softest green
Rear their fair bosoms o'er the sylvan scene:
Their sides embroider'd boast the rich array
Of flowery shrubs in all the pride of May;
The purple lotos and the snowy thorn,
And yellow pod-flowers every slope adorn.
From the green summits of the leafy hills
Descend with murmuring lapse three limpid rills;
Beneath the rose-trees loitering slow they glide,
Now tumbles o'er some rock their crystal pride;
Sonorous now they roll adown the glade,
Now plaintive tinkle in the secret shade,
Now from the darkling grove, beneath the beam
Of ruddy morn, like melted silver stream,
Edging the painted margins of the bowers,
And breathing liquid freshness on the flowers.
Here bright reflected in the pool below
The vermil apples tremble on the bough;
Where o'er the yellow sands the waters sleep,
The primrosed banks, inverted, dew-drops weep;
Where murmuring o'er the pebbles purls the stream
The silver trouts in playful curvings gleam.
Long thus and various every riv'let strays,
Till closing now their long meandering maze,
Where in a smiling vale the mountains end,
Form'd in a crystal lake the waters blend [24]:

Fring'd was the border with a woodland shade,
In every leaf of various green array'd,
Each yellow-tinged, each mingling tint between
The dark ash-verdure and the silvery green.
The trees now bending forward slowly shake
Their lofty honours o'er the crystal lake;
Now from the flood the graceful boughs retire
With coy reserve, and now again admire
Their various liveries by the summer drest,
Smooth-gloss'd and softened in the mirror's breast.
So by her glass the wishful virgin stays,
And oft retiring steals the lingering gaze.
A thousand boughs aloft to Heaven display
Their fragrant apples shining to the day;
The orange here perfumes the buxom air [25],
And boasts the golden hue of Daphne's hair,
Near to the ground each spreading bough descends,
Beneath her yellow load the citron bends;
The fragrant lemon scents the cooly grove;
Fair as when ripening for the days of love
The virgin's breasts the gentle swell avow,
So the twin fruitage swell on every bough.
Wild forest trees the mountain sides array'd
With curling foliage and romantic shade:
Here spreads the poplar, to Alcides dear;
And dear to Phœbus, ever verdant here,

[22] As the departure of Gama from India was abrupt (see the Preface), he put into one of the beautiful islands of Anchediva for fresh water. While he was here careening his ships, says Faria, a pirate named Timoja attacked him with eight small vessels, so linked together and covered with boughs, that they formed the appearance of a floating island. This, says Castera, afforded the fiction of the floating island of Venus. "The fictions of Camoëns," says he, "sont d'autant plus merveilleuses, qu'elles ont toutes leur fondement dans l'histoire, are the more marvellous, because they are all founded in history. It is not difficult to find why he makes his island of Achediva to wander on the waves; it is in allusion to a singular event related by Barros." He then proceeds to the story of Timoja, as if the genius of Camoëns stood in need of so weak an assistance.

[23] Latona, in pregnancy by Jupiter, was persecuted by Juno, who sent the serpent Python in pursuit of her. Neptune, in pity of her distress, raised the island of Delos for her refuge, where she was delivered of Apollo and Diana.—Ovid. Met.

[24] Castera also attributes this to history; "The Portuguese actually found in this island," says he, "a fine piece of water ornamented with hewn stones and magnificent aqueducts; an ancient and superb work, of which nobody knew the author."

In 1505 don Francisco Almeyda built a fort in this island. In digging among some ancient ruins he found many crucifixes of black and red colour, from whence the Portuguese conjectured, says Osorius, that the Anchedivian islands had in former ages been inhabited by Christians. Vid. Osor. l. iv.

[25] Frequent allusions to the fables of the ancients form a characteristical feature of the poetry of the 16th and 17th centuries. A profusion of it is pedantry; a moderate use of it, however, in a poem of these times pleases, because it discovers the stages of composition, and has in itself a fine effect, as it illustrates its subject by presenting the classical reader with some little landscapes of that country through which he has travelled. The description of forests is a favourite topic in poetry. Chaucer, Tasso, and Spenser, have been happy in it, but both have copied an admired passage in Statius;

——Cadit ardua fagus,
Chaoniumque nemus, brumæque illæsa cupressus;
Procumbunt piceæ, flammis alimenta supremis,
Ornique, illiceæque trabes, metuendaque succo
Taxus, et infandos belli potura cruores
Fraxinus, atque situ non expugnabile robur:
Hinc audax abies, et odoro vulnere pinus
Scinditur, acclinant intonsa cacumina terræ
Alnus amica fretis, nec inhospita vitibus ulmus.

In rural descriptions three things are necessary to render them poetical; the happiness of epithet, of picturesque arrangement, and of little landscape views. Without these, all the names of trees and flowers, though strung together in tolerable numbers, contain no more poetry than a nurseryman or a florist's catalogue. In Statius, in Tasso and Spenser's admired forests, (Gier. Libr. c. 3. st. 75, 76, and F. Queen, b. i. c. 1. st. 8, 9.) the poetry consists entirely in the happiness of the epithets. In Camoëns, all the three requisites are admirably attained, and blended together.

The laurel joins the bowers for ever green,
The myrtle boasts bilov'd of beauty's queen.
To Jove the oak his wide-spread branches rears;
And high to Heaven the fragrant cedar bears; [rocks,
Where through the glades appear the cavern'd
The lofty pine-tree waves her sable locks;
Sacred to Cybele the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine;
Here towers the cypress, preacher to the wise,
Less'ning from earth her spiral honours rise,
Till, as a spear-point rear'd, the topmost spray
Points to the Elem of eternal day.
Here round her fostering elm the smiling vine
In fond embraces gives her arms to twine;
The numerous clusters pendant from the boughs,
The green here glistens, here the purple glows:
For here the genial Seasons of the year
Danc'd hand in hand, no place for Winter here;
His grisly visage from the shore expell'd,
United sway the smiling Seasons held.
Around the swelling fruits of deepening red,
Their snowy hues the fragrant blossoms spread;
Between the bursting buds of lucid green
The apple's ripe vermilion blush is seen;
For here each gift Pomona's hand bestows
In cultured garden, free, uncultured flows,
The flavour sweeter, and the hue more fair,
Than e'er was foster'd by the hand of care.
The cherry here in shining crimson glows;
And stain'd with lover's blood, in pendant rows,
The bending boughs the mulberries o'erload [a];
The bending boughs caress'd by Zephyr nod.
The generous peach, that strengthens in exile
Far from his native earth, the Persian soil,
The velvet peach of softest glossy blue,
Hangs by the pomegranate of orange hue,
Whose open heart a brighter red displays
Than that which sparkles in the ruby's blaze.
Here, trembling with their weight, the branches
Delicious as profuse, the tapering pear. [bear,
For thee, fair fruit, the songsters of the grove
With hungry bills from bower to arbour rove.
Ah, if ambitious thou wilt own the care
To grace the feast of heroes and the fair,
Soft let the leaves with grateful umbrage hide
The green-tinged orange of thy mellow side.
A thousand flowers of gold, of white and red,
Far o'er the shadowy vale their carpets spread [b],
Of fairer tapestry, and of richer bloom,
Than ever glow'd in Persia's boasted loom:
As glittering rainbows o'er the verdure thrown,
O'er every woodland walk th' embroidery shone.
Here o'er the watery mirror's lucid bed
Narcissus, self-enamour'd, hangs the head;
And here, bedew'd with love's celestial tears,
The woe-mark'd flower of slain Adonis rears [c]
Its purple head, prophetic of the reign
When lost Adonis shall revive again.
At strife appear the lawns and purpled skies,
Which from each other stole the beauteous dyes [d];
The lawn in all Aurora's lustre glows,
Aurora steals the blushes of the rose,
The rose displays the blushes that adorn
The spotless virgin on the nuptial morn.
Zephyr and Flora emulous conspire
To breathe their graces o'er the field's attire;
The one gives healthful freshness, one the hue,
Fairer than e'er creative pencil drew.
Pale as the love-sick hopeless maid they dye
The modest violet; from the curious eye
The modest violet turns her gentle head,
And by the thorn weeps o'er her lowly bed;
Blending beneath the tears of pearly dawn
The snow-white lily glitters o'er the lawn;
Lo, from the bough reclines the damask rose,
And o'er the lily's milk-white bosom glows;
Fresh in the dew far o'er the painted dales,
Each fragrant herb her sweetest scent exhales;
The hyacinth bewrays the doleful Ai! [e],
And calls the tribute of Apollo's sigh;

[a] ——Pyramus and Thisbe:

Arbori fetus aspergine cædis in atram
Vertuntur faciem: madefactaque sanguine radix
Puniceo tingit pendentia mora colore . . . . .
At tu, quæ ramis arbor miserabile corpus
Nunc tegis unius, mox es tectura duorum;
Signa tene cædis: pullosque, et luctibus aptos
Semper habe fetus gemini monimenta cruoris.
Ovid. Met.

[b] Literal from the original.—O sombrio valle,—which Fanshaw however has translated, "the gloomy valley," and thus has given us a funereal where the author intended a festive landscape. It must be confessed however, that the description of the island of Venus is infinitely the best part of all Fanshaw's translation. And indeed the dullest prose translation might obscure, but could not possibly throw a total eclipse over, so admirable an original.

[c] "The anemone—This," says Castera, "is applicable to the celestial Venus; for, according to mythology, her amour with Adonis had nothing in it impure, but was only the love which Nature bears to the Sun." The fables of antiquity have generally a threefold interpretation, an historical allusion, a physical and a metaphysical allegory. In the latter view, the fable of Adonis is only applicable to the celestial Venus. A divine youth is outrageously slain, but shall revive again at the restoration of the golden age. Several nations, it is well known, under different names, celebrated the mysteries, or the death and resurrection of Adonis; among whom were the British Druids, as we are told by Dr. Stukely. In the same manner Cupid, in the fable of Psyche, is interpreted by mythologists, to signify the divine love weeping over the degeneracy of human nature.

[d] On this passage Castera has the following sensible though turgid note: "This thought," says he, "is taken from the idyllium of Ausonius on the rose;

Ambigeres raperente rosis Aurora ruborem,
An daret, et flores tingeret orta dies.

Camoëns, who had a genius rich of itself, still further enriched it at the expense of the ancients. Behold what makes great authors! Those who pretend to give us nothing but the fruits of their own growth, soon fail, like the little rivulets which dry up in the summer; very different from the floods, who receive in their course the tribute of an hundred and an hundred rivers, and which even in the dog-days carry their waves triumphant to the ocean."

[e] Hyacinthus, a youth beloved of Apollo, by

Still on its bloom the mournful flower retains
The lovely blue that dy'd the stripling's veins.
Pomona tired with rival envy views
The glaring pride of Flora's dazling hues;
Where Flora bids the purple iris spread,
She hangs the wilding's blossom white and red;
Where wild thyme purples, where the daisy strows
The curving slopes, the melon's pride she throws;
Where by the stream the lily of the vale,
Primrose, and cowslip meek, perfume the gale,
Beneath the lily and the cowslip's bell
The scarlet strawberries luxurious swell.
Nor these alone the teeming Eden yields,
Each harmless bestial crops the flowery fields;
And birds of every note and every wing
Their loves responsive through the branches sing;
In sweet vibrations thrilling o'er the skies,
High-pois'd in air, the lark his warbling tries;
The swan slow sailing o'er the crystal lake
Tunes his melodious note; from every brake
The glowing strain the nightingale returns,
And in the bowers of love the turtle mourns.
Pleased to behold his branching horns appear,
O'er the bright fountain bends the fearless deer;
The hare starts trembling from the bushy shade,
And, swiftly circling, crosses oft the glade.
Where from the rocks the babbling fountts distill,
The milk-white lambs come bleating down the hill;
The dappled heifer seeks the vales below,
And from the thicket springs the bounding doe.
To his lov'd nest, on fondly fluttering wings,
In chirping bill the little songster brings
The food untasted; transport thrills his breast;
'T is nature's touch; 't is instinct's heaven-like feast. [flowers.
Thus bower and lawn were deckt with Eden's
And song and joy imparadised the bowers.

And soon the fleet their ready anchors threw:
Lifted on eager tip-toe at the view,
On nimble feet that bounded to the strand
The second Argonauts[31] glance to land.
Wide o'er the beauteous isle the lovely fair
Stray through the distant glades, devoid of care[32].

whom he was accidentally slain, and afterwards turned into a flower:

——— Tyrioque nitentior ostro
Flos oritur, formamque capit, quam lilia: si non,
Purpureus color huic, argenteus esset in illis.
Non satis hoc Phœbo est; is enim fuit auctor honoris.
Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit; et Ai, Ai,
Flos habet inscriptum: funestaque littera ducta est.
Ovid. Met.

[31] The expedition of the Golden Fleece was esteemed in ancient poetry one of the most daring adventures, the success of which was accounted miraculous. The allusions of Camoëns to this voyage, though in the spirit of his age, are by no means improper.

[32] We now come to the passage condemned by Voltaire as so lascivious, that no nation in Europe, except the Portuguese and Italians, could bear it. But the author of the detestable poem La Pucelle d'Orléans talks of the island of Venus with that same knowledge of his subject with which he made Camoëns, who was not then born, a companion to Gama in the expedition which discovered the route to India. Though Voltaire's cavils, I trust, are in general fully answered in the Preface, a particular examination of the charge of indecency may not be unnecessary ere the reader enter upon the passage itself. No painter then, let it be remembered, was ever blamed for drawing the Graces unveiled or naked. In sculpture, in painting, and poetry, it is not nakedness, it is the expression or manner only that offends decency. It is this which constitutes the difference between a Venus de Medicis and the lascivious paintings in the apartments of a Tiberius. The fate of Camoëns has hitherto been very peculiar. The mixture of Pagan and Christian mythology in his machinery has been anathematized, and his island of Love represented as a brothel. Yet both accusations are the arrogant assertions of the most superficial acquaintance with his works, a hearsay, echoed from critic to critic. His poem itself, and a comparison of its parts with the similar conduct of the greatest modern poets, will clearly evince, that in both instances no modern epic writer of note has given less offence to true criticism.

Not to mention Ariosto, whose descriptions will often admit of no palliation, Tasso, Spenser, and Milton, have always been esteemed as the chastest of poets, yet in the delicacy of warm description, the inartificial modesty of nature, none of them can boast the continued uniformity of the Portuguese poet. Though there is a warmth in the colouring of Camoëns, which even the genius of Tasso has not reached; and though the island of Armida is evidently copied from the Lusiad; yet those who are possessed of the finer feelings will easily discover an essential difference between the love-scenes of the two poets, a difference greatly in favour of the delicacy of the former. Though the nymphs in Camoëns are detected naked in the woods and in the stream, and though desirous to captivate, still their behaviour is that of the virgin who hopes to be the spouse. They act the part of offended modesty, even when they yield they are silent, and behave in every respect like Milton's Eve in the state of innocence, who

——— What was honour knew ———
And who displayed
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.

To sum up all, the nuptial sanctity draws its hallowed curtains, and a masterly allegory shuts up the love-scenes of Camoëns.

How different from all this is the island of Armida in Tasso, and its translation, the bower of Acrasia, in Spenser! in these virtue is seduced; the scene therefore is less delicate. The nymphs, while they are bathing, in place of the modesty of the bride, as in Camoëns, employ all the arts of the lascivious wanton. They stay not to be wooed; but, as Spenser gives it,

The amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

One stanza from our English poet, which however is rather fuller than the original, shall here suffice:

Withal she laughed and she blush'd withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall.
Now when they spy'd the knight to slack his pace,

Here from the boughs that crown the plaintive rill
The solemn harp's melodious warblings thrill;

Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindling lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckon'd to approach more near,
And shew'd him many sights, that courage cold could rear.

This and other descriptions,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin—

present every idea of lascivious voluptuousness. The allurements of speech are also added. Songs, which breathe every persuasive, are heard; and the nymphs boldly call to the beholder;

E' dolce campo di battaglia il letto
Fiori, e l'herbetta morbida de' prati.— Tasso.

Our field of battle is the downy bed,
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.—
Hoole.

These and the whole scenes in the domains of Armida and Acrasia are in a turn of manner the reverse of the island of Venus. They are the scenes of guilt and remorse. In Camoëns, the supposition of the purest honour and innocence gives a nameless delicacy; and though the colouring be warm, yet the modesty of the Venus de Medicis is still preserved. In every thing he describes there is still something strongly similar to the modest attitude of the arms of that celebrated statue. Though prudery, that usual mask of the impurest minds, may condemn him, yet those of the most chaste though less gloomy turn will allow, that in comparison with others he might say,—Virginibus puerisque canto.

Spenser also, where he does not follow Tasso, is often gross; and even in some instances, where the expression is more delicate, the picture is nevertheless indecently lascivious. The third and fourth of the five concluding stanzas, which in his second edition he added to the third book of the Faerie Queene, afford a striking example. The virgin Britomart, the pattern of chastity, stands by, while sir Scudamore and Amoret

——————with sweet countervaile
Each other of love's bitter fruit despoile—

But this shall not here be cited; only,

That Britomart, half envying their bless,
Was much empassion'd in her gentle sprite,
And to herself oft wish'd like happiness;
In vain she wish'd, that fate n'ould let her yet possess.

Nor is even Spenser's wife of Malbecco more indelicate than some lines of the Paradise Lost. The reply of the angel to Adam's description of his nuptials contains some strokes intolerably disgustful. And the first effect of the forbidden fruit offers a remarkable contrast to that delicacy of expression which adorns the first loves of Adam and Eve. If there is propriety, however, in thus representing the amours of guilty intoxication, by which figure Milton calls it, some of the terms of expression are still indefensibly indelicate. In a word, so unjust is the censure of Voltaire, a censure which never arose from a comparison of Camoëns with other poets, and so ill-grounded is the charge against him, that we cannot but admire his superior delicacy; a delicacy not even understood in his age, when the grossest imagery often found a place in the pulpits of the most pious divines; when in the old liturgy itself it was esteemed no indelicacy of expression to enjoin the wife to be buxom in bed and at board. We know what liberties were taken by the politest writers of the Augustan age; and such is the change of manners, that Shakespeare and Spenser might with justice appeal from the judgement of the present, when it condemns them for indecency. Camoëns, however, may appeal to the most polished age; let him be heard for himself, let him be compared with others of the first name, and his warmest descriptions need not dread the decision.

Here from the shadows of the upland grot
The mellow lute renews the swelling note.
As fair Diana and her virgin train,
Some gaily ramble o'er the flowery plain,
In feign'd pursuit of hare or bounding roe,
Their graceful mien and beauteous limbs to show;
Now seeming careless, fearful now and coy,
(So taught the goddess of unutter'd joy.)
And gliding through the distant glades display
Each limb, each movement, naked as the day.
Some light with glee in careless freedom take
Their playful revels in the crystal lake;
One trembling stands no deeper than the knee,
To plunge reluctant, while in sportful glee
Another o'er her sudden laves the tide;
In pearly drops the wishful waters glide,
Reluctant dropping from her breasts of snow;
Beneath the wave another seems to glow;
The amorous waves her bosom fondly kiss'd,
And rose and fell, as panting on her breast.
Another swims along with graceful pride,
Her silver arms the glistening waves divide,
Her shining sides the fondling waters lave,
Her glowing cheeks are brighten'd by the wave,
Her hair, of mildest yellow, flows from side
To side, as o'er it plays the wanton tide;
And careleth as she turns, her thighs of snow
Their tapering rounds in deeper lustre show.

Some gallant Lusians sought the woodland prey,
And through the thickets forced the pathless way;
And some, in shades impervious to the beam,
Supinely listen'd to the murmuring stream:
When sudden through the boughs the various dyes
Of pink, of scarlet, and of azure rise.
Swift from the verdant banks the loiterers spring,
Down drops the arrow from the half-drawn string:
Soon they behold 't was not the rose's hue,
The jonquil's yellow, nor the pansy's blue:
Dazzling the shades the nymphs appear—the zone
And flowing scarf in gold and azure shone.
Naked as Venus stood in Ida's bower,
Some trust the dazzling charms of native power;
Through the green boughs and darkling shades they show
The shining lustre of their native snow.
And every tapering, every rounded swell
Of thigh, of bosom, as they glide, reveal.
As visions cloth'd in dazzling white they rise,
Then steal unnoted from the flurried eyes:
Again apparent, and again withdrawn,
They shine and wanton o'er the smiling lawn.
Amazed and lost in rapture of surprise,
"All joy, my friends," the brave Veloso cries,

" Whate'er of goddesses old fable told,
Or poet sung of sacred groves, behold.
Sacred to goddesses divinely bright
These beauteous forests own their guardian might.
From eyes profane, from every age conceal'd, 840
To us, behold all Paradise reveal'd!
Swift let us try if phantoms of the air,
Or living charms appear divinely fair!"
Swift at the word the gallant Lusians bound,
Their rapid footsteps scarcely touch the ground;
Through copse, through brake, impatient of their prey,
Swift as the wounded deer they spring away:
Fleet through the winding shades in rapid flight
The nymphs, as wing'd with terrour, fly their sight.
Fleet though they fled, the mild reverted eye 850
And dimpling smile their seeming fear deny.
Fleet through the shades in parted rout they glide:
If winding path the chosen pairs divide,
Another path by sweet mistake betrays,
And throws the lover on the lover's gaze:
If dark-brow'd bower conceal the lovely fair,
The laugh, the shriek, confess the charmer there.
Luxurious here the wanton Zephyrs toy,
And every fondling favouring art employ.
Fleet as the fair ones speed, the busy gale 860
In wanton frolic lifts the trembling veil;
White through the veil, in fairer brighter glow,
The lifted robe displays the living snow:
Quick fluttering on the gale the robe conceals,
Then instant to the glance each charm reveals,
Reveals, and covers from the eyes on fire,
Reveals, and with the shade inflames desire.
One, as her breathless lover hastens on,
With wily stumble sudden lies o'erthrown;
Confus'd she rises with a blushing smile; 870
The lover falls the captive of her guile:
Tript by the fair he tumbles on the mead,
The joyful victim of his eager speed.
Afar, where sport the wantons in the lake,
Another band of gallant youths betake;
The laugh, the shriek, the revel and the toy,
Bespeak the innocence of youthful joy:
The laugh, the shriek, the gallant Lusians hear,
As through the forest glades they chase the deer;
For arm'd to chase the bounding roe they came, 881
Unhop'd the transport of a nobler game.
The naked wantons, as the youths appear,
Shrill through the woods resound the shriek of fear.
Some feign such terrour of the forced embrace,
Their virgin modesty to this gives place,
Naked they spring to land, and speed away
To deepest shades unpierc'd by glaring day;
Thus yielding freely to the amorous eyes
What to the amorous arms their fear denies.
Some well assume Diana's virgin shame, 890
When on her naked sports the hunter came [22]
Unwelcome——plunging in the crystal tide,
In vain they strive their beauteous limbs to hide;
The lucid waves, 't was all they could, bestow
A milder lustre and a softer glow.
As lost in earnest care of future need,
Some to the banks to snatch their mantles speed,
Of present view regardless; every wile
Was set, and every net of amorous guile.
Whate'er the terrour of the feign'd alarm, 900
Display'd, in various force, was every charm.

Nor idle stood the gallant youth; the wing
Of rapture lifts them, to the fair they spring:
Some to the copse pursue their lovely prey;
Some, cloth'd and shod, impatient of delay,
Impatient of the stings of fierce desire,
Plunge headlong in the tide to quench the fire.
So when the fowler to his cheek uprears
The hollow steel, and on the mallard bears,
His eager dog, ere bursts the flashing roar, 910
Fierce for the prey springs headlong from the shore,
And barking cuts the wave with furious joy:
So mid the billow springs each eager boy,
Springs to the nymph, whose eyes, from all the
By singling him, her secret wish confest. [rest
A son of Mars was there, of generous race,
His every elegance of manly grace;
Amorous and brave, the bloom of April youth
Glow'd on his cheek, his eye spoke simplest truth:
Yet love, capricious to th' accomplish'd boy, 920
Had ever turn'd to gall each promis'd joy,
Had ever spurn'd his vows; yet still his heart
Would hope, and nourish still the tender smart:
The purest delicacy fann'd his fires,
And proudest honour nurs'd his fond desires.
Not on the first that fair before him glow'd,
Not on the first the youth his love bestow'd,
In all her charms the fair Ephyre came,
And Leonardo's heart was all on flame.
Affection's melting transport o'er him stole, 930
And love's all generous glow entranced his soul;
Of selfish joy unconscious, every thought
On sweet delirium's ocean stream'd afloat.
Pattern of beauty did Ephyre shine,
Nor less she wish'd these beauties to resign:
More than her sisters long'd her heart to yield,
Yet swifter fled she o'er the smiling field.
The youth now panting with the hopeless chase,
" O turn," he cries, " O turn thy angel face:
False to themselves, can charms like these conceal
The hateful rigour of relentless steel; 941
And did the stream deceive me when I stood
Amid my peers reflected in the flood?
The easiest port and fairest bloom I bore——
False was the stream——while I in vain deplore,
My peers are happy; lo, in every shade,
In every bower, their love with love repaid!
I, I alone through brakes, through thorns pursue
A cruel fair——Ah, still my fate proves true,
True to its rigour——who, fair nymph, to thee 950
Reveal'd, 't was I that sued? unhappy me!
Born to be spurn'd though honesty inspire——
Alas, I faint, my languid sinews tire;
O stay thee——powerless to sustain their weight,
My knees sink down, I sink beneath my fate!"
He spoke: a rustling urges through the trees;
Instant new vigour strings his active knees;
Wildly he glares around, and raging cries,
" And must another snatch my lovely prize?
In savage grasp thy beauteous limbs constrain! 960
I feel, I madden while I feel the pain!
O lost, thou flest the safety of my arms,
My hand shall guard thee, softly seize thy charms;
No brutal rage inflames me, yet I burn!
Die shall thy ravisher——O goddess, turn,
And smiling view the errour of my fear;
No brutal force, no ravisher is near;
A harmless roebuck gave the rustling sounds;
Lo, from the thicket swift as thee he bounds!
Ah, vain the hope to tire thee in the chase, 970
I faint, yet hear, yet turn thy lovely face.

[22] Actæon.

Vain are thy fears; were e'en thy will to yield
The harvest of my hope, that harvest field [rear
My fate would guard, and walls of brass would
Between my sickle and the golden ear.
Yet fly me not; as may thy youthful prime
Ne'er fly thy cheek on the gray wing of time.
Yet hear, the last my panting breath can say,—
Nor proudest kings nor mightiest hosts can sway
Fate's dread decrees; yet thou, O nymph divine,
Yet thou canst move, yet thou canst conquer mine.
Unmoved each other yielding nymph I see; 982
Joy to their lovers, for they touch not thee!
But thee——Oh, every transport of desire,
That melts to mingle with its kindred fire,
For thee requires——alone I feel for thee
The dear wild rage of longing ecstasy:
By all the flames of sympathy divine
To thee united, thou by right art mine.
From thee, from thee the hallowed transport flows,
That severed rages, and for union glows; 991
Heaven owns the claim—Hah, did the lightning glare?
Yes, I beheld my rival, though the air
Grew dim; e'en now I heard him softly tread;
O rage! he waits thee on the flowery bed!
I see, I see thee rushing to his arms,
And sinking on his bosom all thy charms
To him resigning in an eager kiss,
All I implored, the whelming tide of bliss!
And shall I see him riot on thy charms, 1000
Dissolved in joy exulting in thine arms——
O burst, ye lightnings, round my destin'd head,
O pour your flashes——" Madd'ning as he said,
Amid the windings of the bowery wood
His trembling footsteps still the nymph pursued[28],
Wooed to the flight she wing'd her speed to hear
His amorous accents melting on her ear.
And now she turns the wild walk's serpent maze;
A roseate bower its velvet couch displays;
The thickest moss its softest verdure spread, 1010
Crocus and mingling pansy fring'd the bed,
The woodbine dropt its honey from above,
And various roses crown'd the sweet alcove.

Here as she hastens, on the hopeless boy
She turns her face, all bathed in smiles of joy;
Then, sinking down, her eyes, suffused with love,
Glowing on his, one moment lost reprove.
Here was no rival, all he wish'd his own;
Lock'd in her arms soft sinks the stripling down—
Ah, what soft murmurs panting through the bowers
Sigh'd to the raptures of the paramours! 1021
The wishful sigh and melting smile conspire,
Devouring kisses fan the fiercer fire;
Sweet violence with dearest grace assails,
Soft o'er the purposed frown the smile prevails;
The purposed frown betrays its own deceit,
In well-pleas'd laughter ends the rising threat;
The coy delay glides off in yielding love,
And transport murmurs through the sacred grove.
The joy of pleasing adds its sacred zest, 1030
And all is love, embracing and embraced.
The golden morn beheld the scenes of joy;
Nor, sultry noon, mayst thou the bowers annoy;
The sultry noon-beam shines the lover's aid,
And seeds him glowing to the secret shade.
O'er every shade and every nuptial bower
The love-sick strain the virgin turtles pour;
For nuptial faith and holy rites combined,
The Lusian heroes and the nymphs conjoin'd.
With flowery wreathe, and laurel chaplets, bound
With ductile gold, the nymphs the heroes crown'd:
By every spousal holy ritual tied, 1042
No chance they vow shall e'er their hands divide,
In life, in death, attendant as their fame;
Such was the oath of ocean's sovereign dame:
The dame (from Heaven and holy Vesta sprung,
For ever beauteous and for ever young,)
Enraptured views the chief whose deathless name
The wondering world and conquer'd seas proclaim.
With stately pomp she holds the hero's hand, 1050
And gives her empire to his dread command,
By spousal ties confirm'd; nor past untold
What Fate's unalter'd page had will'd of old:
The world's wast globe in radiant sphere she show'd,
The shores immense, and seas unknown, unplow'd;
The seas, the shores, due to the Lusian keel
And Lusian sword, she hastens to reveal.
The glorious leader by the hand she takes,
And, dim, below, the flowery bowers forsakes.
High on a mountain's starry top divine 1060
Her palace walls of living crystal shine;
Of gold and crystal blaze the lofty towers:
Here bathed in joy they pass the blissful hours:
Ingulf'd in tides on tides of joy, the day
On downy pinions glides unknown away.
While thus the sovereign in the palace reign,
Like transport riots o'er the humbler plain.
Where each in generous triumph o'er his peers
His lovely bride to every bride prefers.
"Hence, ye profane!"[29]——the song melodious rose, 1070
By mildest zephyrs wafted through the boughs,

[28] At the end of his Homer, Mr. Pope has given an index of the instances of imitative and sentimental harmony contained in his translations. He has also often in his notes pointed out the adaption of sound to sense. The translator of the Lusiad hopes he may for once say, that he has not been inattentive to this great essential of good versification;—how he has succeeded the judicious only must determine. The speech of Leonard to the cursory reader may perhaps sometimes appear careless, and sometimes turgid and stiff. That speech, however, is an attempt at the imitative and sentimental harmony, and with the judicious he rests its fate. As the translation in this instance exceeds the original in length, the objection of a foreign critic requires attention. An old pursy abbe (and critics are apt to judge by themselves) may indeed be surprised that a man out of breath with running should be able to talk so long. But had he consulted the experience of others, he would have found it was no wonderful matter for a stout and young cavalier to talk twice as much, though fatigued with the chase of a couple of miles, provided the supposition is allowed, that he treads on the last steps of his flying mistress.

[29] We have already observed, that in every other poet the love scenes are generally described as those of guilt and remorse. The contrary character of those of Camoëns, not only gives them a delicacy unknown to other moderns; but by the fiction of the spousal rites, the allegory and machinery of the poem are most happily conducted.—See the Introduction.

Unseen the warblers of the holy strain——
" Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear;
Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.
The nymphs of ocean, and the ocean's queen,
The isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss;
The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever-blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwither'd and untaught to cloy;
These are the transports of the isle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was Heaven, and heroes were the gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust.
High, steep and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immense is virtue's road;
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes, strove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars, and Jove:
Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd;
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread the vine;
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet; to the blest abodes
She rais'd, and hail'd them gods and sprung of gods.
" The love of fame, by Heaven's own hand impress,
The first and noblest passion of the breast,
May yet mislead—O guard, ye hero train,
No harlot robes of honours false and vain,
No tinsel yours, be yours all native gold,
Well-earn'd each honour, each respect you hold:
To your lov'd king return a guardian band,
Return the guardians of your native land;
To tyrant power be dreadful; from the jaws
Of fierce oppression guard the peasant's cause.
If youthful fury pant for shining arms,
Spread o'er the eastern world the dread alarms;
There bends the Saracen the hostile bow,
The Saracen thy faith, thy nation's foe;
There from his cruel gripe tear empire's reins,
And break his tyrant sceptre o'er his chains.
On adamantine pillars thus shall stand
The throne, the glory of your native land,
And Lusian heroes, an immortal line,
Shall ever with us share our isle divine."

DISSERTATION

ON THE FICTION OF THE

ISLAND OF VENUS.

From the earliest ages, and in the most distant nations, palaces, forests and gardens, have been the favourite themes of poets. And though, as in Homer's island of Rhadamanthus, the description is sometimes only cursory; at other times they have lavished all their powers, and have vied with each other in adorning their edifices and landscapes. The gardens of Alcinous in the Odyssey, and the Elysium in the Æneid, have excited the ambition of many imitators. Many instances of these occur in the later writers. These subjects, however, it must be owned, are so natural to the genius of poetry, that it is scarcely fair to attribute to an imitation of the classics, the innumerable descriptions of this kind, which abound in the old romances. In these, under different allegorical names, every passion, every virtue and vice, had its palace, its enchanted bower, or its dreary cave. The fictions of the Arabs were adopted by the Troubadours and first Gothic romancers. Among the Italians, on the revival of letters, Pulci, Boyardo, and others, borrowed from the Troubadours; Ariosto borrowed from Pulci and his followers; and Spenser has copied Ariosto and Tasso. In the sixth and seventh books of the Orlando Furioso, there is a fine description of the island and palace of Alcina or Vice; and in the tenth book, but inferior to the other in poetical colouring, we have a view of the country of Logistilla or Virtue. The passage of this kind, however, where Ariosto has displayed the richest poetical painting, is in the xxxivth book, in the description of Paradise, whither he sends Astolpho, the English duke, to ask the aid of St. John to recover the wits of Orlando. The whole is most admirably fanciful. Astolpho mounts the clouds on the winged horse, sees Paradise, and, accompanied by the evangelist, visits the Moon; the description of which orb is almost literally translated in Milton's Limbo. But the passage which may be said to bear the nearest resemblance to the descriptive part of the island of Venus, is the landscape of Paradise, of which the ingenious Mr. Hoole, to whose many acts of friendship I am proud to acknowledge myself indebted, has obliged me with his translation, though only ten books of his Ariosto are yet published.

O'er the glad earth the blissful season pours
The vernal beauties of a thousand flowers
In varied tints: there show'd the ruby's hue,
The yellow topaz, and the sapphire blue,
The mead appears one intermingled blaze, [rays.
Where pearls and diamonds dart their trembling
Not emerald here so bright a verdure yields
As the fair turf of those celestial fields.
On every tree the leaves unfolding grow,
The fruitage ripens, and the flowrets blow.
The frolic birds, gay-plum'd, of various wing,
Amid the boughs their notes melodious sing:
Still lakes and murmuring streams, with waters clear,
Charm the fix'd eye, and lull the listening ear.
A softening genial air, that ever seems
In even tenour, cools the solar beams
With fanning breeze; while from th' enamell'd field,
Whate'er the fruits, the plants, the blossoms yield
Of grateful scent, the stealing gales dispense
The blended sweets to feed th' immortal sense.
Amid the plain a palace dazzling bright,
Like living flame, emits a streamy light,
And wraps in splendour of refulgent day
Outshines the strength of every mortal ray.
Astolpho gently now directs his speed
To where the spacious pile enfolds the mead
In circuit wide, and views with eager eyes
Each nameless charm that happy soil supplies;
With this compar'd he deems the world below
A dreary desert and a seat of woe,
By Heaven and Nature, in their wrath bestow'd,
In evil hour for man's unblest abode.
Near and more near the stately walls he drew,
In steadfast gaze, transported at the view:

They seem'd one gem entire, of purer red
Than deepening gleams transparent rubies shed.
Stupendous work! by art Dædalian rais'd,
Transcending all, by feeble mortals prais'd!
No more henceforth let boasting tongues proclaim
Those wonders of the world, so chronicled by fame!

Camoëns read and admired Ariosto; but it by no means follows that he borrowed the hint of his island of Venus from that poet. The luxury of flowery description is as common in poetry as are the tales of love. The heroes of Ariosto meet beautiful women in the palace of Alcina:

Before the threshold wanton damsels wait,
Or sport between the pillars of the gate:
But beauty more had brighten'd in their face
Had modesty attemper'd every grace;
In vestures green each damsel swept the ground,
Their temples fair with leafy garlands crown'd.
These, with a courteous welcome, led the knight
To this sweet Paradise of soft delight . . . .
Enamour'd youths and tender damsels seem
To chant their loves beside a purling stream.
Some by a branching tree or mountain's shade
In sports and dances press the downy glade,
While one discloses to his friend, apart,
The secret transports of his amorous heart. B. vi.

But these descriptions also, which bring the heroes of knight-errantry into the way of beautiful wantons, are as common in the old romances as the use of the alphabet; and indeed the greatest part of these love adventures are evidently borrowed from the fable of Circe. Astolpho, who was transformed into a myrtle by Alcina, thus informs Rogero:

Her former lovers she esteem'd no more,
For many lovers she possess'd before;
I was her joy———
Too late, alas, I found her wavering mind
In love inconstant as the changing wind!
Scarce had I held two months the fairy's grace,
When a new youth was taken to my place:
Rejected then I join'd the banish'd herd
That lost her love, as others were preferr'd . . .
Some here, some there, her potent charms retain,
In divers forms imprison'd to remain;
In beeches, olives, palms, and cedars clos'd,
Or such as me you here behold expos'd;
In fountains some, and some in beasts confin'd,
As suits the wayward fairy's cruel mind.
Hoole, Ar. b. vi.

When incidents, character and conduct confess the resemblance, we may with certainty pronounce from whence the copy is taken. Where only a similar stroke of passion or description occurs, it belongs alone to the arrogance of dulness, to tell us on what passage the poet had his eye. Every great poet has been persecuted in this manner; Milton in particular. His commentators have not left him a flower of his own growth. Yet, like the creed of the atheist, their system is involved in the deepest absurdity. It is easy to suppose, that men of poetical feelings, in describing the same thing, should give us the same picture. But that the Paradise Lost, which forms one animated whole of the noblest poetry, is a mere cento, compiled from innumerable authors, ancient and modern, is a supposition which gives Milton a cast of talents infinitely more extraordinary and inexplicable than the greatest poetical genius. When Gasper Poussin painted clouds and trees in his landscapes, he did not borrow the green and the blue, of the leaf and the sky, from Claud Lorrain. Neither did Camoëns, when he painted his island of Venus, spend the half of his life in collecting his colours from all his predecessors, who had described the beauties of the vernal year or the stages of passion. Camoëns knew how others had painted the flowery bowers of love; these formed his taste and corrected his judgment. He viewed the beauties of Nature with poetical eyes, from thence he drew his landscapes; he had felt all the allurements of love, and from thence he describes the agitations of that passion.

Nor is the description of fairy bowers and palaces, though most favourite topics, peculiar to the romances of chivalry. The poetry of the Orientals also abounds with them, yet with some characteristical differences. Like the constitutions and dress of the Asiatics, the landscapes of the eastern Muse are warm and feeble, brilliant and slight, and, like the manners of the people, wear an eternal rameness. The western Muse, on the contrary, is nervous as her heroes, sometimes flowery as her Italian or English fields, sometimes majestically great as her runic forests of oak and pine; and always various as the character of her inhabitants. Yet with all these differences of feature, several oriental fictions greatly resemble the island of Circe and the flowery dominions of Alcina. In particular, the adventures of prince Agib, or the third Calender, in the Arabian Tales, afford a striking likeness of painting and catastrophe.

If Ariosto, however, seem to resemble any eastern fiction, the island of Venus in Camoëns bears a more striking resemblance to a passage in Chaucer. The following beautiful piece of poetical painting occurs in the Assembly of the Fowles:

The bildir oak, and eke the hardie ashe,
The pillir elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The boxe pipetre, the holme to whippis lasshe,
The sailing firre, the cypres deth to plaine,
The shortir ewe, the aspe for shaftis plaine,
The olive of pece, and eke the drunkin vine,
The victor palme, the laurir to divine.

A gardein save I full of blossomed bowis,
Upon a river, in a grene mede
There as swetenesse evirmore inough is
With floures white, and blewe, yelowe, and rede,
And colde and clere wellestremis, nothing dede,
That swommin full of smale fishes light,
With finnis rede, and scalis silver bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I syng
With voice of angell, in their harmonie
That busied hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
And little pretie conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan espie
The dredful roe, the buck, the hart and hind,
Squirels, and bestis mail of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis, in accorde
Herd I so plaie a ravishyng sweetenesse,
That God, that makir is of all the lorde,
Ne herd nevir a better, as I gesse.
There with a winde, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the levis grene a noise soft
Accordant to the soulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,
That nevir was there grevaunce of hot ne cold—
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Under a tre beside a well I soye
Cupid our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

And upon pillirs grete of jaspir long
I saw a temple of brasse ifounded strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which some there ywere
Faire of 'heself, and some of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all desheveled went thei there,
That was ther office from yere to yere,
And on the temple save I white and faire
Of doves sittyng many a thousand paire.

Here we have Cupid forging his arrows, the woodland, the streams, the music of instruments and birds, the frolics of deer and other animals; and women inow. In a word, the island of Venus is here sketched out, yet Chaucer was never translated into Latin or any language of the Continent, nor did Camoëns understand a line of English. The subject was common, and the same poetical feelings in Chaucer and Camoëns pointed out to each what were the beauties of landscapes and of bowers devoted to pleasure.

Yet, though the fiction of bowers, of islands, and palaces, was no novelty in poetry, much however remains to be attributed to the poetical powers and invention of Camoëns. The island of Venus contains, of all others, by much the completest gradation, and fullest assemblage of that species of luxuriant painting. Nothing in the older writers is equal to it in fullness. Nor can the island of Armida in Tasso be compared to it, in poetical embroidery or passionate expression; though Tasso has undoubtedly built upon the model of Camoëns, as Spenser appropriated the imagery of Tasso, when he described the bower of Acrasia, part of which he has literally translated from the Italian poet. The beautiful fictions of Armida and Acrasia, however, are much too long to be here inserted, and they are well known to every reader of taste.

But the chief praise of our poet is yet unmentioned. The introduction of so beautiful a fiction, as an essential part of the conduct and machinery of an epic poem, does the greatest honour to the invention of Camoëns. The machinery of the former part of the poem not only acquires dignity, but is completed by it. And the conduct of Homer and Virgil has in this not only received a fine imitation, but a masterly contrast. In the finest allegory the heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward; and by means of this allegory our poet gives a noble imitation of the noblest part of the Æneid. In the tenth Lusiad, Gama and his heroes hear the nymphs in the divine palace of Thetis sing the triumphs of their countrymen in the conquest of India: after this the goddess gives Gama a view of the eastern world, from the Cape of Good Hope to the furthest islands of Japan. She poetically describes every region and the principal islands, and concludes, "All these are given to the western world by you." It is impossible any poem can be summed up with greater sublimity. The fall of Troy is nothing to this. Nor is this all: the prophecy of Anchises, which forms the most masterly fiction, finest compliment, and ultimate purpose of the Æneid, is not only nobly imitated; but the conduct of Homer, in concluding the Iliad, as already observed, is paralleled, without one circumstance being borrowed. Poetical conduct cannot possibly bear a stronger resemblance, than the reward of the heroes of the Lusiad, the prophetic song, and the vision shown to Gama, bear to the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the completion of the anger of Achilles, the subject of the Iliad. Nor is it a greater honour to resemble a Homer and a Virgil, than it is to be resembled by a Milton. Though Milton perhaps never saw the Lusiad in the original tongue, he certainly heard of Fanshaw's translation, which was published fourteen years before he gave his Paradise Lost to the world. But whatever he knew of it, had the last book of the Lusiad been two thousand years known to the learned, every one would have owned that the two last books of the Paradise Lost were evidently formed upon it. But whether Milton borrowed any hint from Camoëns, is of little consequence. That the genius of the great Milton suggested the conclusion of his immortal poem in the manner and machinery of the Lusiad, is enough. It is enough that the part of Michael and Adam in the two last books of the Paradise Lost, is in point of conduct exactly the same with the part of Thetis and Gama in the conclusion of the Lusiad. Yet this difference must be observed; in the narrative of his last book, Milton has flagged, as Addison calls it, and fallen infinitely short of the untired spirit of the Portuguese poet.

LUSIAD X.

Far o'er the western ocean's distant bed
Apollo now his fiery coursers sped,
Far o'er the silver lake of Mexic roll'd [1]
His rapid chariot wheels of burning gold:

[1] The city of Mexico is environed with an extensive lake; or, according to Cortez, in his second narration to Charles V., with two lakes, one of fresh, the other of salt water, in circuit about fifty leagues. This situation, said the Mexicans, was appointed by their god Vitziliputzli, who, according to the explanation of their picture-histories, led their forefathers a journey of fourscore years, in search of the promised land; the arch devil, say some Spanish writers, in this imitating the journeys of the Israelites. Four of the principal priests carried the idol in a coffer of reeds. Wherever they halted they built a tabernacle for their god in the midst of their camp, where they placed the coffer and the altar. They then sowed the land, and their stay or departure, without regard to the harvest, was directed by the orders received from their idol, till at last by his command they fixed their abode on the site of Mexico. The origin of the Mexicans is represented by men coming out of caves, and their different journeys and encampments are pourtrayed in their picture-histories; one of which was sent to Charles V., and is said to

The radiant sky was left to dusky gray.
And o'er the last hot breath of parting day,
Cool o'er the sultry noon's remaining flame,
On gentle gales the grateful twi-light came.
Dimpling the lucid pools, the fragrant breeze
Sighs o'er the lawns and whispers through the trees;
Refresh'd the lily rears the silver head,
And opening jasmines o'er the arbours spread.
Fair o'er the wave, that gleam'd like distant snow,
Graceful arose the Moon, serenely slow;
Not yet full-orb'd, in clouded splendour drest,
Her married arms embrace her pregnant breast.
Sweet to his mate, recumbent o'er his young,
The nightingale his spousal anthem sung;
From every bower the holy chorus rose,
From every bower the rival anthem flows.
Translucent twinkling through the upland grove,
In all her lustre shines the star of love;
Led by the sacred ray from every bower,
A joyful train, the wedded lovers pour:
Each with the youth above the rest approved,
Each with the nymph above the rest beloved,
They seek the palace of the sovereign dame;
High on a mountain glow'd the wondrous frame:
Of gold the towers, of gold the pillars shone,
The walls were crystal, starr'd with precious stone.
Amid the hall arose the festive board,
With Nature's choicest gifts promiscuous stor'd:
So will'd the goddess to renew the smile
Of vital strength, long worn by days of toil.
On crystal chairs that shined as lambent flame
Each gallant youth attends his lovely dame;
Beneath a purple canopy of state
The beauteous goddess and the leader sate:
The banquet glows—Not such the feast when all
The pride of luxury in Egypt's hall
Before the love-sick Roman[1] spread the boast
Of every teeming sea and fertile coast.
Sacred to noblest worth and virtue's ear,
Divine as genial was the banquet here;
The wine, the song, by sweet returns inspire,
Now wake the lover's, now the hero's fire.
On gold and silver from th' Atlantic main,
The sumptuous tribute of the sea's wide reign,
Of various savour was the banquet piled;
Amid the fruitage mingling roses smiled.
In cups of gold, that shed a yellow light,
In silver, shining as the Moon of night,
Amid the banquet flow'd the sparkling wine,
Nor gave Falernia's fields the parent vine:
Falernia's vintage, nor the fabled power
Of Jove's ambrosia in th' Olympian bower
To this compare not; wild nor frantic fires,
Divinest transport this alone inspires.
The beverage, fuming o'er the goblet's breast,
The crystal fountain's cooling aid coolest[2];
The while, as circling flow'd the cheerful bowl,
Sapient discourse, the banquet of the soul,
Of richest argument and brightest glow,
Array'd in dimpling smiles, in easiest flow,
Pour'd all its graces: nor in silence stood
The powers of music, such as erst subdued
The horrid frown of Hell's profound domains[4],
And sooth'd the torture'd ghosts to slumber on their chains.
To music's sweetest chords in loftiest vein
An angel Syren joins the vocal strain;
The silver roofs resound the living song,
The harp and organ's lofty mood prolong
The hallowed warblings; listening silence rides
The sky, and o'er the bridled winds presides;
In softest murmurs flows the glassy deep,
And, each lull'd in his shade, the bestials sleep.
The lofty song ascends the thrilling skies,
The song of godlike heroes yet to rise;
Jove gave the dream, whose glow the Syren fired,
And present Jove the prophecy inspired.
Not he, the bard of love-sick Dido's board,
Nor he the minstrel of Phæacia's lord,
Though fam'd in song, could touch the warbling string,
Or with a voice so sweet, melodious sing.
And thou, my Muse, O fairest of the train,
Calliope, inspire my closing strain.
No more the summer of my life remains[5],
My autumn's lengthening evenings chill my veins;
Down the bleak stream of years by woes on woes
Wing'd on, I hasten to the tomb's repose.
The port whose deep dark bottom shall detain
My anchor, never to be weigh'd again,

be still extant in the Escurial. According to the reigns of their kings, their first emigration was about A. D. 720. Vide Botteus, Gomara, Acosta, and other Spanish writers.

[1] Mark Anthony.

[2] It was a custom of the ancients in warm climates to mix the coldest spring water with their wine, immediately before drinking; not, we may suppose, to render it less intoxicating, but on account of the heightened flavour it thereby received. Homer tells us, that the wine which Ulysses gave to Polyphemus would bear twenty measures of water. Modern luxury, by placing the bottle in preserved ice, has found a method to give the wine the most agreeable coolness, without reducing its quality.

[4] Alluding to the fable of Orpheus. Fanshaw's translation, as already observed, was published fourteen years before the Paradise Lost. These lines of Milton,

> What could it less, when spirits immortal sung?
> Their song was partial, but the harmony
> Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
> The throngèd audience——

bear a resemblance to these of Fanshaw,

> Musical instruments not wanting, such
> As to the damned spirits once gave ease
> In the dark vaults of the infernal hall.—

"To slumber amid their punishment," though omitted by Fanshaw, is literal,

> Fizeraõ descançar de eterna pena——

[5] It is not certain when Camoëns wrote this. It seems however not long to precede the publication of his poem, at which time he was in his fifty-fifth year. This apostrophe to his Muse may perhaps by some be blamed as another digression; but so little does it require defence, that one need not hesitate to affirm, that had Homer, who often talks to his Muse, introduced, on these favourable opportunities, any little picture or history of himself, these digressions would have been the most interesting parts of his works. Had any such little history of Homer complained like this of Camoëns, it would have been bedewed with the tears of ages.

Never on other sea of life to steer
The human course—Yet thou, O goddess, hear,
Yet let me live, though round my silver'd head
Misfortune's bitterest rage implying shed
Her coldest storms; yet let me live to crown
The song that boasts my nation's proud renown.
Of godlike heroes sung the nymph divine,
Heroes whose deeds on Gama's crest shall shine;
Who through the seas by Gama first explor'd
Shall bear the Lusian standard and the sword,
Till every coast where roars the orient main,
Blest in its sway, shall own the Lusian reign;
Till every Pagan king his neck shall yield,
Or vanquish'd gnaw the dust on battle field.
"High priest of Malabar," the goddess sung,
"Thy faith repent not, nor lament thy wrong[6];
Though for thy faith to Lusus' generous race
The raging zamorem thy fields deface;
From Tagus, lo, the great Pacheco sails
To India, wafted on auspicious gales.
Soon as his crooked prow the tide shall press,
A new Achilles shall the tide confess;
His ship's strong sides shall groan beneath his weight[7],
And deeper waves receive the sacred freight.

Soon as on India's strand he shakes his spear,
The burning east shall tremble, chill'd with fear;
Seeking with noble blood, Cambaiao's stream
Shall blaze impurpled to the evening beam.
Urged on by raging shame, the monarch brings,
Banded with all their powers, his vassal kings:
Narsinga's rocks their cruel thousands pour,
Bijnor's stern king attends, and thine, Tanore:
To guard proud Calicut's imperial pride,
All the wide north sweeps down its peopled tide:
Join'd are the sects that never touch'd before[8],
By land the Pagan, and by sea the Moor.
O'er land, o'er sea the great Pacheco strews
The prostrate spearmen, and the founder'd proas[9],
Submiss and silent, palsied with amaze,
Proud Malabar th' unnumber'd slain surveys:
Yet burns the monarch; to his shrine he speeds;
Dire howl the priests, the groaning victim bleeds;
The ground they stamp, and from the dark abodes
With tears and vows they call th' infernal gods.
Enraged with dog-like madness to behold
His temples and his towns in flames enroll'd,
Secure of promised victory, again
He fires the war, the lawns are heapt with slain.
With stern reproach he brands his routed Nayrs,
And for the dreadful field himself prepares;
His harness'd thousands to the fight he leads,
And rides exulting where the combat bleeds:
Amid his pomp his robes are sprinkled o'er,
And his proud face dash'd with his menials' gore[10]:
From his high couch he leaps, and speeds to fight
On foot inglorious, in his army's sight.
Hell then he calls, and all the powers of Hell,
The secret poison, and the 'chanted spell;
Vain as the spell the poison'd rage is shed,
For Heaven defends the hero's sacred head.
Still fiercer from each wound the tyrant burns,
Still to the field with heavier force returns.
The seventh dread war he kindles: high in air
The hills dishonour'd lift their shoulders bare;
Their woods roll'd down now strew the river's side,
Now rise in mountain turrets o'er the tide;
Mountains of fire and spires of bickering flame,
While either bank resounds the proud acclaim,

[6] P. Alvarez Cabral, the second Portuguese commander who sailed to India, entered into a treaty of alliance with Trimumpara king of Cochin and high-priest of Malabar. The zamorim raised powerful armies to dethrone him; but his fidelity to the Portuguese was unalterable, though his affairs were brought to the lowest ebb. For an account of this war, and the almost incredible achievements of Pacheco, see the history in the Preface.

[7] Thus Virgil:

——— simul accipit alveo
Ingentem Æneam. Gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.

That the visionary boat of Charon groaned under the weight of Æneas is a fine poetical stroke; but that the crazy reuts let in the water is certainly lowering the image. The thought, however, as managed in Camoëns, is much grander than in Virgil, and affords a happy instance, where the hyperbole is truly poetical.

Poetical allusions to, or abridgments of, historical events are either extremely insipid and obscure, or particularly pleasing to the reader. To be pleasing, a previous acquaintance with the history is necessary, and for this reason the poems of Homer and Virgil were peculiarly relished by their countrymen. When a known circumstance is placed in an animated poetical view, and clothed with the graces of poetical language, a sensible mind must feel the effect. But when the circumstance is unknown, nothing but the most lively imagery and finest colouring can prevent it from being tiresome. The Lusiad affords many instances which must be highly pleasing to the Portuguese, but dry to those who are unacquainted with their history. Nor need one hesitate to assert, that were we not acquainted with the Roman history from our childhood, a great part of the Æneid would appear to us intolerably uninteresting. Sensible of this disadvantage, which every version of historical poetry must suffer, the translator has not only in the notes added every incident which might elucidate the subject, but has also, all along, in the episode in the third and fourth books, in the description of the painted ensigns in the eighth, and in the allusions in the present book, endeavoured to throw every historical incident into that universal language, the picturesque of poetry. The circumstances improper for imagery are hastened over, and those which can best receive it presented to the view. When Hector storms the Grecian camps, when Achilles marches to battle, every reader understands and is affected with the bold painting. But when Nestor talks of his exploits at the funeral games of Amarynces, (Iliad xxiii.) the critics themselves cannot comprehend him, and have vied with each other in inventing explanations.

[8] To touch, or be touched by, one of an inferior cast, is esteemed among the Gentoos as the greatest pollution.

[9] Proas, or paraos, Indian vessels which lie low on the water, are worked with oars, and carry 100 men and upwards apiece.

[10] See the history in the Preface.

Come floating down, round Luna's fleet to pour
Their sulph'rous entrails in a burning shower.
Oh, vain the hope—Let Rome her boast resign;
Her palms, Pacheco, never bloom'd like thine:
Nor Tyber's bridge, nor Marathon's red field [11],
Nor thine, Thermopylæ, such deeds beheld;
Nor Fabius' arts such rushing storms repell'd.
Swift as, repulsed, the famish'd wolf returns
Fierce to the fold, and, wounded, fiercer burns;
So swift, so fierce, seven times all India's might
Returns unnumber'd to the dreadful fight;
One hundred spears, seven times in dreadful stower,
Strews in the dust all India's raging power."

The lofty song, for paleness o'er her spread,
The nymph suspends, and bows the languid head;
Her faltering words are breath'd on plaintive sighs,
"Ah, Belisarius, injured chief," she cries,
"Ah, wipe thy tears; in war thy rival see,
Injured Pacheco falls despoil'd like thee;
In him, in thee dishonour'd virtue bleeds,
And valour weeps to view her fairest deeds,
Weeps o'er Pacheco, where forlorn he lies
Low on an alms-house bed [12], and friendless dies.
Yet shall the Muses plume his humble bier,
And ever o'er him pour th' immortal tear;
Though by the king, alone to thee unjust,
Thy head, great chief, was humbled in the dust,
Loud shall the Muse indignant sound thy praise,
Thou gav'st thy monarch's throne its proudest blaze.
While round the world the Sun's bright car shall ride,
So bright shall shine thy name's illustrious pride;
Thy monarch's glory, as the Moon's pale beam,
Eclipsed by thine, shall shed a sickly gleam.
Such meed attends when soothing flattery sways,
And blinded state its sacred trust betrays!"

Again the nymph exalts her brow, again
Her swelling voice resounds the lofty strain:
"Almeyda comes, the kingly name he bears,
Deputed royalty his standard rears;
In all the generous rage of youthful fire,
The warlike son attends the warlike sire.
Quiloa's blood-stain'd tyrant now shall feel
The righteous vengeance of the Lusian steel.
Another prince, by Lisboa's throne beloved,
Shall bless the land, for faithful deeds approved.
Mombaze shall now her treason's meed behold,
When curling flames her proudest domes enfold:
Involved in smoke, loud crashing, low shall fall
The mounded temple and the castled wall.
O'er India's seas the young Almeyda pours,
Scorching the wither'd air, his iron showers;
Torn masts and rudders, hulks and canvass riven,
Mouth after mouth before his prows are driven.

But Heaven's dread will, where clouds of darkness rest,
That awful will, which knows alone the best,
Now blunts his spear: Cambaya's squadrons join'd
With Egypt's fleets, in Pagan rage combined,
Engrasp him round; red boils the staggering flood,
Purpled with volleying flames and hot with blood:
Whirl'd by the cannon's rage, in shivers torn
His thigh, far scatter'd o'er the wave, is borne.
Bound to the mast the godlike hero stands [13],
Waves his proud sword, and cheers his woful bands.
Though winds and seas their wonted aid deny,
To yield he knows not, but he knows to die:
Another thunder tears his manly breast:
O fly, blest spirit, to thy heavenly rest——
Hark, rolling on the groaning storm I hear
Resistless vengeance thundering on the rear!
I see the transports of the furious sire,
As o'er the mangled corse his eyes flash fire.
Swift to the fight, with stern though weeping eyes,
Fixt rage fierce burning in his breast, he flies;
Fierce as the bull that sees his rival rove
Free with the heifers through the mounded grove,
On oak or beech his madd'ning fury pours;
So pours Almeyda's rage on Dabul's towers.
His vanes wide waving o'er the Indian sky,
Before his prows the fleets of India fly [14]:
On Egypt's chief his mortars' dreadful tire
Shall vomit all the rage of prison'd fire:
Heads, limbs, and trunks shall choke the struggling tide,
Till every surge with reeking crimson dyed,

[11] When Porsenna besieged Rome, Horatius Cocles defended the pass of a bridge till the Romans destroyed it behind him. Having thus saved the pass, heavy armed as he was, he swam across the river to his companions. The Roman history, however, at this period, is often mixt with fable. Miltiades obtained a great victory over Darius at Marathon. The stand of Leonidas is well known. The battles of Pacheco were in defence of the forts by which the city of Cochin could only be entered. The numbers he withstood by land and sea, and the victories he obtained, are indeed highly astonishing. See the Preface.

[12] See the history in the Preface.

[13] The English history affords an instance of similar resolution in admiral Bembo, who was supported in a wooden frame, and continued the engagement after his legs and thighs were shivered in splinters. Contrary to the advice of his officers, the young Almeyda refused to bear off, though almost certain to be overpowered, and though both wind and tide were critically against him. His father had sharply upbraided him for a former retreat, where victory was thought impossible. He now fell the victim of his father's ideas of military glory. See the Preface.

[14] After having cleared the Indian seas, the viceroy Almeyda attacked the combined fleets of Egypt, Cambaya, and the zamorins, in the entrance and harbour of Diu, or Dio. The fleet of the zamorin almost immediately fled. That of Melique Yaz, lord of Dio, suffered much; but the greatest slaughter fell upon the Egyptians and Turks, commanded by Mir-Hocem, who had defeated and killed the young Almeyda. Of 800 Mamulucks or Turks, who fought under Mir-Hocem, only 22, says Osorius, survived this engagement. Melique Yaz, says Faria y Sousa, was born in slavery, and descended of the Christians of Rossia. The road to preferment is often a dirty one; but Melique's was much less so than that of many other favourites of fortune. As the king of Cambaya was one day riding in state, an unlucky kite dunged upon his royal head. His majesty in great wrath swore he would give all he was worth to have the offender killed. Melique, who was an experienced archer, immediately dispatched an arrow, which brought the audacious hawk to the ground. For the merit of this eminent service he was made lord of Diu, or Dio, a considerable city, the strongest and most important fortress at that time in all India. See Faria, l. ii. c. 2.

Around the young Almeyda's hapless urn
His conqueror's naked ghosts shall howl and mourn.
As meteors flashing through the darken'd air,
I see the victors' whirling falchions glare;
Dark rolls the sulph'rous smoke o'er Dio's skies,
And shrieks of death and shouts of conquest rise,
In one wide tumult blended: the rough roar
Shakes the brown tents on Ganges' trembling shore;
The waves of Indus from the banks recoil;
And matrons, howling on the strand of Nile,
By the pale Moon their absent sons deplore——
Long shall they wail; their sons return no more.
"Ah, strike the notes of woe," the Syren cries,
"A dreary vision swims before my eyes.
To Tago's shore triumphant as he bends,
Low in the dust the hero's glory ends:
Though bended bow, nor thundering engines hail,
Nor Egypt's sword, nor India's spear prevail,
Fall shall the chief before a naked foe [15], [the blow;
Rough clubs and rude hurl'd stones shall strike
The Cape of Tempests shall his tomb supply,
And in the desert sands his bones shall lie,
No boastful trophy o'er his ashes rear'd:
Such Heaven's dread will, and be that will revered!
"But lo, resplendent shines another star,"
Loud she resounds, "in all the blaze of war!
Great Cunia guards Melinda's friendly shore [16],
And dyes her seas with Oja's hostile gore;
Lamo and Brava's towers his vengeance tell:
Green Madagascar's flowery dales shall swell
His echoed fame, till ocean's southmost bound
On isles and shores unknown his name resound.
"Another blaze, behold, of fire and arms!
Great Albuquerk awakes the dread alarms:
O'er Ormuz' walls his thundering flames he pours,
While Heaven, the hero's guide, indignant showers [17]
Their arrows backward on the Persian foe,
Tearing the breasts and arms that twang'd the bow.
Mountains of salt and fragrant gums in vain
Were spent untainted to embalm the slain.
Such heaps shall strew the seas and faithless strand
Of Gerum, Mazcate, and Calayat's land,
Till faithless Ormuz own the Lusian sway,
And Barem's pearls her yearly safety pay.
"What glorious palms on Goa's isle I see [18],
Their blossoms spread, great Albuquerk, for thee!
Through castled walls the hero breaks his way,
And opens with his sword the dread array
Of Moors and Pagans; through their depth he rides,
Through spears and showering fire the battle guides.
As balls enraged, or lions smear'd with gore,
His hands sweep wide o'er Goa's purpled shore.
Nor eastward far though fair Malacca lie [19],
Her groves embosom'd in the morning sky;
Though with her amorous sons the valiant line
Of Java's isle in battle rank combine,
Though poison'd shafts their ponderous quivers store;
Malacca's spicy groves and golden ore,
Great Albuquerk, thy dauntless toils shall crown!
Yet art thou stain'd [20]"—Here with a sighful frown

[15] See note 21 of Lusiad V.

[16] Tristan de Cunha, or d'Acugna. See the history in the Preface.

[17] See note 15 of Lusiad II. Some writers relate, that when Albuquerque besieged Ormuz, a violent wind drove the arrows of the enemy backward upon their own ranks. Osorius says, that many of the dead Persians and Moors were found to have died by arrows. But as that weapon was not used by the Portuguese, he conjectures, that in their despair of victory many of the enemy had thus killed themselves, rather than survive the defeat.

[18] This important place was made an archbishoprick, the capital of the Portuguese empire in the east, and the seat of their viceroys. It is advantageously situated for these purposes on the coast of Decan. It still remains in the possession of the Portuguese.

[19] The conquest of this place was one of the greatest actions of Albuquerque. It became the chief port of the eastern part of Portuguese India, and second only to Goa. Besides a great many pieces of ordnance which were carried away by the Moors who escaped, 3000 large cannon remained the prize of the victor.

[20] A detail of all the great actions of Albuquerque would have been tedious and unpoetical. Camoëns has chosen the most brilliant, and has happily suppressed the rest by a display of indignation. The French translator has the following note on this passage: "Behold another instance of our author's prejudice! The action which he condemns had nothing in it blameable: but as he was of a most amorous constitution, he thought every fault which could plead an amour in its excuse ought to be pardoned; but true heroes, such as Albuquerque, follow other maxims. This great man had in his palace a beautiful Indian slave. He viewed her with the eyes of a father, and the care of her education was his pleasure. A Portuguese soldier named Ruy Diaz had the boldness to enter the general's apartment, where he succeeded so well with the girl, that he obtained his desire. When Albuquerque heard of it, he immediately ordered him to the gallows."

Camoëns, however, was no such undistinguishing libertine as this would represent him. In a few pages we find him praising the continence of Don Henry de Menezes, whose victory over his passions he calls the highest excellence of youth. Nor does it appear by what authority the Frenchman assures us of the chaste paternal affection which Albuquerque bore to this Indian girl. It was the great aim of Albuquerque to establish colonies in India, and for that purpose he encouraged his soldiers to marry with the natives. The most sightly girls were selected, and educated in the religion and household arts of Portugal, and portioned at the expense of the general. These he called his daughters, and with great pleasure he used to attend their weddings, several couples being usually joined together at one time. At one of these nuptials, says Faria, the festivity having continued late, and the brides being mixed together, several of the bridegrooms committed a blunder. The mistakes of the night however, as they were all equal in point of honour, were mutually forgiven in the morning, and each man took his proper wife whom he had received at the altar. This delicate anecdote of Albuquerque's sons and daughters is as bad a commentary on the note of Castera, as it is on the severity which the com-

The goddess paused, for much remain'd unsung,
But blotted with a humble soldier's wrong.
"Alas," she cries, "when war's dread horrours reign,
And thundering batteries rock the fiery plain,
When ghastly famine on a hostile soil,
When pale disease attends on weary toil,
When patient under all the soldier stands,
Directed be the rage which then demands
The humble soldier's blood, his only crime
The amorous frailty of the youthful prime!
Incest's cold horrour here no glow restrain'd,
Nor sacred nuptial bed was here profaned,
Nor here unwelcome force the virgin seized;
A slave lascivious, in his fondling pleased,
Resigns her breast——Ah, stain to Lusian fame!
('T was lust of blood, perhaps 't was jealous flame;)
The leader's rage, unworthy of the brave,
Consigns the youthful soldier to the grave.
Not Ammon thus Apelles' love repaid [91],
Great Ammon's bed resign'd the lovely maid:
Nor Cyrus thus reproved Araspas' fire;
Nor haughtier Carlo thus assumed the fire,
Though from Baldwin to his daughter's bower,
An ill-match'd lover, stole in secret hour:
With nobler rage the lofty monarch glow'd,
And Flandria's earldom on the knight bestow'd [92]."
Again the nymph the song of fame resounds;
"Lo, sweeping wide o'er Ethiopia's bounds,
Wide o'er Arabia's purple shore on high
The Lusian ensigns blaze along the sky!
Mecca aghast beholds the standards shine,
And midnight horrour shakes Medina's shrine [93],
Th' unhallowed altar bodes the approaching foe,
Fore-doom'd in dust its prophet's tomb to strow.
Nor Ceylon's isle, brave Soarez, shall withhold
Its incense, precious as the burnish'd gold,
What time o'er proud Columbo's loftiest spire
Thy flag shall blaze: nor shall th' immortal lyre

mander showed to poor Diaz. Nor does Camoëns stand alone in the condemnation of the general. The historian agrees with the poet. Mentioning the death of D. Antonio Noronha, "This gentleman," says Faria, "used to moderate the violent temper of his uncle Albuquerque, which soon after showed itself in rigid severity. He ordered a soldier to be hanged for an amour with one of the slaves whom he called daughters, and whom he used to give in marriage. When some of his officers asked him what authority he had to take the poor man's life, he drew his sword, told them that was his commission, and instantly broke them." To marry his soldiers with the natives was the plan of Albuquerque: his severity therefore seems unaccountable, unless we admit the perhaps of Camoëns, ou de cios, "perhaps it was jealousy."—But whatever incensed the general, the execution of the soldier was contrary to the laws of every nation *; and the honest indignation of Camoëns against one of the greatest of his countrymen, one who was the grand architect of the Portuguese empire in the east, affords a noble instance of that manly freedom of sentiment which knows no right by which king or peer may do injustice to the meanest subject. Nor can we omit the observation, that the above note of Castera is of a piece with the French devotion we have already seen him pay to the name of king; a devotion which breathes the true spirit of the blessed advice given by Father Paul to the republic of Venice: "When a nobleman commits an offence against a subject," says that Jesuit, "let every means be tried to justify him. But if a subject has offended a nobleman, let him be punished with the utmost severity."

[91] Campaspe, the most beautiful concubine of Alexander, was given by that monarch to Apelles, whom he perceived in love with her. Araspas had strict charge of the fair captive Panthea. His attempt on her virtue was forgiven by Cyrus.

* Osorius represents the crime of Diaz as mutiny, having been against the strict orders of Albuquerque. Diaz, however, was guilty of no breach of military duty, which alone constitutes the crime of mutiny.

[92] "Baldwin, surnamed Ironarm, grand forester of Flanders, being in love with Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald, and widow of Ethelwolfe, king of England, obtained his desire by force. Charles, though at first he highly resented, afterwards pardoned his crime, and consented to his marriage with the princess."—Castera.

This digression in the song of the nymph bears, in manner, a striking resemblance to the histories which the heroes of Homer often relate to each other. That these little episodes have their beauty and propriety in an epic poem, will strongly appear from a view of M. de la Motte's translation of the Iliad into French verse. The four-and twenty books of Homer he has contracted into twelve, and these contain no more lines than about four books of the original. A thousand embellishments which the warm poetical feelings of Homer suggested to him, are thus thrown out by the Frenchman. But what is the consequence of this improvement? The work of la Motte is unread, even by his own countrymen, and despised by every foreigner who has the least relish for poetry and Homer.

[93] Medina, the city where Mohammed is buried. About six years after Gama's discovery of India, the sultan of Egypt sent Maurus, the abbot of the monks at Jerusalem, who inhabit Mount Sion, on an embassy to pope Julius II. The sultan, with severe threats to the Christians of the east, in case of refusal, entreated the pope to desire Emmanuel king of Portugal to send no more fleets to the Indian seas. The pope sent Maurus to Emmanuel, who returned a very spirited answer to his holiness, assuring him that no threats, no dangers could make him alter his resolution, and lamenting that it had not yet been in his power to fulfil his promise of demolishing the sepulchre and erasing the memorials of Mohammed from the earth. This, he says, was the first purpose of sending his fleets to India. Nobis enim, cum iter in Indiam classibus nostris aperire, et regiones majoribus nostris incognitas explorare decrevimus, hoc propositum fuit, ut ipsum Mahometanæ sectæ caput . . . . . extingueremus——It is with great art that Camoëns so often reminds us of the grand design of the expedition of his heroes, to subvert Mohammedism and found a Christian empire in the east. But the dignity which this gives his poem is already observed in the Preface.

Forget thy praise, Sequeyra! To the shore
Where Sheba's sapient queen the sceptre bore[91],
Braving the Red Sea's dangers shalt thou force
To Abyssinia's realm thy novel course;
And isles, by jealous Nature long conceal'd,
Shall to the wondering world be now reveal'd.
Great Menez next the Lusian sword shall bear;
Menez, the dread of Afric, high shall rear
His victor lance, till deep shall Ormuz groan,
And tribute doubled her revolt atone.
"Now shines thy glory in meridian height,"
And loud her voice she raised; "O matchless knight,
Thou, thou, illustrious Gama, thou shalt bring
The olive-bough of peace, deputed king!
The lands by thee discover'd shall obey
Thy sceptred power, and bless thy regal sway.
But India's crimes, outrageous to the skies,
A length of these Saturnian days denies:
Snatch'd from thy golden throne the Heavens shall claim
Thy deathless soul, the world thy deathless name[92].
"Now o'er the coast of faithless Malabar
Victorious Henry[93] pours the rage of war;
Nor less the youth a nobler strife shall wage,
Great victor of himself though green in age;
No restless slave of wanton amorous fire,
No lust of gold shall taint his generous ire.
While youth's bold pulse beats high, how brave the boy
Whom harlot smiles nor pride of power decoy!
Immortal be his name! Nor less thy praise,
Great Mascarene[94], shall future ages raise:
Though power, unjust, withhold the splendid ray
That dignifies the crest of sovereign sway,
Thy deeds, great chief, on Bintam's humbled shore,
Deeds such as Asia never view'd before,
Shall give thy honest fame a brighter blaze
Than tyrant pomp in golden robes displays.
Though bold in war the fierce usurper skies,
Though Cutial's potent navy o'er the brine
Drive vanquish'd; though the Lusian Hector's sword
For him reap conquest, and confirm him lord;
Thy deeds, great peer, the wonder of thy foes,
Thy glorious chains unjust, and generous woes,
Shall dim the fierce Sampayo's fairest fame,
And o'er his honours thine aloud proclaim.
Thy generous woes! Ah gallant injured chief,
Not thy own sorrows give the sharpest grief,
Thou seest the Lusian name her honours stain,
And lust of gold her heroes' breasts profane;
Thou seest ambition lift the impious head,
Nor God's red arm, nor lingering justice dread;
O'er India's bounds thou seest those vultures prowl,
Full-gorged with blood, and dreadless of control;
Thou seest and weep'st thy country's blotted name,
The generous sorrow thine, but not the shame.
Nor long the Lusian ensigns stain'd remain:
Great Nunio comes[95], and razes every stain.
Though lofty Calé's warlike towers he rear;
Though haughty Melic groan beneath his spear;
All these, and Dio yielded to his name,
Are but th' embroidery of his nobler fame.
For haughtier foes of Lusian race he braves;
The awful sword of justice high he waves:
Before his bar the injured Indian stands,
And justice boldly on his foe demands,
The Lusian foe; in wonder lost the Moor
Beholds proud rapine's vulture grips restore;
Beholds the Lusian hands in fetters bound
By Lusian hands, and wound repaid for wound.
Oh, more shall thus by Nunio's worth be won,
Than conquest reaps from high-plumed hosts o'erthrown.
Long shall the generous Nunio's blissful sway
Command supreme. In Dio's hopeless day
The sovereign toil the brave Noronha takes;
Awed by his fame the fierce-soul'd Romim shakes[96],
And Dio's open'd walls in sudden flight forsakes.
A son of thine, O Gama, now shall hold[97]
The helm of empire, prudent, wise, and bold:
Malacca saved and strengthen'd by his arms,
The banks of Tor shall echo his alarms;
His worth shall bless the kingdoms of the morn,
For all thy virtues shall his soul adorn.
When fate resigns thy hero to the skies,
A veteran, famed on Brazil's shore, shall rise[98]:

[91] The Abyssinians contend that their country is the Sheba mentioned in the Scripture, and that the queen who visited Solomon bore a son to that monarch, from whom their royal family, to the present time, is descended.

[92] Gama only reigned three months viceroy of India. During his second voyage, the third which the Portuguese made to India, he gave the zamorin some considerable defeats by sea, besides his victories over the Moors. These, however, are judiciously omitted by Camoëns, as the less striking part of his character.

The French translator is highly pleased with the prediction of Gama's death, delivered to himself at the feast. "The syren," says he, "persuaded that Gama is a hero exempt from weakness, does not hesitate to mention the end of his life. Gama listens without any mark of emotion; the feast and the song continue. If I am not deceived, this is truly great."

[93] Don Henry de Menezes. He was only twenty-eight when appointed to the government of India. He died in his thirtieth year, a noble example of the most disinterested heroism. See the Preface.

[94] Pedro de Mascarenhas. The injustice done to this brave officer, and the usurpation of the government by Lopez Vaz de Sampayo, afford one of the most interesting periods of the history of the Portuguese in India. See the Preface.

[95] Nunio de Cunha, one of the most worthy of the Portuguese governors. See the Preface.

[96] That brave generous spirit, which prompted Camoëns to condemn the great Albuquerque for injustice to a common soldier, has here deserted him. In place of poetical compliment, on the terrours of his name, Noronha deserved infamy. The siege of Dio, it is true, was raised on the report of his approach, but that report was the stratagem of Coje Zofar one of the general officers of the assailants. The delays of Noronha were as highly blameable, as his treatment of his predecessor, the excellent Nunio, was unworthy of a gentleman. See the Preface.

[97] Stephen de Gama. See the Preface.

[98] Martin Alonzo de Souza. He was celebrated for clearing the coast of Brazil of several pirates, who were formidable to that infant colony.

The wide Atlantic, and the Indian main,
By turns shall own the terrours of his reign.
His aid the proud Cambayan king implores,
His potent aid Cambaya's king restores.
The dread Mogul with all his thousands flies,
And Dio's towers are Souza's well-earn'd prize.
Nor less the zamorim o'er blood-stain'd ground [31]
Shall speed his legions, torn with many a wound,
In headlong rout. Nor shall the boastful pride
Of India's navy, though the shaded tide
Around the squadron'd masts appear the down
Of some wide forest, other fate renown.
Loud rattling through the hills of Cape Camore
I hear the tempest of the battle roar!
Clung to the splinter'd masts I see the dead
Badala's, shores with horrid wreck bespread;
Batticala inflamed by treacherous hate,
Provokes the horrours of Badala's fate:
Her seas in blood, her skies enwrapt in fire,
Confess the sweeping storm of Souza's ire.
No hostile spear now roar'd on sea or strand,
The awful sceptre graces Souza's hand;
Peaceful he reigns, in counsel just and wise;
And glorious Castro now his throne supplies:
Castro, the boast of generous fame, afar
From Dio's strand shall sway the glorious war.
Madd'ning with rage to view the Lusian band,
A troop so few, proud Dio's towers command,
The cruel Ethiop Moor to Heaven complains,
And the proud Persian's languid zeal arraigns.
The Rumien fierce, who boasts the name of Rome [32],
With these conspires and vows the Lusians' doom.
A thousand barbarous nations join their powers
To bathe with Lusian blood the Dio-n towers.
Dark rolling sheets, forth belch'd from brazen womb,
And hoved, like showering clouds, with hailing bomb,

O'er Dio's sky spread the black shades of death:
The mine's dread earthquakes shake the ground beneath.
No hope, bold Mascarene [34], mayst thou respire,
A glorious fall alone, thy just desire.
When lo, his gallant son brave Castro sends——
Ah Heaven, what fate the hapless youth attends!
In vain the terrours of his falchion glare;
The cavern'd mine bursts, high in pitchy air,
Rampire and squadron whirl'd convulsive, borne
To Heaven, the hero dies in fragments torn.
His loftiest bough though fall'n, the generous sire
His living hope devotes with Roman ire.
On wings of fury flies the brave Alvar
Through oceans howling with the wintery war,
Through skies of snow his brother's vengeance bears:
And soon in arms the valiant sire appears:
Before him victory spreads her eagle-wing
Wide sweeping o'er Cambaya's haughty king.
In vain his thundering coursers shake the ground,
Cambaya bleeding of his might's last wound
Sinks pale in dust: fierce Hydal-Kan in vain [35]
Wakes war on war; he bites his iron chain.
O'er Indus' banks, o'er Ganges' smiling vales,
No more the hind his plunder'd field bewails:
O'er every field, O peace, thy blossoms glow,
The golden blossoms of thy olive bough;
Firm based on wisdom's laws great Castro crowns,
And the wide east the Lusian empire owns.

[11] These warlike chiefs, the sons of thy renown,
And thousands more, O Vasco, doom'd to crown
Thy glorious toils, shall through these seas unfold
Their victor-standards, blazed with Indian gold;

[31] This is as near the original as elegance will allow—de sangue cheyo—upon which Fanshaw has thus punned,

——————with no little loss,
Sending him home again by Weeping-Cross.—

[32] When the victories of the Portuguese began to overspread the east, several Indian princes, by the counsels of the Moors, applied for assistance to the sultan of Egypt and the grand signior. The troops of these Mahommedan princes were in the highest reputation for bravery, and, though composed of many different nations, were known among the Orientals by one common name. Ignorance delights in the marvellous. The history of ancient Rome made the same figure among the easterns, as that of the fabulous or heroic ages does with us, with this difference, it was better believed. The Turks of Romania and Egypt pretended to be the descendants of the Roman conquerors, and the Indians gave them and their auxiliaries the name of Rumes, or Romans. It has been said that the gipsies who are now scattered over Europe, were, about four or five centuries ago, driven by war from Egypt and Syria. The name by which, in their dialect, they call themselves, Rumetch, or Rumetchin, favours this opinion.

[34] The commander of Diu, or Dio, during this siege, one of the most memorable in the Portuguese history.

[35] The title of the lords or princes of Decan, who in their wars with the Portuguese have sometimes brought 400,000 men into the field. The prince here mentioned, after many revolts, was at last finally subdued by don John de Castro, the fourth viceroy of India, with whose reign our poet judiciously ends the prophetic song. Albuquerque laid the plan, and Castro completed the system of the Portuguese empire in the east. It is with propriety therefore that the prophecy given to Gama is here summed up. Nor is the discretion of Camoëns in this instance inferior to his judgment. He is now within a few years of his own times, when he himself was upon the scene in India. But whatever he had said of his contemporaries would have been liable to misconstruction, and every sentence would have been branded with the epithets of flattery or malice. A little poet would have been happy in such an opportunity to resent his wrongs. But the silent contempt of Camoëns does him true honour.

In this historical song, as already hinted, the translator has been attentive, as much as he could, to throw it into those universal languages, the picturesque and characteristic. To convey the sublimest instruction to princes, is, according to Aristotle, the peculiar province of the epic Muse. The striking points of view, in which the different characters of the governors of India are here placed, are in the most happy conformity to this ingenious canon of the Stagyrite.

And in the bosom of our flowery isle,
Embathed in joy shall o'er their labours smile.
Their nymphs like yours, their feast divine the same,
The raptured foretaste of immortal fame."
So sung the goddess, while the sister train
With joyful anthem close the sacred strain;
"Though Fortune from her whirling sphere bestow
Her gifts capricious in unconstant flow,
Yet laurel'd honour and immortal fame
Shall ever constant grace the Lusian name."
So sung the joyful chorus, while around
The silver roofs the lofty notes resound.
The song prophetic, and the sacred feast,
Now shed the glow of strength through every breast.
When with the grace and majesty divine,
Which round immortals, when enamour'd, shine,
To crown the banquet of their deathless fame,
To happy Gama thus the sovereign dame:
"O loved of Heaven, what never man before,
What wondering science never might explore,
By Heaven's high will, with mortal eyes to see
Great Nature's face unveil'd, is given to thee.
Thou and thy warriors follow where I lead:
Firm be your steps, for arduous to the tread
Through matted brakes of thorn and brier, bestrow'd
With splinter'd flint, winds the steep slippery road."
She spake, and smiling caught the hero's hand,
And on the mountain's summit soon they stand;
A beauteous lawn with pearl enamell'd o'er,
Emerald and ruby, as the gods of yore
Had sported here. Here in the fragrant air
A wondrous globe appear'd, divinely fair!
Through every part the light transparent flow'd,
And in the centre as the surface glow'd.
The frame ethereal various orbs compose,
In whirling circles now they fell, now rose;
Yet never rose nor fell [26]; for still the same
Was every movement of the wondrous frame;
Each movement still beginning, still complete,
Its author's type, self-poised, perfection's seat.

Great Vasco thrill'd with reverential awe,
And rapt with keen desire the wonder saw.
The goddess mark'd the language of his eyes,
"And here," she cried, "thy largest wish suffice.
Great Nature's fabric thou dost here behold,
Th' ethereal pure, and elemental mold,
In pattern shown complete, as Nature's God
Ordain'd the world's great frame, his dread abode;
For every part the Power Divine pervades,
The Sun's bright radiance and the central shades.
Yet let not haughty reason's bounded line
Explore the boundless God, or where define,
Where in himself in uncreated light,
(While all his worlds around seem wrapt in night,)
He holds his loftiest state [27]. By primal laws
Imposed on Nature's birth, himself the cause,
By her own ministry through every maze
Nature in all her walks unseen he sways.
These spheres behold [28]; the first in wide embrace
Surrounds the lesser orbs of various face;
The Empyreus this, the holiest Heaven
To the pure spirits of the blest is given:
No mortal eye its splendid rays may bear,
No mortal bosom feel the raptures there.
The Earth in all her summer pride array'd
To this might seem a drear sepulchral shade.
Unmoved it stands: within its shining frame,
In motion swifter than the lightning's flame,
Swifter than sight the moving parts may spy,
Another sphere whirls round its rapid sky.
Hence motion darts its force [29], impulsive draws,
And on the other orbs imposes laws:

[26] The motions of the heavenly bodies, in every system, bear, at all times, the same uniform relation to each other: these expressions, therefore, are strictly just. The first relates to the appearance, the second to the reality. Thus while to us the Sun appears to go down, to the more western inhabitants of the globe he appears to rise, and while he rises to us, he is going down to the more eastern; the difference being entirely relative to the various parts of the Earth. And in this the expressions of our poet are equally applicable to the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems. The ancient hypothesis, which made our Earth the centre of the universe, is the system adopted by Camoëns, a happiness, in the opinion of the translator, to the English Lusiad. The new system is so well known, that a poetical description of it would have been no novelty to the English reader. The other has not only that advantage in its favour; but this description is perhaps the finest and fullest that ever was given of it in poetry, that of Lucretius, l. v. being chiefly argumentative, and therefore less picturesque.

Our author studied at the university of Coimbra, where the ancient system and other doctrines of the Aristotelians then, and long afterwards, prevailed.

[27] Called by the old philosophers and school divines the sensorium of the Deity.

[28] According to the Peripatetics, the universe consisted of eleven spheres enclosed within each other, as Fanshaw has familiarly expressed it by a simile which he has lent our author. The first of these spheres, he says,

——— doth (as in a nest
Of boxes) all the other orbs comprize——

In their accounts of this first mentioned, but eleventh sphere, which they called the Empyreus, or Heaven of the Blest, the disciples of Aristotle, and the Arab Moors, gave a loose to all the warmth of imagination. And several of the Christian fathers applied to it the description of Heaven which are found in the Holy Scriptures.

[29] This is the tenth sphere, the primum mobile of the ancient system. To account for the appearances of the Heavens, the Peripatetics ascribed double motion to it. While its influence drew the other orbs from east to west, they supposed it had a motion of its own from west to east. To effect this, the ponderous weight and interposition of the ninth sphere, or crystalline Heaven, was necessary. The ancient astronomers observed that the stars shifted their places. This they called the motion of the crystalline Heaven, expressed by our poet at the rate of one pace during two hundred solar years. The famous Arab astronomer Abulhasan, in his work entitled Meadows of Gold, calculates the revolution of this sphere to consist of 49,000 of our years. But modern discoveries have not only corrected this calcula-

The Sun's bright car attentive to its force
Gives night and day, and shapes his yearly course;
Its force stupendous asks a pond'rous sphere
To poise its fury and its weight to bear:
Slow moves that pond'rous orb; the stiff, slow pace
One step scarce gains, while wide his annual race
Two hundred times the Sun triumphant rides;
The crystal Heaven is this, whose rigour guides
And binds the starry sphere[47]; that sphere behold,
With diamonds spangled, and emblazed with gold;
What radiant orbs that azure sky adorn,
Fair o'er the night in rapid motion borne!
Swift as they trace the Heaven's deep circling line,
Whirl'd on their proper axles bright they shine.
Wide o'er this Heaven a golden belt displays
Twelve various forms; behold the glittering blaze!
Through these the Sun in annual journey bours,
And o'er each clime their various tempers pours.
In gold and silver of celestial mine
How rich far round the constellations shine!
Lo, bright emerging o'er the polar tides
In shining frost the Northern Chariot rides[48]:
Mid treasur'd snows here gleams the grisly Bear,
And icy flakes encrust his shaggy hair.
Here fair Andromeda, of Heaven beloved:
Her vengeful sire, and by the gods reproved
Beauteous Cassiope. Here, fierce and red,
Portending storms, Orion lifts his head;
And here the Dogs their raging fury shed.
The Swan—sweet melodist! in death he sings—
The milder swan here spreads his silver wings.
Here Orpheus' Lyre, the melancholy Hare,
And here the watchful Dragon's eye-balls glare;
And Theseus' ship, Oh, less renown'd than thine,
Shall ever o'er these skies illustrious shine.
Beneath this radiant firmament behold
The various planets in their orbits roll'd:
Here in cold twilight heavy Saturn rides,
Here Jove shines mild, here fiery Mars presides;
Apollo here enthroned in light appears
The eye of Heaven, emblazer of the spheres;
Beneath him beauteous glows the Queen of Love,
The proudest hearts her sacred influence prove;
Here Hermes famed for eloquence divine,
And here Diana's various faces shine;
Lowest she rides, and through the shadowy night
Pours on the glistening Earth her silver light.
These various orbs, behold, in various speed
Pursue the journeys at their birth decreed.
Now from the centre far impell'd they fly,
Now nearer Earth they sail a lower sky,
A shorten'd course; such are their laws impress
By God's dread will, that will for ever best[49].

tion *; but have also ascertained the reason of the apparent motion of the fixt stars. The Earth is not a perfect sphere; the quantity of matter is greater at the equator; hence the Earth turns on her axis in a rocking motion, revolving round the axis of the ecliptic, which is called the procession of the equinoxes, and makes the stars seem to shift their places at about the rate of a degree in 72 years; according to which all the stars seem to perform one revolution in the space of 25,920 years, after which they return exactly to the same situation as at the beginning of this period. However imperfect in their calculations, the Chaldaic astronomers perceived that the motions of the Heavens composed one great revolution. This they called the annus magnus, which those who did not understand them mistook for a restoration of all things to their first originals, and that the world was at that period to begin anew in every respect. Hence the old Egyptian notion, that every one was at the end of thirty-nine thousand years to resume every circumstance of his present life, to be exactly the same in every contingency. And hence also the legends of the Brahmins and Mandarins, their periods of millions of years, and the worlds which they tell us are already past, and eternally to succeed each other.

[47] This was called the firmament or eighth Heaven. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus, Mercury, and Diana, were the planets which gave name to, and whose orbits composed the other spheres or Heavens.

[48] Commonly called Charlewain. Of Calisto, or the Bear, see note 12 of Lusiad V. Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and of Cassiope. Cassiope boasted that she and her daughter were more beautiful than Juno and the Nereids. Andromeda, to appease the goddess, was, at her father's command, chained to a rock to be devoured by a sea monster, but was saved by Perseus, who obtained of Jupiter that all the family should be placed among the stars. Orion was a hunter, who, for an attempt on Diana, was stung to death by a serpent. The star of his name portends tempests. The Dogs: fable gives this honour to those of different hunters. The faithful dog of Erigone, however, that died mad with grief for the death of his mistress, has the best title to preside over the dog-days. The Swan: that whose form Jupiter borrowed to enjoy Leda. The Hare, when pursued by Orion, was saved by Mercury, and placed in Heaven, to signify that Mercury presides over melancholy dispositions. The Lyre, with which Orpheus charmed Pluto. The Dragon, which guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, and the ship Argo, complete the number of the constellations mentioned by Camoëns. If our author has blended the appearances of Heaven with those of the painted artificial sphere, it is in the manner of the classics. Ovid, in particular, thus describes the Heavens, in the second book of his Metamorphoses.

[49] Though a modern narrative of bawdy-house adventures in the South Seas by no means requires the supposition of a particular providence, that supposition, however, is absolutely necessary to the grandeur of an epic poem. The great examples of Homer and Virgil prove it; and Camoëns understood and felt its force. While his fleet combat all the horrours of unploughed oceans, we do not view his heroes as idle wanderers; the care of Heaven gives their voyage the greatest importance. When Gama falls on his knees and spreads his hands to Heaven on the discovery of India, we are presented with a figure infinitely more noble

* However deficient the astronomy of Abulhasan may be, it is nothing to the calculation of his prophet Mohammed, who tells his disciples, that the stars were each about the bigness of a house, and hung from the sky on chains of gold.

"The yellow Earth, the centre of the whole,
There lordly rests sustain'd on either pole.

The limpid air enfolds in each embrace
The pond'rous orb, and brightens o'er its face.

than that of the most successful conqueror, who is supposed to act under the influence of fatalism or chance. The human mind is conscious of its own weakness. It expects an elevation in poetry, and demands a degree of importance superior to the caprices of unmeaning accident. The poetical reader cannot admire the hero who is subject to such blind fortuity. He appears to us with an abject uninteresting littleness. Our poetical ideas of permanent greatness demand a Gama, a hero whose enterprises and whose person interest the care of Heaven and the happiness of his people. Nor must this supposition be confined merely to the machinery. The reason why it pleases also requires that the supposition should be uniform throughout the whole poem. Virgil, by dismissing Æneas through the ivory gate of Elysium, has hinted that all his pictures of a future state were merely dreams, and has thus destroyed the highest merit of the compliment to his patron Augustus. But Camoëns has certainly been more happy. A fair opportunity offered itself to indulge the opinions of Lucretius and the Academic grove; but Camoëns, in ascribing the government of the universe to the will of God, has not only preserved the philosophy of his poem perfectly uniform, but has also shown that the Peripatetic system is, in this instance, exactly conformable to the Newtonian. But this leads us from one defence of our author to another. We have seen that the supposition of a Providence is certainly allowable in a poet: nor can we think it is highly to be blamed, even in a philosopher. The Principia of Newton offer, what some perhaps may esteem, a demonstration of the truth of this opinion. Matter appeared to sir Isaac as possessed of no property but one, the vis inertiæ, or dead inactivity. Motion, the centripetal and centrifugal force, appeared therefore to that great man, as added by the agency of something distinct from matter, by a Being of other properties. And from the infinite combinations of the universe united in one great design, he inferred the omnipotence and omniscience of that primary Being.

If we admit, and who can possibly deny it? that man has an idea of right and wrong, and a power of agency in both, he is then a moral, or, in other words, a reasonable agent; a being placed in circumstances, where his agency is infallibly attended with degrees of happiness or misery infinitely more real and durable than any animal sensation. Now to suppose that the Being who has provided for every want of animal nature, who has placed even the meanest insect in its proper line, and has rendered every purpose of its agency or existence complete,—to suppose that he has placed the infinitely superior intellectual nature of man in an agency of infinitely greater consequence, but an agency of which he takes no superintendance—to suppose this, is only to suppose that the Author of Nature is a very imperfect being. For no proposition can be more self-evident, than that an attention to the merest comparative trifles, attended with a neglect of infinitely greater concerns, implies an intellectual imperfection. Yet some philosophers, who tell us there never was an atheist, some who are not only in raptures with the great machinery of the universe, but are lost in admiration at the admirable adaption of an oyster shell to the wants of the animal, some of these philosophers, with the utmost contempt of the contrary opinion, make no scruple to exclude the care of the Deity from any concern in the moral world. Dazzled, perhaps, by the mathematics, the case of many a feeble intellect; or bewildered and benighted in metaphysics, the case of many an ingenious philosopher; they erect a standard of truth in their own minds, and utterly forgetting that this standard must be founded on partial views, with the utmost assurance they reject whatever does not agree with the infallibility of their beloved test. There is another cast of philosophers no less ingenious, whose minds, absorbed in the innumerable wonders of natural inquiry, can perceive nothing but a gol of cockle-shells, and of grubs turned into butterflies. With all the arrogance of superior knowledge, these virtuosi smile at the opinion which interests the Deity in the moral happiness or misery of man. Nay, they will gravely tell you, that such misery or happiness does not exist. At ease themselves, in their elbow-chairs, they cannot conceive there is such a thing in the world as oppressed innocence feeling its only consolation in an appeal to Heaven, and its only hope, a trust in its care. Though the Author of Nature has placed man in a state of moral agency, and made his happiness or misery to depend upon it, and though every page of human history is stained with the tears of injured innocence and the triumphs of guilt, with miseries which must affect a moral or thinking being, yet we have been told, that "God perceiveth it not; and that what mortals call moral evil vanishes from before his more perfect sight." Thus the appeal of injured innocence and the tear of bleeding virtue fall unregarded, unworthy of the attention of the Deity*. Yet with what raptures do these enlarged virtuosi behold the infinite wisdom and care of their Beelzebub, their god of flies, in the admirable and various provision he has made for the preservation of the eggs of vermin, and the generation of maggots!

Much more might be said in proof that our poet's philosophy does not altogether deserve ridicule. And those who allow a general, but deny a particular providence, will, it is hoped, excuse Camoëns, on the consideration, that if we estimate a general moral providence by analogy of that providence which presides over vegetable and animal nature, a more particular one cannot possibly be wanted. If this life is a state of probation, there must be a particular providence to decide on the individual. If a particular providence, however,

* Perhaps, like Lucretius, some philosophers think this would be too much trouble to the Deity. But the idea of trouble to the Divine Nature, is much the same as another argument of the same philosopher, who, having asserted that before the creation the gods could not know what different seeds would produce, from thence wisely concludes, that the world was made by chance.

Here, softly floating o'er th' aërial blue,
Fringed with the purple and the golden hue,
The fleecy clouds their swelling sides display;
From whence fermented by the sulph'rous ray
The lightnings blaze, and heat spreads wide and rare;
And now in fierce embrace with frozen air,
Their wombs compress soon feel parturient throes,
And white-wing'd gales bear wide the teeming snows.
Thus cold and heat their warring empires hold,
Averse, yet mingling, each by each control'd;
The highest air and ocean's bed they pierce,
And Earth's dark centre feels their struggles fierce.
"The seat of man, the Earth's fair breast, behold;
Here wood-crown'd islands wave their locks of gold.
Here spread wide continents their bosoms green,
And hoary ocean heaves his breast between.
Yet not th' inconstant ocean's furious tide
May fix the dreadful bounds of human pride.
What mad'ning seas between these nations roar!
Yet Lusus' hero-race shall visit every shore.
What thousand tribes whom various customs sway,
And various rites, these countless shores display!
Queen of the world, supreme in shining arms,
Hers every art, and hers all wisdom's charms.
Each nation's tribute round her foot-stool spread,
Here Christian Europe [67] lifts the regal head.
Afric behold [68], alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultured, and her sons untrue;
Ungraced with all that sweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here envich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire bounds the shore.
There round the Cape, great Afric's dreadful bound
Arm'd in storms, by you first compass'd round,
Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
By laws unform'd, uniform'd by reason's sway:
Far inward stretch the mournful steril dales,
Where on the parch'd hill side pale Famine wails.
On gold in vain the naked savage treads;
Low clay-built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,
Their dreary towns. Gonsalo's zeal shall glow
To these dark minds the path of light to show [69]:
His toils to humanize the barbarous mind
Shall with the martyr's palms his holy temples bind.
Great Naya [70] too shall glorious here display
His God's dread might. Behold, in black array,
Numerous and thick as when in evil hour
The feather'd race ally'd harvest fields devour;
So thick, so numerous round Sofala's towers
Her barbarous hordes monstrest Afric pours,
In vain: Heaven's vengeance on their souls imprest,
They fly, wide scatter'd as the driving mist.
Lo, Quiama, there, and there the fertile Nile,
Curst with teat gorging fiend the crocodile.
Wind their long way. The parent lake behold,
Great Nilus' fount unseen, unknown of old,
From whence, adoring plenty as he glides,
Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
In Abyssinia Heaven's own altars blaze [71],
And hallowed anthems chant Messiah's praise.
In Nile's wide bed at the isle of Meroe see!
Near those rude shores a hero spring from thee,
Thy son, brave Gama, shall his lineage show
In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe [72].

is still denied, another consideration obtrudes itself; if one pang of a moral agent is unregarded, one tear of injured innocence left to fall unpitied by the Deity, if built in humanis divina potentia rebus, the consequence is, that the human conception can form an idea of a much better god: and it may modestly be presumed we may hazard the laugh of the wisest philosopher, and without scruple assert, that it is impossible that a created mind should conceive an idea of perfection, superior to that which is absolutely possessed by the Creator and Author of existence.

[67] Vés Europa Christan.—As Europe is already described in the third Lusiad, this short account of it has as great propriety, as the manner of it has dignity.

[68] This just and strongly picturesque description of Africa is finely contrasted with the character of Europe. It contains also a masterly compliment to the expedition of Gama, which is all along represented as the harbinger and diffuser of the blessings of civilization.

[69] Gonsalo de Sylveyra, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1555 sailed from Lisbon on a mission to Monomotapa. His labours were at first successful; but ere he effected any regular establishment he was murdered by the barbarians.—Castera abridged.

[70] Don Pedro de Naya. . . . . In 1505 he erected a fort in the kingdom of Sofala, which is subject to Monomotapa. Six thousand Moors and Cafres laid siege to this garrison, which he defended with only thirty-five men. After having several times suffered by unexpected sallies, the barbarians fled, exclaiming to their king, that he had led them to fight against God.—See Faria.

[71] Christianity was planted here in the first century, but mixed with many Jewish rites unused by other Christians of the east. This appears to give some countenance to the pretensions of their emperors, who claim their descent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba, and at least reminds us of Acts viii. 27; where we are told, that the treasurer of the queen of Ethiopia came to worship at Jerusalem. Innumerable monasteries, we are told, are in this country. But the clergy are very ignorant, and the laity gross barbarians. Much has been said of the hill Amara,

> —Where Abyssin kings their issue guard—
> — — — — by some supposed
> True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
> By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
> A whole day's journey high.—— Milton.

And where, according to Urreta, a Spanish Jesuit, is the library founded by the queen of Sheba, and increased with all those writings of which we have either possession or only the names. The works of Noah, and the lectures on the mathematics which Abraham read in the plains of Mamre, are here. And so many are the volumes, that 200 monks are employed as librarians. It is needless to add, that father Urreta is a second sir John Mandevylle.

[72] When don Stephen de Gama was governor of India, the Christian emperor and empress-mother of Ethiopia solicited the assistance of the Portuguese against the usurpations of the Pagan king of Zeyla. Don Stephen sent his brother don Christoval with 500 men. The prodigies of their valour astonished the Ethiopians. But after having twice defeated the tyrant, and reduced his

There, by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast
Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.
Cape Aromata there the gulf defends,
Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
Illustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,
Famed Hierapolis, high-tower'd, behold.
Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide,
And lo, the waves that, aw'd by Moses' rod
While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,
On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height.
Here Asia, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immense, begins her western line.
Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore
In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore
The Hebrews' God, while day with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Israel's wandering tents below.
The pilgrim now the lonely hill ascends,
And when the evening raven homeward bends,
Before the virgin martyr's tomb[49] he pays
His mournful vespers and his vows of praise.
Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from Heaven; where never from the dale
The crystal riv'let murmur'd to the vale.
The three Arabias here their breasts unfold,
Here breathing incense, here a meky wold;
O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,
That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war-steed glories in his force,
As fleeter than the gale he holds the course.
Here, with his spouse and household lodged in wains,
The Arab's camp shifts wandering o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil
His burden'd camels seek the land of Nile.
Here Rosalgate and Farthac stretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, famed for war's alarms;
Ormuz, decreed full oft to quake with dread
Beneath the Lusian heroes' hostile tread,
Shall see the Turkish moons, with slaughter gor'd,
Shrink from the lightning of De Branco's sword[50].
There on the gulf that laves the Persian shore,
Far through the surges, bends Cape Asabore.
There Barem's isle[51]; her rocks with diamonds
And emulate Aurora's glittering rays. [blaze,
From Barem's shore Euphrates' flood is seen,
And Tygris' waters, through the waves of green,
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averse they blend.
Lo, Persia there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his state the monarch holds:
Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire[52],
And with the pointed steel to fame aspire;
Their springy shoulders stretching to the blow,
Their sweepy sabres bew the shrieking foe.
There Gerum's isle the hoary ruin wears[53] [spears
Where Time has trod: there shall the dreadful
Of Sousa and Menezes strew the shore
With Persian sabres, and embathe with gore
Carpella's cape and sail Carmania's strand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.
A fairer landscape here delights the view:
From these green hills, beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a smiling field propitious lave.
Luxurious here Ulcinda's harvests smile,
And here, disdainful of the seaman's toil,
The whirling tides of Jaquet furious roar;
Alike their rage when swelling to the shore,
Or tumbling backward to the deep, they force
The boiling fury of their gulfy course:
Against their headlong rage nor oars nor sails,
The stemming prow alone, hard toiled, prevails.
Cambaya here begins her wide domain;
A thousand cities here shall own the reign
Of Lisbon's monarchs: he who first shall crown
Thy labours, Gama, here shall boast his own[54].
The lengthening sea that washes India's strand,
And laves the cape that points to Ceylon's land,
(The Taprobanian isle, renown'd of yore,)
Shall see his ensigns blaze from shore to shore.
Behold how many a realm array'd in green
The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore
With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore;

great army to the last extremity, don Christoval, urged too far by the impetuosity of his youthful valour, was taken prisoner. He was brought before the usurper, and put to death in the most cruel manner. Waxed threads were twisted with his beard and afterwards set on fire. He was then dipped in boiling wax, and at last beheaded by the hand of the tyrant. The Portuguese esteem him a martyr, and say that his torments and death were inflicted because he would not renounce the faith.—See Faria y Sousa.

[49] He must be a dull reader indeed who cannot perceive and relish the amazing variety which prevails in our poet. In every page it appears. In the historical narrative of wars, where it is most necessary, yet from the sameness of the subject, most difficult to attain, our author always attains it with the most graceful ease. In the description of countries he not only follows the manner of Homer and Virgil, not only distinguishes each region by its most striking characteristic, but he also diversifies his geography with other incidents introduced by the mention of the place. St. Catherine, virgin and martyr, according to Romish histories, was buried on Senai, where a chapel which bears her name still remains.

[50] Don Pedro de Castel Branco. He obtained a great victory, near Ormuz, over the combined fleets of the Moors, Turks, and Persians.

[51] The island of Barem is situated in the Persian gulf, near the influx of the Euphrates and Tygris. It is celebrated for the plenty, variety, and fineness of its diamonds.

[52] This was the character of the Persians when Gama arrived in the east. Yet, though they thought it dishonourable to use the musket, they esteemed it no disgrace to rush from a thicket on an unarmed foe. This reminds one of the spirit of the old romance. Orlando, having taken the first invented cannon from the king of Friza, throws it into the sea with the most heroic execrations. Yet the heroes of chivalry think it no disgrace to take every advantage afforded by invulnerable hides and enchanted armour.

[53] Presuming on the ruins which are found on this island, the natives pretend that the Armuzia of Pliny and Strabo was here situated. But this is a mistake, for that city stood on the continent. The Moors, however, have built a city in this isle, which they call by the ancient name.

[54] Pedro de Cabral, of whom see the Preface.

Some Macon's orgies[88], all confess the sway
Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.
Narsinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here shone the gilded towers of Meliapore:
Here India's angels, weeping o'er the tomb
Where Thomas sleeps[89], implore the day to come,

The day foretold, when India's utmost shore
Again shall hear Messiah's blissful lore.
By Indus' banks the holy prophet trod,
And Ganges heard him preach the Saviour-God;
Where pale disease erewhile the cheek consumed,
Health at his word in ruddy fragrance bloom'd;
The grave's dark womb his awful voice obey'd,
And to the cheerful day restored the dead:
By heavenly power he rear'd the sacred shrine,
And gain'd the nations by his life divine.

[88] Macre, a name of Mecca, the birth-place of Mahommed.

[89] There are, to talk in the Indian style, a cast of gentlemen, whose hearts are all impartiality and candour to every religion except one, the most moral one which ever the world knew. A tale of a Bramin or a priest of Jupiter would to them appear worthy of poetry. But to introduce an apostle——common sense, however, will prevail; and the episode of St. Thomas will appear to the true critic equal in dignity and propriety. In progriety, for

To renew and complete the labours of the apostle, the messenger of Heaven, is the great design of the hero of the poem, and of the future missions in consequence of the discoveries which are the subject of it.

The Christians of St. Thomas, found in Malabar on the arrival of Gama, we have already mentioned in the Prefaces; but some further account of that subject will certainly be agreeable to the curious. The Jesuit missionaries have given most pompous accounts of the Christian antiquities of India and China. When the Portuguese arrived in India, the head of the Malabar Christians, named Jacob, styled himself metropolitan of India and China. And a Chaldaic breviary* of the Indian Christians offers praise to God for sending St. Thomas to India and China. In 1625, in digging for a foundation near Signafu, metropolis of the province of Xensi, was found a stone with a cross on it, full of Chinese and some Syriac characters, containing the names of bishops, and an account of the Christian religion, "that it was brought from Judea; that having been weakened, it was renewed under the reign of the great Tam," (cir. A. D. 650.) But the Christians, say the Jesuits, siding with the Tartars, cir. A. D. 1200, were extirpated by the Chinese. In 1545, Fernand Pinto, observing some ruins near Peking, was told by the people, that 200 years before, a holy man, who worshipped Jesus Christ, born of a virgin, lived there; and being murdered, was thrown into a river, but his body would not sink; and soon after the city was destroyed by an earthquake. The same Jesuit found people at Caminam who knew the doctrines of Christianity, which they said were preached to their fathers by John the disciple of Thomas. In 1635, some Heathens by night passing through a village in the province of Fokien, saw some stones which emitted light, under which were found the figures of crosses. From China St. Thomas returned to Meliapore in Malabar, at a time when a prodigious beam of timber floated on the sea near the coast. The king endeavoured to bring it ashore; but all the force of men and elephants was in vain. St. Thomas desired leave to build a church with it, and immediately dragged it to shore with a single thread. A church was built, and the king baptized. This enraged the Bramins, the chief of whom killed his own son, and accused Thomas of the murder. But the saint, by restoring the youth to life, discovered the wickedness of his enemies. He was afterwards killed by a lance while kneeling at the altar; after, according to tradition, he had built 3200 stately churches, many of which were rebuilt, cir. 500, by an Armenian, named Thomas Cananeus. In 1523, the body of the apostle, with the head of the lance beside him, was found in his church by D. Duarte de Meneses; and in 1558 was by D. Constantine de Braganza removed to Goa. To these accounts, selected from Faria y Sousa, let two from Osorius be added. When Martin Alonzo de Sousa was viceroy, some brazen tables were brought to him, inscribed with unusual characters, which were explained by a learned Jew, and imported that St. Thomas had built a church in Meliapore. And by an account sent to cardinal Henrico, by the bishop of Cochin, in 1562, when the Portuguese repaired the ancient chapel of St. Thomas*, there was found a stone cross with several characters on it, which the best antiquarians could not interpret, till at last a Bramin translated it, "That in the reign of Sagam, Thomas was sent by the Son of God, whose disciple he was, to teach the law of Heaven in India; that he built a church, and was killed by a Bramin at the altar."

A view of Portuguese Asia, which must include the labours of the Jesuits, forms a necessary part in the comment on the Lusiad: this note, therefore, and some obvious reflections upon it, are in place. It is as easy to bury an inscription and find it again, as it is to invent a silly tale; but though suspicion of fraud on the one hand, and silly absurdity on the other, lead us to despise the authority of the Jesuits, yet one fact remains indisputable. Christianity had been much better known in the east, several centuries before, than it was at the arrival of Gama. Where the name was unknown, and where the Jesuits were unconcerned, crosses were found. The long existence of the Christians of St. Thomas, in the midst of a vast Pagan empire, proves that the learned of that empire must have some knowledge of their doctrines. And these facts give countenance to some material conjectures concerning the religion of the Bramins. For these we shall give scope immediately.

* The existence of this breviary is a certain fact. These Christians had the Scripture also in the Chaldaic language.

* This was a very ancient building, in the very first style of Christian churches. The Portuguese have now disfigured it with their repairs and new buildings.

The priests of Brahma's hidden rites beheld,
And envy's bitterest gall their bosoms swell'd.
A thousand deathful snares in vain they spread;
When now the chief that wore the triple thread[87],
Fired by the rage that graves the conscious breast
Of holy fraud, when worth shines forth confest,
Hell he invokes, nor Hell in vain he sues;
His son's life-gore his wither'd hands imbrues;
Then, bold assuming the vindictive ire,
And all the passions of the woeful sire,
Weeping he bends before the Indian throne,
Arraigns the holy man, and wails his son:
A band of hoary priests attest the deed,
And India's king condemns the seer to bleed.
Inspired by Heaven the holy victim stands,
And o'er the murder'd corse extends his hands,
'In God's dread power, thou slaughter'd youth,
And name thy murderer!' aloud he cries.
When, dread to view, the deep wounds instant
And fresh in life the slaughter'd youth arose,
And named his treacherous sire. The conscious air
Quiver'd, and awful horrour raised the hair
On every head. From Thomas, India's king
The holy sprinkling of the living spring
Receives, and wide o'er all his regal bounds
The God of Thomas every tongue resounds.
Long taught the holy seer the words of life:
The priests of Brahma still to deeds of strife,
So boiled their ire, the blinded herd impell'd,
And high to deathful rage their rancour swell'd.
'Twas on a day, when melting on his tongue
Heaven's offer'd mercies glow'd, the impious throng,
Rising in madd'ning tempest, round him shower'd
The splinter'd flint; in vain the flint was pour'd.
But Heaven had now his finish'd labours seal'd;
His angel guards withdrew th' ethereal shield;
A Bramin's javelin tears his holy breast——
Ah Heaven, what woes the wildered land express'd!
Thee, Thomas[88], thee, the plaintive Ganges mourn'd,
And Indus' banks the murmuring moan return'd;
O'er every valley where thy footsteps stray'd,
The hollow winds the gliding sighs convey'd.
What woes the mournful face of India wore,
These woes in living pangs his people bore.
His sons, to those illumined minds he gave
To view the rays that shine beyond the grave,
His pastoral sons bedew'd his corse with tears:
While high triumphant through the heavenly spheres,
With songs of joy the smiling angels wing
His raptured spirit to th' eternal King.
O you, the followers of the holy seer,
Foredoom'd the shrines of Heaven's own love to rear,
You, sent by Heaven his labours to renew,
Like him, ye Lusians, simplest truth pursue[89].

[87] Of this, thus Osorius: Terna fila ab humero dextero in latus sinistrum ferunt, ut designent trinum in natura divina rationem. "They (the Bramins) wear three threads, which reach from the right shoulder to the left side, as significant of the trinal distinction in the divine nature." That some sects of the Bramins wear a symbolical tessera of three threads, is acknowledged on all hands; but from whatever the custom arose, it is not to be supposed that the Bramins, who have thousands of ridiculous contradictory legends, should agree in their accounts or explanations of it. Faria says, that according to the sacred books of the Malabrians, the religion of the Bramins proceeded from fishermen, who left the charge of the temples to their successors, on condition they should wear some threads of their nets, in remembrance of their original. Their accounts of a divine person having assumed human nature are innumerable. And the god Brahma, as observed by Cudworth, is generally mentioned as united in the government of the universe with two others, sometimes of different names. They have also images with three heads rising out of one body, which they say represent the divine nature. The Platonic idea of a trinity of divine attributes was well known to the ancients, before the various imitations of Christian mythology existed; and every nation has a trinity of superior deities. Even the wild Americans had their Occon, Messou, and Atahocata; yet perhaps the Athanasian controversy offers a fairer field to the conjecturist. That controversy for several ages engrossed the conversation of the east. All the subtlety of the Greeks was called forth, and no speculative contest was ever more universally or warmly disputed; so warmly, that it is a certain fact that Mahommed, by inserting into his Koran some declarations in favour of the Arians, gained innumerable proselytes to his new religion. Abyssinia, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Armenia, were perplexed with this unhappy dispute, and from the earliest times these countries have had a commercial intercourse with India. And certain it is, the Bramin theology has undergone considerable alterations, of much later date than the Christian era. See the Inquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.

[88] The versification of the original is here exceedingly fine. Even those who are unacquainted with the Portuguese may perceive it.

Chorarão Thomé, o Gange, o Indo,
Chorou-se toda a terra, que pisaste;
Mas mais te chorão as almas, que vestindo
Se hão da Santa Fé, que lhe ensinaste:
Mas os anjos de cro cantando, et rindo,
Te recebem na gloria———

[89] It is now the time to sum up what has been said of the labours of the Jesuits. Diametrically opposite to this advice was their conduct in every Asiatic country where they pretended to propagate the Gospel. Sometimes we find an individual sincere and pious; but the great principle which always actuated them as an united body was the lust of power and secular emolument, the possession of which they thought could not be better secured, than by rendering themselves of the utmost importance to the see of Rome. Before the institution of the society of Jesus, the Portuguese priests gave evident proofs of their sincerity, and Cubilonez, who came to India as father confessor to Gama, was indefatigable in his labours to convert the Indians. But when the Jesuits arrived about fifty years after, a new method was pursued. Wherever they came, their first care was to find what were the great objects of the fear and adoration of the people. If the Sun was esteemed the giver of life, Jesus Christ was the son of that luminary, and they were his younger brethren, sent to instruct the ignorant. If the barbarians were in

Vain is the impious toil with borrow'd grace,
To deck one feature of her angel face;
Behind the veil's lewd glare she glides away,
And leaves a rotten form of lifeless painted clay.

dread of evil spirits, Jesus Christ came on purpose to banish them from the world, had driven them from Europe *, and the Jesuits were sent to the east to complete his unfinished mission. If the Indian converts still retained a veneration for the powder of burnt cow-dung, the Jesuits made the sign of the cross over it, and the Indian bemeared himself with it as usual. Heaven, or universal matter, they told the Chinese, was the god of the Christians, and the sacrifices of Confucius were solemnized in the churches of the Jesuits. This worship of Confucius, Voltaire (Gen. Hist.) with his wonted accuracy denies. But he ought to have known, that this, with the worship of Tien or Heaven, had been long complained of at the court of Rome, (see Dupin,) and that after the strictest scrutiny the charge was fully proved, and Clement XI., in 1703, sent cardinal Tournon to the small remains of the Jesuits in the east with a papal decree to reform these abuses. But the cardinal, soon after his arrival, was poisoned in Siam by the holy fathers. Xavier, and the other Jesuits who succeeded him, by the dextrous use of the great maxims of their master Loyola,—Omnibus omnia, etomnia mundis mundis,—gained innumerable proselytes. They contradicted none of the favourite opinions of their converts; they only baptized, and gave them crucifixes to worship, and all was well. But their zeal in uniting to the see of Rome the Christians found in the east descended to the minutest particulars. And the native Christians of Malabar were so violently persecuted as schismatics, that the heathen princes, during the government of Ataide, (see Geddes, Hist. of Malab.) professed their defence, as a cause of hostility. Abyssinia, by the same arts, was steeped in blood, and two or three emperors lost their lives in endeavouring to establish the pope's supremacy. An order at last was given from the throne, to hang every missionary without trial, wherever apprehended; the emperor himself complaining that he could not enjoy a day in quiet, for the intrigues of the Roman friars. In China also they soon rendered themselves insufferable. Their skill in mathematics and the dependent arts introduced them to great favour at court, but all their cunning could not conceal their villany. Their unwillingness to ordain the natives raised suspicions against a profession thus monopolized by strangers; their earnest zeal in amassing riches, and their interference with, and deep designs on secular power, the fatal rock on which they have so often been shipwrecked, appeared, and their churches were levelled with the ground. About 90,000 of the new converts, together with their teachers, were massacred, and their religion was prohibited. In Japan the rage of government even exceeded that of China; and in allusion to their chief object of adoration, the cross, several of the Jesuit fathers were crucified by the Japanese, and the revival of the Christian name was interdicted by the severest laws. Thus, in a great measure, ended in the east the labours of the society of Ignatius Loyola; a society which might have diffused the greatest blessings to mankind, could honesty have been added to their great learning and abilities. Had that zeal which laboured to promote the interests of their own brotherhood and the Roman see, had that indefatigable zeal been employed in the real interests of humanity and civilization, the great design of diffusing the law of Heaven, challenged by its author as the purpose of the Luciad, would have been amply completed, and the remotest hordes of Tartary and Africa ere now had been happily civilized. But though the Jesuits have failed, they have afforded a noble lesson to mankind:

Though fortified with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle eyes,
Still will some rotten part betray the structure
That is not based on simple honesty.

It must be confessed, however, that the manners of the Gentoos form a most formidable barrier against the introduction of a new religion. While the four great tribes of India continue in their present principles, intercommunity of worship cannot take place among them. The Hallachores are the mere rabble, into which the delinquents of the four tribes are degraded by excommunication. It is among these only, says Scrafton, that the popish missionaries have had any success. Urbano Cerri, in his account of the Catholic religion, mentions a Jesuit named Robertus de Nobili, who preached that every one ought to remain in his own tribe, and by that means made many converts. He also proposed to erect a seminary of Christian Brahmins. But the holy see disapproved of this design, and defeated his labours. Jealousy of the secular arts of the Portuguese was also a powerful preventive of the labours of their priests. A Spaniard being asked by an Indian king, how his Spanish majesty was able to subdue such immense countries as they boasted to belong to him? the don honestly answered, that "he first sent priests to convert the people, and having thus gained a party of the natives, he sent fleets and soldiers, who with the assistance of the new proselytes subdued the rest." The truth of this confession, which has been often proved, will never be forgotten in the east. But if the bigoted adherence of the Indians to the rites of their tribes, and other causes, have been a bar to the propagation of Christianity among them, the same reasons have also prevented the success of Mahommedism, a religion much more palatable to the luxurious and ignorant. Though the Mogul, and almost all the princes of India, have these many centuries professed the religion of the Koran, Mr. Orme, as already cited, computes that all the Mahommedans of Hindostan do not exceed ten millions; whereas the Gentoos amount to about ten times that number.

* This trick, it is said, has been played in America within these twenty years, where the notion of evil spirits gives the poor Indians their greatest misery. The French Jesuits told the Six Nations, that Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, and had driven all evil demons from France; that he had a great love for the Indians, whom he intended also to deliver, but taking England in his way, he was crucified by the wicked Londoners.

"Much have you view'd of future Lusian reign;
Broad empires yet and kingdoms wide remain,
Scenes of your future toils and glorious sway— 830
And lo, how wide expands the Gangic bay!
Narsinga here in numerous legions bold,
And here Oryxa binds her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a stream divides,
Diffusing plenty from his fattening tides,
As through Bengala's ripening vales he glides;
Nor may the fleetest hawk, untired, explore
Where end the ricy groves that crown the shore.
There view what woes demand your pious aid!
On beds and litters o'er the margin laid 840
The dying lift their hollow eyes, and crave
Some pitying hand to hurl them in the wave [60].
Thus Heaven they deem, though vilest guilt they bore
Unwept, unchanged, will view that guilt no more.
There, eastward, Arracan her line extends;
And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends:
Pegu, whose sons, so held old faith, confess'd
A dog their sire [61]; their deeds the tale attest.
A pious queen their horrid rage restrain'd [62];
Yet still their fury Nature's God arraign'd. 850

Ah, mark the thunders rolling o'er the sky!
Yes, faithful in your shall sink pollution lie.
Where to the morn the towers of Tava shine,
Where great Siam's empire's far-stretch'd line.
On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
Malacca's castled harbour here survey,
The wealthful seat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.
Here to their port the Lusian fleet shall steer,
From every shore far round assembling here 880
The fragrant treasures of the eastern world:
Here from the shore by roaring earthquakes hurl'd,
Through waves all foam Sumatra's isle was riven,
And mid white whirlpools down the ocean driven [63].
To this fair isle, the golden Chersonese,
Some deem the sapient monarch plough'd the seas,
Ophir its Tyrian name [64]. In whirling roars
How fierce the tide boils down these clasping shores!
High from the strait the lengthening coast afar,
Its moon-light curve points to the northern star,
Opening its bosom to the silver ray 891
When fair Aurora pours the infant day.
Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,
Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,
Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne;
And thousands more, of laws, of names unknown,
That vast of land inhabit [65]. Proud and bold,
Proud of their numbers here the Laos hold
The far-spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
The barbarous Avas and the Bramas' sway. 900
Lo, distant far another mountain chain
Rears its rude cliffs, the Gaios' dread domain;
Here brutalized the human form is seen,
The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien:
With frothing jaws they suck the human blood,
And gnaw the reeking limbs [66], their sweetest food;

[60] See the Inquiry into the tenets of the Brahmins, at the end of the VIIth Lusiad.

[61] The tradition of this country boasted this infamous and impossible original. While other nations pretend to be descended of demi-gods, the Peguslans were contented to trace their pedigree from a Chinese woman and a dog, the only living creatures which survived a shipwreck on their coast.—See Faria. This infamy, however, they could not deserve. Animals of a different species may generate together, but nature immediately displays her abhorrence, in invariably depriving the unnatural offspring of the power of procreation.

[62] Thus in the original:

Aqui sconte arame no instrumento
Da geração costumão, o que usarão
Por manha da Rayuha, que inventando
Tal uso, deixou fora o error nefando.

Relatum est de regina quadam terræ Peguensis, quod ad coercendum crimen turpissimum subditorum suorum, legem tulit, ut universi mares orbiculum vel orbiculos quosdam æratos in penem illatos gerrent. Ita sitæ cultro penis cuticulam dividunt, eamque in orbiculos hosce superinducunt: statim a prima septimana vulnus conglutinatur. Inseruntur plerumque tres orbiculi: magnitudine infimus ad modum juglandis, primus fermè ad tesseriosis gallinæ ovi modum extat. Trium liberorum patres ad libitum omnes excutiunt. Si horum aliquis a rege dono detur, ut gemma quantivis pretii æstimatur. To this let the testimony of G. Arthus (Hist. Ind. Orient. p. 313.) be added: Virgines in hoc regno omnino nullas reperire licet: puellæ enim omnes statim a pueritia sua medicamentum quoddam usurpant, quo muliebria distenduntur et aperta continentur: idque propter globulos quos in virgis viri gestant; illis enim admittendis virgines arctiores nullo modo sufficerent.

According to Ralby, and Cæsar Frederic, the empire of Pegu, which the year before sent armies of two millions to the field, was in 1598, by famine and the arms of the neighbouring princes of Ava, Brama, and Siam, reduced to the most miserable state of desolation, the few natives who survived having left their country a habitation for wild beasts.

[63] See the same account of Sicily. Virg. Æn. iii.

[64] Sumatra has been by some esteemed the Ophir of the Holy Scriptures; but the superior finoness of the gold of Sofala, and its situation nearer the Red Sea, favour the claim of the latter. See Bochart, Geogr. Sacr.

[65] The extensive countries between India and China, where Ptolemy places his man-eaters, and where Mandeville found men without heads, who saw and spoke through holes in their breasts, continues still very imperfectly known. The Jesuits have told many extravagant lies of the wealth of these provinces. By the most authentic accounts they seem to have been peopled by colonies from China. The religion and manufactures of the Siamese, in particular, confess the resemblance. In some districts, however, they have greatly degenerated from the civilization of the mother country.

[66] Much has been said on this subject, some denying and others asserting the existence of anthropophagi or man-eaters. Porphyry (de Abstin. l. 4. § 21.*) says that the Massagetæ and

* Ἱστοροῦσι γὰρ Μασσαγέται καὶ Δερβίκαι ἀδιαφόρως ἐσθίειν τοὺς πατέρας τοὺς ἑαυτῶν· οἱ δὲ Ἰνδοὶ καὶ φιλόσοφοι καὶ ἰατροὶ τοὺς φιλτάτους τοὺς γινομένους.

Horrid with figured seams of burning steel
Their wolf-like frowns their ruthless lust reveal.

Derbices (people of north-eastern Asia) esteeming those most miserable who died of sickness, killed and ate their parents and relations when they grew old, holding it more honourable thus to consume them, than that they should be destroyed by vermin. Hieronymus has adopted this, word for word, and has added to it an authority of his own. Quid loquar, says he, (Adv. Jov. l. ii. c. 6.) de cæteris nationibus; cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus, et cum per sylvas porcorum greges et armentorum, pecudumque reperiant, pastorum nates, et fœminarum papillas solere abscindere, et has solas ciborum delicias arbitrari? Mandevylle ought next to be cited: "Afterwarde men gon be many yles be see unto a yle that men clepen Milbe: there is a full cursed peple: thei delyten in ne thing more than to fighten and to sle men, and to drynken gladlyest manues blood, which they clepen Dieu." p. 225. Yet whatever absurdity may appear on the face of these tales; and what can be more absurd, than to suppose that a few wild Scots or Irish (for the name was then proper to Ireland) should so lord it in Gaul, as to eat the breasts of the women and the hips of the shepherds? Yet whatever absurdities our Mandevylles may have obtruded on the public, the evidence of the fact is not thereby wholly destroyed. Though Dampier and other visitors of barbarous nations have assured us that they never met with any man-eaters, and though Voltaire has ridiculed the opinion, yet one may venture the assertion of their existence, without partaking of a credulity similar to that of those foreigners, who believed that the men of Kent were born with tails like sheep, (see Lambert's Peramb.) the punishment inflicted upon them for the murder of Thomas à Becket. Many are the credible accounts, that different barbarous nations used to eat their prisoners of war. According to the authentic testimony of the best writers, many of the savage tribes of America, on their high festivals, brought forth their captives, and, after many barbarous ceremonies, at last roasted and greedily devoured their mangled limbs. Thus the fact was certain, long before a late voyage discovered the horrid practice in New Zealand. To drink human blood has been more common. The Gauls and other ancient nations practised it. When Magalhaens proposed Christianity to the king of Subo, a north-eastern Asiatic island, and when Francis de Castro discovered Santigana and other islands, a hundred leagues north of the Maluccos, the conversion of their kings was confirmed by each party drinking of the blood of the other. Our poet Spenser tells us, in his View of the State of Ireland, that he has seen the Irish drink human blood, particularly, he adds, "at the execution of a notable traitor at Limerick, called Murrogh O'Brien, I saw an old woman, who was his foster-mother, take up his head whilst he was quartering, and suck up all the blood that run thereout, saying, that the earth was not worthy to drink it, and thereafter also steeped her face and breast and tore her hair, crying and shrieking most terribly." It is worthy of regard that the custom of marking themselves with hot irons, and tattooing, is the characteristic both of the Guios of Camoens and of the present inhabitants of New Zealand. And if, as its animals indicate, the island of Otaheite was first peopled by a shipwreck, the friendship existing in a small society might easily obliterate the memory of one custom, while the less unfriendly one of tattooing was handed down, a memorial that they owed their origin to the north-eastern parts of Asia, where that custom particularly prevails.

Camboya there the blue-tinged Mecon laves,
Mecon the eastern Nile, whose swelling waves,
Captain of rivers named, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe
That other worlds the souls of beasts receive [67];
Where the fierce murderer wolf, to pains decreed,
Sees the mild lamb enjoy the heavenly mead.
O gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire, chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless exile burst their rage,
And madd'ning tempests on their side engage,
Preserved by Heaven, the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet from the whelming surge shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore [68],

[67] That queen Elizabeth reigned in England, is not more certain than that the most ignorant nations in all ages have had the idea of a state after death. The same faculty which is conscious of existence, whispers the wish for it; and so little acquainted with the deductions of reasoning have some tribes been, that not only their animals, but even the ghosts of their domestic utensils have been believed to accompany them in the islands of the blessed. Long ere the voice of philosophy was heard, the opinion of an after-state was popular in Greece. The works of Homer bear incontestable evidence of this. And there is not a feature in the history of the human mind better ascertained, than that no sooner did speculation seize upon the topic, than belief declined; and, as the great Bacon observes, the most learned became the most atheistical ages. The reason of this is obvious. While the human mind is all simplicity, popular opinion is cordially received; but when reasoning begins, proof is expected, and deficiency of demonstration being perceived, doubt and disbelief naturally follow. Yet, strange as it may appear, if the writer's memory does not greatly deceive him, these certain facts were denied by Hobbes. If he is not greatly mistaken, that gentleman, who gave a wretched, a most unpoetical translation of Homer, has so grossly misunderstood his author, as to assert that his mention of a future state was not in conformity to the popular opinion of his age, but only his own poetical fiction. He might as well have assured us, that the sacrifices of Homer had never any existence in Greece. But as no absurdity is too gross for some geniuses, our murderer of Homer, our Hobbes, has likewise asserted, that the belief of the immortality of the human mind was the child of pride and speculation, unknown in Greece till long after the appearance of the Iliad.

[68] It was on the mouth of this river that Ca-

Here rest secure as on the Muse's breast;
Happy the deathless song, the bard, alas, unblest.
" Champa there her fragrant coast extends,
There Cochinchina's cultured land ascends: 950
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of China's beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen skies,
O'erflow'd with wealth, the potent empire lies.
Here ere the cannon's rage in Europe roar'd[89],
The cannon's thunder on the foe was pour'd;

moëns suffered the unhappy shipwreck which rendered him the sport of fortune during the remainder of his life. Our poet mentions himself and the saving of his Lusiads with the greatest modesty. But though this indifference has its beauty in the original, it is certainly the part of a translator to add a warmth of colouring to a passage of this nature. For the literal translation of this place and further particulars, see the Life of Camoëns.

[89] According to Le Comte's Memoirs of China, and those of other travellers, the mariner's compass, fire-arms, and printing, were known in that empire, long ere the invention of these arts in Europe. But the accounts of Du Halde, Le Comte, and the other Jesuits, are by no means to be depended on. It was their interest, in order to gain credit in Europe and at the court of Rome, to magnify the splendour of the empire where their mission lay, and they have magnified it into romance itself. It is pretended that the Chinese used fire-arms in their wars with Zenghis Khan, and Tamerlane; but it is also said that the Sogdianians used cannon against Alexander. The mention of any sulphurous composition in an old writer is with some immediately converted into a regular tire of artillery. The Chinese, indeed, on the first arrival of Europeans, had a kind of mortars, which they called fire-pans, but they were utter strangers to the smaller fire-arms. Verbiest, a Jesuit, was the first who taught them to make these cannon set upon wheels. And even so late as the hostile menace which Anson gave them, they knew not how to level or manage their ordnance to any advantage. Their printing is indeed much more ancient than that of Europe, but it does not deserve the same name, the blocks of wood with which they stamp their sheets being as inferior to the use of, as different from the moveable types of Europe. The Chinese have no idea of the graces of fine writing; here most probably the fault exists in their language; but the total want of nature in their painting, and of symmetry in their architecture, in both of which they have so long been experienced, affords a heavy accusation against their genius. In improving every spot of their country by agriculture they are unequalled: and their taste in gardening has been highly praised. Nature, as it were friseur'd, however, and the gloomy vistos, adorned with gibbets, are certainly displeasing. And even in their boasted gardening their genius stands accused. The art of ingrafting, known to ancient Greece, is still unknown to them. And hence their fruits are vastly inferior to those of the western world. The in favour to those of the western world. The amazing wall of defence against the Tartars, though 1500 miles in extent, is a labour inferior to the canals, lined on the sides with hewn stone,

And here the trembling needle sought the north,
Ere time in Europe brought the wonder forth.

which every where enrich and adorn their country; some of which reach 1000 miles, and are of depth to carry vessels of burden. These grand remains of antiquity prove there was a time when the Chinese were a much more accomplished people than at present. Though their princes for these many centuries have discovered no such efforts of genius as these, the industry of the people still remains, in which they rival and resemble the Dutch. In every other respect they are the most unamiable of mankind; amazingly unenventive; for, though possessed of them, the arts have made no progress among the Chinese these many centuries: even what they were taught by the Jesuits is almost lost: so false in their dealings, they boast that none but a Chinese can cheat a Chinese: the crime which disgraces human nature, is in this nation of atheists and the most stupid of all idolaters, common as that charter'd libertine, the air. Destitute even in idea of that elevation of soul, which is expressed by the best sense of the word piety, in the time of calamity whole provinces are desolated by self-murder; and end, as Hume says of some of the admired names of antiquity, not unworthy of so detestable a character: and, as it is always found congenial to baseness of heart, the most dastardly cowardice completes the description of that of the Chinese.

Unimproved as their arts is their learning. Though their language consists of few words, it is almost impossible for a stranger to attain the art of speaking it. And what an European learns ere he is seven years old, to read, is the labour of the life of a Chinese. In place of our 24 letters, they have more than 60,000 marks, which compose their writings; and their paucity of words, all of which may be attained in a few hours, requires such an infinite variety of tone and action, that the slightest mistake in modulation renders the speaker unintelligible. And in addressing a great man, in place of my lord, you may call him a beast, the word being the same, all the difference consisting in the tone of it. A language like this must ever be a bar to the progress and accomplishments of literature. Of medicine they are very ignorant. The ginseng, which they pretended was an universal remedy, is found to be a root of no singular virtue. Their books consist of odes without poetry, and of moral maxims, excellent in themselves, but without investigation or reasoning. For to philosophical discussion and the metaphysics they seem utterly strangers, and when taught the mathematics by the Jesuits, their greatest men were lost in astonishment. Whatever their political wisdom has been, at present it is narrow and barbarous. Jealous lest strangers should steal their arts, arts which are excelled at Dresden and other parts of Europe, they preclude themselves from the great advantages which arise from an intercourse with civilized nations. Yet in the laws which they impose on every foreign ship which enters their ports for traffic, they even exceed the cunning and avarice of the Hollanders. In their internal policy the military government of Rome under the emperors is revived with accumulated barbarism. In every city and province the mil-

No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres,
To prouder fame you bounding wall aspires. 240
A prouder boast of regal power displays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.

tary are the constables and peace officers. What a picture is this! Nothing but Chinese or Dutch industry could preserve the traffic and population of a country under the control of armed ruffians. But hence the emperor has leisure to cultivate his gardens, and to write despicable odes to his concubines.

Whatever was their most ancient doctrine, certain it is that the legislators who formed the present system of China presented to their people no other object of worship than Tien Kamti, the material heavens and their influencing power; by which an intelligent principle is excluded. Yet finding that the human mind in the rudest breasts is conscious of its weakness, and prone to believe the occurrences of life under the power of lucky or unlucky observances, they permitted their people the use of sacrifices to those Lucretian gods of superstitious fear. Nor was the principle of devotion, imprinted by Heaven in the human heart, alone perverted; another unextinguishable passion was also misled. On tables, in every family, are written the names of the last three of their ancestors, added to each, Here rests his soul; and before these tables they burn incense and pay adoration. Confucius, who, according to their histories, had been in the west about 500 years before the Christian era, appears to be only the confirmer of their old opinions; but the accounts of him and his doctrine are involved in uncertainty. In their places of worship, however, boards are set up, inscribed, This is the seat of the soul of Confucius; and to these and their ancestors they celebrate solemn sacrifices, without seeming to possess any idea of the intellectual existence of the departed mind. The Jesuit Ricci, and his brethren of the Chinese mission, very honestly told their converts, that Tien was the god of the Christians, and that the label of Confucius was the term by which they expressed his divine majesty. But after a long and severe scrutiny at the court of Rome, Tien was found to signify nothing more than heavenly or universal matter, and the Jesuits of China were ordered to renounce this heresy. Among all the sects who worship different idols in China, there is only one who have any tolerable idea of the immortality of the soul; and among these, says Leland, Christianity at present obtains some footing. But the most interesting particular of China yet remains to be mentioned. Conscious of the obvious tendency, Voltaire and others triumphed in the great antiquity of the Chinese, and in the distant period they ascribe to the creation. But the bubble cannot bear the touch. If some Chinese accounts fix the era of creation 40,000 years ago, others are contented with no less than 864,953. But who knows not that every nation has its Geoffry of Monmouth? And we have already observed the legends which took their rise from the annus magnus of the Chaldean and Egyptian astronomers, an apparent revolution of the stars, which in reality has no existence. To the fanciful, who held this annus magnus, it seemed hard to suppose that our world was in its first revolution of the great year, and to suppose that many were past was easy. And that this was the case we have absolute proof in the doctrines of the Brahmins, see the Inquiry, &c. end of Lusiad VII.) who, though they talk of hundreds of thousands of years which are past, yet confess, that this, the fourth world, has not yet attained its seventh year. And much within this compass are all the credible proofs of Chinese antiquity comprehended. To three heads all these proofs are reducible; their form of government, which, till the conquest of the Tartars in 1644, bore the marks of the highest antiquity; their astronomical observations; and their history.

Simply and purely patriarchal, every father was the magistrate in his own family, and the emperor, who acted by his substitutes, the mandarines, was venerated and obeyed as the father of All. The most passive submission to authority thus branched out, was inculcated by Confucius and the other philosophers as the greatest duty of morality. But if there is an age in sacred or profane history, where the manners of mankind are thus delineated, no superior antiquity is proved by the form of Chinese government. Their ignorance of the very ancient art of ingrafting fruit-trees, and the state of their language, so like the Hebrew in its paucity of words, a paucity characteristical of the ages when the ideas of men required few syllables to clothe them, prove nothing further than the early separation of the Chinese colony * from the rest of mankind. Nothing further, except

* The Chinese colony! Yes, let philosophy smile; let her talk of the different species of men which are found in every country, let her brand as absurd the opinion of Montesquieu, which derives all the human race from one family. Let her enjoy her triumph. But let common sense be contented with the demonstration (see Whiston, Bentley, &c.) that a creation in every country is not wanted, and that one family is sufficient in every respect for the purpose. If philosophy will talk of black and white men as different in species, let common sense ask her for a demonstration, that climate and manner of life cannot produce this difference, and let her add, that there is the strongest presumptive experimental proof, that the difference thus happens. If philosophy draw her inferences from the different passions of different tribes; let common sense reply, that, stript of every accident of brutalization and inhumity, the human mind in all its faculties, all its motives, hopes and fears, is most wonderfully the same in every age and country. If philosophy talk of the impossibility of peopling distant islands and continents from one family, let common sense tell her to read Bryant's Mythology. If philosophy assert that the Celts, wherever they came, found aborigines, let common sense reply, there were tyrants enough almost 2000 years before their emigrations, to drive the wretched survivors of slaughtered hosts to the remotest wilds. She may also add, that many islands have been found which bore not one trace of mankind, and that even Otaheite bears the evident marks of receiving its inhabitants from a shipwreck, its only animals being the hog, the dog, and the rat. In a word, let common sense say to philosophy, "I open my egg with a penknife, but you open yours with the blow of a sledge hammer."

Not built, created seems the frowning mound;
O'er loftiest mountain tops and vales profound
Extends the woodrops length, with warlike castles
crown'd.

that they have continued till very lately without any material intercourse with the other nations of the world.

A continued succession of astronomical observations, for 4000 years, was claimed by the Chinese, when they were first visited by the Europeans. Voltaire, that son of truth, has often with great triumph mentioned the indubitable proofs of Chinese antiquity; but at those times he must have received his information from the same dream which told him that Camoëns accompanied his friend Gama in the voyage which discovered the East Indies. If Voltaire and his disciples will talk of Chinese astronomy and the 4000 years antiquity of its perfection, let them enjoy every consequence which may possibly result from it. But let them allow the same liberty to others. Let them allow others to draw their inferences from a few stubborn facts; facts which demonstrate the ignorance of the Chinese in astronomy. The Earth, they imagined, was a great plain, of which their country was the midst; and so ignorant were they of the cause of eclipses, that they believed the Sun and Moon were assaulted, and in danger of being devoured by a huge dragon. The stars were considered as the directors of human affairs; and thus their boasted astronomy ends in that silly imposition, judicial astrology. Though they had made some observations on the revolutions of the planets, and though in the emperor's palace there was an observatory, the first apparatus of proper instruments ever known in China was introduced by father Verbiest. After this it need scarcely be added, that their astronomical observations, which pretend an antiquity of 4000 years, are as false as a Welch genealogy, and that the Chinese themselves, when instructed by the Jesuits, were obliged to own that their calculations were erroneous and impossible. The great credit and admiration which their astronomical and mathematical knowledge procured to the Jesuits, afford an indubitable confirmation of these facts.

Ridiculous as their astronomical are their historical antiquities. After all Voltaire has said of it, the oldest date to which their history pretends is not much above 4000 years. During this period 236 kings have reigned, of 22 different families. The first king reigned 100 years; then we have the names of some others, but without any detail of actions, or that concatenation of events which distinguishes authentic history. That mark of truth does not begin to appear for upwards of 2000 years of the Chinese legends. Little more than the names of kings, and these often interrupted with wide chasms, compose all the annals of China, till about the period of the Christian era. Something like a history then commences; but that is again interrupted by a wide chasm, which the Chinese know not how to fill up otherwise, than by asserting that a century or two elapsed in the time, and that at such a period a new family mounted the throne. Such is the history of China, full brother in every family feature to those

Immense the northern waters their horrors spread,
In frost and snow the seas and shores are clad [70].
These shores forsake, to future ages due;
A world of islands claims thy happier view,
Where lavish Nature all her bounty pours,
And flowers and fruits of every fragrance showers.
Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds; what glorious fruitage there,
Illustrious Gama, shall thy labours bear! [lore [71]
How bright a silver mine! when Heaven's own
From Pagan dross shall purify her ore.
"Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!
Multitudes yet unnamed, Tethys behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds enrolled,
By night like rolling waves the sheets of fire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to Heaven aspire.
For Lusian hands here blooms the fragrant clove,
But Lusian blood shall sprinkle every grove.
The golden birds that ever sail the skies,
Here to the Sun display their shining dyes;
Each want supplied, on air they ever soar;
The ground they touch not till they breathe no
more [72].

Monkish tales, which sent a daughter of Pharaoh to be queen of Scotland, which sent Brutus to England, and a grandson of Noah to teach school among the mountains of Wales.

[70] Tartary, Siberia, Samoyeda, Kamchatka, &c. A short account of the Grand Lama of Thibet Tartary shall complete our view of the superstitions of the east. While the other Pagans of Asia worship the most ugly monstrous idols, the Tartars of Thibet adore a real living god. He sits cross-legged on his throne in the great temple, adorned with gold and diamonds. He never speaks, but sometimes elevates his hand in token that he approves of the prayers of his worshippers. He is a ruddy well-looking young man, about 25 or 27, and is the most miserable wretch on Earth, being the mere puppet of his priests, who dispatch him whenever age or sickness makes any alteration in his features; and another, instructed to act his part, is put in his place. Princes of very distant provinces send tribute to this deity and implore his blessing, and, as Voltaire has merrily told us, think themselves secure of benediction, if favoured with something from his godship, esteemed more sacred than the hallowed cow-dung of the Brahmins.

[71] By this beautiful metaphor, omitted by Castera, Camoëns alludes to the great success which in his time attended the Jesuit missionaries in Japan. James I. sent an embassy to the sovereign, and opened a trade with this country, but it was soon suffered to decline. The Dutch are the only Europeans who now traffic with the Japanese, which it is said they obtain by trampling on the cross and by abjuring the Christian name. In religion the Japanese are much the same as their neighbours of China. And in the frequency of self-murder, says Voltaire, they vie with their brother-islanders of England.

[72] These are commonly called the birds of Paradise. It was the old erroneous opinion, that they always soared in the air, and that the female hatched her young on the back of the male. Their feathers

Here Banda's isles their fair embroidery spread
Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red;
And birds of every beauteous plume display
Their glittering radiance, as from spray to spray,
From bower to bower, on busy wings they rove,
To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.
Borneo here expands her ample breast,
By Nature's hand in woods of camphire dress'd;
The precious liquid weeping from the trees
Glows warm with health, the balsam of disease.
Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd;
Each rivulet murmurs in the fragrant shade,
And in its crystal breast displays the bowers
Of sanders, blest with health-restoring powers.
Where to the south the world's broad surface bends,
Lo, sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.
From hence the pilgrim brings the wondrous tale[73],
A river groaning through a dreary dale,
For all is stone around, converts to stone
Whate'er of verdure in its breast was thrown.
Lo, gleaming blue o'er fair Sumatra's skies
Another mountain's trembling flames arise;
Here from the trees the gum[74] all fragrance swells,
And softest oil a wondrous fountain wells.
Nor these alone the happy isle bestows,
Fine is her gold, her silk resplendent glows.
Wide forests there beneath Maldivia's tide[75]
From withering air their wondrous fruitage hide.
The green-hair'd Nereids tend the bowery dells,
Whose wondrous fruitage poison's rage expels.
In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows!
The sailing clouds its middle height enclose.
Holy the hill is deem'd, the hallow'd tread
Of sainted footstep marks its rocky head[76].

bear a mixture of the most beautiful azure, purple and golden colours, which have a fine effect in the rays of the Sun.

[73] Streams of this kind are common in many countries. Castera attributes this quality to the excessive cold of the waters, but this is a mistake. The waters of some springs are impregnated with spawy particles, which adhering to the herbage or the clay on the banks of their channel, harden into stone and incrust the original retainers.

[74] Benjamin, a species of frankincense. The oil mentioned in the next line, is that called the rock oil, a black fetid mineral oleum, good for bruises and sprains.

[75] A sea plant, resembling the palm, grows in great abundance in the bays about the Maldivian islands. The boughs rise to the top of the water, and bear a kind of apple, called the coco of Maldivia, which is esteemed an antidote against poison.

[76] The imprint of a human foot is found on the high mountain, called the Pic of Adam. Legendary tradition says, that Adam, after he was expelled from Paradise, did penance 300 years on this hill, on which he left the print of his footsteps. This tale seems to be Jewish or Mahommedan, for the natives, according to captain Knox, who was twenty years a captive in Ceylon, pretend the impression was made by the god Buddow, when he ascended to Heaven, after having, for the salvation of mankind, appeared on the Earth. His priests beg charity for the sake of Buddow, whose worship they perform among groves of the Bogahah-tree, under which, when on Earth, they say, he usually sat and taught.

Laved by the Red Sea gulf Sceptre's bowers
There boast the tardy aloes' cluster'd flowers.
On Afric's strand, forelcom'd to Lusian sway,
Behold these isles, and rocks of dusky gray;
From cells unknown here bounteous ocean pours
The fragrant amber on the sandy shores.
And lo, the Island of the Moon[77] displays
Her vernal lawns, and numerous peaceful bays;
The halcyons hovering o'er the bays are seen,
And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.
"Thus from the Cape where sail was ne'er unfurl'd,
Till thine auspicious sought the eastern world,
To utmost wave where first the morning star
Sheds the pale lustre of her silver car,
Thine eyes have view'd the empires and the isles,
The world immense that crowns thy glorious toils.
That world where every boon is shower'd from Heaven,
Now to the west, by thee, great chief, is given[78].
"And still, O blest! thy peerless honours glow,
New opening views the smiling Fates bestow.
With alter'd face the moving globe behold;
There ruddy evening sheds her beams of gold,
While now on Afric's bosom faintly die
The last pale glimpses of the twilight sky,
Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
And dawning rays another world adorn:
To furthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.
Near either pole[79] the barbarous hunter dress'd
In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:
Where smiles the genial Sun with kindler rays,
Proud cities tower, and gold-roofed temples blaze.
This golden empire, by the Heaven's decree,
Is thine, Castrel, O favour'd power, to thee!
Even now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
Pursues the evening Sun, his navy's guide.
Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,
What time this world shall own the yoke of Spain.
The first bold hero[80] who to India's shores
Through vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,
Driven by the winds of Heaven from Afric's strand
Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land:
That mighty realm for purple wool renown'd,
Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.
Fired by thy fame, and with his king in ire,
To match thy deeds shall Magalhaens aspire[81].

[77] Madagascar is thus named by the natives.

[78] The sublimity of this eulogy on the expedition of the Lusiad has been already observed. What follows is a natural completion of the whole; and, the digressive exclamation at the end excepted, is exactly similar (see the Preface) to the manner in which Homer has concluded the Iliad.

[79] We are now presented with a beautiful view of the American world. Columbus discovered the West Indies before, but not the continent till 1498, the year after Gama sailed from Lisbon.

[80] Cabral, the first after Gama who sailed to India, was driven by a tempest to the Brazils; a proof that more ancient voyagers might have met with the same fate. It is one of the finest countries in the new world, and still remains subject to the crown of Portugal.

[81] Camoëns, though he boasts of the actions of Magalhaens as an honour to Portugal, yet condemns his defection from his country, and calls him

O Magalhaens, no feito com verdade,
Portuguez, porem naõ na lealdade.

In all but loyalty, of Lusian soil. 1050
No fear, no danger shall his toils controul.

Along these regions from the burning zone
To deepest south he dares the course unknown.
While to the kingdoms of the rising day,
To rival these he holds the western way,
A land of giants shall his eyes behold[84],
Of camel strength, surpassing human mold:

" In deeds truly a Portuguese, but not in loyalty." And others have bestowed upon him the name of traitor, but perhaps undeservedly. Justice to the name of this great man requires an examination of the charge. Ere he entered into the service of the king of Spain, by a solemn act he unnaturalized himself. Osorius is very severe against this unavailing rite, and argues that no injury which a prince may possibly give, can authorize a subject to act the part of a traitor against his native country. This is certainly true, but it is not strictly applicable to the case of Magalhaens. Many eminent services performed in Africa and India encouraged him to aspire to the rank of fidalgo, or gentleman of the king's household, an honour which, though of little emolument, was esteemed as the reward of distinguished merit, and therefore highly valued. But for this, Magalhaens petitioned in vain. He found, says Faria, that the malicious accusations of some men had more weight with his sovereign than all his services. After this unworthy repulse, what patronage at the court of Lisbon could he hope? And though no injury can vindicate the man who draws his sword against his native country, yet no moral duty requires that he who has some important discovery in meditation should stifle his design, if uncountenanced by his native prince. It has been alleged, that he embroiled his country in disputes with Spain. But neither is this strictly applicable to the neglected Magalhaens. The courts of Spain and Portugal had solemnly settled the limits within which they were to make discoveries and settlements, and within these did Magalhaens and the court of Spain propose that his discoveries should terminate. And allowing that his calculations might mislead him beyond the bounds prescribed to the Spaniards, still his apology is clear; for it would have been injurious to each court, had he supposed that the faith of the boundary treaty would be trampled upon by either power. If it is said that he aggrandized the enemies of his country, the Spaniards, and introduced them to a dangerous rivalship with the Portuguese settlements, let the sentence of Faria on this subject be remembered: " Let princes beware," says he, " how by neglect or injustice they force into desperate actions the men who have merited rewards." As to rivalship, the case of Mr. Law, a North Briton, is apposite. This gentleman wrote an excellent treatise on the improvement of the trade and fisheries of his native country; but his proposals were totally neglected by the commissioners, whose office and duty it was to have patronised him. Was Law, therefore, to sit down in obscurity on a barren field, to stifle his genius, lest a foreign power, who might one day be at war with Great Britain, should be aggrandised by his efforts in commercial policy? No, surely. Deprived of the power of raising himself at home, Mr. Law went to France, where he became the founder of the Mississippi and other important schemes of commerce; yet Law was never branded with the name of traitor. The reason is obvious. The government of Great Britain was careless of what they lost in Mr. Law, but the Portuguese perceived their loss in Magalhaens, and their anger was vented in reproaches.

In the end of the 15th and beginning of the 16th centuries, the spirit of discovery broke forth in its greatest vigour. The east and the west had been visited by Gama and Columbus; and the bold idea of sailing to the east by the west was revived by Magalhaens;—revived; for, misled by Strabo and Pliny, who place India near the west of Spain, Columbus expected to find that country in a few weeks of westward voyage. Though America and the Moluccs were now found to be at a great distance from each other, the genius of Magalhaens still suggested the possibility of a western passage. And accordingly, possessed of his great design, and neglected with contempt at home, he offered his service to the court of Spain, and was accepted. With five ships and 250 men he sailed from Spain in September 1519, and after many difficulties, occasioned by mutiny and the extreme cold, he entered the great Pacific Ocean or South Seas by those straits which bear his Spanish name, Magellan. From these straits, in the 53½ degree of southern latitude, he traversed that great ocean, till in the 10th degree of north latitude he landed on the island of Subo or Marten. The king of this country was then at war with a neighbouring prince, and Magalhaens, on condition of his conversion to Christianity, became his auxiliary *. In two battles the Spaniards were victorious; but in the third, Magalhaens, together with one Martimbo, a judicial astrologer, whom he usually consulted, was unfortunately killed. Chagrined with the disappointment of promised victory, the new baptized king of Subo made peace with his enemies, and having invited to an entertainment the Spaniards who were on shore, he treacherously poisoned them all. The wretched remains of the fleet arrived at the Portuguese settlements in the isles of Banda and Ternate, where they were received, says Faria, as friends, and not as intruding strangers; a proof that the boundary treaty was esteemed sufficiently sacred. Several of the adventurers were sent to India, and from thence to Spain, in Portuguese ships †, one ship only being in a condition to return to Europe by the Cape of Good Hope. This vessel, named the Victoria, however, had the honour to be the first ship which ever surrounded the globe. Thus unhappily ended, says Osorius, the expedition of Magalhaens. But the good bishop was mistaken, for a few years after he wrote, and somewhat upwards of fifty after the return of the Victoria, Philip II. of Spain availed himself of the discoveries of Magalhaens. And the navigation of the South Seas between Spanish America and the Asian Archipelago, at this day forms the basis of the power of Spain.

[84] The Patagonians. Various are the fables of navigators concerning these people. The few of Magalhaens' crew who returned, affirmed they

* Vid Far. sub ann. 1519. † Vid. Oor. lib. xi.

And cowrd still, thy fame, his proud heart's guide,
Haunting him unappeased, the dreary tide
Beneath the southern star's cold gleam he braves,
And stems the whirls of hail-surrounded waves.
For ever sacred to the hero's fame 1062
These foaming straits shall bear his deathless name.
Though these dread jaws of rock he presses on;
Another ocean's breast, immense, unknown,
Beneath the south's cold wings, unmeasured, wide,
Receives his vessels; through the dreary tide
In darkling shades, where never man before
Heard the waves howl, he dares the untrodden shore.
"Thus far, O favoured Lusians, bounteous Heaven
Your nation's glories to your view has given. 1071
What ensigns, blazing to the morn, pursue
The path of heroes, open'd first by you!
Still be it yours the first in fame to shine:
Thus shall your brides new chaplets still entwine,
With laurels ever new your brows enfold,
And braid your wavy locks with radiant gold.
"How calm the waves, how mild the balmy gale!
The halcyons call, ye Lusians, spread the sail!
Old Ocean now appeased shall rage no more, 1080
Haste, point the bowsprit to your native shore:
Soon shall the transports of the natal soil [toil."
O'erwhelm in bounding joy the thoughts of every
The goddess spake[82]; and Vasco waved his hand,
And soon the joyful heroes crowd the strand.

The lofty ships with deepen'd burthens prove
The various bounties of the Isle of Love.

were about ten feet in height; since which voyage they have risen and fallen in their stature, according to the different humours of our sea wits.

[82] We are now come to the conclusion of the fiction of the Island of Venus, a fiction which is divided into three principal parts. In each of these the poetical merit is obvious, nor need we fear to assert that the happiness of our author, in uniting all these parts together in one great episode, would have excited the admiration of Longinus. The heroes of the Lusiad receive their reward in the Island of Love. They are led to the palace of Thetis, where, during a divine feast, they hear the glorious victories and conquests of the heroes who are to succeed them in their Indian expedition, sung by a Syren; and the face of the globe itself, described by the goddess, discovers the universe, and particularly the extent of the eastern world, now given to Europe by the success of Gama. Neither in the happiness or grandeur of completion may the Æneid or Odyssey be mentioned in comparison. The Iliad alone in epic conduct (as already observed) bears a strong resemblance. But however great in other views of poetical merit, the games at the funeral of Patroclus and the redemption of the body of Hector, considered as the interesting conclusion of a great whole, can never in propriety and grandeur be brought into competition with the admirable episode which concludes the poem on the Discovery of India.

Soon after the appearance of the Lusiad, the language of Spain was also enriched with an heroic poem. The author of this has often imitated the Portuguese poet, particularly in the fiction of the globe of the world, which is showed to Gama. In the araucana, a globe, surrounded with a radiant sphere, is also miraculously supported in the air; and on this an enchanter shows to the Spaniards the extent of their dominions in the new world. But don Alonzo d'Arcilla is in this, as in every other part of his poem, greatly inferior to the poetical spirit of Camoëns. Milton, whose poetical conduct in concluding the action of his Paradise Lost, as already pointed out, seems formed upon the Lusiad, appears to have had this passage particularly in his eye. For though the machinery of a visionary sphere was rather improper for the situation of his personages, he has nevertheless, though at the expense of an impossible supposition, given Adam a view of the terrestrial globe. Michael sets the father of mankind on a mountain,

——— From whose top
The hemisphere of earth in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th'amplest reach of prospective—
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
Of Cambalu——, &c.
On Europe thence and where Rome was to sway
The world——.

And even the mention of America seems copied by Milton:

——in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atahalipa, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado——

It must also be owned by the warmest admirer of the Paradise Lost, that if the names enumerated by Milton convey grandeur of idea, the description of America in Camoëns,

Vedes a grande terra, que contina
Vai de Calisto ao seu contrario polo—

To farthest north that world enormous bends,
And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends—

is certainly more picturesque; and therefore, at least, not less poetical.

Some short account of the writers, whose authorities have been adduced in the course of these notes, may not now be improper. Fernando Lopez de Castagneda went to India on purpose to do honour to his countrymen, by enabling himself to record their actions and conquests in the east. As he was one of the first writers on that subject, his geography is often imperfect. This defect is remedied in the writings of John de Barros, who was particularly attentive to this head. But the two most eminent, as well as fullest writers on the transactions of the Portuguese in the east, are Manoel de Faria y Sousa, knight of the order of Christ, and Hieronimus Osorius, bishop of Sylves. Faria, who wrote in Spanish, was a laborious inquirer, and is very full and circumstantial. With honest indignation he reprehends the rapine of commanders, and the errors and unworthy resentments of kings. But he is often so drily particular, that he may rather be called a journalist than a historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness, his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant. The bishop of Sylves, however, claims a different character. His Latin is elegant, and his

Nor leave the youths their lovely brides behind,
In wedded hands, while time glides on, conjoin'd:
Fair as immortal fame in smiles array'd,
In bridal smiles, attends each lovely maid.
O'er India's sea, wing'd on by balmy gales
That whisper'd peace, soft swell'd the steady sails:
Smooth as on wing unmoved the eagle flies,
When to his eyrie cliff he sails the skies,
Swift o'er the gentle billows of the tide,
So smooth, so soft, the prows of Gama glide;
And now their native fields, for ever dear,
In all their wild transporting charms appear;
And Tago's bosom, while his banks repeat
The sounding peals of joy, receives the fleet.
With orient tales and immortal fame
The hero band adorn their monarch's name;
Sceptres and crowns beneath his feet they lay,
And the wide east is doom'd to Lusian sway [84].

Enough, my Muse, thy wearied wing no more
Must to the seat of Jove triumphant soar.
Chill'd by my nation's cold neglect, thy fires
Glow bold no more, and all thy rage expires.
Yet thou, Sebastian, thou, my king, attend; 1130
Behold what glories on thy throne descend!
Shall haughty Gaul or stormy Albion boast
That all the Lusian fame in thee is lost!
Oh! be it thine these glories to renew,
And John's bold path and Pedro's course pursue [85]:
Snatch from the tyrant noble's hand the sword,
And be the rights of human-kind restored;
The statesman prelate to his vows confine,
Alone suspicious at the holy shrine; [its fires,
The priest, in whose meek heart Heaven pours
Alone to Heaven, not Earth's vain pomp, aspires.
Nor let the Muse, great king, on Tago's shore,
In dying notes the barbarous age deplore.
The king or hero to the Muse unjust
Sinks as the nameless slave, extinct in dust.
But such the deeds thy radiant morn portends,
Aw'd by thy frown e'en now old Atlas bends
His hoary head, and Ampelusa's fields
Expect thy sounding steeds and rattling shields.
And shall these deeds unsung, unknown, expire!
Oh, would thy smiles relume my fainting fire! 1151
I then inspired, the wondering world should see
Great Amamon's warlike son revived in thee [86];
Revived, unrivall'd of the Muse's flame
That o'er the world resounds Pelides' name.

manly and sentimental manner entitles him to the name of historian, even where a Livy or a Tacitus is mentioned. Not a sentence from himself, unexpected in a father of the communion of Rome, will characterize the liberality of his mind. Talking of the edict of king Emmanuel, which compelled the Jews to embrace Christianity, under severe persecution: Nec ex lege, nec ex religione factum ..... tibi assumas, (says he,) ut libertatem voluntatis impedias, et vinculis mentibus effrenatis injicias? At id neque fieri potest, neque Christi suavissimum numen approbat. Voluntarium enim sacrificium non vi mala coactum ab hominibus expetit: neque vim mentibus inferri, sed voluntates ad studium veræ religionis allici et invitari jubet.

It is said, in the Preface to Osorius, that his writings were highly esteemed by queen Mary of England, wife of Philip II. What a pity is it, that this manly indignation of the good bishop against the impiety of religious persecution, made no impression on the mind of that bigoted princess!

[84] Thus in all the force of ancient simplicity, and the true sublime, ends the poem of Camoëns. What follows, is one of those exuberances we have already endeavoured to defend in our author, not in the strictest sense is this concluding one without propriety. A part of the proposition of the poem is artfully addressed to king Sebastian, and he is now called upon in an address, which is an artful second part to the former, to behold and preserve the glories of his throne.

[85] John I. and Pedro the Just, two of the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

[86] Thus imitated, or rather translated into Italian by Guarini.

Con sì sublime stil' forse cantato
Havrei del mio Signor l'armi e l'honori
Ch' or non havria de la Meonia tromba
Da invidiar Achille——

Similarity of condition, we have already observed, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment in Spenser and Camoëns. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age, yet both their names will live, when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them shall sink beneath their mountain tombs. Three beautiful stanzas from Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, on the memory of Spenser, may also serve as an epitaph for Camoëns. The unworthy neglect, which was the lot of the Portuguese bard, but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenser. And every reader of taste, who has perused the Lusiad, will think of the cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of these manly lines——

Witnesse our Colin *, whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muses nurst; whose well-taught song
Parnassus self and Glorian † embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits denl'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilifi'd: [died.
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he
And had not that great hart (whose honour'd ‡
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy woful plight, [head
There hadst thou lien unwept, unbaried,
Unblest, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe § shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink,
O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead;
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read;
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
"Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd!"

* Colin Clout, Spenser.
† Glorian, Elizabeth in the Faerie Queen.
‡ The earl of Essex. § Lord Burleigh.

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GENERAL INDEX

OF

TITLES TO THE POEMS.

ABBREVIATIONS OF NAMES EXPLAINED.

Add.	*Addison.*
Akens.	*Akenside.*
Arm.	*Armstrong.*
Beat.	*Beattie.*
F. Beaum.	*Francis Beaumont.*
J. Beaum.	*John Beaumont.*
Black.	*Blacklock.*
Blackm.	*Blackmore.*
Bucks.	*Buckinghamshire.*
Butl.	*Butler.*
Byr.	*Byron.*
Camb.	*Cambridge.*
Cart.	*Cartwright.*
Cawth.	*Cawthorne.*
Chat.	*Chatterton.*
Chau.	*Chaucer.*
Church.	*Churchill.*
Coll.	*Collins.*
Cong.	*Congreve.*
Coop.	*Cooper.*
Carb.	*Carbet.*
C. Cott.	*Charles Cotton.*
Dr. Cott.	*Dr. Cotton.*
Cow.	*Cowley.*
Cowp.	*Cowper.*
Crash.	*Crashaw.*
Cunn.	*Cunningham.*
Dan.	*Daniel.*
Dav.	*Davies.*
Dusen.	*Davenant.*
Den.	*Denham.*
Dods.	*Dodsley.*
Dors.	*Dorset.*
Dray.	*Drayton.*
Drum.	*Drummond.*
Dry.	*Dryden.*
Feat.	*Featon.*
G. Fl.	*G. Fletcher.*
P. Fl.	*P. Fletcher.*
Gast.	*Gascoigne.*
Glov.	*Glover.*
Golds.	*Goldsmith.*
Gow.	*Gower.*
Grain.	*Grainger.*
Hab.	*Habington.*
Hal.	*Halifax.*
Ham.	*Hammond.*
Hamil.	*Hamilton.*
Jen.	*Jenyns.*
John.	*Johnson.*
Jon.	*Jonson.*
Lang.	*Langhorne.*
Lans.	*Lansdowne.*
Leg.	*Legge.*
Lovl.	*Lovelace.*
Lyt.	*Lyttelton.*
Mall.	*Mallet.*
Mas.	*Mason.*
Mick.	*Mickle.*
Mil.	*Milton.*
Ot.	*Otway.*
Pars.	*Parnell.*
A. Phil.	*Ambrose Philips.*
J. Phil.	*John Philips.*
Pomf.	*Pomfret.*
Roch.	*Rochester.*
Roc.	*Roscommon.*
Sack.	*Sackville.*
Sav.	*Savage.*
Shake.	*Shakspeare.*
Shen.	*Shenstone.*
Smyth.	*Smythure.*
Skelt.	*Skelton.*
Small.	*Smollet.*
Somn.	*Somerville.*
Spen.	*Spenser.*
Step.	*Stepney.*
Stir.	*Stirling.*
Suck.	*Suckling.*
Sur.	*Surrey.*
J. Thom.	*James Thomson.*
W. Thom.	*William Thomson.*
Tick.	*Tickell.*
Turb.	*Turbervile.*
Wall.	*Waller.*
Warn.	*Warner.*
J. War.	*Joseph Warton.*
T. War.	*Thomas Warton.*
P. Wh.	*Paul Whitehead.*
W. Wh.	*William Whitehead.*
Wilk.	*Wilkie.*
Yal.	*Yalden.*

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